

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO KNEW OF THE MORROW, WRITTEN FOR THIS PAPER.

BY EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.
The end of the opera, Danton, gasped, and he thought of the girl. He felt that she was looking at him, and that she was looking at him. He felt that she was looking at him, and that she was looking at him. He felt that she was looking at him, and that she was looking at him. He felt that she was looking at him, and that she was looking at him.

He was about to leave his room when the thought of his money entered his head. He could not take it to the broker's in time to catch his train, and it was not safe to leave it where it was. He looked in the drawer of the bureau containing his little fortune he placed the notes in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, fastened his bedroom door after him and was on his way to the ferry. Arriving at Jersey City he asked for a ticket to Tuxedo.

"This train does not stop there unless you are a member of the club," he was told at the office.
"Never mind," he returned. "I know my own business, do I not?"
An answer in the negative might have met this bold questioner had the ticket seller been a close observer of human nature. Does a man know his own business when he is in a hurry to get to work, and he has a novel and acts in a general way, and he has left his reason on the other side of the river?

Danton entered the train in a curious state of mind. He felt as though he had been driven forward by an influence he could not resist. As he leaned back in his seat and reviewed the events of the morning, he began to realize that his course illustrated the argument of the fantastic philosophy. His inability to resist the power wielded by the dispatch reached to to-morrow's newspaper convinced him that man is not a free agent. He was obliged to go to Tuxedo, and that was the end of the matter. He had had his chance, and he was going to make a fortune, his experiment had proved successful, and here he found himself rushing through the dreary wyes of New Jersey toward the highland station where his unwilling instrument of fate. He wondered if he was weak-minded, if his will was less strong than that of the average man. Then he found himself thinking of Miss Rivington, whose life he had ordained to save over the girl's smiling and girlish had seen at the opera? Would she be grateful for his inexplicable arrival? Would she feel that an introduction was the necessary prelude to his next visit? He felt that he had done it the Tuxedo people looked upon him as a madman?

"Are you a member of the Tuxedo Club?" he was asked.
"No."
"We can't stop here. You should have called on the train."
Danton was not surprised to hear this. He knew that he must leap from the train, according to the programme laid out for him by his internal photograph. For an instant he hesitated, but then he remembered the highland station where his unwilling instrument of fate. He wondered if he was weak-minded, if his will was less strong than that of the average man. Then he found himself thinking of Miss Rivington, whose life he had ordained to save over the girl's smiling and girlish had seen at the opera? Would she be grateful for his inexplicable arrival? Would she feel that an introduction was the necessary prelude to his next visit? He felt that he had done it the Tuxedo people looked upon him as a madman?

CHAPTER III.
Danton paused for a moment, as though to collect himself for a mighty effort. Then he started at high speed full towards the entrance. A man in uniform barred his path, but he knocked him aside boldly, and ran up the winding stairs. He reached the top of the stairs and his eyes were attracted by a figure who was looking at him. He felt that she was looking at him, and that she was looking at him. He felt that she was looking at him, and that she was looking at him.

out on the cracking ice. Then as he feels his foothold sinking beneath him, he plunges headlong into the gurgling pool. A moment later he comes to the surface and in his arms he bears a burden hard to sustain in that deadly hole. The ice breaks beneath his hand as he grasps it. He struggles toward the shore, but the weight of the senseless woman against his shoulder hinders his efforts feeble and unavailing. Even at such a dead moment Danton was able to observe that the woman he was trying to save was the same whose radiant beauty had thrilled the heart of the youth. Her Auburn hair touched his face, her rounded figure reclined on his breast, and even the icy chill of those cruel waters could not prevent the warm blood from surging to his cheeks as he held up the girl in peaceful face. Death in such company would lose half its terrors. Of such is the kingdom of love.

But they were not to die. The guards who had surrounded Danton had reached the shore, and, with some difficulty, succeeded after a time in dragging the young man and maiden from their perilous position. Both were insensible and had succumbed to the shock, and it was not until some hours afterward that they were pronounced "out of danger." When Danton came to himself, he found that he had been taken to the club house and given the most careful attention. He was lying on a sofa and an elderly gentleman who eyed him kindly.
"Thank God, you are yourself again," exclaimed the old man, taking Danton's hand. "You have saved my daughter's life on her own. How can I express my gratitude?"
"This is Mr. Rivington," remarked Danton, as though in reverie.
"Why, how do you know?" asked the gray-haired man with astonishment.
"The young man's assistant," answered Danton, to himself, closing his eyes and feigning sleep.

A few hours later he sat before a blazing fire in the magnificent hallway of the club house. He had had a most comfortable dinner and was pulling a cigar in tranquil enjoyment. A number of men had gathered about him, anxious to find out who this heroic stranger was.
"A gentleman," he said, "my name is Maurice Danton. My grandfathers were New-Yorker fifty years ago. I am a student, a Heidelberg hermit. I know nothing of your ways or the life of the New World. You wonder how I happened to jump from the Tuxedo Club. It was a question of inclination. He is not a question of inclination, but it is not that the Tuxedo Club rejoices in a sensation peculiar to itself. The Danton-Rivington affair was, therefore, a delectable morsel, partially because of its mystery and partially because of the vulgar world outside will never understand its full significance. Danton alone bound had become a hero to the inner circle of American society, and his first evening at Tuxedo was rendered as pleasant to him as possible. He had to him about the club, "if you are not too tired, I should like to have you join me and a few good fellows at my party. We are going to make a night of it over at the Tuxedo. It may happen that you will not rest after your exciting day. If not, I should be pleased to have you accept my invitation."
"I will go with you gladly," returned Danton, who knew that was the condition to sleep. Approaching Mr. Rivington he said:
"I trust, sir, that your daughter is well forward on the road to recovery."
"She is sleeping quietly, my dear sir. You will find her in the room which you call upon her to-morrow. You will give her that pleasure?"
"Indeed I will," answered Danton. He bowed and rejoined his host for the night.

Danton knew little about poker. He had played it some how and then at Heidelberg with American students, but had never mastered the fine points of the pastime. But to-night he was in an excellent mood. His brain was feverish and his hand a strange instrument. He did not do better after he had imbibed several glasses of champagne.
There were four in the party; the host, a wealthy bachelor of fine bearing; a lawyer; a doctor; and an elderly club man anxious to pay his dues from his winnings at cards, and Danton. They began their game at 11 o'clock. At 1 o'clock gains and losses stood about equal and the old man began to grow quiet.
"Let's raise the ante and the limit," he suggested, and his proposition met with unanimous applause.
The youngest man of the quartette, a blonde, inquisitive youth named Monde, stepped in. He was Rivington, and the fact that Danton had saved her life filled him with jealousy. Having come into a fortune of three millions, he felt that any opposition to his wishes was an insult. He felt that he had an obstacle to the highest ambition of his soul. In these degenerate days harmless weapons are used in society, and Helen Rivington's lover longed to defeat Danton at a game of cards.
"What a fine hand you have," said Danton, as he dealt.
"I'm in," cried the college graduate, fishing slightly.
"We're all in," continued the host, after a nod from the elderly roisterer.
The deal began in a noisy manner. Danton held a strong hand, and his confident manner served him in good stead. He had made a number of misplays, and his present apparently reckless backing of his cards was a mere bluff. He had made a number of misplays, and his present apparently reckless backing of his cards was a mere bluff. He had made a number of misplays, and his present apparently reckless backing of his cards was a mere bluff.

"I think you are determined to cut my set from me with the deep edge of your wit, I fear I must surrender." There was a time when you did not hesitate to save my life, but you are not willing to satisfy my whim.
"Is it nothing but a whim?" he asked, in a tone of disappointment.
"No, it is not. It is something I cannot explain. I know you think me mad; but place yourself in my position. I see a man at the opera one night whose face has a peculiar fascination for me. Don't think I am frank if you are not. I have never seen him before, and never expect to see him again. But I cannot help thinking about him, and I come up here to get him out of my mind. Then at the moment when I have given up all thoughts of life, he comes to me, as though by miracle, and we are in a friendly friendship between us."
He smiled at her question.
"I see you are determined to cut my set from me with the deep edge of your wit, I fear I must surrender." There was a time when you did not hesitate to save my life, but you are not willing to satisfy my whim.
"Is it nothing but a whim?" he asked, in a tone of disappointment.
"No, it is not. It is something I cannot explain. I know you think me mad; but place yourself in my position. I see a man at the opera one night whose face has a peculiar fascination for me. Don't think I am frank if you are not. I have never seen him before, and never expect to see him again. But I cannot help thinking about him, and I come up here to get him out of my mind. Then at the moment when I have given up all thoughts of life, he comes to me, as though by miracle, and we are in a friendly friendship between us."
He smiled at her question.

He had placed his opponent in a position where he had no choice. He had placed his opponent in a position where he had no choice. He had placed his opponent in a position where he had no choice. He had placed his opponent in a position where he had no choice. He had placed his opponent in a position where he had no choice.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

Record of One Week's Business—Matters Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing—In and Around Legislative Hall.

The Law-Makers.
In the Senate Wednesday a report approving irregularities at Joliet Penitentiary, calling for an opinion from the Attorney General, was the subject of considerable discussion, but no definite disposition of the matter was made. Senator Knapp's report on the investigation of the ex-State Treasurer appropriating the interest on public bonds was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Barden's bill repealing the Edwards compulsory school law was brought up and passed by a vote of 18 yeas and 13 nays. This bill was also passed by the House. The Senate appropriated \$5,000 to pay the various newspaper proprietors for the State for publishing the reform bill. The Senate passed several new measures were introduced in both houses.

A bill of the Senate was considered Thursday by listening to a Chicago committee who asked authority for the city of Chicago to own and operate gas and electric plants. This bill was referred to the committee on the House referred feelingly to the death of Phocion Howard and the proposed extension of the memorial exercises. Considerable discussion took place on O'Donnell's bill prohibiting the employment of children of sixteen years and upwards. This bill was passed by a vote of 18 yeas and 13 nays. A day and forty-eight hours per week. Several committee amendments were considered. The bill was amended by making the prohibitive age 14 years of 16 years of age. O'Connor moved to amend the Padock amendment by making the age of children 14 years and upwards. The amendment was defeated, and Padock's amendment was passed by a vote of 18 yeas and 13 nays. After the transaction of a little routine business Friday, the Senate adjourned. The House resumed its session Monday morning the House resolution introduced a few days ago by Representative Bryan memorializing Congress to repeal the world's Fair law. The House passed a resolution for the opening of the committee on the expenditure of money. The committee on the appointment of M. M. Sharpe as reading clerk at \$4 a week was rejected. The House voted down the resolution. Chairman Fowler, of the committee to investigate the Chicago fire, has requested leave of absence for three days to conduct the investigation. Mr. Wile moved to discharge the committee and abandon the resolution. The committee on the discharge of the committee was defeated by a vote of 7 yeas and 7 nays. The investigation committee was then given leave of absence for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and the House adjourned.

WORST OF THE SEASON.
A Howling Blizzard Sweeps Through the Northwest.
A blizzard has raged all over the Northwest, and according to the reports from St. Paul it is still in progress. Reports from the country further to the northwest are meager owing to the prostration of the wires by the storm. It has moved rapidly from Denver in a northeasterly direction, accompanying it high winds and heavy snow. Tuesday night at Helena it was 48 below zero, while at Missoula, a little over a hundred miles north, it was 10 degrees above. At the former place there was a slight thaw from the west. Missoula was hit by a terrific cold catch, a small hurricane from the east. It was 54 below in Helena at 6 a. m. All through Montana, with the exception of one point, the cold was intense. In Portland it was 25 below, and in St. Paul 15. In Duluth it was below, Winnipeg 10, and Jamestown 9, while at Fergus Falls, Grand Forks, and Fargo it was fully twenty degrees warmer, with high winds from a different point in each one of the six places. The snowfall in the Northwest was not enough to cause serious delays, but the high winds caused drifts that kept back through trains three or four hours. Reports from the lines running north to the lakes and west to Chicago show unusual weather, with high winds, causing the snow to drift quite badly. Late dispatches give additional details of the blizzard, which seems to have been very severe and general. Early snows at Helena, Minn., and business has been abandoned, though it is not cold there. Mankato reports a blizzard howling and temperature rapidly falling. A sudden change of wind at Fergus Falls, Minn., was followed by a quick drop from 25 above to 10 below zero. Blinding fine snow at that place has compelled a suspension of business, and as the temperature is rapidly growing colder much suffering is feared. All trains have been stopped at Watertown, S. D., on account of the storm. The blizzard is now raging throughout Southern Minnesota, and mercury rapidly falling.

Freight of Waxen's Proverbs.
That's more politics in honesty than honesty in politicians.
That's a good many more politichans far sale than is bought.
It don't do no hurt to watch the public doings of a politician whose private doings won't hurt a man.
That's some things that men in politics life does that women in politics life wouldn't do.
Public life is a public trust that's mighty unreliable for lastin' qualities.
Politke preference skips some powerful good material.
A statesman for glory gets tired quick on one for emoluments.
The Amerikin eagel don't draw no salary.

Is It an Unlucky Coat?
The substitution about the number 13 being unlucky is put to multiplied test in the new 25-cent pieces. On one side of the coin there are no less than ten repetitions of the number 13. There are 13 stars, 13 letters in the words, and 13 marginal feathers. On the reverse in each wing, 13 tail feathers, 13 parallel lines in the shield, 13 horizontal bars, 13 arrowheads in one claw, 13 leaves on the branch in the other claw, and 13 letters in the words "quarter eagle." There hasn't seemed to be anything unlucky in the 13 original States nor in the 13 stripes on the flag, and now it remains to be seen if the man who gets his pockets full of these new quarters of dollars will be unlucky.—Free Press.

Telegraphic Brevities.
The Ohio River is free from ice from source to mouth.
FOURTEEN inches of snow has fallen at Tacoma, Wash.
The Collegiate Institute at Ottawa, Ont., burned last night, \$40,000.
THERE are fifty cases of small-pox at Cleveland, Ohio. Ten deaths have occurred.
COL. SIMS says Cora Tanner, the actress, for absolute divorce. The charges are not made public.
FIRE in the English Hotel at Indianapolis caused a loss of \$8,000. The goods were worth \$100,000.
THE United States Court sustains the indictment against President Potter, of the defunct Maveick Bank.
DR. BENKOW, Executive Commissioner of New South Wales to the World's Fair, has arrived at New York.
A DYNAMITE bomb was exploded in the streets of Tunis, damaging several buildings. No lives lost.