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light there is nothing, nothing in the world save my love for you, and the chance that has given me the power to force you to be mine. What a fury and a tempest love produces! It makes an honorable man of the knave, a rascal of the man of honor; it has toppled thrones, destroyed nations, obliterated races. . . . Well, I have become a rascal. Mademoiselle, you must become my wife." He lifted his handsome head resolutely.

Without giving him so much as a glance, she swept past him and sank on her knees at her father's side, taking his hands by the wrists and pressing them down from his face.

"Father, tell him he lies. Tell him he lies!" Ah, the entreaty, the love, the anxiety, the terror that blended her tones!

He strove to look away.

"Father, you are all I have," she cried brokenly. "Look at me! Look at me and tell him that he lies! . . . You will not look at me? God have mercy on me, it is true then!" She rose and spread her arms toward heaven to entreat God to witness her despair. "I did not think or know that



DROPPED IT INTO THE FIRE.

such base things were done. . . . That these loving hands should have helped to encompass my father's dishonor, his degradation! . . . For money! What is money? You knew, father, that what was mine was likewise yours. Why did you not tell me? I should have laughed; we should have begun all over again; I could have earned a living with my music; we should have been honest and happy. And now! . . . And I drew those plans with a heart full of love and happiness. Oh, it is not that you gambled, that you have foolishly wasted a fortune; it is not these that hurt here,—pressing her heart. "It is the knowledge that you, my father, should let me draw those horrible things. It hurts! Ah, how it hurts!" A sob choked her. She knelt again at her parent's side and flung her arms around the unhappy, wretched man. "Father, you have committed a crime to shield a foolish act. I know, I know! What you have done you did for my sake, to give me back what you thought was my own. Oh, how well I know that you had no thought of yourself; it was all for me, and I thank God for that. But something has died here, something here in my heart. I have been so happy! . . . too happy! My poor father!" She laid her head against his breast.

"My heart is broken! Would to God that I might die!" Annesley threw one arm across the back of the chair and turned his face to his sleeve.

Karloff, a thousand arrows of regret and shame and pity quivering in his heart, viewed the scene moodily, doggedly. No, he could not go back; there was indeed a wall behind him: pride.

"Well, Mademoiselle?"

She turned, still on her knees.

"You say that if I do not marry you, you will ruin my father, expose him?"

"Yes,"—thinly.

"Listen. I am a proud woman, yet will I beg you not to do this horrible thing—force me into your arms. Take everything, take all that is left; you can not be so utterly base as to threaten such a wrong. See!"—extending her lovely arms, "I am on my knees to you!"

"My daughter!" cried the father.

"Do not interrupt me, father; he will relent; he is not wholly without pity."

"No, no! No, no!" Karloff exclaimed, turning his head aside and repelling with his hands, as if he would stamp out the fires of pity which, at the sound of her voice, had burst anew in his heart. "I will not give you up!"

She drew her sleeves across her eyes and stood up. All at once she wheeled upon him like a lioness protecting its young. In her wrath she was as magnificent as the wife of Aeneas at the funeral pyre of that great captain.

"She knew! That was why she asked me all these questions; that is why she exacted those promises! Mrs. Chadwick knew and dared not tell me! And I trusted you as a friend, as a gentleman, as a man of honor!" Her laughter rang out wildly. "And for these favors you bring dishonor! Shame! Shame! Your wife? Have you thought well of what you are about to do?"

"So well," he declared, "that I shall proceed to the end, to the very end." How beautiful she was! And a mad desire urged him to spring to her, crush her in his arms, and force upon her lips a thousand mad kisses!

"Have you weighed well the consequences?"

"Upon love's most delicate scales."

"Have you calculated what manner

of woman I am?"—with subdued fierceness.

"To me you are the woman of all women."

"Do you think that I am a faint-hearted girl? You are making a mistake. I am a woman with a woman's mind, and a thousand years would not alter my utter contempt of you. Force me to marry you, and as there is a God above us to witness, every moment of suffering you now inflict upon me and mine, I shall give back a day, a long, bitter, galling day. Do you think that it will be wise to call me countess?" Her scorn was superb.

"I am waiting for your answer. Will you be my wife, or shall I be forced to make my villainy definitive?"

"Permit me to take upon these shoulders the burden of answering that question," said a voice from the window.

Warburton, dressed in his stable clothes and leggings, hatless and drenched with rain, stepped into the room from the veranda and quickly crossed the intervening space. Before any one of the tragic group could recover from the surprise caused by his unexpected appearance, he had picked up the packet of plans and had dropped it into the fire. Then he leaned with his back against the mantel and faced them, or rather Karloff, of whom he was not quite sure.

(To be continued.)

#### State Items

Although she fell eight feet, Friday striking on her head, no medical assistance was called, for 7-year-old May Wrigglesworth, of Linden, as she did not seem to be badly hurt. With other children she was picking mulberries, when she lost her hold and fell head downward to the ground. When Mrs. Ed Wrigglesworth, the child's mother, returned home she found the girl in the backyard, unconscious. She is in a serious condition, suffering from concussion of the brain.

Frank Rhodes, aged 28 years, residing in Alma, met death Friday afternoon by electrocution. He was employed by the Union Telephone company and was working on a line on West Main street near Brooks Grove, with another lineman named Frank Webb. They had just completed their work and were about to descend the pole when Rhodes's arm came in contact with a live wire. Webb saw his friend's dangerous position and attempted to pull him away but failed, and Rhodes fell to the ground, dying in ten minutes.

With her husband absent from home and his whereabouts unknown, and herself in a delicate condition, straightened circumstances, depending for the most part upon the poor department for support, Mrs. Claude Brown, of Flint, mourns over the lifeless form of her little 2-year-old baby, which died Friday forenoon, thus depriving the unfortunate mother of the only ray of sunshine that brightened her destitute home. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of the husband on the charge of non-support, and Sheriff Zimmerman started out Friday on a search for him, going to Bay City, where he is reported to have been seen.

James Kass, of Leelanau county, Traverse City, 72 years old, went out to a favorite spot Friday night, where he used to sit and smoke, sat there a while, shot himself through the right temple with a 38-caliber revolver, and died instantly. He did not change his position in the slightest. His grandson found him and summoned the coroner. On the coroner's arrival the old man was sitting there as though nothing had happened.

Ernest Winter, of Orion, afflicted with tuberculosis of the hip, is camping out under a tree on his father's lawn. A heavy iron weight is suspended from his foot to draw the bones into their proper position, dislocation having resulted from the disease. His lungs, too, are affected, and specialists have recommended the outdoor treatment. The tent is lighted with electricity, and being fond of reading, he is cheerfully resigned to the situation.

Record readers get all the news, all the time.

First publication Aug. 10, 1906.

**Estate of William Brocens Deceased**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, the Probate Court for the County of Berrien.

In the matter of the estate of William Brocens deceased.

Having been appointed commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, we do hereby give notice that four months from the 6th day of Aug. A. D. 1906 were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and adjustment, and that we will meet at Office of A. A. Worthington village of Buchanan, in said county, on the 6th day of Oct. A. D. 1906, and on the 7th day of December A. D. 1906, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and adjusting said claims.

Dated Aug. 10th A. D. 1906.

JAMES E. FRENCH  
JOSEPH P. BISTLER  
Commissioners.

Last publication August 24, 1906.

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**—THE—**

**MAN ON THE BOX**

"Must, To-night I am going to prove myself a great rascal—with a great motive. What is Russia to me? Nothing. What is your dishonor or my own? Less than nothing. There is only one thing, and that is my love for your daughter." He struck the table and the flame of the student-lamp rose violently. "She must be mine, mine! I have tried to win her as an honorable man tries to win the woman he loves; now she must be won by an act of rascality. Heaven nor hell shall force me to give her up. Yes, I love her; and I lower myself to your level to gain her."

"To my level! Take care, I am still a man with a man's strength," cried the colonel.

Karloff swept his hands across his forehead. "I have lied to myself long enough, and to you. I can see now that I have been working solely toward one end. My country is not to be considered, neither is yours. Do you realize that you stand wholly and completely in my power?" He ran his tongue across his lips, which burned with fever.

"What do you mean?"—hoarsely.

"I mean that your daughter must become my wife, or I shall notify your government that you have attempted to betray it."

"You dishonorable wretch!" The colonel balled his fists and protruded his nether lip. Only the table stood between them.

"That term or another, it does not matter. The fact remains that you have sold to me the fortification plans of your country; and though it be in times of peace, you are none the less guilty and culpable. Your daughter shall be my wife."

"I had rather strangle her with these hands!"—passionately.

"Well, why should I not have her, for my wife? Who loves her more, than I? I am rich; from hour to hour, from day to day, what shall I not plan to make her happy? I love her with all the fire and violence of my rage and blood. I can not help it. I will not, can not live without her! Good God, yes! I recognize the villainy of my action. But I am mad to-night."

"So I perceive." The colonel gazed wildly about the walls for a weapon. There was not even the usual ornamental dagger.

A window again stirred mysteriously. A few drops of rain splashed on the glass and zigzagged down to the sash.

"Sooner or later your daughter must know. Request her presence. It rests

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