Lisbon, Wis., where they purchased a handsome little house. Here the young married couple lived happily and contented, while Bannerton practised law. He did well and became the partner of a prominent lawyer of New Lisbon, and was trusted by everybody in town. He naturally made good use of his opportunities by borrowing money from his friends, which, he, however, always forgot to return. He had been married about three years when little Kate, a pretty child, now about eight years old, was born. Two other children had died shortly after their birth. While in New Lisbon he forged a number of bonds and cheques. His partner, who believed he had found in Bannerton a true friend, tried to settle the matter quietly. He went on Bannerton's bond, and a few days after Bannerton, or Worthington, left for parts unknown. The little woman went on the stage again and by hard work succeeded in paying off all her husband's debts. She obtained a divorce from him some years ago on the ground of desertion.

Mrs A. B. Ward, of Grand Forks, Dak., was the seventh wife of Worthington. Ward, after robbing his young wife of all her property amounting to over £2400, left her penniless and in destitute circumstances. When she first knew him his face was smooth, and when he left he wore small grey side-whiskers. He represented himself to be a single man, and she never knew anything different until he went away. Some time after she received proofs of his having been previously married several times, and in each case deserting the wife, who never heard anything further from him unless through the papers or detectives.

The result of these revelations was that Worthington found the States too hot for him, and so he removed himself to Christchurch, New Zealand. Of his career there the following brief epitome, elicited in 1896 by inquiries from Hobart, to which he had gone, gives the main facts. They were as follows:—

That he arrived in Christchurch in 1890 under a name that was not his own, but had been assumed by him not more than a year previous to his arrival in the colony, with a view to escaping from the penalties entailed by his forgeries, swindles, wife desertions and other criminal acts in the United States.

That he brought with him to Christchurch, and introduced as his wife to those with whom he became acquainted, a lady to whom he had not been legally married.

That he inaugurated a series of lectures, and founded in this city a system of teaching, of which he claimed to be the compiler, whereas many of his lectures were plagiarised from Christian Science writers and teachers in America.

That he emphasised certain doctrines of the said teaching, such as the non-resistance of evil, and the universality of the good, in such a way as to blunt the perception of his followers to a sense of right and wrong with regard to his own actions, and to check any disposition on their part to oppose such actions as were not consistent with his professed standard of moral rectitude.

That after lecturing in this city for about eighteen months to increasing audiences, he encouraged the proposition of certain of his followers to erect extensive buildings in which to carry on their religious work and teachings.

That at the end of three years from his arrival in Christchurch he quarrelled with the lady whom he had brought here as his wife, and having secured to himself the support and assistance of the trustees, he succeeded in forcing her to leave the Temple of Truth.

That after being separated from this lady for about four months, he entered into intimate relations with another lady, whose house he was in the habit of visiting at late hours of the night, under the pretence of assisting her in literary pursuits, the discovery of which caused another breach amongst the students, those who could not approve of this course of conduct being treated with contumely and insult.

That in January, 1895, he encouraged the trustees, by default of payment of interest on mortgage of the Temple of Truth, to force a sale of said property, with a view to his being able to purchase and secure a clear title to the same by means of money which he led his followers to believe he was expecting from America.

That after purchasing the property at auction for about one-half of its original cost he delayed payment of the purchase money from month to month by various excuses regarding the non-arrival of the money from America.

That in August, 1895, he married a young lady of this city in opposition to the wishes of many of his followers, while the lady whom he had brought here as his wife was living in poverty in Australia.

That in December, 1895, being threatened with involvment in legal proceedings for the recovery of moneys advanced, he left for Australia, alleging that he would proceed thence to America to expedite the receipt of money for completing the purchase of the temple.

That, after being absent for nearly two months, he wrote from Hobart to the treasurer of the trustees intimating that no money would be forthcoming from America, and that it was not his intention to return.

Complete Story.

The Vendean Marriage

By JULES JANIN.

So you have never heard the circumstances of Monsieur Baudelot de Dairval's marriage, the man who died four years ago, and was so mourned by his wife that she died a week later herself, good lady? Yet it is a story worth telling.

It happened in the Vendee, and the hero, a Vendean, brave, young, daring and of fine family, died tranquilly in his bed without ever suspecting that there would be a second Vendee a year later.

Beaudelot de Dairval was the grandson of that Caesar Baudelot who is mentioned in the "Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans," own mother of the regent Louis Philippe. This woman, who has thrown such contempt on the greatest names of France, could not help praising Caesar de Baudelot. Saint-Simon, skeptic and mocker, but good fellow withal, also spoke highly of him. So you'll understand that bearing such a name young Henry was not lost to report in the first Vendee, to protest arms in hand against the excesses of the Revolution. Beaudelot was a Vendean simply because a man of his name and nature could do nothing else. He fought like his associates, neither more nor less. He was the friend of Cathelmeau and of all the others. He took part in those battles of giants; he took part fighting stoutly, and then laughing and singing as soon as he no longer heard the cries of the wounded. What wars, what livid tempests were ever like those? But it is not my business to tell again the story so often told. Nor is it my business or yours to narrate the brave deeds of Baudelot de Dairval.

But I want to tell you that one day, surprised at a farm by a detachment of Blues, Baudelot unexpectedly called together his troop. "My friends," said he, "this farm is surrounded. You must all escape! Take with you the women and children. Rejoin our chief, Cathelmeau. As for me, I'll stay and defend the gate. I certainly can hold it alone for ten minutes. Those three thousand out there would massacre us all. Good-bye good-bye, my brave fellows! Don't forget me! It's my turn to-day. You'll get yourselves killed to-morrow!

In those exceptional times and in that exceptional war, nothing seemed astonishing. Men did not even think of those rivalries in heroism so frequent in elegant warfare. In such a struggle of extermination there was no time to pose for sublimity of soul. Heroism was quite unaffected. So Baudelot's soldiers judged for themselves that their chief spoke sensibly, and obeyed as simply as he had commanded. They withdrew by the roof, taking away the women and children. Baudelot remained at the door making noise enough for forty, haranguing, disputing and discharging his gun. One would have thought a whole regiment ready to fire was stationed there, and the Blues held themselves on the alert. Baudelot remained on the defensive as long as he had any voice. But when that failed and he thought his troop must have reached a place of safety, he tired of the warlike feint. He felt ill at ease at thus commanding the absent; and keeping quiet, he merely propped up the door as it was shaken from outside. This lasted several minutes, then the door cracked, and the Blues began to fire through the fissures. Baudelot was not wounded, and as his meal had been interrupted, he returned to the table and tranquilly ate some bread and cheese, and emptied a pitcher of country wine, thinking meanwhile that this was his last repast!

Finally the Blues forced the door and rushed in. It took them some minutes to clear away obstructions, and to recognise each other in the smoke of their guns. These soldiers of the Republic hunted eagerly with look and sword for the armed troop which had withstood them so long. Judge their surprise at seeing only a tall, very handsome young man, calmly eating black bread moistened with wine. Dumb with astonishment the conquerers stopped and leaned on their guns, and thus gave Henri Baudelot time to swallow his last mouthful.

"To your health, gentlemen!" he said, lifting his glass to his lips. "The garrison thanks you for the respite you have granted." At the same time he rose, and going straight to the captain, said: "Monsieur, I am the only person in this house. I am quite ready for death."

Then he kept quiet, and waited. To his great surprise he was not shot at once. Perhaps he had fallen into the hands of recruits so little exercised as to delay 24 hours before killing a man. Perhaps his captors were moved by his coolness and fine bearing, and were ashamed at setting three hundred to kill one. We must remember that in that sad war there were French feelings on both sides.

So they contented themselves with tying his hands and leading him, closely watched, to a manor on the outskirts of Nantes, which, once an attractive country-seat, had now become a kind of fortress. Its master was no other than the chief of the Blues, who had captured Baudelot. This Breton, a gentleman, although a Blue, had been one of the first to share revolutionary transports. He was one of those nobles so heroic to their own injury, who renounced in a day fortunes, coats of arms, and their own names, forgetting both what they had promised their fathers and what they owed to their sons, equally oblivious of past and future, and unfortunate victims of the present. But we will not reproach them, for either they died under the stroke of the Revolution, or lived long enough to see that all their sacrifices were vain.

Baudelot de Dairval was confined in the donjon, or, rather, in the pigeon-house of his conqueror. The doves had been expelled to give place to Chouan captives. Still covered with shining slates, still surmounted by its creaking weather-cock, this prison had retained a calm, gracious air, and it had not been thought necessary to bar the openings by which the pigeons came and went. Much as ever, a little straw had been added to the usual furniture.

At first the dovecote of a country manor struck him as a novel prison. He decided that as soon as his hands were free he would compose a romance upon it, with a guitar accompaniment. While thus thinking, he heard a violin and other instruments playing a joyful march. By piling up the straw against the wall and leaning on it with his elbow, Baudelot could look out of one of the openings. He saw a long procession of young men and pretty women in white gowns, preceded by village fiddlers, and all merry and joyous. As it passed at the foot of the dovecote, a pretty girl looked up attentively. She was fair, slender and dreamy-looking. Baudelot felt that she knew of the prisoner, and he began to whistle the air of Richard, "In an Obscure Tower," or something of the kind. For this young man was versed in all kinds of combats and romances, equally skillful with sword and guitar, and adept at horsemanship, a fine dancer, a true gentleman of wit and sword, such as are manufactured no more.

The wedding procession passed, or, at least, if not a wedding it was a betrothal, and Baudelot stopped singing. He heard a sound at his prison door; some one entered.

It was the master of the house himself. He had been a Marquis under Capet, now he called himself simply Hamelin. He was a Blue, but a good fellow enough. The Republic ruled him body and soul; he lent his sword and his castle. But he had not become cruel or wicked in