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CHAPTER IX.

with a face as white as the island

communicate her dark forebodings to

"Death!"

echoed Guy Fleetwood,

girl's, for, somehow, she seemed to citement.

3 Jamily Hewspaper: for the Promotion of the Political, Social. Igricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

JEB STUART'S LAST BATTLE.

The Story of a Brilliant Charge by

Custer.

vitnessed was made by Custer at the

"I was with Jeb Stuart, Gen. Fitz

Lee's division, Wickham's brigade and

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NO. 53.

brilliant charge I even

in its usual groove, until the noon of and turned their steps toward the prin-Monday, at which time old Tom Dexcipal street of the town.

Here stood the public house, a ter appeared at the light in his catboat, bringing supplies and also a letter for Esther Hart. Rolling his quid In the latter lamps were still burning, ing, turbulent horses. Abel Lispenard Sevres porcelain and groaning with gasped Maud Loftus. as if in expectation of visitors. Fleet- held the lines, and his military guest, foreign fruits, salads, jellies and cold of tobacco from one cheek to the oth-

Shirlaw, sat by his side. er and mournfully winking one eye as wood and his companion went up a though he knew that this little manwalk of cobblestones and rang the bell. The dwarf, who seemed to be manoeuvre was blighting the happiness of aging the fiery beasts with admirable "By this time," whispered the lover his son Rube, the old fisherman thrust "they have discovered your flight from skill, made no sign of recognition; but ously at every movement of her lord, Shirlaw boldly claimed acquaintance the message surreptitiously into Esthe island. I greatly fear, my darling

with the occupants of the pony carthat we shall be pursued. Your grandfather is your nearest of kin, and riage by lifting his hat and dazzling "The landing at ten tonight!" he probably he has full power over you"-Mignon with his swift, bright glance. whispered; "by which time that she-"Oh, oh!"" ejaculated the vivacious "No." she corrected, quietly: "he is critter Debbie ought to be in her bed." Canadian, as the drag dashed by and not my nearest of kin, and he has no Esther's heart leaped into her throat flame of the young fellow's passion. What had her lover written? She fled power whatever over me." across the rock to the shelter of the

pair of eyes! what an Adonis general-He was surprised at the answer even then, but before another word ly! But his companion-the object faience, old St. Domingo mahogany, who was driving-was it a man or an could be spoken, the Rev. David Lane, the white-haired shepherd of the Cinenormous frog? And does he belong to

the side-show of some circus or to derville sheep, opened the parsonage door with his own hand, and bade the civilized society?" "That 'object.'"

replied Mignor pair enter. They followed him into a neat little laughing and reddening, "is Mr. Lispenard, the owner of the gray towers parlor, lighted by kerosene lamps. Here the clergyman's wife was wait- across the river. I met him by chance last night in Uncle Philip's library ng to witness the marriage. "Will you take off your hat and and," speaking very fast, "I think him ovar that was presented to his ancescloak, my dear?" she said to Esther, uncommonly considerate in failing to recognize me even by a glance, for he in a gentle, motherly voice. The bewildered girl dropped her outknows it cannot be pleasant for me to

er garments, burst from them, as it remember the circumstances." And then she related to her friend semed like a butterfly from a chrvsthe incident of the previous night. alis-at any rate, she quite took her "Your cousin Cyril will yet give you lover's breath. no end of trouble, dear; see if he doe She had knotted her magnificent hair in one silken, shining mass at the nape not!" commented Maud. "It's a pity of her milk-white neck and pierced it that Mr. Lispenard is such a fright. through with a great pin of solid gold. There is really no amusement, you all the gifts of the gods seem to have know, in flirting with a monster. Ugh! fallen.' Her wedding gown was of thick, lus-

rous silk, like the gray-blue bloom he makes my flesh creep! By the way, on the ripe grape, in color, and it fitted Mignon, dear, I received a letter from her queenly shape like a glove. Some dear Guy this morning, and," with two wrinkles coming out betwixt her blue fine, creamy lace fell over the corsage, eyes, "it perplexes me greatly. He has other. All three were conversing, and and was fastened at the throat by an shaken the dust of Colorado from his arrow of big, luminous pearls. She had put on no other ornaments, although feet, and is en route home. The precious sheet was penned in Chicago; but she possessed a generous share of such strange to say, he did not speak of oming here to Rookwood to see me out a vestige of color. The great, velvety eyes shone like stars. She was on his way; only said that important usiness called him to some town on regal-she was marvelous!

The Rev. Mr. Lane looked at the the coast of Maine, where he might be ompelled to tarry for awhile. Maine! marriage license and found it satisfactory. Esther slipped her small, trema miserable, obscure place, I'm sure! ulous hand into Fleetwood's-in spite What can be the business that would of her grand air the island girl was induce him to pass me by for a trip to quaking like a leaf-then the solemn Maine?"

voice of the clergyman arose and filled Her jealous tone made Mignon laugh "Remember the gypsy's warning she the room for a few moments, and it said, lightly. was over-she was Guy Fleetwood's "Nonsense!" replied Maud, loftily. "

"I wish you much happiness, m to the Maine coast to fish or-or recu- nenard." dear," said Mrs. Lane, and she kissed perate. Doubtless the wounds inflictthe bride as a mother might ed by that Colorado robber are not yet "Mine, now-mine forever!" wholly healed. But it was just horrid ered Fleetwood, triumphantly, as he folded the gray cloak around Esther of him to pass me by on his homeward again. Then he put the marriage fee route. He will be obliged to explain into the clergyman's hand, and stepped his queer conduct. Really I cannot it is incredible!" Aloud she stammerendure anything like mysteries in conforth with his bride into the still sumnection with Guy." mer midnight. "Quite right, I'm sure," answered

The sea was murmuring on the Mignon, lightly: "I hate mysteries myshore; the stars shone bright overhead. What had he done? Deceived and self in connection with anything." It was high noon before the two gi ronged Maud Loftus. indeed,

along the romantic road by the river. [them-the two turned their backs on and recognized in him-well, whom They had gone but a short distance each other, and sat down with the rest do you think?" "Not a long-lost brother, with when they suddenly encountered an of the party to a lunch table sumptuchurch and a little white parsonage. English drag attached to four pranc- ous with old plate and crystal and strawberry mark on his left arm?

> "No, but an old friend and college classmate, closely connected with battle of Yellow Tavern," said an old wealthy and distinguished people in Confederate cavalryman at the recent Elinor Vye, pale and impassive, presided at the board. She started nerv- the east. In his horror and astonish- reunion in Richmond. "It was near

and her plaintive, "Oh, I beg pardon!" was more frequent than ever this day. "If there is one person above another

clapped a mask on his face, set spurs Phil Sheridan's troops were hanging whom I pity, it is your Aunt Elinor," whispered Nina Berkely to Mignon; his gang after him." "en passant, have you yet been to vanished on the river road: "what a Lispenard's tower across the river? It was broken by Mignon. abounds in wonderful things-priceless

> carved oak presses, Bokhara teapots marvelous tapestries and Oriental

curios-the accumulation of generations of cultured and traveled people. The Lispenards, you know, are intensely old and aristocratic. One was governor of this Commonwealth, another minister to Russia-your neighbor drinks his tea from a magnificent samtor by some dead and buried czar." "Indeed!" answered Mignon, absent- the best of us have a vein of lawless

She was wondering at that moment what Maud Loftus and Captain Shirbe." law could be talking about on the opposite side of the table. "They were ever a remarkable race," went on Miss Berkely, undaunted; "but to Abel Lispenard, the last of his name,

tressed look. "Not-surely not till he has had time o repent of his sins," she quavered; Mignon stared. The dwarf himself whoever he may be, let us hope that chanced to be seated at the other end of the board, with Philip Vye on one he may be brought to repentance." hand and the high church rector on the "Amen!" said the rector. "Think of such a man possessing re as the rector possessed a voice like a spectable relatives here in the east,"

frog horn, the mild hum of Nina remarked Shirlaw. "It is fair to pre-Berkely's talk traveled no farther than sume that they can know nothing of the ear for which it was intended. the life he is leading?" "All the gifts of the gods!" echoed "Certainly not," replied Philip Vye Mignon; "surely you are jesting. He with a queer smile. "I understand that Stuart would head him off. It wasn't Black Dave has been at his nefarious is frightfully ugly-he is deformed."

"How can you say that?" answered business but a short time, a few years, Miss Berkely. "Are you one of the ab- at the most. Some day a final catas surd multitude who can see no beauty trophe must come-an expose. Th save in certain conventional lines and highbred relatives will then be brought The man yonder is unique- to grief." tints?

magnificent! Both in body and soul They arose from the table shortly after. Victor Shirlaw made his way a spring that he had seen that morning he is unlike all others. You do not promptly to the embrasure of, a drawknow him yet, and so you cannot appreciate his grandeur. To me he is ing-room window, where Mignon stood the impersonation of sublime tragedy. in her dazzling young beauty, with the the spring when I heard Saunders's sunlight slanting on the ripples and grunt of surprise. He was staring fear no rival. Guy has probably gone In all the world there is but one Liscoils of her yellow hair.

"Permit me to ask if you have suf-Mignon's velvety eyes opened wider fered any annoyance since the incivet. dent of last night?" he murmured. "She is very far gone, indeed," she

"No," she replied, in a sweet but rethought; "and, oh, horror! to lose one's heart to that dwarf, that frog-man! shall be troubled again."

"Do not be quite sure. A man like ed: "Pray pardon me, Miss Berkely; I your cousin is capable of anything. 1 did not dream that Mr. Lispenard was your-your"-"Lover? Is that what you would is to continue for a few weeks longer. his horse I saw his face. My God, it

say?" queried Nina Berkely, as she I shall take it upon myself to watch was Custer! that fellow." ook a cluster of hot-house grap

to his horse and galloped away, and all on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping us at every turn. We had A curious silence fell on the table. been marching and fighting pretty steadily for more than two weeks with mighty little time for rest. "How dreadful!" she shuddered "Yes, my dear," answered Philip "We left Hanover Junction about 1 o'clock one night and reached Yellow Vye, "it is a shocking story, and you emind me that I must write it out in Tavern before 10 o'clock the next

morning. You know Sheridan was letter to your papa-it may interes im, particularly as my legal friend not one to let grass grow under his feet was his college classmate, too." when there was any fighting to be done, and when he was matched "By Jove!" drawled Cyril Vye, "the incident serves, at least to illustrate against Jeb Stuart it was nip and tuck. life on the frontier and the demoraliz "We hadn't more than halted at the Tavern when up comes Sheridan and ing influence of western air upon east tries to drive us out. It was a pretty ern men. Some savants declare that tough struggle, a hand-to-hand fight. blood in our makeup-circumstances and we fell back from the Tavern, but held our position on the telegraph road conceal or develop it, as the case may leading to Richmond. I was with the

"The most

ment, he called out the fellow's real the beginning of what historians now

name-a name which he had abandon- call the Wilderness campaign.

ed and disgraced-and he tells me that

Black Dave grew as pale as ashes,

battery on the extreme left wing, and "I suppose we can all cheerfully inite in wishing Black Dave comfortit was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when orders came for the whole divisably hanged?" said Maud Loftus. ion, excepting the First Virginians, to Elinor Vye had been listening with dismount, but hold their positions. the others. Her pale face put on a dis-

"It did seem good, I can tell you, after so many hours in the saddle, to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke; that is, all who had anything to smoke. There was just one pipeful among that whole battery, and the boy who owned it passed it down the line and each man took his turn puffing at

"When it was gone we all began to speculate on what deviltry Sheridan would be up to next and how Jeb long before some fellow wished for a drink of water.

"You know how it is, when one man vishes for water the whole company begin to swear they are dying of thirst. Jack Saunders and I took a bunch of canteens and started over the hill to during our scrimmage with the Yanks. "I was on my hands and knees over through the trees.

"Only a few hundred yards away was a considerable body of cavalry. Making sure that it was our right wing, I wondered to see them mountserved tone; "it is not likely that I ed and in ranks. Just then the voice of an officer rang out:

"'Cavalry! Attention! Draw sabre. "The entire line moved forward at a am glad that my visit with Lispenard quick walk, and as the officer wheeled

> "The situation came to Saunders and We threw down

"I shall be at the island landing-"Go to bed, girl," he growled to place," it ran, "tonight at 10 o'clock. Esther; "I'll watch the light myself for you love me, meet me then and there, become my wife. I have prepared procured the proper license, and en-

letter undisturbed:

at last, and began to hobble up and Mermaid's Chair, and there read his

ther's hand.

"Do you love me? Can you trust I know the test is severe; will show yourself equal to it? Oh, me? you my darling! something tells me that you will! The last few hours have been to me a nightmare-a purgatory. Your lover in life and in death,

Esther Hart sat for a long time with this message in her hand, staring out flashed over her head. She saw nothhonor, anything-everything, if only ing, heard nothing. Finally she started I can win this magnificent darling for up, tore Fleetwood's letter to frag-

and went thoughtfully back

when she reached the tower. Esther ry of the cottage. Close upon her went over to Aunt Debbie's heels, stealthy as a cat, followed Aunt wheel, a great, bold affair, at which her superb figure stood with striking pose, uge of her own little room, that adand set it buzzing in feverish haste. door, and fastened it quickly upon the Perhaps the cottage had never looked outside, thus making Esther, for this so sombre and cheerless to her eyes as things. Her faultless face was withnight at least, a prisoner. After it did upon this eventful afternoon.

Through an open window before her, which, Aunt Deb skipped back to the room below, to help gran'ther watch the rocks of Porgy Island loomed up in all their native barrenness, relieved the beacon.

by no vegetation save the dogweed Guy Fleetwood had further conversation with the pair that night, but it and Aunt Deb's scattered hills of pota-And out beyond that solitude, was of a highly unsatisfactory charactoes. and the desolation of trap-rock and ter. Aunt Deb was sharp and reitersaid, through set teeth. "If you do

not, no other woman ever shall!" dure and bloom-a world of life and stuck fast to his mysterious hostility "Your sick mother in Canada-what concerning Esther's marriage. joy and love. The hours went by swiftly; a tall

Esther Hart. clock in a corner ticked them off with lawfully wedded wife. be rich or poor, high or low, ye sha'n't "She may not like it at first," he answered, frankly. "Indeed, I am sure have her!" he repeated, like a parrot. solemn tones. The sun set in purple and gold across the low, black waste she will not; but time will reconcile At last Fleetwood with an insouciant of waters. Night fell on Porgy Rockstill, peaceful night, full of stars. "My dear sir, I am determined to The girl felt no compunction con cerning what she was about to do marry Esther, either with or without She was barely eighteen, and very

shy, in spite of all her pride, so she your consent! Since you will not, to the satisfaction of any reasonable perquestioned him no more, and he volunteered no further information. They son, explain your objection to our unwent back down the stair to the house ion, you cannot expect me to give them way. Aunt Deb grew drowsy, and Gran'ther Joe Runnel and Aunt Deb, respect or heed!"

crooning over the kitchen fire, were startled to see this pair of young night. He sat moodily by the hearth creatures flashing suddenly up to them which had of a sudden grown so in

him. "Do not say such things, Esther. the rest of the night, and Mr. Fleet-No trouble shall come to you through me-no sorrow. I swear to cherish wood and I will talk some more to-

Gran'ther Joe hopped out of his chair

down the room in a high state of ex-

you tenderly till I die: I swear to love gether." "Fear nothing," whispered Fleetyou for ever and ever!" wood, as Esther swept by him in that mockingly The wind screamed around the tall tower, the waves beat low-ceiled room; "all will be well." mockingly on the rocks below. Did She raised her great velvety eyes to Fleetwood think of his cousin Maud his own-that look sealed his fate. then? If he did, the thought had no "All for love, and the world well lost!' "Perish friends and honor." though power to stay his new, impetuous pas-The two were strangers, they Fleetwood, recklessly; "perish all my sion. promises to Maud! all the milk-andknew next to nothing of each other, yet here in the tempestuous night, at water affection which I have felt for on the wild, gloomy sea. The breakers the top of the old lighthouse, they my cousin! Welcome reproach, disstood plighting their troth.

DAUCHTERS OF CAIN

By ETTA W. PIERCE

"You have seen me but three times," sighed Esther. "How strange-how my own!" Esther, with her grand princess air, very strange it all seems!"

"I knew, the moment I first looked upon you, that my doom was sealed," went off up the stair to the second stohe answered, passionately. "What has love to do with times and seasons? I love you, and all the rest of the world Deb, and as the girl reached the refmay go. I have laughed at the grand passion in my day; I have thought it mirable spinster slammed the low a foolish delusion; and in this way, you see, it takes revenge upon me at

last." With the shining black braids and the face like carven pearl pressed against his breast, he might well for-

get his loyalty to Maud, his honor, his social obligations. "Will you marry me, Esther?" he

ating; gran'ther ranted and swore, but mutinous waves, lay a world of ver-

will she say to your choice?" faltered "Ye sha'n't have Esther-whether y

her to it, and when she sees you she smile on his lips, and a dangerous flash will love you. Anyway," gloomily, "I in his eyes, said, airily: cannot marry to please my mother."

She was in no way indebted either to gran'ther or Aunt Deb. She did not love them, they did not love her. Fate placed few difficulties in her

> went to sleep in her chair by the There was no sleep for him that fire. Gran'ther betook himself to the and remained there in the mos

ments, tossed it into the boiling surf, made a slight bow to her lover, and lighthouse. Tom Dexter had left for Cinderville

with such a light on their faces as hospitable, and laid swift, reckless plans for the future." About midnight never was on land nor sea. "Mr. Runnel," began Fleetwood, with the storm began to subside, the wind under the cottage-eaves, and there manly .candor, "I love your grand- died away. Up in the high tower the robed herself with trembling fingers for her wedding. daughter, and she has promised to be- beacon burned on, shining across bare come my wife. Give us your blessing." Porgy Island, and out over the tossing, foaming sea till the pink dawn Crippled with rheumatism Gran'ther

Joe undoubtedly was, but at these blossomed in the sky. words he bounced up like a rubber ball There had been no outcry from Esfrom his flag bottomed chair. Fright ther Hart's chamber through the night. The girl understood the situation, and daughter. She arrayed herself now and dismay mingled in his wrinkled submitted in proud silence; but, like with particular care, then crowded face, and seemed to choke his breath. some traveling bags with her belong-As for Aunt Deb, she uttered a shrill her lover in the room below, she had ings, put a well filled purse in her not slept. She was standing at her scream. pocket, donned a long cloak of fine

"it's small window, waiting, with such pa-"There! father." she cried. gray cloth, a hat and thick veil, and come jest as I thought it would-it's tience as she could command, for deliverance, when she saw Rube Dexter's come, and you and I are ruined!" stood ready for departure. "Shall I ever regret this madness? To this outbreak, which seemed boat, with Fleetwood in it, put off from quite as strange to Esther as it did Porgy Island, and dance away over the she asked herself, with a pang of misgiving. "Do I go to happiness or to ough waters toward Cinderville. to Fleetwood, Gran'ther responded, with a furious snort: She waved her handkerchief. He saw sorrow ?'

At the head of her white bed a nar-"You scoundrel! Who be you that's the signal and answered it with arrow window opened toward the west. come to rob us of Esther? If I was dor. Surely he must know that she a strong man I'd throw you over the As Esther glanced that way, she saw had been kept by unfair means from a golden crescent sinking, like a brokrocks. No. sir! Esther shall not marry bidding him farewell. She watched the en ring of fire, down the purple slope you nor anybody else! Esther is our boat till it became a mere speck in the distance, then, of a sudden, the of the night. A new moon, seen over main stay here. She belongs to us. She ain't a-going to leave us for any door of the chamber was thrown back, her left shoulder, and through glass, too! The beautiful, superstitious creat-And then, swinging his and on the threshold stood Aunt Deb, stranger." arm in air, he shouted, at the top of with her foxy face and cunning eyes, ure experienced a queer creeping chill. "Sorrow!" she muttered: "I am gohis lungs: "Be off!" looking in on her niece.

It was not pleasant, this sudden "He's gone, Esther!" she whined; ing to sorrow, not happiness! Then Guy Fleetwood's blond face you can come out now. Your gran'transformation of a hospitable host ther didn't think it was best for you rose up before her with irresistible into a belligerent enemy; but Fleetto see him again-drat him! If I'd apower. Guy Fleetwood's voice seemwood confronted the old light-keeper lreamed, the first time he came here, ed to ting in her ears: with a calm smile "If you love me-if you trust me!"

what game he was up to, I'd have flung "Pardon, it is impossible for me to hot water on him, that I would!" leave the island tonight, Mr. Runnel; and, permit me to add, it is extremely Esther Hart's big black eyes flashed selfish of you to reject my suit for such lightnings on her relative. "I detest you, Aunt Deb!" was all she reasons as you have just given. Esther loves me, and her happiness should be said. Then she swept down-stairs to conquered. She snatched up her bunyour first thought. You ask who I am. confront gran'ther, who had just hob-A gentleman by birth, and, I trust, by bled in from the tower.

stairs and out of the house. nature also. I have sufficient means He looked at her sheepishly. to support your granddaughter in "You wouldn't go to leave the is plenty, and I can give you indisputable land and your poor old gran'dad with arms of Fleetwood. proofs that her future is safe in my that strange man, now, would you, keeping."

groaned Aunt Deb; "we're what he's got a wife somewhere "Oh!" wusser now, wouldn't ask to marry a girl that Essie safe out on this rock!" Then, cat, she hissed: "Cursed be the hour would he?" delay."

you entered this house! I wish you Oh, the scorn that blazed in her had drowned coming over to the rock splendid face!

"Rube Dexter!" she echoed, in a tonight.' "Aunt Deb!" interposed Esther, in withering tone; "what do I know or insouciant face, bending so tenderly shame and indignation; "have you and care about Rube Dexter? Your powover her own, she must look for her gran'ther gone mad? what does this er over me is limited, gran'ther-don't future heaven. be so foolish as to abuse it. I am absurd talk mean? Not love for me, surely. You have both been kind to eighteen years old-a fact that both not fear to come with me, Esther?" me! you have never treated me ill, you and Aunt Deb should remember "No." she answered. and yet"-sadly-"I have always felt, Do you know what she did last night "Bless you, my brave, beautiful darling! Are we likely to be pursued? always known that you did not love Locked me into my room, as though I was a disobedient child. She will nev- Does your grandfather or that sheme.' dragon, Aunt Deb, suspect anything?"

"I not love you, and you my dead er do it again!" with an ominous ring sister's child?" cried Aunt Deb, with a in her voice; "never!" "I think not." Old Joe knew his granddaughter's "Heaven be praised!" curious, frightened look on her foxy "You're an ungrateful hussy, to temper. He saw that it would be no face. boat, gliding away from the landing talk in sich a way. One thing's sar- easy task to manage her in this mattin"-shutting her thin lips with reso- ter. A pathetic grin overspread his place. Did gran'ther up in the tower your exiled Mignon, who thinks of you side.

hear or see aught to disturb his vigil? lution-"this young man that goes wrinkles. "Lord love ye, Essie; don't ye know It seemed not, for there was no outcry. day." about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, won't have you! yer Aunt Deb is a leetle cranky at The girl who was in a literal sense a Dad's sot agin it, and I'm sot agin it, times? It makes her raging mad to treasure to him, and whom he valued which the above lines are an extract, and we're your nat'ral guardians at think of losing ye. Then there's Jimin his own way, and the audacious present. He'll have to take you over nobody seems to have thought about stranger who was robbing him of her, up from her writing desk just as the "You swept, unchallenged, past Porgy Rock, door opened, and in fluttered Maud our cold corpses, if he takes you at Jim at all," brightening up. wouldn't go for to take that young and the red beacon, and vanished Loftus like a brisk breeze. all."

cock-of-the-walk without writing to swiftly into darkness and distance. Fleetwood. irritated peaceably disposed, essayed the force Jim about it? It would raise his dan-The lovers sat like statues. Tom Dexter trimmed his sail, groaning in- mention your adventure with that of argument with the pair. It was like der powerful to have you choose a huswardly over this total wreck of Rube's dashing soldier last night? Don't redtalking to the wind. Aunt Deb, with band unbeknown to him. Let's rest her apron over her head, refused to upon it a while, Essie. Mr. Fleetwood hopes. Presently the lights of Cinder- den so violently, ma chere. If my eyes listen. The old man, stubborn as a may have been a-fooling ye-men of ville began to twinkle in the far darkhis sort do such things often enough. ness. Toward these the catboat flew which I got of him, your Captain Shir- use plan English, half drunk. At this mule, would answer nothing save: "Ye can't have Essie! There's girls Ye'd better think no more about him like a living thing. It lacked but a few minutes to eleven o'clock when the ing for anything. And now the pony sad place." enough over at Cinderville, but ye can't for the present."

An odd smile curled her lips. have Essie! "You're very wise, gran'ther. I'm by the fish-house, and Guy Fleetwood take the ribbons and shew me the Talk being useless, Fleetwood gave up at last, but the look that he cast sure I ought to obey you," she answerassisted the girl to step ashore.

The inhabitants of Cinderville kept at Esther spoke volumes. This oppo- ed, dryly. Neither Aunt Deb nor gran'ther said early hours. Nearly all the lights had will post my letter on the way." sition, which neither could understand, but which plainly had some deep hid- anything more to the island girl about gone out in the houses. Fleetwood and

won, at the same time, the desire of returned to Rookwood, and guests were from a silver epergne. "You err. I do accommodating fashion. Breathlessly his eyes. Esther was now his wife, expected to lunch. As Mignon was Esther Hart stole up to her chamber and before this supreme fact all other things sank into insignificance. He carried her to the little inn be-

face to face with Cyril Vye. She had Unlike most girls of her station, she yond the Cinderville church. possessed a wardrobe that seemed to not seen him since the previous night. "I wish, my darling," he said, grave-"Pray, let me make my peace with straining her ears to catch the conver- twice he had fastened his dark, vollack nothing. No pupil at Barton acaly, "that I could conduct you to my demy had dressed in better style than you, Mignon," he began, humbly. own house and present you to my the light-keeper's handsome grandmother this very hour; but that can- be wroth with one we love doth work ble. not be. It is best that we should re- like madness in the brain.' The cirthis place for a few days, at cumstances under which I offended main in

ought to plead for me. Impose upon heard Maud Loftus say; "and I dote river. least." me whatever penance you please, but upon soldiers. Mamma used to take The average American girl looks upon herself as a match for the best of let us be friends-cousins-once more!" He looked so wretched that her heart have a garrison there, you know. And men. It never occurred to Esther that softened. What woman does not pity, the relatives of her well-born Canadian even though she may despise, a rejecthusband might consider his hasty mariage a mesalliance. She simply said: ed lover?

"Since I am to remain indefinitely at "I will try to love your mother, Guy; Rookwood and under the same roof want your friends to be my friends with you," answered Mignon, coldly, "I will make peace upon one condition." In the still, small hours of that fate

"And that is"ful night, in a chamber of the seaside "That you never, never speak of love inn, the young husband, tossing un easily in his sleep, muttered aloud me again!"

three words, as though they were the He bit his lip

CHAPTER X.

also.'

to be forgiven?

"Very well; your hand upon it, couskeynote of his dreams. Esther, wakin! I can bear anything better than ing suddenly, heard them-listenedheard them repeated, "Forgive me, your anger." Reluctantly she gave him her hand. Maud!" and wondered.

He raised it to his lips and left upon Who was Maud, and for what transit a fiery kiss. gression did he, her bridegroom, desire "I must bide my time," he muttered,

then dropped the little hand and walk-Dave?' ed quickly away. The two girls dressed for lunch with great care. Maud blossomed out in

She loved him-she trusted him. Friends and Foes. blue, the color of her eyes. Mignon The clock in the room below struck the hour of ten. Her dark thoughts fled "I am here at Rookwood, dear papa, was all in creamy white, with a huge in the very house where you were knot of Marechal Niel and Jacquemilike bats before the sunlight. Passion born, and here I must live, I suppose not roses blending their deep tints in the desperado is sometimes called, et of the full metal patched bullet so till you come to carry me back to our her corsage. From a window of the dles and flew noiselessly down the Colorado valley. Poor, meek Aunt drawing-room they saw Lispenard's ed to be traveling, and attempted to bullet when striking hard substances

Elinor is as kind and lovable as ever. gondola cross the river, and the dwarf Almost before she reached the landing place she found herself in the Uncle Philip I find courteous and himself hop out, and come slowly up jesuitical-he was never a favorite of the garden walk with that handsome mine, and as for Cyril, you know how soldier, Captain Shirlaw. "My darling," he cried, as he

Essie." he coaxed. "Who knows but her to his hart: "I knew you would I regard him. Last night he asked me Philip Vye presented both gentlement to marry him, and you need not be come—I knew you could not disappoint in due form to his niece and her Canruined, father, we're ruined! This is a'ready? He has too many fine airs me! You shall never regret this step, told that I promptly declined. He was adian friend-it was plain that he rheumatiz, or blowing to please me. I misdoubt that kind, I dearest. I will show you that you so rude that a gentleman, the guest of meant to ignore the encounter in the away in storms. I thought we had do. He's too suddint! Rube Dexter, have not trusted me in vain. Look! one of our neighbors, was obliged to library, as Lispenard himself seemed Here is Tom Dexter with his catboat. come to my assistance. We have some disposed to do. Considering the events turning on Fleetwood, like an angry he hadn't seen but twice or thrice, We must be off without a moment's very interesting neighbors at Rook- of the previous night everybody behavwood. I shall make a study of them led remarkably well.

She yielded to his kisses, his em- till you arrive. Do you ask what pos-"I have been waiting most impatientsession I hold most precious in the ly for this moment," said Shirlaw, praces. The die was cast. Her lot and his were henceforth one. In this blond, east? My black horse Ranchero, that boldly, as he bowed to Mignon.

years ago. He is as sleek and swift as rector, grave and ponderous; a Boston ried. So we had a smart scrimmage, is stated on reliable authority that this al,' the young officer told him, and I'll you sent me as a birthday gift five ever. I have just been to Rookwood banker named Berkely, with a hooked "Speak," he urged, gently; "you do stables to give him some sugar, and nose and shining bald pate; his daughpat his velvet nose, and talk to him ter, Nina, a sparkling brunette, who about the dear old ranch where we dabbled in poetry and painting, and both were born. Ah, dearest papa, for wore her hair in the maddest of friza long time your letters have been zles, and his son, Reginald, an aesthet- like?" very meagre and unsatisfactory. You ic Harvard student, who fixed his abrarely tell me anything about yourself, stracted eyes upon Mignon and kept

and you never mention the ranch save them there in blank, dazed admiration. Captain Shirlaw glanced around the in a vague way. It is plain that you The next instant she was in the are very much absorbed in cattle rais- Rookwood drawing-room, espied Cyril feel assured I should know him any- In another construction a steel wedge ing, or you are growing indifferent to Vye in a corner, and crossed to his

> "You failed to keep your appoint and longs to see you every hour in the ment last night." said the young sol-

Mignon Vye folded the letter, from dier, in a low voice,

Vye stared. slipped it into an envelope and rose "Sir?"

"Your appointment with me, and a brace of pistols, in the garden!" "I am at a loss to know what you

"Writing to papa?" she said, lightly. mean, sir.' 'What a dutiful daughter! Did you "Then you have a strangely defective memory."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders "My dear Shirlaw, you must be what the French call entre-deux vins, or, to did not deceive me in the mere glimpse law was too-too absurdly good-look-

"My dear Vye," responded Shirlaw, little craft glided up to the old wharf carriage is waiting, and you are to thing to say in your father's drawingbeauties of the Dale." room, but it is plain to me that you are their own sweet will among the terri- in the countries named there have "Ready-ready!" laughed Mignon.

a consummate coward and hypocrite." After this little exchange of compli-And ten minutes later the two girls

She colored faintly. Was not this soldier, with his rich, brown cheeks canteens and started back to the batnot think Abel Lispenard ever apcrossing the wainscoted hall of the old proached a woman in that character. and bold, gray eyes, rather presumptutery on a dead run. "Trot!' Custer's voice rang out she heard some one call her He does not love our sex-he simply ous? name, and, turning, she found herself tolerates us. No marble statue was

er," she shivered.

He went away directly with Abel again. The next instant he shouted: Lispenard. The latter had not spoken 'Charge!' "With wild cheers his cavalry dash-Mignon did not answer. She was a dozen words to Mignon, but once or

me like

ed forward in a sweeping gallop, attacking our entire left wing at the canic glance upon her in a way that same time. We saw our battery taken, started her not a little. She expe-"You are positively the first soldier rienced a sense of relief when she saw our line broken and our men running that I have met in Yankeeland," she the gondola moving away over the like sheep.

a flash.

"Saunders and I had but one thought, to join our fleeing company. As we "The ogre has gone back to his tow reached the telegraph road above the

"It seemed but a moment before Cus-

"Really, he is not such a disagreeable din of the battle I heard Jeb Stuart's so it is your business to fight Indians person, after all," said Maud Loftus, voice. "There he was making a stand with on the far frontier? Pray tell me, have yawning behind her finger tips. "His a handful of men around him. Thank manners are perfect. That Nina Berkeou ever been in Colorado?" Yes, he had been in Colorado and ly reminds me of the lily white duck of God, I had sense enough left to join them.

New Mexico and Arizona. He had the nursery rhyme, bent upon gobbling fought Apaches and Cheyennes and Mr. Frog up."

Utes and other redskins. "But there are worse creatures than redskins in the west," said Miss Loftus, vivaciously. "I mean road agents. Did vou ever meet a road agent, Captain Shirlaw?"

"Yes," answered the handsome cap-

Shirlaw looked greatly surprised.

"Did you see the creature?" said agony.

Maud, breathlessly; "and what was he

"I saw him. It is said that he usu-

but it was uncovered on this occasion,

ror in certain portions of the west."

passed a night in a town beyond the

sation on the opposite side of the ta-

me to Halifax sometimes. We always

ever colder."

tain.

signal failure."

ing."

said:

" "To

ter's troops were coming back as fast To Be Continued. as they had gone forward. They had met the First Virginians. We greeted A NEW BULLET. them with the rebel yell and the last charge in our weapons. For Use In High-Power Big-Gan

"Jeb Stuart cheered us on, ah, how he cheered us! I gave them my last shot and was following with my wea-

The small-bore, high-power rifle that pon clubbed, when I saw a man, who s in general use today was originally "Delightful! Pray tell me about it. designed as a military rifle, the object had been dismounted and was running What was his name? Not-no, of course it could not have been that of which is to wound or maim at ex- out, turn as he passed our rally and prince and leader of them all-Black treme range; and owing to its high fire his pistol.

Rifles.

"Jeb Stuart swayed in his saddle. It velocity, the trajectory is so flat that was only for a moment, then his voice the raising or changing of sights un-"Exactly! You have probably been der ordinary circumstances is unnec- rang out, cheering his struggling

reading about his exploits. Often his essary. Sportsmen, seeing the advan- troops. "The enemy rallied just across the name gets into western newspapers. tage gained by great velocity, were quick to adopt this type of rifle. It road and fired a volley into the little It was down on the Southern Pacific road. Black Dave, or Tiger Chief, as was found that by inverting the jack- band gathered around Jeb Stuart. His horse sprang forward with a scream of boarded a train upon which I happen- as to leave the soft nose exposed, this agony and sank down on its knees. As we lifted the general off, the young officer who was helping me, exclaimed take possession of it, and clear out the such as bone, will very often mush-"'My God, general, you are woundpockets of the passengers. He had room or expand, causing a severe wound. Improvements in powder have ed! Your clothes are soaked with played that game before with remarkblood! You must leave the field, sir!' able success, but this time, I remem- from time to time increased the veloci-"'No,' Gen. Stuart answered; 'I will ber," with a faint smile, "he met with ty of these bullets until they now have

not leave until victory is assured. Get a muzzle velocity of 2,700 feet per secme another horse." ond. With this velocity even the soft-

"Surely you did not dare to offer re-"When I returned with the horse he sistance?" said Maud Loftus, proudly nosed bullet will pass through the anwas seated with his back against a imal without expanding in the least recalling another who had done the until some hard substance is struck, tree, and when he tried to get up, same thing. when it is apt to fly to pieces. The weakened by loss of blood, he sank "I rather think we did!" replied Shir-

law, lightly. "Most of the passengers great heat caused by friction in the air back again. "'Go,' he commanded us. I am done causes the bullet to cauterize the veins were unarmed; but we knew there were rifles in the baggage car, and and arteries, causing little bleeding and for. Fitz Lee needs every man. I ornone of us cared to part with the small thus making it impossible for the hun- der you to go."

"'We cannot obey that order, generamount of filthy lucre which we car- ter to track his game by the blood. It never forget the look that came over and for once, at least, Black Dave de- year in Nova Scotia over 40 per cent his face when he faced the general. camped with no booty worth mention- of the game hit or wounded escaped, 'We must carry you to a place of safesome to die a lingering death in great ty, however the battle goes.'

"'It must not go against us,' Stuart To overcome these objections to th ordinary bullet, Mr. G. H. Hoxie, 4440 replied, and the thought seemed to put Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., has in- fresh vigor in his body. 'You must put me on my horse and keep me there. ally conceals his face with a mask; vented a new form of bullet. The bullet consists of a jacket with a filling My men must not know that I am

and I observed him so closely that I of lead in which a steel ball is seated. wounded.' "We lifted him on his horse, and ounting our own, we held him in his When the tide of the battle albhas turned, supported between us, he made last effort to rally his fleeing troops. "'Go back, men!' he cried. 'Go back,

men. Go back and do your duty!' "We felt him sway in his saddle. The young officer turned our horses' heads to the rear and he carried our

rector, and leaning toward Shirlaw, the manufacture, sale and use of au- holding him upright in the saddle. tomobiles. This is the declaration of That was Jeb Stuart's last battle and "It is very strange, but I, too, have a a French expert, who has been keep- Custer's most brilliant charge.-News story to tell about that same border ing a record of the automobile busiand Courier.

outlaw and train robber. A legal ness. Five years ago the United States If Cardinal Merry del Val. who came friend of mine has just returned from built only 314 automobiles of all classthe frontier. By a stress of circum- es, while at the same time France so prominently to the front during the early hour, too! Verily, the army is a stances, he was lately compelled to built 23,711 machines. Last year the French church dispute, shows his moproduction in the United States was dernity by playing an excellent game railway terminus. In the wee small 60,000, in France 55,000, in England of golf, as well as by his ability to calmly, "it may not be a strictly polite hours Black Dave and his men dashed 28,000, in Germany 22,000, in Italy 19,- send a rifle bullet through a ten-cent into the place and proceeded to work 000 and Belgium 12,000. In nine years plece at 20 yards.

and in the midst of it my friend en- 000 automobiles, representing more gars of London collect \$15,000,000 annually.

fied inhabitants. There was a melee, been manufactured, sold and used 550,- is It is estimated that the street begthan \$1,000,000,000 of money.

where in any guise. He was strikingly is used in place of the ball. Behind handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed. He the ball is a chamber formed in the seemed to be a reckless dare-devil, filling. When the bullet strikes an oband his ruffians obeyed his slightest ject the ball is forced into the chamgesture-he evidently had them in good ber, expanding it and tearing it open. The wounds made by the improved discipline. His name has become a terbullet are four or five times larger .-The conversation seemed suddenly to Scientific American. attract the attention of Philip Vye. He extricated his voice from that of the

49 America now leads the world in fainting general from the field, still

ntered the robber chief face to face den meaning, only added fuel to the her lover. Life at Porgy Rock went on Esther left Tom Dexter at the wharf, were rolling in a smart pony carriage ments-happily no one had overheard courses