

**TWICE MARRIED.**

"Oh, papa, I'm so tired!"  
 "I know you are, Allsie, but we must keep on till we reach the mountain top."  
 "Is mamma up there?" asked the child; then with a wistful glance at her father: "Do you think she will be glad to see us, papa?"  
 "Glad to see you. I hope, but—oh, Allsie, you must ask her to forgive me."  
 There was a slight quiver in the man's voice, and the child, although not comprehending the cause of it, laid her small hand on his coat sleeve with a sympathetic touch. They walked on for some time without speaking, then she broke the silence, saying:  
 "Papa, why is mamma angry at you! I will not love her if she is not good to you, for I love you dearly—dearly."  
 "Let us sit here awhile, Allsie, and I will endeavor to make you understand all about it."  
 She obeyed, glad of an opportunity to rest her tired limbs. Crossing her hands on her lap she looked up into his face trustfully.  
 "You see, he began, "your mother wasn't like me; I mean long ago when I first met her. She was a lady, and I was a groom or servant, on her father's place. She used to ride out every day, and I rode after her to see that no harm came to her. After awhile we grew to be friends; then lovers. She was only a chit of a girl, and when I asked her to run away with me she consented. One night she stole out of her father's house and came to the oak grove where I was waiting for her. I had secured a fleet-footed horse, and when morning dawned we were miles away. We took passage on a steamer bound to America, and were married the day after our arrival. For awhile we were happy enough, although of course we were very poor; but I was young and hopeful and loved my child-wife. Gradually she began to pine for her old home. She was unused to poverty, and didn't know how to bear the ups and downs of life as a poor girl would have done.  
 "She frequently upbraided me for the misfortune I had brought upon her, and in time began to hate me. I did the best I could for her and looked forward to your birth, thinking she would be more content when she held her baby in her arms; but I was mistaken, nothing could reconcile her to a life of poverty with me.  
 "When you were a few months old I discovered she was receiving letters from her father. Every day helped to widen the breach between us. Although she treated me with cold contempt, I did not blame her much, for I knew too well how I had ruined her life, and her unhappiness increased mine tenfold.  
 "At that time I was employed on the docks. One morning while at work a lady, closely veiled, accompanied by a gentleman and a nurse, with a child in her arms, passed me. Something about her figure attracted my attention, and as I turned to look after them I caught a glimpse of the baby's face. I stood for a moment unable to move or speak. Meanwhile they had boarded a steamer that would sail for Liverpool in a few hours. When I recovered my senses I went as rapidly as possible to the home that had never been a happy one, and learned that my wife and child had gone away in a carriage an hour or two before. Burning with rage and excitement, I hurried back to the vessel. Your mother was on deck talking earnestly to her companion, and the nurse was saying goodbye to some friends who had come to see her off. I walked boldly up to her and inquired the number of her state-room, saying that her mistress had sent me for her shawl. The girl replied that she would go and get it, but I said, pleasantly, "Talk to your friends while you have time." Only too glad of an opportunity to have a last word with those she was leaving behind, she told me the number, at the same time charging me to be careful and not awaken the baby. Trembling with excitement I hurried to the state-room, wrapped you in the shawl and walked off the steamer. Have I made the story of my early life clearly to you, Allsie?"  
 "Yes, papa, I understand it perfectly, and am so sorry for you, poor, dear papa." Then, with a wistful glance in his face, "Do you think mamma cried for me—for her baby?"  
 "It may be that she did but probably the prospect of being reunited to her family lessened her grief for your loss. Twelve years have passed and I have never seen nor heard from her since. I have heard of her, though, and know that our marriage was annulled on the ground that she was too young to wed without the consent of her parents, and about seven years ago she became the wife of a man of rank. That was the last news I had of her. I wronged your mother, Allsie, and wronged you in taking you from her. And now, if she will receive you back, I will give you up. But you will not return to her penniless—you will have a fortune of \$20,000."  
 "And you will live with us, papa?"  
 "No, child, I will return to my old life in the mines."  
 "Oh, papa! papa!" cried Allsie, bursting into a passionate flood of tears, "I cannot, will not stay there without you." He drew the child to his breast and soothed her with tender words, telling her that she would soon learn to love her mother—that he would watch over her, and perhaps see her often. After she grew calm they started out on their journey again and soon reached the old-fashioned inn where they were to pass the night.  
 Allsie retired early, and her father descended to the public room, where, after a few moments' conversation with the landlord, he learned that Allsie's mother, Lady Caroline Denbeigh, was living in retirement at Deneigh Hall, with her child, a sickly little fellow, about four years of age. The old lord had been dead a year or more, and Hon. Mrs. Featherstone; Lady Caroline's mother, had been with her until recently, but was then in Paris.  
 The next morning Allsie and her father went down to the village hotel, where their luggage had been sent a

week before, and after making the needful change in their dress they set out for the hall.  
 The well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking individual who walked up the gravelled path with a firm step and independent air, bore but a faint resemblance to the room with whom Caroline Featherstone had eloped some fourteen years before.  
 As they approached the house, he espied Lady Denbeigh and the young heir on the broad veranda, and his heart gave a quick, painful throb as he gazed upon the face he knew so well.  
 "Is that lady my mamma?" whispered Allsie.  
 "Hush," he answered softly; then under his breath; "time will tell if she is indeed your mother." Lifting his hat respectfully he said:  
 "I have come to crave a few moments' conversation with you, madam, in behalf of this child."  
 Something in his tone touched a chord in her breast that vibrated painfully. She looked earnestly from one to the other, then with a sudden effort recovered her calmness, and said:  
 "State the nature of your errand sir."  
 He had fancied himself fully prepared for the interview; but finding himself face to face with the woman he had never ceased to love, his courage failed him, and the man who had been knocking around the world for years, whose wealth had made him powerful and self-asserting, grew as embarrassed as a school girl. The fine speeches he had meant to utter were forgotten. Drawing Allsie to his side, he blurted out almost savagely:  
 "Does not your heart tell you who this child is?"  
 Pale with emotion she cried:  
 "Tell me, Miles Caryle! tell me quickly—is it my lost baby?" Reaching out her hands she swayed for a moment, and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. When she opened her eyes again Allsie was bending over her.  
 "Are you better, mamma?" she inquired, stroking her mother's pale cheek.  
 "Is it true then—are you indeed my lost darling?" murmured Lady Denbeigh faintly.  
 "Yes, mamma, and I am going to love you dearly to make up for the time we have not known each other."  
 Some hours elapsed before Lady Denbeigh was sufficiently composed to listen to a recital of the events that had transpired since Allsie's abduction. Then Miles told her how he had gone west with the baby, where, after a sharp struggle with poverty, he finally obtained employment, and from that time onward had been what the world terms a successful man. How while amassing wealth he had striven to cultivate his mind. He was now a rich man. The few relatives he had left in his old home were dead, and in the event of his demise Allsie would be entirely alone.  
 His chief reason for seeking Lady Denbeigh was to entreat her to receive the child, and bestow upon her a mother's loving care. He would settle upon her a sum sufficient for all her wants, so that in a pecuniary sense she would not be a burden.  
 Lady Denbeigh gladly agreed to all his plans for the girl's future. Allsie was to stay at the hall, and Miles would remain in the village, seeing her every day until she grew accustomed to her new life.  
 At first Lady Denbeigh maintained a dignified reserve before him, but on the eve of his departure for London she confessed that when she had realized what efforts he had made to secure her happiness, she had bitterly regretted deserting him, and had written craving his forgiveness. For years detectives had searched for the child. Although legally separated from him, she had kept his image enshrined in her heart, and not until convinced that he was dead did she, at the urgent solicitation of her family, consent to marry Lord Denbeigh.  
 "I scarcely blamed you for returning to the life of luxury and refinement from which I had taken you," he admitted. "And as years went by I saw more distinctly the social gulf which divided us, and realized more fully the wrong I had committed. When I heard you were married to one of your own rank I rejoiced for your sake, even when acknowledging to myself that you were lost to me forever."  
 His tone was infinitely sad. He bowed his head for a moment, and seemed lost in gloomy reflections.  
 "Did you never meet any one—I mean—"  
 He looked up—their eyes met.  
 "Any one to fill the void in my lonely heart? No."  
 "Oh, Miles, forgive me—forgive me!"  
 Pride, reserve were cast aside, and she lay sobbing in his arms.  
 A week later Hon. Mrs. Featherstone read in the London Times:  
 "Married at Denbeigh, July 10, Miles Caryle to Lady Caroline, widow of the late Lord Denbeigh."  
 "Carrie always did have low tastes. I suppose this is the same creature she eloped with before, and I am glad her poor father is not living to hear of this new disgrace," was her angry comment.

**Automatic Clocks.**

The successful working of M. Darnes' automatic clock, set in operation some months ago, is stated to be an assured fact. In this case, the winding apparatus consists of a small windmill, fixed in a windmill, or in any other place where a tolerably constant current of air can be relied upon. By means of a reversed train of multiplying wheels, this windmill is continually driving a light endless chain remontoire, a device well known to clock makers. A pawl acting on a wheel prevents the motor from turning the wrong way, and, by a simple arrangement, whenever the weight is wound up right to the top, the motion is checked by a friction brake automatically applied to the anemometer by the raised weight lifting a lever. When the weight is thus raised to the top, the clock has a sufficient store of energy to go for eight days or more, so that it is by no means dependent on a regular current of air. This system of clocks possesses such practical advantages, that it has been adopted by the Belgian government on the state railways.

**Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail**

Is a good old maxim, but no more reliable than the oft repeated verdict of visitors that

**COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA,**

is the Queen City of a magnificent county and the most beautifully located of the many new and prosperous places of North Dakota. It is the

Permanent County Seat of Griggs County, and, though only a few months old, already has a representation in nearly every branch of business and each man enjoying a profitable trade. Plenty of room for more business houses, mechanics or professional men. Cooperstown is not only the

TERMINUS OF THE S. C. & T. M. R. R., but is also Headquarters thereof. In short, the place is, by virtue of its situation

The Central City of the Central County of North Dakota.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER! THE COMMERCIAL CENTER!  
 THE FINANCIAL CENTER! THE RAILROAD CENTER!

and the outfitting point of settlers for fifty miles to the North and West. The energetic spirit of Cooperstown's citizens, who in most cases have not yet reached the meridian of life, the singleness of purpose and unity of action in pushing her interests, have resulted in giving her an envious reputation for business thrift even this early in her history.

**GRIGGS COUNTY**

is the acknowledged Eden for settlers and home-seekers. Its soil is unsurpassed; its drainage the very best; its climate salubrious, and its railway advantages par-excellent. Public land in the county is becoming scarcer every day, yet there are still thousands of opportunities for the landless to get homes.

**GREAT STRIDES**

toward Metropolitan comforts have been made in Cooperstown and the wandering head of the weary traveler can here find rest and entertainment at an

BEAUTIFUL AND ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL,

erected at a cost of \$21,000. The man who becomes a citizen of Griggs county's thrifty capital can have, without price or waiting, the advantages of

GOOD SCHOOLS AND SPLENDID SOCIETY.

The rapidly growing embryonic city of Cooperstown is surrounded on all sides by the very richest lands in North Dakota. Cooperstown, situated as it is in the very heart of a new and fertile region, must boom to keep pace with the

**UNPARALLELED RAPID DEVELOPMENT**

of the surrounding country. When you stop and consider the facts you will realize the advantages this new town enjoys. It being the terminus of a railroad, the entire country makes it a

UNIVERSAL TRADING POINT,

a fact demonstrated by the merchants already established and enjoying big trades. Cooperstown is not an experiment but is built on the solid rock of commercial industry. Sound investments can be made in Cooperstown city property or Griggs county farm lands by applying to the

COOPER TOWNSITE CO., Cooperstown, D. T.

Or J. M. BURRELL, Sanborn, D. T.  
 Plans Sent on Request. Uniform Prices to All.