THE BOND OF FLESH.

Weird Tale of Life from the Tyrolese Mountains.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

He soon contrived to murmur in my ear: "I would not hesitate. Olaf Aveling is ready whenever you are. Better take what risk there is than go on, like this, in anxiety and self-torment."

"Very well," I answered, "tell him, if you see him before I do, that I am willing it shall be to-morrow night."

And to-morrow night it was. But before then I had a long talk with Linda. To some of this Conrad listened, and I thought that he did so with a hungry eagerness, varied by suspicious glances at myself. The poor fellow seemed to have some distressing doubt of my own continued love for him. I well knew that this was at the root of all his uneasiness. It refreshed me wonderfully when he at length yielded either to my will power or his own weariness and lapsed into a feverish yet decided slumber.

I promptly addressed Linda then with these direct and tremulous words:

"You have shown me that you care for me. I—I can only speak in whispers like this, or he will hear. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, drooping her eyes.

"Oh, Linda." I pursued, "how much do you really care for me?"

"I, Victor?" she faltered; "why, I'm your fond, devoted sister. Have I not said this to you more than once?"

"It has meant nothing to me, Linda, I—I love you in another way from that. You must have seen?"

"Victor, what are you saying?"

"Then you think me madly foolish?"

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?"

"You mean—because of him?"

"Conrad—yes."

"But listen, Linda. If I were freed from him, what then?"

"Freed from Conrad? Oh, you can't be serious—you can't."

"But I am. There is a possibility of our separation. Aveling has told you nothing of it?"

"No, no," she answered, in consternation and affright. "Victor, you don't dream that such a thing could be accomplished?"

I controlled my yearning to tell her the real truth.

"It certainly might be accomplished, Linda." And here I seized her hand, raining soft and soundless kisses upon it. "If it were, Linda, what then?"

"What then?" she repeated, bewilderedly, letting me retain her hand. Then, on a sudden, precipitately rising, she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me full on the lips. Afterward, like a flash, she glided from my sight.

I felt, with great, fierce, intoxicating thrills that I had had my answer. And such an answer! It nerved me for untold bodily agony to come.

That night, after Conrad and I had retired, I knew that the operation would occur. For some time my brother lay sleepless at my side, and plied me with questions.

"Why are you so wakeful, Victor?" he queried.

"I, Conrad?" came my response. "It is you who are wakeful. You know I do not sleep as readily as yourself."

"But you're excited. Your heart is beating fast. Why is that?"

"You only imagine, Conrad."

"No, no; I feel it beat. I feel it all through my frame. Why do I feel your heart beat like this, Victor? Why? Why?"

"You do not, Conrad," I strove to say calmly, "you only fancy it."

"Fancy it! Pah! You're unhappy about something. Ah, I know—I know," and his voice became tearful. "You're sorry we're joined together. You—you want to have us cut apart. Am I not right, Victor?"

"No," I said, steadying my voice as best I could. "No, indeed. There, are you satisfied?"

"I—I can't be."

What puts such strange thoughts into your mind, Conrad?" I urged, re-

SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT MY NECK.

proachfully. Meanwhile I was using all my hypnotic power to induce sleep in him, for I knew that Aveling and his fellow physicians must now be waiting not far away, ready to appear at the instant that I should sound a peal from the small bell on the wall just above my pillow.

"Yes, yes," persisted Conrad, with wild plaintiveness, "I am right! I am right!" Here he gave a dreadful shudder. "But I'll never consent to an operation, Victor, never!" And now he embraced me as if in suppliant alarm. "If I did, you might recover, but I would die."

"No, Victor."

"Yes, that is what they've all said—all except Dr. Aveling, and he wants to make himself famous at any price. It's not that I'm so afraid to die, Victor—not that I even fear dying at all."

"No, Conrad?"

"But it's leaving you. Ah, if we could both go together. Then I should not care in the least."

I turned, feeling like a Judas, and kissed him on the brow. "We probably will go together," I said, "when our times comes," and I meant what I said, though in a sense wholly different from that in which he doubtless took my hopeful words.

It seemed an eternity before he fell asleep. It was remorseful, and yet burningly bent on carrying out my project. Somehow I already hated myself for the very force of determination which controlled me.

Conscience, however, kept applying to its hurt one sovereign lenitive. Had not Aveling assured me that our chances of life would be equal? I reposed all my self-justification on that sole assurance. For the rest, my love of Linda made action, consent, acquiescence almost fatally easy.

When poor Conrad slept, and I was at last confident that he did so, I sounded the bell.

Aveling entered very softly. In no time I had assisted him to place the sponge of ether at Conrad's nostrils. The light in the room was still dim. But I could see Aveling's face perfectly. It was calm, and perhaps a little paler than usual.

"You're excited," he said, with his hand on my pulse.

"Oh, naturally," I answered. "Is everything ready?"

"Everything.

"The other physicians are waiting in the next room?"

"Yes, and the work must necessarily be brief. You will have no suffering. Would you care to see Schreiner for a moment?"

"Does he desire it?" I asked.

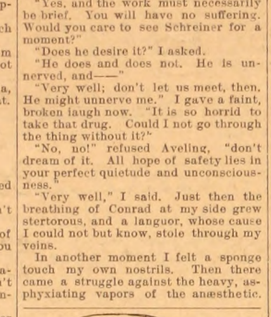
"He does and does not. He is unnerved, and——"

"Very well; don't let us meet, then. He might unnerve me." I gave a faint, broken laugh now. "It is so horrid to take that drug. Could I not go through the thing without it?"

"No, no!" refused Aveling, "don't dream of it. All hope of safety lies in your perfect quietude and unconsciousness."

"Very well," I said. Just then the breathing of Conrad at my side grew stertorous, and a languor, whose cause I could not but know, stole through my veins.

In another moment I felt a sponge touch my own nostrils. Then there came a struggle against the heavy, asphyxiating vapors of the anæsthetic.



I FELT A SPONGE.

And just before I quite lost all count of things I have a clear recollection of seeing the lights of the room turned up to their fullest extent and several male figures trooping in through an open door.

That was all. * * * Immediately after I became unconscious Conrad and I must have been lifted from our bed into the adjacent room and placed on an operating table prepared to receive us.

CHAPTER III.

I remember nothing until a period which must have been two or three hours later. And then, as it now recurs to me, I was so weak and yet thoroughly peaceful that I had no desire to use my memory at all. This was no doubt a result of the great blood-loss which I had sustained. Afterward came a blank.

I learned, later, that this blank lasted for nearly five days. The nurses watching me twice decided that I had ceased to live. Then vitality flickered back into a vague semblance of its old sway.

What I first clearly recall is refusing to drink a certain potion put by the nurse to my lips, and saying with vehemence that I had already eaten and drank more than was good for me. At this time my watchers were afraid that I might die of starvation, since the injections of nourishment on which I had been living had begun to fail of their nutritive office.

But from that hour, straight along, I began to recuperate. Once started, my bodily recovery was rapid. Not so, however, my mental recovery. For a good while I saw Conrad at my side, though he was no longer there. For a good while I spoke to him and thought that he returned my answers. The realization that we had been separated in a bodily way crept upon me with drowsy slowness. At last I inquired of my nurse:

"Where is my brother?"

"We thought it best, sir," came the glib reply, "that you should be kept apart while you're both so ill."

"Then he is alive?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Thank God! And has he suffered?"

"Suffered? Oh, no, sir; not at all."

I heard myself heave a strong, grateful sigh just as I sank into a sleep which those few sentences made one of exhaustion.

But a little later I rallied most appreciably. Still to weak too leave my bed, I could yet hold converse with two or three doctors who visited me. The absence of Aveling became a source of surprise, and I soon inquired for him.

"He has been called away," said one of the doctors.

"Yes—to Paris, I believe," struck in another; and then I saw them exchange a quick, peculiar smile—a smile which I was destined presently to understand.

"Where is my dear old friend, Oscar Schreiner?" I next questioned. "Why does he not come to me—he of all others?"

"We thought you were not strong enough yet," I was answered.

"Not strong enough?" I returned, almost mockingly; "why, that is really absurd. Let him come at once."

But they refused, and three good days had passed before Oscar appeared at my bed-side. He was very grave of demeanor, and looked somewhat haggard. After a little while, during which he held my hand and stroked it with fondness, he broke to me the tidings that Conrad had died (wholly without pain and still unconscious) on the evening of the operation.

"Dead! Conrad dead!" I cried, and swooned completely away.

More days passed before I learned news equally harrowing, in a way even far more so. Desiring most earnestly to see Linda, I was told that I could not, for the reason that she had become Mrs. Olaf Aveling, and was on her wedding tour with her new-married husband.

Then the whole hateful truth burst upon me. Trembling with passionate revolt and disgust, I rose from the great arm-chair in which I was seated, and shook my clenched hand at Oscar.

"Olaf Aveling wanted to perform that operation," I cried, "because he believed it would kill me also."

"Victor!" exclaimed Oscar Schreiner, shocked and horrified, "how can you denounce as a murderer the man who has given you your liberty?"

"Liberty!" I echoed, with a scornful sneer. "What is my liberty worth, now that Linda is lost to me—Linda whom I loved with my whole soul?"

Oscar visibly shuddered and raised one repelling hand.

"I had no dream that you cared for her like this," he began, "until Aveling himself told me."

"And then," I shouted, "you forced her to marry that treacherous devil!"

"I persuaded her——"

"You forced her," I struck in. "Yes, you must have forced her, for she loved me, she loved me. I had seen it; I had felt it through every fiber of my life!"

"But, Victor, listen. It seemed such a sacrilege for her to marry you, after Conrad's death. Forgive me if I thought this, but——"

"You consented, however, that she should marry the assassin of my brother."

"Oh, Victor! Think! If he had wished to kill you, might he not have done so?"

I voice into a laugh of bitter irony. "No. He was watched by those other doctors. And you yourself have told me that I was only saved by a miracle."

"Victor, Victor," sighed my listener. "Remember that you are not yet well—that excitement like this may reopen your wound."

"I'll reopen it myself," now rang from my lips. And with reckless hands I tore from my side the bandages which clung to it. A great flow of blood followed, and for days I was once more prostrated. I wanted to die, and even prayed for death. But health asserted itself in obstinate pursuit of my wraith. Within another month I had completely recovered, and as soon as regained strength permitted I departed from Oscar Schreiner's house.

Almost immediately I went back to my native town among the Tyrolese mountains, and have lived there in solitude and retirement ever since. I own an old man now, and the story of the severed bond of flesh has become half-forgotten. It gave Olaf Aveling a great surgical reputation, however, and he has grown rich in consequence.

Hundreds of times, in my regret and repentance at the death of poor Conrad, I have felt like taking my own life. But that is all past now; I am in a measure quite at peace. Past, too, are the wildly vengeful impulses to seek out Olaf Aveling and end his life by a retributive blow of hate. I comprehend the utter failure of my new existence, yet strive to convince myself that it is a penance justly inflicted for having presumed to tamper with the decrees of an inscrutable destiny.

Often do I bless the mighty hills which engird me, and often it seems to me that they have somehow taught me noble and wholesome lessons. I watch their grandeur for hours, and learn

"I'LL REOPEN IT MYSELF."

from it (or, perhaps, only fancy that I learn) the sacred wisdom of patience.

[THE END.]

Copyright, by the Authors' Alliance. All rights reserved.

The Hop-Pickers.

A chronicler of the past and present records, in the New York Evening Post, the degeneracy of the business of hop-picking in the interior of New York State. In his boyhood all the young men and women who were in need of money or out of health repaired to the country annually, picked hops for the farmers, shared the meals of their wives and daughters, and returned home with a nest-egg of $25 or so. The earning were very acceptable to the poorer workers, and to the others they meant some extra fineries or a trip to New York. The occupation was regarded as proper and desirable, and moreover, the day often ended with a country dance or some other innocent amusement. But the introduction of the city hop-pickers has spoiled this bucolic picture. The chronicler says of them: "The pickers are gathered indiscriminately and are composed of an indolent class of men and women, who do not care to labor industriously for the money they would earn, but go rather for the 'good time' there is in it. Drinking and revelry, an absence of all decency, brawls, midnight marauding, and an occasional murder are the results of their annual visit to the hop-field. It follows that decent and industrious country people have been driven from a good occupation."

If it takes forty-five days fast to cure dyspepsia, as seems to be the opinion of a man in New Jersey, it is not strange that so many people have it. The better way is to live properly so the dyspepsia cannot get a lodgment.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Cruel Joke Upon Mascoutah Attorneys—Clay County Seat Fight—Investigating "Stubby" Jones' Death—Decatur Lawyer in Trouble—Both Branches Democratic.

From Far and Near.

ROCKFORD was excited over groundless rumors of grave-robbing.

AT Ramsey Mrs. Andrews, wife of Dr. G. W. Andrews, died. She was the daughter of Nathan Syfert, a business man.

POOL, MURPHY & CO., Quincy clothiers, made a voluntary assignment to Levi Bane, of Chicago. Assets, $19,200; liabilities, $21,563.

CHARLES HAMMOND, of Monarch, began suit for $25,000 damages against George Clark and Eli Clark, whom he charges with slandering him and sending him whith cap letters.

THE belated election returns from Cook County show that the Legislature will stand 107 Democrats and 97 Republicans, the Senate being Democratic by 29 to 22, and the House Democratic by 78 to 75.

CLAY COUNTY is all torn up over a county seat fight. Flora wants to get it from Louisville, and many of her citizens agree to a 7 per cent. tax to build the court house. Subscriptions for the new building foot up $15,200.

HARVEY PASCO, a Decatur lawyer and news agent, was arrested for aiding in the sale of an alleged obscene and immoral Chicago newspaper on the streets of Decatur. The Mayor had ordered the paper suppressed, but it was sold notwithstanding, and the arrest followed. There are seven lawyers engaged in the case.

AT a meeting of the Winnebago County Woman's Columbian Exposition Club a resolution was passed providing that a tablet be made of polished brass, upon which is to be stated the work of the Winnebago County Club. The tablet is to be placed over a mantel in the woman's department of the Illinois State Building.

C. E. JONES, of Beloit, Wis., father of "Stubby" Jones, who was killed at Elgin by A. F. Curtis, says his boy was murdered, and will prosecute Curtis. It was claimed that Jones was shot while climbing in a window to commit a burglary; but the ball went through his heart, and his body was found 100 feet away from the building. It is said he must have died instantly, consequently could not have been at the building when shot.

DURING the excitement attending a fire at the Erring Woman's Refuge, Chicago, fifteen of the inmates escaped. It is thought that some of the women started the blaze as a means of escape. There were about seventy young women in the refuge, and nearly all of them took advantage of the opportunity to flee. After the flames had been extinguished the matron, Miss Woods, induced all but fifteen of the escaping ones to return.

FOUR men are in jail at Mascoutah charged with plotting to dynamite the towns of Lebanon, Summerfield, and Trenton. They had no counsel, and told attorneys Snyder, Bissell and Lynn that they had a vast amount of treasure buried near Lebanon and secured their professional service. The young men took a careful description of the location by and set out to hunt for the hidden treasure. They worked all night, dug up half an acre of ground, but finally gave up the search in disgust.

J. J. KEAVIN'S sawmill at Newton was destroyed by fire.

S. W. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO., grocers of Bloomington, failed.

CHICAGO capitalists are erecting a building at Ramsey in which they will establish a bank.

THE Adjutant General dishonorably discharged M. C. Green, Company H, First Infantry, Chicago.

GEORGE D. SIDWAY, the oldest inhabitant of Alton and a pioneer in Illinois, died, aged 89 years.

THE postoffice at Marengo was broken into, the safe blown open, and all the stamps and cash taken. No clew.

DR. CHARLES H. MCGORRAY, consulting physician of Rush Medical College, was instantly killed at Chicago by a C., B. & Q. train.

THE authorities in Rockford will prosecute a number of unscrupulous train news agents who are selling vile pictures and books.

CHICAGO is fairly overrun with thieves of high and low degree. They hold up policemen and citizens alike, and even rob the dead bodies at the morgue.

JAMES B. CORCORAN, a farmer, was stopped on the outskirts of Aurora by a masked man. Mr. Corcoran whipped up his horses and escaped. The police found the robber's pony.

D. H. SWEENEY, of Bellville, dropped dead as he was leaving the depot for home at Chadwick, Ill. He was drunk at the time of his death. He leaves a wife and two children.

AT Aurora, the Manhattan clothing store, owned by Kusell Bros., was closed by the Sheriff to satisfy an execution of $2,226. Other executions followed, swelling the liabilities to $40,000.

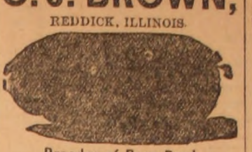
A WELL-TO-DO farmer residing near Alton went to Chicago and returned badly disfigured and without a cent on his person. He went to make an investment in green goods. He met his appointment and completed the deal, but was sandbagged and robbed before he got away with the goods.

JOSEPH ROSS and Joseph Craft, claiming to hail from Pennsylvania, were held to the grand jury at Vandalia for obtaining money under false pretenses. They fleeced several citizens with worthless paper, and tried to raise $2,000 on a $5,000 draft, but Banker Folger took the precaution to telegraph. The swindlers were negotiating a realty deal, possibly with the hope of giving spurious paper in payment.

PROF. WM. MCADAMS, Superintendent of the archæological and geological sections of the Illinois exhibit at the World's Fair, has gone to the southern portion of the State, in company with Prof. G. S. Lockwood, to dig in some of the mounds there for prehistoric remains.

THE Rev. Wilford, a Decatur Free Methodist minister, is missing. He boarded with M. M. Houston and the family members of his flock. The family questioned his faith on doctrinal points. He attacked Mrs. Huston with a shoe, beating her about the head and inflicting ugly scalp wounds.

C. J. BROWN,
REDDICK, ILLINOIS.



Breeder of Pure-Bred
Poland China Swine.
All breeders recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. Stock of both sexes for sale. Prices reasonable. Come and see.

DR. W. L. RABE,
Regular Practitioner.
Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.
Residence, - - Mazon Avenue.
DWIGHT, ILLINOIS.

J. S. GUARDENIER.
DEALER IN
WATCHES,
CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
Repairing done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Cor. East and Chippewa, Dwight.

Harry Lawrence,
"B. C. of G. C."
RESTAURANT.
OYSTERS IN SEASON.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
Fruits and Confectionery.
Store on West Street, next to the Leslie E. Keeley Co.'s office.

CHAS. L. ROMBERGER.
Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Abstracts of Title.
Office on East St. DWIGHT, ILL.

H. C. Rosendall,
DEALER IN
CIGARS,
Tobacco and Confectionery.
COLD - DRINKS - OF - ALL - KINDS !
East Street, DWIGHT, ILL.

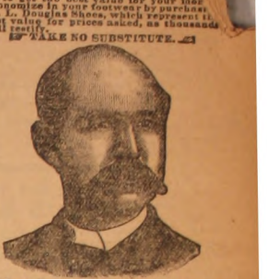
City Bakery!
P. WEICKER, Prop.
Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes and Pies.
Also a full assortment of Candies and Fancy Groceries, Green and Canned Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco, &c.
ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.
Ice Cream made to order in any quantity at short notice. The best brands of Four always on hand. Give me a call.

JOHN GEIS,
Manufacturer and Dealer
Cigars,
All kinds of Tobacco and Pipes kept constantly on hand.
WEST STREET, DWIGHT.

DAVID MCWILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR. L. A. NAFFZIGER, CASHIER.
ESTABLISHED 1855.
Bank of Dwight.
General Banking Business Transacted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Ocean Passage Tickets for Sale.
Farm Loans on Favorable Terms.

JESSE SLYDER & SON,
PRACTICAL
AUCTIONEERS!
All orders left at this office will receive prompt attention.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money obtainable in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

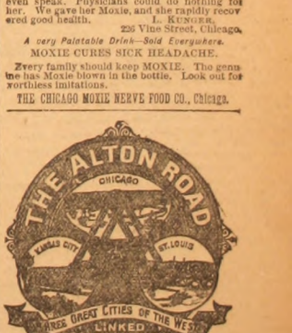


W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.
A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, the best, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6.
$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, dongola shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $5 to $7.
$3 other who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.
$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show them to be worthy.
Boys' Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.
Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50. $2.00 and **$1.75** shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or Kid, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. For those equal to custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear should give them a call.
Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Manufacturer, Brockton, Mass. Sold by
FOR SALE BY
MILLER BROS.

TRIED FOR 20 YEARS
ONLY
Genuine and Original.
The great success of our treatment has given rise to a host of imitators unscrupulous persons, some calling their preparations Compound Oxygen, often appropriating our testimonials and the names of our patients, to recommend worthless concoctions. But only those made elsewhere, or by others, and called Compound Oxygen is genuine.
"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a book of 200 pages published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent, and a record of surprising cures in all parts of the country—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed to any address on application.
DRS. SARKEY & PALEN,
1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please Mention this paper.

TO HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.
The cold winds will blow, And we will surely have snow
In our winter climate, but you never know what snow and cold winds are in Hot Springs, Ark. It is the world's greatest sanitarium. Has point to which you intend to think of a trip? If it has, your route has to be considered next. Not long, of course, for the Chicago & Alton R. R. has made it easy. Fast time—leaves Dwight to-day, arrive Hot Springs to-morrow. Via "the Alton" you are only one night on the road. For further particulars call upon N. B. Poole, ticket agent, Chicago & Alton R. R.

MOXIE
The Great Blood and Liver Purifier
Is the best Spring Remedy, builds you up to a remarkable power of endurance without stimulating.
The following shows its restorative influence. F. A. Cheney writes: "Four years ago, I was an invalid from enlargement of the liver. Tried medicine to no purpose. Commenced to drink Moxie, and cured me, so I am able to do hard work with ease. F. A. CHENEY.
34 Wieland Street, Chicago.
MOXIE CURES ST. VITUS DANCE.
Amelia Kunger, aged thirteen, had St. Vitus dance. Four years ago could not feed herself or even speak. Physicians could do nothing for her. We gave her Moxie, and she rapidly recovered good health. L. KUNGE.
226 Vine Street, Chicago.
A very Palatable Drink—Sold Everywhere.
MOXIE CURES SICK HEADACHE.
Every family should keep MOXIE. The genuine has Moxie blown in the bottle. Look out for worthless imitations.
THE CHICAGO MOXIE NERVE FOOD CO., Chicago.



LADIES' PALACE DAY CARS,
PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS,
FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.
PULLMAN PALACE BUFFET
COMPARTMENT SLEEPING CARS,
PALACE DINING CARS.
PULLMAN VESTIBULED TRAINS,
FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE,
AND
NO CHANGE OF CARS
OF ANY CLASS BETWEEN
CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO AND DENVER,
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS,
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY,
AND
BLOOMINGTON AND KANSAS CITY.
PIONEER PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CAR,
PALACE DINING CAR
AND
FREE PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CAR LINE.
JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
63 Dearborn St., cor. South Water St., CHICAGO, ILL.