

CHAPTER XL

Ten o'clock and no one yet came riding back from the column with later news. Almost as soon as the command had disappeared from view Mrs. Farrar had gone home, Helen, Ellis, Kitty and Will in close attendance, and there they were presently joined by Aunt Lucretia, whose volubility even calamity seemed powerless to check, and then, to the re-lief of all the women, Captain Leale knocked and was promptly admitted.

"I am in search of my right hand man," said he, with his bright, cordial smile. "They tell me he is playing Achilles and sulking in his tent, but I have work for him to do," and then once more did Kitty look remonstrance, for she could form no idea of work for him that did not involve deprivation for

"You are not going to send Mr. Far-rar away after all," she began, but Leale laughingly checked her.
"Far from it," said he. "I need him

at the guardhouse and mean to put him in charge of the prisoners when they The chances are that the colonel will have to arrest not a few of those fellows, and he'll do it in the interest of peace and good order, despite the fact that he has no warrant. Are you ready, sir?"

"I'm ready and willing to do any duty, Captain Leale," answered Will ruefully. "But I was the first to volun teer for that courier ride to Big Road and I think the colonel ought to have given it to me. I'll be officer of the guard tomorrow anyhow, and would just as lief begin now. Shall I come at

"Yes, the second relief goes on in a few minutes, and you would better inspect them. Everything is started right. You have a capital sergeant of the guard. I want the sentries on the north and east bluffs instructed to listen for all sounds from the east and to keep a close watch on that plant of Bunko Jim's. Watch every movement in that rowdy town over yonder, though I believe most of the populace has already ridden away at the bidding of the so called cowboy king."

Will bent over and kissed his mother's forehead. "I'll get my sword and go at once," said he, "and I'll be back as soon as I've made the rounds of the second relief. I suppose nobody here ought to have news of some kind before midnight." With that he quickly left the little parlor and, vaulting the low fence, let himself in at his own door in the adjoining bachelor roost. Mrs. Daunton, who had been occupying herself close to Mrs. Farrar, presently arose manifest indignation. "There is to be and stepped into the hallway, took a no buriesque business here tonight. house. Surprised, Captain Leale looked about him for an explanation. Ellishad drawn aside the curtain and with pale. set face was gazing fixedly out upon the parade. Kitty looked bewildered. It was Mrs. Farrar who spoke.

"This has been a trying day for Helen. She is not strong, I fear, and tonight she is so nervous and unstrung that she seems to shrink from company or conversation. I have never known her so distracted. I fancy she wants to be alone a few minutes and to take the fresh air on the gallery." Ellis moved impatiently, but said not a word. She could see that, so far from having stopped on the gallery, Helen Daunton had hastened through the gate, and, turning to Will's quarters next door, was there awaiting his reappearance. The box came out in a moment, his sword at his side and wrapping his cloak about him, and stopped short in evident surprise at

sight of Mrs. Daunton. Ellis well understood the purport of the conversation that ensued, though she could hear no word. Will searched one pocket after another, then ran back into the house, came forth again in less than a minute, handed a square, white envelope to Mrs. Daunton, and raising his forage cap in farewell, has tened away across the parade. Ashamed of her espionage, yet fasoinated, Ellis lingered at the window and saw Helen tear open the envelope and draw forth a little packet or roll, which she closely inspected and rapidly counted over Money! Treasury notes beyond ques tion! Money, and paid her by Jack Ormsby! Ellis dropped the curtain and

turned away. She cared to see no more. Over at the guardhouse the second re lief was being formed as Farrar reached the spot—seven soldiers in their fur caps and gloves and heavy winter overcoats and arctics. The corporal had just reported them all present, and the lieu tenant quickly yet closely inspected their equipment, then stepped to the

front again. "In addition to the usual orders." said he. "Nos. 6 and 7 are cautioned to keep a sharp lookout and to listen attentively for anything at the eastward. In the event of any unusual sight or sound, call for the corporal at once. Who

Is No. 5?" "Graice, sir," said the corporal.

The young officer's face darkened bit. He had no trust in the man whatever and knew well his evil reputation. "Graice," said he, "you have double functions tonight. You have not only the same orders as Nos. 6 and 7, but the commanding officer directs that you keep a special watch over the settlement across the river, particularly or the plant of Bunko Jim. I believe you

"There are plenty of others that know it as well," was the surly and unexpect-

ed answer. "That will do, sir," was the stern rejoinder. "You were asked no questions and will keep silent until you are. Do you understand your instructions?"

"I am not deaf," was the sullen re-"Answer my question, Graice," said Will, tingling with indignation, but

ment's silence, then-"I s'pose I do."

keeping his temper. There was a mo-"There appears to be some doubt, however," said Farrar coolly, "Post

the stables, for one of the orderlies, in the absence of his troop and officers, had gone visiting among his associates in the adjoining building, and one or two spare horses were loose and roaming about the gangway. The next thing he heard of his sentries there were excited shouts for the corporal of the guard, and, hastening out into the night to ascertain the cause, he nearly collided with little Meinecke, the trumpeter. "Liautenant," cried the boy breath-

lessly, "Crow Knife's killed, sir. Stab-

tened up the slope. "There's a curse on Christmastide at old Fort Frayne."

When 10, 20 minutes had passed away and Helen Daunton failed to return, Mrs. Farrar had become anxious and il at ease. Leale, too, had been listening eagerly for her step on the porch without, and, unable to control his lorging to see and speak with her, despite her palpable efforts to avoid him, to had early taken his leave and gone forth in search. Ellis, slipping from the parlor into the dining room, had thence managed to go to her own little chamber for a moment or two to herself. Whatever doubt remained as to the justice of her suspicions up to dinner time that evening, it was banished now. and her heart was hard against Ormsby that he should have so braved and de ceived her. Looking out from her window ste could see much of the walk in front of Officers' row, but not a sign of Helen Daunton. The clouds had thickened, the moonlight had grown dimmer all of a sudden. Once more the snow was sifting down. She could not dream

silently out of the little army home and intercepted Lieutenant Farrar at the gate. In few words she made known her erund and asked for the note Mr. Ormsby had placed in his hand, and Will for the first time remembered it. He had stowed it in the pocket of the overcoat he was wearing as he returned with Grmsby from the colonel's and was compelled to run back indoors again to find it. Absorbed though he was in his own thuble, Will could not but remark how strange it seemed that his mother's companion should be seeking and Ormsby seiding those, mysterious notes at night. He made such explanation and excuse as he could, however, then hur-

ried away. With nervous fingers Helen counted over the money in the envelope. Two hundred dollars! Ormsby was indeed generous. Then, desperate, determined, thoughtless of the military crime she was about to urge upon her husband, thinking only of the dreadful menace his presence was to the friends who had harbored and sheltered her, she sped away up the row and, turning through the broad open space near the colonel's quarters, came out upon the snow covered brow of the heights overhanging the silent, icebound stream, and there. barely 100 feet away, the dim outlines of the huge, hulking figure could be seen. She knew it only too well-knew is at a glance. Graice was standing on post at the moment, listening apparently to some faint, distant sounds of maudlin revolry that rose from the unhallowed walls of Bunko Jim's, beyond the Platte. With one brief strength, she sped across the snowy expanse and was at his side before he could either halt or challenge. He never had time to speak before impetuously

"Royle Farrar, I must speak to you here and now. If your being here meant only danger and harm to me, you might do your worst, and I would bear it. You are under a false name. Your life has so changed you that as yet no one has recognized you, but it cannot last, and then there will be bitter shame and per haps death that would lie at your door -your mother's; your poor, gentle mother, Royle, who holds her life only through the belief that you are no longer alive to bring further disgrace to

But now he had partially recovered himself and angrily interrupted: "Is it my fault I'm here? Did I suppose of all cursed places they'd send me to it would be here, to be ordered about by my cub of a brother, to see my noble captain making love to my"-

"You dare not say it!" she cried. "You've had some experience of what dare, my lady, and one thing I dare and mean to do is to stick it out right here and take my chances at Frayne. There's no other post where I'd find so many friends at court if things go

wrong." "You shall not stay here if I have to buy you to go," she cried, but she shrank even as she spoke, as though dreading a blow, for with uplifted hand he sprang to her side, then rough-

ly, savagely, seized her slender wrist. love, that your place in the army is not in officers' quarters, but down yonder in laundresses' alley? By the Lord, I've

a mind"---But here a dark shadow fell between him and the slender writhing object of his brutal rage, an iron grasp was laid in turn on the hand that so ernelly crushed the white wrist. A deep voice, eloquent with wrath, controlled, yet boiling, seemed to ring in his ears the two words, "Let gol" and then, releasing perforce his hold on the shrinking, startled woman, Graice writhed in furious effort to free himself from the olinch of Maloolm Leale, and writhed

in vain. "You've the devil's own grip," he savagely hissed through his grinding

"I've a grip, my man, that won't loosen till yen are past doing further mischief here," was the stern, relent-less answer. Then, uplifting his voice, Leale shouted for the corporal of the guard, and at the instant the cry went echoing over the posts of 6 and 7. The sentry still writhed in impotent rage. Finding bis struggles futile, he once more lashed with his tongue.

"Don't be too sure of that, captain. There are some kinds of a hold even your grip can't loosen."

the guardhouse as it is." "D-n the guardhouse, and too," raged the soldier, hurling down the carbine. "If I'm to spend Christmas in limbo, I'm cursed if you shall spend it making love to my" - And here, with a tigerlike bound, his free

lunged at the officer's throat. "A little with some calamity before starting.
Meanwhile the secret has been kept.
The story is something like this;
Twenty years ago a Maine carpenter started by ship from California back form had come leaping like a panther up the path, and even before Helen's cry had died away Crow Knife had hurled himself between the men and the shinhome, going by way of Panama. When nearly in port the ship stopped at an island for repairs, and the carpenter took a day to enjoy himself. At the public house—for the island was a small sentlement—he met two sallors who had with them a hear of core ing blade was buried out of sight. There was a momen: of furious struggle, and then the sentry lay, felled like an ox in his tracks, and Leale's foot was at his throat. The knife, blood stained, who had with them a bag of ore. Hearing he had been a miner they asked him to test the metal. He did so, finding it nearly pure gold. The had dropped in the snow. The Indian, his hand pressed to his side, was sway-ing slowly back as the sergeant of the so, finding it nearly pure gold. The sailors said they had obtained it from guard, with a brace of men, came run-"Take this man to the guardhouse,

sailors said they had obtained it from an island one day's sailing north.

The sailors proposed that all go back to the island and get a ship load of gold. They would start in a vessel purchased with the carpenter's money. The carpenter agreed and back they went. Near the island a severe storm came up, wrecking them. The carpenter and one sailor were cast ashore, but the grew perished. was the brief, stern order, as they lifted Graice, stunned and sodden, to his feet. Then the captain turned to Crow Knife. "Did that crazy brute strike you? Are you hurt?" he asked, in deep "Captain," said the Indian slowly.
"I believe I'm killed."

Leale sprang to support him. Other men, running to the scene, linked their hands and made a chair and raised the poor fellow from the ground. "Carry him gently to the hospital, lads. I'll be

> married, intending next year to return to his island of gold. His wife objected, however, to the voyage and so the years passed. Last year the carpenter died, but on his death-bed he told his son how he acd the sailor had shovelled up pebbles that were more than half gold.

But the son was less adventurous than his father. Like his mother he was incredulous and told the story to was incredulous and told the story of friends as an evening tale. The first friend who heard it after the old man's death sprang to his feet. "If your father told that story," said be, "it is father told that story," said he, "it is true, and I am going to fit out an ex-

a few days it will sail from Maine to look for the gold island in the South-

The location of the island is suchfor the bearings were found in the ef-

gold, for it is in the richest gold belt Such an island might easily have been found before now by other ex-plorers, for thousands start out every year, but for one fact. There is a certain latitude of the South Pacific

exploring party would be iles. They would first assure themselves that they had found the island o rich in gold and then the snakes could be driven out by poisons and by planting certain herbs that are repulsland could be cleared of reptiles, the

Gold expeditions are starting all the their passenger list enthusiastic pros

cason the sea off Panama is marked 'dangerous' on the mariners' charts, on account of the numerous ships that ay in the port there for mending. But it is the fault of the sailors, who purposely conceal defects until near these island in the hope of landing. Once landed and they hope to find a spot where ore is rich enough to warrent in bags.

the gold hunt is most profitable in the Southern Pacific. It is cooler now and the crew and miners are now willing to exert themselves. In the spring, when the feverish weather comes on

An island of pure gold is not an impossibility. By this is not meant the clear, pure ore of commerce, for this is impossible. But the rough, streaky, cleared, shows more gold than rock. There are islands almost entirely of this, and it is not impossible that an

all-gold island may be found. If the sixth expedition succeed, or any of them, there will be a "South Pacific gold company" as powerful an organization as the Cecil Rhodes South African diamond corperation.

KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.-We The gold yarn is about an island of gold in the South Pacific Ocean. It lies in the begin gold islands, west of Panama. But this one is so much larger ment, and the receipts—a very important tanks and the receipts—a very importhan the others, so much richer and so much more easily worked, that it is the magnet that is drawing all the farming from the start. Let him become accustomed to the breed and he come accustomed to the breed and he come accustomed to the breeds. ing to corner the diamond market of And he will not stop there. He will the world by getting possession of the aim to know the breeds of cattle, sheep, horses and hogs. He will look forward to the exhibitions of the country fairs, and Beir as crazy knaves who were trying to get rid of the money intrusted to them. yearn for the happy days spent on the farm, and will get back to it if he can, should he be induced away. When one becomes interested in poultry on the farm, he becomes educated to an interest in everything else. As soon as your boy can manage them, give him a few Bantams, and after he is older start him with some pure breed of standard size. It is the best plan for teaching

-A Sweedish servant-maid, finding morning.

MR. BRYAN AS A DEER-SLAYER.

A HUNTER'S PARADISE IN MIS-SOURL

The Ex-Presidential Candidate Had an Enjoyable Time-An Immense Game Park in the Bald Knob Region. Ex-Presidential Candidate William

Jennings Bryan had a series of enjoy-able experiences out in the rich game

preserves of Taney county, Missouri, in company with a number of distin-guished Democrats of that State recently. Taney county is the only county in the State that the railroads have not entered. It is almost as wild as primeval wastes. Few people dwell there. There are no towns of any importance, no industries. The soil is most barren and rocky. No crops can be raised except in a kitchen garden sort of way. It is in the heart of the Bald Knob region. It boasts no slop-ing, greenly wooded hills, no sheer defiant crags. Dull, gray knobs, bald of growth, rise in endless series all bout. In the low-lying land intervening, great trees rise up. At their bases grows thick underbrush. The streams in Taney county, both big and little, are clear as crystal. They meander around and about these knobs. more tortuous in their turnings than the rattlesnakes along their flowing always toward the south. They are alive with fish, a godsend to the natives. A number of St. Louis gentlemen own about 9,000 acres of land in the southern part of Taney county. This land is fenced in and literally teems with game. There are the indigenous red deer alk antelers wild digenous red deer, elk, antelope, wild goat, bear, squirrel, coon, 'possum,

the river's bank is equally well cared and talking about State politics, the for. When the park was first inclosed dispensary, and himself. there were perhaps twenty of the native deer within it, and in the fencing, under the superintendence of Mr.

McCann, "Old Coon," they call him, a regular job was worked on the poor, confiding deer who happened to have been left on the outside. The bald

catamount, turkey and quait in greater

abundance than in any place in America. It is really a hunter's paradise.

Right through the centre of it runs the beautiful White river. This

prisoners, and in this way the herd of deer has been materially increased

over and above the additions by birth. The whole park is thus a big deer trap, a good deal on the order of some of the patent mousetraps and similar contrivances. But not only has the game been increased in these two ways. Elk, antelope and wild goat have been brought from other parts of the coungive to them. In six months a small try and placed within the park. Two herds of cik were captured-one in the north and the other from the northwest and turned loose in the big in-closure. This was done in order to affairs and for such conditions he centime from places alorg the coast. Southern California sends out several ago one of the big buck clks got so ugly every year; and places least suspected of harboring souls with the gold fever was like a rogue clephant, the bane of the coast. This is the first speech, other than free silver, that Senator Tillman has of harboring souls with the gold fever was like a rogue clephant, the bane of the coast. have ships lying in harbor, bound for circuses. No soorer had he been shut important. Strange to say in his some southern port, but carrying in up a month than he showed such a speech yesterday he did not mention mean disposition that the rest of the herd drove him away, refusing to associate with him. He then herded with the domestic cattle, of which there are quite a number on the pre-

> Whenever the park keepers showed up the buck would charge them in the wildest anger. He became as sharp as a fox and laid for the keepers. They lid not dare kill him for fear of incurring the displeasure of the proprietors, so they had to run for it every time they were attacked.
>
> More than once some of them were

forced to climb trees and stay above ground until the furious beast below them grew tired and went away. He finally got so bad that he would creep up around the men's quarters and lie in wait for them, and was given that he be shot.

keepers atc him with great relish.

This buck was the first of the big game in the park to be killed. One or two others have been shot for sport, prictors have been biding their time until the preserve should be thoroughtwenty feet high to keep in the deer, it is also built with the barbed wires very close together at the bottom. Mr. Coon and Mr. 'Possum and other such The first thing they know they are stuck and all a fellow has to do for a possum supper or a coon skin cap is fering from "buck ague."

Of the balance of the early party,

Sam B. Cook took his favorite setter and went down in the bottoms in search of quail. He had but slim owing to the dryness of the leaves and grass which rendered the scent so difficult that his dog was nearly useless. However, he bagged a few quail and one squirrel. Colonel Wetmore went in search of squirre!, but his avoirdupols rendered mountain climbing too much like work, therefore be was the first man to seek the coo! seats of the veranda. Governor Stone, Major Towles and the Hon. Harvey Saimon, under the guidance of Mr. Craddock, an expert fisherman, sought the cool shadows of the river, where, with rod and line, they beguiled the afternoon. The river was much too clear for angling, Governor Stone being the only one to catch a bass. They could see the tantalizing bass darting among the boulders at the river bed Though the water was very deep, yet the river bottom was as distinct as though the boat floated in air instead

After the party had gathered in ushered the disinguished gentlemen in cure for despondency and kindred

there were camped hundreds of people, who, having heard William J. Bryan was to be a guest of Colonel Wetmore, had come for miles to do nim homage. There in the woods were scores upon scores of covered wagons, while camp fires burned on every side. Men had come from the mountains of Arkansas for fifty miles, bringing their families to see Mr. Bryan. The crying of children, yelping of dogs and shouting and yelling could be heard at night even to the club house, nearly a mile away. Mr. Bryan was sociable and friendly with all that came. He shook the hands of the rough woodsman covidhands of the rough woodsmen cordi-ally. It goes without saying that ally. It goes without saying that there are many men in Taney county and Northern Arkausas that will from this time forth date all events from the day Bryan visited Taney county. Among the honorable gentlemen that composed this hunting party, Colonel Wetmore was known as "Mark Hanna." It came about this way. Gover-nor Stone and Colonel Wetmore were in the dressing room of their private car at Springfield. The car was surrounded by crowds of people clamoring for a speech from Mr. Bryan. An urchin climbed up to the window of the dressing room and spying Colonel Wetmore bathing yelled to his cronies below: "Boys, here's old Hanna abelow: "Boys, washin' hisself!"

TILLMAN BECOMES CONSERVA-

The Significance of His Speech at Gaffney-The Revolution He Created is Going Backward. Special to the News and Courier.

There is a great deal more importance to be attached to Senator Tillman's Gaffney speech than its bearing on the county proposition. His posi-tion is of decided importance for a variety of reasons, especially as there are so many new county propositions, and in all of them there are many who and is full of spotted trout, jack salmon and bass, so that he who does not care to hunt, but loves to sit and angle on the river's bank is equally well and the could not help branching.

dispensary, and himself.

It was somewhat significant to hear Tillman argue something like this:
"The Reform party has kept things knobs in the park are very steep. more radical than was really neces-Many of them rise up at angles of 45 sary, but opposition led to, perhaps, more radical than was really necesdegrees and the 24-foot wire fence was built so as to lean sharply toward the incline. This made it much higher on the one side than on the other. The agitation. Lets stop agitating and agitation. Lets stop agitating and where the greatest quantity of poisson our reptiles live. The islands are alive with them and so venomous and fierce with them and so venomous and fierce are they that mariners do not land at the deer come over the knobs they can have it is somewhat out of the usual to hear Senator Tillman talk about having enough of political egitation or ever recognizing the possibility of a reaction.

This reaction seems to be more involved in the dispensary matter than anything else, and Senator Tillman takes the position that the dispensary had better be left alone and that it is better than any license system. But in his public speech he charged that the trouble was that the law was not being properly administered and that there seemed to be something in the charge of "incipient rottenness," not — Wyon me

free lilver or anything about it in any shape, form or fashion. So much for the speech.

There has recently been considerable discussion about the possibility of reducing the Congressional representation from this State on account of the light vote east in the last Presidential election, and the restrictions to the franchise that exist and are operative in this State. Some outside papers have started the discussion, and seem

to think that there is something in the possibility. Senator Tillman was talking about the matter while on his way to Washington, and one thing is certain he is

not giving himself much concern about it, and is of the impression that nothing will come out of the agitation and talk. He thinks that some Republi-The cans may want to make capital out of such a proposition and would like to go for the South in a speech on such a to you the subject, but he has little idea that such a plan would or could be carried but the recent outing is really the into operation. It would, hesaid, take formal opening of the park. The proreduce the representation from this or any other State as is contemplated. ly well stocked. Small game like The House of Representatives, he said, turkey and squirrel and quail is so might pass all the resolutions and do thick that one can almost kill them | what it pleased about the matter, but wi'h a club. As far coons and 'possums, without the consent of the Senate it they can be picked off the fences—at least that is what those who have been to the park insist, and this is their exthey can be picked off the fences—at least that is what those who have been to the park insist, and this is their explanation: While the fence is built twenty feet high to keep in the deer, tor Tillman thinks that it would in any event be impossible for such a proposi tion, and he thinks that when it comes "varmits," coming along in the bey-day of their liberty, try to get in or out of the preserve as the case may be. class would stand by the South in any They stick their pointed noses in between the wires and push. Then a barb catches them. They wriggle a bit and another barb catches them. tions that might hurt the prospects of free silver.
Senator Tillman also talked about the interview of Senator Chandler, which he favored a commission to l

off. It was there that Mr. Bryan killed into the possibilities of bimetall in his first deer, a magnificent five-prong and the like. Senator Tillman said antiered buck, which weighed 150 that he had no objection to such a plan, pounds. He showed no excitement and gave no evidence whatever of sufbetter it would be. He has but little idea that anything will come out of the proposed commission, but wants it appointed, so it can be shown as quickly as possible that there is nothing to be hoped for in this direction. Senator Tillman says that he would not be in the least surprised if the Re-

publican party did not provoke a fight with Spain just for an excuse to get a large standing army. He is of the opinion that when the army is once increased there is but small prospect of its being reduced, as the Republican party wants to increase the army, not so much because of the fear of foreign war, but because of the possibility of local conflicts between capital and labor, and it will be, he thinks, the purpose of the Republicans to increase the army and keep it increased so to The additional troops that he looks

for have to be kept somewhere and they might as well be stationed at Charleston as anywhere in the country, and as there are no troops nearer here than Atlanta there is all the more reason for such a disposition of the

-A woman in Milpitas, Cal., is said

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS. Bits of Humor and Nuggets of Truth

for the Multitude.

-The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

-The rich are rich because the poor

-There is a breed of dogs in Russia hat cannot bark.

-There are thirty towns called Washington in America. -An ounce of encouragement is worth a pound of faultfinding.

-The Japanese, up to 1858 were vaccinated on the tip of the nose.

—There is a growing demand in England for human skin leather. -The biggest coward in all the earth is the man who is afraid to do right.

-The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us rom it. —If you want your life to be a suc-

cess, truth. -The pen is a mighty engine, and it semetimes runs away with the en-

gineer. -If thou desire the happiness of the child, teach him obedience and selfrestraint. -No man ever believed that a cry-

ing baby belonged as much to him as to its mother. -Some women look at a secret much as a man looks at whiskey—as too good to keep.

—A woman readily pardons a minister's failings. To her, it's human to forgive divines. -Cats are said to be musicial be cause their insides are composed most-

ly of fiddlestring. -He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

—Suppose everybody should stay away from church as much as you do, what would be the result. -Charcoal is very highly relished

by fowls, both young and old. Always keep a supply before them. -Look ever on the bright side which is the heaven side of life. This is far better than medicine.

-Two states of the Union-Wyo-ming and Nevada-have less than one inhabitant to the square mile. -There are many more fools in the

world than there are knaves, otherwise the knaves could not exist. -Every real nice old woman thinks that people like to hear about her mar-ried children and the grandchildren.

-The wise man does not tell all he knows; and does not always listen while others tell all they know either. -Women comprise two-thirds of the church members of the United States, out only one thirteenth of the crimi-

nals. -When we strive to do the best we can, we are sure to find that our best

is beyond anything we had dared to hope for. -The reasons why some men are such inveterate wind-bags would seem

to be because their wives blow them . —Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And its lucky for the most of us that there is no building

nspector around. -The man who is drawn into a scheme to invest I cent and draw out \$1 may not be a fool, but he is in no

-In Paris there is a skating rink ormed of real ice on a circular basin of water artificially cooled by pipes containing ammonia gas.

-It has been said that it costs nothing to say a good word for another bu when one must lie to do it the word

seems rather expensive. -Fogg is mean enough to say that, generally speaking, the women who remain single "from choice" are not

a particularly choice lot. -When you have a cold you do not know how to cure it. All your friends know how and they tell you; but that

does not affect the cold. -When a woman gets angry you can generally depend on her saying frankly what she thinks-or at least,

what she thinks just then. -"One swallow does not make a but it may have occurred to you that one grasshopper makes

more than a dozen springs. -The war and navy departments are endavoring to arrange for the use of smokeless powder, such as has been adopted by France and Germany.

-A machine that cuts match sticks makes 10,000,000 a day. They are arranged over a vat, and have the heads put on at the rate of 8,000,000 per day by one man.

cent stay in Chicago.

-A clergyman says it is not wrong to dance if you dance properly. Judg-ing from his subsequent remarks, the way to dance properly is to sit in the corner and twirl your fingers.

-Many times we are under the scious of it. No man speaks a good being influenced by the spirit.

-" Madam," shouted the attorney, "do you know what the punishment will be if you do not tell the truth as you have sworn to do?" "Certainly I do; I will be crossed questioned again."

-"Seventy berths in the ladies" cabin!" exclaimed Fogg, after hearing a description of the new steamer. "Great Scott! but there must have

been a terrible squall about that time!" -A Maine pastor offers his parish

he can get in the contribution box and run things as he pleases; or they may pay him a fixed salary and run things as they please; or, thirdly, he will resign. What could be fairer than this good brother's offer.

LENGTH OF A HORSE'S HEAD. -It is

robable that at first thought most ersons would be inclined to doubt the ccuracy of the old saying that a horse's head is as long as a flour barrel. Flour barrels vary somewhat in length. Some are made stouter and shorter, some slender and a little higher. An average flour barrel is about 29 inches in height. A man to whom the old saying was familiar made up his mind to see for himself just how near right it was and he measured the heads of said to have a rather large head for its size; it wasn't a very big horse. The horse's head, exclusive of the ears, measured 28 inches in length. The heads of the two other horses, which o have invented a novel and effective were horses of fair average size, with to a royal dinner of vension, wild turkey, game and fish, together with all the embellishments that go to make without, and is now enjoying excellent this investigator distribution. average heads, measured, one old saying was sub

PERYTOCHT. 1895. BY P. YENNYSON NEELY.



Handed a square, white envelope to Mrs. Daunton. further after No. 5. Has that man been drinking again?" he turned and asked the silent sorgeant, as the relief marched

"It's hard to say, sir. He's one of those steady soakers. It would be difficuit to find him when he hadn't been drinking more or less. I think he has been drinking all day, but he knows what he's doing and is as sober as he is at any other time."

moonlight, shook his head in some dissatisfaction, then turned in at the doorway of the tower. "I will look over the guardroom and cells," said he, "and visit sentries

as it trudged away through the misty

Farrar gazed doubtfully at the relief

later," and, taking up his lantern, the ergeant followed. A big stove burned brightly in the center of the guardroom, and the men of the third relief, sitting or sprawling about, sprang up and stood to attention as the officer looked in. Another stove, the mate to it, was burning almost at red heat in the general prison room across the hall. Here were confined some half dozen poor devils, the scapegraces of the command; some drink sodden and stupid, others merely reckless and "ne'er do weel." Following the spirit of holiday decoration and never expecting the visit of an officer that night, one of the number, with a fine sense of humor, had induced a comrade to fetch him a parcel from the barracks, and now on the bare wooden wall opposite the entrance there hung a chromo with a flowery border and the pious sentiment, "God bless our happy home." Will's eye caught it at the instant. "Take that down!" said he, with There was a faint odor of dead tobacco about the grimy room. "You'll have to search those men and that room." said ne to the sergeant as they turned away. There must be neither pipes, matches nor anything with which they can start a fire. If this old rookery ever flames it

will go like a flash. Do it at once. Any men in the cells?"

"None, sir, and none in the outer prison room." "Keep the other empty, then. The chances are it'll be filled tomorrow when the column gets back. Remember

the orders about fire." "No man's like to forget that, lieutenant, with the powder stored there on the second floor.' "I know," answered Will gravely.

'How much powder is there there?" "Only a dozen cartridges for the reveille gun, sir, but that's enough to blow the place into flinders. " "There's no one in the light prison

coom on that floor?" "No one, sir. That floor is empty. There's no fire up there at all.' Presently the tramp, tramp of martial feet was heard on the crunching snow, and officer and sergeant both stepped forth to receive the relief of sentries just taken off post. One of them was Crow Knife. He gravely saluted as be passed his officer and placed his car-Mire in the arm rack, then went out on the east side of the little building and

stood there, silent, listening for sounds from the distant east. "May I have the Hentenant's permission to go out on the bluff awhile?" he asked, as Farrar came by him. "I can hear the call of the corporal if we are wanted for anything, and I am very anxions." And Will, who at first would

have said no, saw the anxiety in the Indian's face and consented. "Crow is strangely superstitions," said the sergeant, after a moment's silence 'He has been like that ever since he came on guard. He says the ghost dogs were howling the death song last night and that somebody's to got his deathblow tonight. We can't laugh him out

rapidly retreating form, growing dimmer every second. "I suppose he dreads trouble for his people, and this row makes him nervous," said he. "I'm going the rounds now, sergeant, and will

eave you here in charge."

eastern flank.

Will turned away and watched the

of it."

"It is just 10:30 now, sir. Shall we call off?" "Aye, aye, let it go," was the answer is the young fellow stalked away in the direction of the stables. It was his purpose to take the sentry posts in inverse order, so as to visit first those on the

Without a break the watch cry went from man to man, Nc. 5 shouting a gruff, stentorian, "All's well," that again directed the attention of the offlper of the guard to his probable condition. The last sentry had called off and No. 1 had given, loud and prolonged. the final assurance that all along the chain was peace and security before Will reached the bottom of the slope and began his examination of the stables and corrals. The last thing he saw as he cast a backward glance northward along the snowy slope that terminated the plateau on its eastern side was the solitary figure of Crow Knife, standing mute, motionless and attentive, just at

the upper end or the post of sentry on

He was delayed unexpectedly among

"My God!" moaned Will, as he has-

ming to the spot.

with you in a moment," said Leale, and

then he turned to where, trembling,

terrified, Helen Daunton still stood as

"Helen-Mrs. Daunton! First let me

see you home. I ask no confidence, no

explanation, but this is something in

which I must help you. I have guessed

the truth, have I not? That man is your

"My brother, Captain Leale? God

For a moment not another word was

spoken. Leale had recoiled—staggered

-as though struck a mortal blow.

Then, in hearso whisper, so choked and

en? Oh, my God! And I had thought

you free to be loved; as I have learned

-as you have taught me—to love you."
"Captain Leale," she cried, "in pity
say you do not believe that. Oh, hear

me! Do not turn from me," she implor-

ed, for in his misery he had averted his

face. "You shall not think me so vile,"

she went on desperately. "I never knew

until today that you had learned to-

care for me. I thought all that had gone

with my youth-oh, so long ago! Ionly

asked of life a place where I could be

useful and safe and where, by and by, perhaps I could forget. I have seemed

o myself so old and dull and sad, so

different from the women men love that

I never dreamed it my duty to say I was

not free. Oh, I thought you were my

friend. My heart has been so heavy and

so numbed I have thought it dead since

that Christmas eve four years ago. Ah,

let me tell it to you, and you will under-

stand. Four years ago this night my lit-

tle sick baby woke and wailed with

pain. That man, my husband, was in

a drunken sleep on the floor. The baby's

cry woke him. He swore a dreadful oath

at the little weak, white thing in my

arms and struck it hard across the

mouth. I don't know what wild words

I said to my husband, but I told him I

would never see his face again. Then I

caught my baby to my breast, and I ran

and ran through the cold Christmas

streets, and the stars went out, and the

lights went out in the houses, and the

little baby on my breast grow heavier

and heavier, and by and by it was dawn,

and, oh, so cruelly cold, and I-I open-

ed the shawl and saw"- Here, over-

into wild sobbing.

you are shivering."

come by the recollection, the poor woman

covered her face in her hands and burst

And then the captain, "Helen, Hel-

en, my poor, poor girl! Hush! I spoke

like a brute, but I was hit hard. I was

your friend; I am your friend. It is

With that he turned and led her to

are angle by the colonel's quarters, and

there she looked up one instant into his

sorrow stricken face. "Do not come far-

ther with me," she implored. "You

have been so good to me," and, bowing

to her will, he let her go, and stood,

following her swiftly retreating form

with his longing eyes. And then, soft and sweet and clear, as though rising above all surrounding of crime or sin or

sorrow, there floated on the night the

prolonged notes of the cavalry trumpet

sounding the soldier lullaby, "Lights

"Lights out," murmured Leale.

"Lights out. Ah, God help me! For life

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

AN ISLAND MADE OF PURE GOLD.

N THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

Marvellous Story as How it Was

Guarded by Snakes.

Lost to View-The Gold Belt is

The biggest gold yarn ever told is

being whispered around; and strange to say, it has found so many believers

that no less than six expeditions are

d to them.

But Belt, Barnato and Rhodes knew

corner" was located, and

and love it is indeed lights out."

The next day Crow Knife died.

late. You must go in. Take my cloak,

'Your husband! Your husband, Hel-

pity me, that man is my husband!"

though powerless to move.

broken seemed his voice:

brother?"

where Helen had gone. It was a desperate woman who stole

she began:

your father's name.

Who are you to pose as guardian say 'shall' to me? Do you realize, my

entire South African mines, speculators laughed at him, and investors

The hunters for the new gold field are talking about "corners." They say that gold lies so plentifully in this new region that to own it practically corners the gold of the world. From nowhere else can it be mined so cheapor plentifully, and that fact alone nsures a corner. The gold field toward which the six winter expeditions are pointing is in the warmest part of the Pacific. It con-

"No insolence. You go from here to

whole ledge of soft rock that is more than half gold. The ledges reaches along one end of the island, which is a quarter of a mile in width and rises in great height, rich in gold.

The discovery of this island dates back twenty years; and for that length of time expeditions have been getting hand brandishing a glistening knife, he ready to sail for it. But all have met

they found it.

but the crew perished.

Next day they—the carpenter and the sailor—explored the island and were delighted to find it rich in gold. They gathered such of the mineral as they could and that day were provi-dentially picked up by a vessel hap-pening along. They hailed her and were taken abroad.

Advertiser.

pedition to look up that island." A party was speedily formed and in

ern Pacific. spread, and parties in Boston took it ap and began fitting out a ship of their

fects of the old carpenter—that it might easily exist and be laden with

where the greatest quantity of poison-ous reptiles live. The islands are alive these islands nor does a living soul jump the fence, but once inside they touch them from year to year. Maricannot jump back. They thus become ners' courses lie as far away from them as possible, and this island lies in the very midst of this "Snake Belt." obliged to rid the island at once of rep-

explorors taking the utmost precau-

The probability of a gold island in the Pacific is readily considered by mariners. They say that sailors are very ready to find a ship in need of re-pairs near these islands, and for this

remainder as curios picked up in travels. One large, rich piece of ore was preserved and his son has it today to show would-be hunters for the lost island. Fall and winter are the seasons when

all can sail home. vellowish, darkish stuff that, being

the boy to remain on the farm.

that her mistress was troubled with sleeplesness, told her of a practice of the sists of an island with sandy beach and people of her country who were similary afflicted. It was to take a napkin, two mountains which rise like horns at the opposite ends of the island. The beach is rich with ore, even the peb-bles bearing that dark rusty look that dip it in ice cold water, wring it slightly and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed, and it worked like a means gold. But the richest layers are in the mountains, where there is a charm. The first night the lady slept four hours without waking—something she had not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to arouse her in the

ectors for gold

The old Maine carpenter brought home with him twenty bags of ore, much of which passed for fruit and the

of water. from their afternoon's sport and had exchanged reminiscences of the day, Colonel McCann, master of ceremonics, -Not to love the good is a proof that a royal feast. Outside the park gate health and spirits.