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CHAPTER VIII-CONTINUED.

yes fixed on the ground. Suddenly

one of them stood erect and tossed his

arms in the air and shouted loudly.

Other men ran to him, and another far

down the track repeated the shout and

the gesture to another far in his rear.

This man took it up and shouted and

waved to a fourth man, and so they

passed the signal back to town. There

came almost immediately three long,

lond whistles from a mill near the sta-

tion, and the embankment grew black

with people pouring out from town,

while the searchers came running from

the fields and woods and underbrush

Briscoe began to walk on toward the

The track lay level and straight, not

dimming in the middle distances, the

rails converging to points both north-

west and southeast in the clean washed

air like examples of perspective in a

child's drawing book. About seventy

miles to the west and north lay Rouen.

In the same direction, nearly six miles

from where the signal was given, the

track was crossed by a road leading

The embankment had been newly

ballasted with sand. What had been

discovered was a broad brown stain in

the sand on the south slope near the

and below, none beyond it to left or

right, and there were many deep foot-

prints in the sand. Men were exam-

ining the place excitedly, talking and

zesticulating. It was Lige Willetts

who had found it. His horse was

tethered to a fence near by at the end

of a lane through a cornfield. Jared

Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking

"You see, them two must have

to a group near the stain, explaining.

knowed about the 1 o'clock freight and

that it was to stop here to take on the

empty lumber cars. I don't know how

they knowed it, but they did. It was

this way: When they got out the win-

dow they beat through the storm

straight for this side track. At the

same time Mr. Harkless leaves Bris-

coe's, goin' west. It begins to rain.

He cuts across to the railroad to have

a sure footin' and strikin' for the

deepo for shelter-near place as any,

except Briscoe's, where he's said good

night already, and prob'ly don't wish

to go back, fear of givin' trouble or

keepin' 'em up. Anybody can under-

stand that. He comes along and gets

to where we are precisely at the time

There were smaller stains above

directly south to Six Crossroads.

on both sides of the railway.

embankment.

top.

The men on the embankment were

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ESTABLISHED 1855.

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

'please t' be so good ez t' show de ole

main whuh de W'ite Caips is done

ward. "Here is the stain."

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The Gentleman

ening.

gone, suh-marse?"

on you hongry, too, ain' you, Xeno-

phon?' Tek an' feed me, tek an' tek

keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de baith

full in de mawn', mek 'is bed, pull de

weeds out'n de front walk; dass all.

He tek me in. When Ah aisk 'im ain'

he 'fraid keep ole thief he say, jesso:

'Dass all my fault, Xenophon; ought

look you up long 'go; ought know long

'go you be cole dese baid nights. Reck-

on Ah'm de thievenest one 'us two

Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock'

up when you got none,' he say, jesso.

Tek me in; say he lahk a thief; pay me

sala'y; feed me. Dass de main whut

de Caps gone shot lais' night." He

raised his head sharply, and the mys-

tery in his gloomy eyes intensified as

they opened wide and stared at the

"Ah's bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaim-

ed loudly. His twisted frame was

braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's

"It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle

Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying

bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssuh!"

his hand on the old man's shoulder.

sky unseeingly.

From Indiana

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walking slowly, bending far over, their shoot Marse Hawkliss?"

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1904.

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the judge's speech. "'Bring him back!' God could, maybe, but he won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the The prosecutor pleaded and crowd. threatened unheeded, and, as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The square!" he shouted. "Start from the square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse.'

"Here was where it happened, Uncle "They will be!" shouted a farmer Zen," answered Wiley, leading him for "Don't you worry about that."

"We want to get into some sort of Xenophon bent over the spot on the shape!" cried Eph. "Shape!" repeated Hartley Bowlder sand, making little odd noises in his

throat. Then he painfully resumed scornfully. There was a hiss and clang and rathis former position. "Dass his blood," he said in the same gentle, quavering tle behind him, and a steam whistle tone, "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay shrieked. The crowd divided, and on de groun' whay yo' staind, gelmun. Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just Dass whuh dey laid 'im, an' dass whuh in time as the westbound accommodahe lie," the old negro continued. "Dey tion rushed by on its way to Rouen. shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain't shot 'im From the rear platform leaned the heah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one unthen knelt groaningly and placed his derstood or cared what he said or in hand on the stain, one would have the general excitement even wondered said, as a man might place his hand why he was going away. When the over a heart to see if it still beat. He train had dwindled to a dot and diswas motionless, with the air of hearkappeared and the noise of its rush grew faint the courthouse bell was "Marse, honey, is you gone?" He heard ringing, and the mob was rush-

raised his voice as if calling. "Is yo' ing pellmell into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on He looked up at the circle about him. the embankment. and then, still kneeling, not taking his "That settles it," he said aloud, hand from the sand, seeming to wait gloomily watching the last figures. He for a sign to listen for a voice, he said: took off his hat and pushed back the "Whafo' yo' gelmun think de good thick white hair from his forehead. Lawd summon Marse Hawkliss? Kase "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well

he de mos' fittes'? You know, dat man go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to he ketch me in de cole night, wintuh 'fo' lais,' stealin' 'is wood. You know go there. It's too hard on the little whut he done t' de ole thief? Tek an' girl. If she hadn't come till next week buil' up big fiah een ole Zen' shainty she'd never have known John Harkless." Say: 'He'p yo'se'f, an' welcome. Reck-

A

12.10

CHAPTER IX.

LL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six Crossroads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through

her wabbling, sailor run, smit with a

a rickety barn and was still. Only on the Wimby farm were there

wiped out. That was comprehensive suers, whose guns were beginning to enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private. Today he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled and to outward vision unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock coat and gen-erous linen, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Bowlders, on the other was Lige Willetts, Mr. Watts preserving peace between the young men with perfect tact and sang froid.

They kept good order and a similitude of quiet for so many except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a rope fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Crossroads, and the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlement the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shantles. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Scho field and a dozen others did, in fact, break away and set a sharp pace up the slope.

Watts tried to call them back. What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, and, like the others, was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread!" Then as suddenly as he had appeared he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused, and the whole body came to a halt while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic clicking and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old Wilkerson:

the ground. John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."

A few near him as they stood waiton its return to the county seat, and ing began to take up the burden of the after that there was a long, complete song, singing it in slow time like a silence, while the miry corners were dirge. Then those farther away took undisturbed by a single hoof beat. No it up. It spread, reached the leaders. unkempt colt nickered from his musty They, too, began to sing, taking off stall. The sparse young corn that used their hats as they joined in, and soon

The sun was swinging lower, and superstitious horror of nothing. She the edges of the world were embroiderhid herself in the shadow underneath ed with gold, while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause-sung perhaps signs of life. The old lady who had as some of the ancestors of these men sent Harkless roses sat by the window sang with Hampden before the brisall morning and wiped her eyes, watch- tling walls of a hostile city. It had ing the horsemen ride by. Sometimes iron and steel in it. The men lying on they would hall her and tell her there their guns in the ambuscade along the was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her fence heard the dirge rise and grow husband rattled up in a buckboard and to its mighty fullness, and they shivergot out the shotgun of the late and ed. One of them, posted nearest the more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he advance had his rifle carefully leveled carefully cleaned and oiled in spite of at Lige Willetts, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly, "I reckon we'll see a big jamboree other side Jordan weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles tonight, huh?" The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength and swelled to power and rolled and thundered across the plain. "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground, John Brown's body lies a-moldering in John Brown's body lies a-moldering in John Brown's body lies a-moldering in

Miscellancous Beading. speak. The fugitives had a good start, and, being the picked runners of the Crossroads, they crossed the open, FORTUNE IS WON AND LOST. weedy acres in safety and made f'r their homes. Every house had become Wonderfully Demoralizing Effects of a fort, and the defenders would have

Cotton Gambling. to be fought and torn out one by one. "Sell! No, you wouldn't sell any As the guns sounded, a woman in a shanty near the forge began to scream and kept on screaming.

On came the farmers and the men of and I got delirious, or may be I was packed in their sledges met it face to Plattville. They took the saloon at a just a plain fool. I didn't know very face. run, battered down the crazy doors much about speculating. I had played with a fence rail and swarmed inside poker, and had the same experience less advance of the Russian reinforcelike busy insects, making the place that every man has who is not a prohum like a hive, but with the hotter fessional. I had won as much as sevindustries of destruction. It was empty eral hundred dollars in a night, and of life as a tomb, but they beat and 'he next day I had gone out and spent tore and battered and broke and ham- my winnings recklessly and foolishly. miles an hour, our driver crooning to mered and shattered like madmen; they A few nights later I lost as much or reduced the tawdry interior to a mere a good deal more than I had won. In ing sleight seemed to mount into hunchaos and came pouring forth laden other words, I threw away what I won dreds and even thousands.

with trophies of ruin, and then there and put my nose to the grindstone to was a charry smell in the air, and a pay what I lost; and this did not take slender feather of smoke floated up into account the tax on nerves and three. How they were able to endure health. from a second story window.

At the same time Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assault last fall. Everybody was talking cot- coats, it is true, but other wraps were which came to a sudden pause, for ton and as I happened to have a good few among them. deal of extra money at the time I from cracks in the front wall a squirrel rifle and a shotgun snapped and banged, and the crowd fell back in disorder. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. Watts solicitously examined a small 1 got \$5,000 ahead. I held on. My prof-



They were coming.

aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. The house commanded the road, and the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant. A rickety woodshed which formed a portion of the Skillett mansion closely joined the "Last Chance" side of the all the money I really needed. I get a left the hospitable rest-house, and family place of business. Scarcely had good salary and have an economical, again disappeared beneath my wraps. the guns of the defenders sounded leaped from an upper window on that girls, comfort for my wife, and com- six hours after I had started I arrived side of the burning saloon and landed parative luxury for all of us. I knew at the little town where my journey on the woodshed and, immediately that, I now look back with utter was to recommence. climbing the roof of the mansion itself,

and with all the wraps I possessed about me started on my ride. Once out on the lake, however, there came upon me a steady, piercing blast that seemed to penetrate my furs as if they were so much paper.

I had never suffered so intensely from cold in my life before; indeed for five minutes I was almost insensible. more than I did," said the stranger at And yet the cruel gale was at my the Buford. "I was thousands ahead back and the long lines of troops

> It was a curious spectacle, this endments across this arctic sea. The route was staked out by telegraph posts placed about two hundred yards apart. As we swung along at a good eight the horses an odd chant, the advanc-

In those carrying troops, six men were crowded into a sleigh built for that terrible weather passed my un-"But I had never speculated until derstanding. They wore their great-

Sometimes I met an empty sleigh bought about \$700 worth of contracts. with its soldier passengers tramping And cotton went up. I was interested along by its side striving to warm over the first winning. I soon became their frozen limbs. Blue with cold and absorbed. I paid no attention to my utterly miserable they seemed, and family. I thought only about cotton, when a Russian with whom I traveled assured me that many of them its rose to \$8,000, and I began to make must be badly frostbitten or even die plans for the future. I used to figure from exposure before they reached with a pencil what I would buy. Soon the other side I could not but believe

On the outside tracks moved the provision and store sleighs, the majority with five horses apiece. dragging slowly forward in long lines. I saw several sledges with rails sticking out -kept pyramiding. Some of my cool- behind them, but at that time (Feb.

15). there was no sign of any railway o close out my contracts, but I was track being laid across the ice. If such a feat has been accomplished, it "I got \$18,000 ahead. That was more must have been at a later date than roney than I ever expected to have. was announced in the Russian press. The surface of the ice was very irlose. As I look back upon it now I regular and uneven. In places there know I was insane. I was so certain that I was coming out winner that I while here and there the ice had risen positive plans as to what I into hummocks, which nearly jarred should buy and how I should invest me out of my sleigh. Despite the

Past \$20,000 they went, and I began to driving mist that hid the distances. After two and a half hours we sight-

came. When I began I would have felt and brick, that is built yearly in eworn that when I got \$5,000 ahead I the middle of the lake. A very palace would stop, but at the \$25,000 profit it seemed to us weary travelers. Not mark I was a furious bull, screaming until after two plates of soup and some that cotton must go to 20 cents. And steaming coffee could I find my legs one day I was \$29,000 ahead of the and feet again. Yet the poor soldiers game. Mind you, that was my money. passed it by, making no break in their journey from shore to shore.

sensible family. That \$29,000 meant a But even the crossing of Lake Baikal collegiate education for my boys and comes to an end some time, and about

More troop trains and ever more met time. My family knew what I was us as we passed westward. After my semed such an easy way to make behaved themselves as veterans should

I was \$10,000 ahead. I was in an in- him. tensely emotional, excitable state and could hardly sleep. The market! That was all I thought about. "My profits went up to \$15,000. I kept all my winnings in-took nothing out er friends came to me and begged me vild. It never occurred to me that I could

made the money. My profits kept climbing, wind, there was around us a curious lose flesh and go unshaven. "The more I won the greedler I be- ed the great rest-house, of wood and

All I had to do was to call on my broker for a settlement. And that was It was with lingering regret that I

amazement upon my feelings at that clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on doing, and they begged me to close second day the soldiers that they carthe woodshed close behind him, his out and be content with my small ried changed in type. They were no arm lovingly infolding a gallon jug of fortune. To all such advice I turned a longer young recruits, but the reserves whisky, which he emptied (not without deaf ear. I was a sort of maniac. It -well-built, middle-aged men, who evident regret) upon the clapboards as

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in

to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid the whole concourse, solemn, earnest, in the fields. Up the Plattville pike uncovered, was singing-a thunderous despairingly cackled one old hen, with requiem for John Harkless.

they do, them comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-cog-nized him and raised up on kinn and let him have it. What they done it with I don't know. We took everything in that line off of 'em. Prob'ly used railroad iron, and what they done with him afterward we don't know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen when they get 'em."

"I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively. Jim Bardlock swore a violent oath. "That's the talk!" he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Roowun and first to beat in that jail door I'm not town marshal of Plattville, county of Carlow, state of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our soule!"

Tom Martin looked at the brown stain and quickly turned away. Then he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith. "Is it so?" asked the lawyer.

Martin answered with a dry throat. He looked out over the sunlit fields and swallowed once or twice. "Yes, it's so. There's a good deal of it there. Little more than a boy he was." The old fellow passed his seamy hand over his eyes without concealment. "Peter ain't very bright sometimes, it seems to me," he added brokenly; "overlook Bodeffer and Fisbee and me, and all of us old husks, and-and"-he gulped suddenly, then finished-"and act the fool and take a boy that's the best we had. I wish the Almighty would take Peter off the gate. He ain't fit fer it."

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man, Xenophon, approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. Today as he slowly limped over the ties his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and, though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and, though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay: stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawk liss lies yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' day. An' him"-he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed northwest-"he lies yondeh. You won' fine 'im heah. Dey fought 'im in de fiel's. an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ah's bawn wid a cawl!

There were exclamations from the listeners for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

"An' dass de main," he cried; "dass de main kin tell yo' Ab speak de trufe!"

Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in and ring the courthouse bell like fury. Do as say."

Tears stood in the judge's eyes. "It is so," he said solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it to day, but somehow"-- He paused. "The hounds!" he cried. "They deserve it. My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night-saw them climb the fence, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them-saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day by the flashes of lightning. The scoundrels were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with



them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life among them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Crossroads. If there's a chance "Kin some kine gelmun," he asked, of it, dead or alive, bring him back!"

its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife and often looking up from his work to shake his

and creak decrepit curses and denunciations. But the Crossroads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthen ing shadows fell upon a peaceful-one would have said a sleeping-country. The sun dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and

vellow and white weed flowers, and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but un-

murmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots. But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze,

It grew denser and larger and gradnucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor. The pike ascended a long, slight slope

leading west up to the Crossroads. From a thicket of ironweed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

They were coming. She stepped quickly out of the tangle and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not lowed. opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head; that was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallow ness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time and had ert Skillett, the proprietor of the saprepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment;

the ground, His soul goes marching on!

Glory, glory, halleluiah! Glory, glory, halleluiah! Glory, glory, halleluiah! His soul goes marching on!"

A gun spat fire from the higher ground, and Willetts dropped where he stood, but was up again in a second with a red line across his forehead where the ball had grazed his temple The mob spread out like a fan, the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambuscade from both sides. Mr. Watts, wading through the

high grass in the field north of the road, perceived the barrel of a gun shining from the fence some distance ually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it in front of him and the same second could be discerned a darker, moving although no weapon was seen in his hand, discharged a revolver at the

clump of grass and weeds behind the gun. Instantly ten or, twelve men leaped from their hiding places along

the fences of both fields and, firing hurriedly and harmlessly into the scat tered ranks of the oncoming mob. loss of life was 5.318. broke for the shelter of the houses where their fellows were posted. Taken on the flanks and from the rear, there was but one thing for them to 305,940 tons being \$556,376,880. do to keep from being hemmed in and shot or captured. (They excessively pre-

ferred being shot.) With a wild, high, joyous yell, sounding like the bay of young hounds breaking into view of \$2,000,000, which insures machinery.

* The patent office is proportionatetheir quarry, the Plattville men folly the most profitable of our govern-The most eastward of the debilitated ment departments. A balance of over

edifices of Six Crossroads was the sa- \$5,000,000 lies to its credit in the treasloon. It bore the painted legends, on urv. the west wall, "Last Chance;" on the #? Royal palaces in Russia are said

east wall, "First Chance." Next to to be damp and unhealthy. Their inthis and separated by two or three sanitary condition is claimed by some acres of weedy vacancy from the corto be the cause of the czarina's recent ners, where the population centered illness. thickest, stood-if one may so predi-

cate of a building which leaned in sevin New York city recently. The price be opened. en directions-the house of Mr. Robpaid is said to have been \$1,666. The strip separates two properties on Sevloon. Both buildings were shut up as enth avenue.

tight as their state of repair permitted. As they were farthest to the east, they formed the nearest shelter, and to by a Parisian restaurant, so the res-

though they stopped not here, but di-was to be done at the Crossroads more definite than that the place was to be than that the place was to be

The bulls must continue to money. Lige fired them. Flames burst forth almost instantly, and the smoke, uniting with that now rolling out of every there was fever in my head, but I was window of the saloon, went up to heavecstatic. en in a cumbrous, gray column.

As the flames began to spread there member it-remember how it came to several thousand expected. was a rapid fusillade from the rear of the house, and a hundred men and ruin the joys of Christmas. The more, who had kept on through the fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through do. I didn't know how to protect mythe flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from withtect myself as to margins. I just stood in. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce eyed girl, with a case

knife in her hand, ran out in the face my nerve, and when the market had of the mob. At sound of the shots in the rear they had begun to advance on reached a point where I was only \$300 the house a second time, and Hartley to the good I crawled in like a whip-Bowlder was the nearest man to the ped cur to my broker and closed forever with the cotton market. girl. With awful words and shrieking "And I don't get over that experi-

inconceivably she made straight at ence. I try to think that I came out Hartley and attacked him with the knife. She struck at him again and \$300 to the good and I was fortunate again, and in her anguish of hate and at that, but it's no use. Day and night I am thinking of that lost wealth. I fear she was so extraordinary a spectacle that she gained for her companions don't get as much pleasure out of simthe seconds they needed to escape from ple things as I used to do. That gambling experience will hurt me till I the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent they sped from unseen money, my friends."-Charthe door unnoticed, sprang over the lotte Observer.

fence and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willetts from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool ycu!" he shouted.

says the London Express. In length it would stretch from London to Edinmarine sustained 1,483 casualties, of burgh, yet its breadth is only from to the state legislature, at that time, which 348 were complete wrecks. The burgh, yet its breadth is only from perhaps, one of the most corrupt leg-

alone, is the greatest in value, the gross realization during last year on 61.-305,940 tons being \$556,376,880. The Stuttgarter Mit-und Ruckver-sicherungs-Aktlengesellschaft is an insurance company with a canital of than the entire route from the Ural sicherungs-Aktiengesellschaft is an ernment more trouble and anxiety insurance company, with a capital of than the entire route from the Ural

CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL.

mountains to Port Arthur. The track has not yet been completed ** A four inch strip of land was sold be long before this strip of rails will accus

During the summer two great steamers cross the lake with the trains on board, but in the winter the ice is marked st The tip problem has been solved far too thick for the Baikal or her consort, which I saw firmly anchored

For the first time I noticed cannon, win, I thought. I was to be rich- each train having two trucks containrich! My pulse was too quick and ing one gun apiece fastened behind it. In the whole course of my journey saw no horses being hurried forward. "Then the slump came. You re- though I understood that there were

War prices were beginning to be felt market broke and soon I was stagger- at the buffets where we halted for our ing around like an imbecile. I was in meals. The peasants had long since a new game and I didn't know what to ceased to bring in fresh supplies, and the cost of necessaries steadily rose. Bread self; I had no adequate means to pro- doubled, sugar and coffee trebled. At the same time I noticed in sidings the and gaped in terror at the market and ordinary trains of commerce lying became completely demoralized. I lost half hidden in snowdrifts. Several Russians on the train who

came from the east of Baikal were talking very gravely about the situation. The native tribes grind their own corn, but the Europeans in the towns send their grain to Moscow, from which it returns as flour.

If these flour trains are stopped prices will soon be rising famine high in eastern Siberia, Peculation and the bribery of officials will give the civilians supplies taken from the war stores; but I can well understand why die. It is a terrible thing to play with Russia has sent her convicts into the army. She wants no spare mouths to

feed.

A Hero In Politics. It has rather an odd sound, "a hero

"Look to your left! There they go! Russia's Great Inland Sea In Wartime. in politics," but I want to tell of just Lake Baikal, the frozen barrier that such a hero. His name was John D. cuts the great Siberian line in two, is Huffman, and he lived at Bluffs, indeed a, remarkable body of water, Scott county, Ill., says December Mc-Clure's. A few years ago his neighbors, who knew him well, elected him where I stood to the town of Baikal, islative bodies in the world. He had The hay crop, excepting corn on the other side, was a little over a seat on the Democratic side of the alone, is the greatest in value, the gross forty miles; but it is this distance, over House; he seemed out of place there; intently, making up his mind as to the simple rights and wrongs of the question, and then voting Sometimes his "No"—his voice right. e was The track has not yet been completed around the end of the lake. As an engineer explained to me the southern end of the lake, which is the only pos-sible route for the line, is imbedded in mountains. Sheer granite cliffs rise from the surface of the water to a for the source of the water to a source be was an outcast; he height of 1,500 feet. Through these In a sense he was an outcast; he cliffs tunnels to the number of twen-cliffs tunnels to the number of twen- lows" who were banded together for cilifs tunnels to the number of twen-ty-seven are being laboriously cut, but in my engineer friend's opinion it will be long before this strip of rails will cver said that he was dishonest. Beeversaid that he was dishonest. Be-fore the session was over, old John Huffman of Bluffs, stupid, perhaps, uncouth, unlearned, came to be a Huffman of the second s

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't let 'em get away!"

Last year the British mercantile