## From the Californian. SAND.

BY J. W. GALLEY.

CHAPTER II.

The home of Colonel Holten was his own. He was its author. There had been a time in the manhood of his life when the price of any article in his home would have been a vital financial matter to him ; but now, thanks to his own efforts, care, courage, and capabilities, he was able easily to have about him whatever money could buy. Yet his home was in no way a heterogeneous array of imitative purchases or gilded trashiness. It was costly, and it conformed in all its details to his ideas of a home, as near as well rewarded skitl and personal supervision could make it. Yet, withal, he was no slave to his merchatable sormandings, nor would be advise or permit those who shared his affections and fortunes so to be. The downs of life had taught him that its ups are only valuable as they promote contentment with the reasonable attainment of one's object. The acquisition of the power of wealth was his gune. He loved to play that game. But he loved even better the seasons of relaxation, under the roof-tree he had reared from a founda-

tion of empty hands. His wife was a soothing, sensible, domestic person, supposed by himself and others, but not by her, to be above him in blood and lineage-whatever that may mean in the United States of North America. Some recent ancestors of hers had been members of the Legislature of her na tive State, or of some other State; and one ancestor in particular had been a judge in his time, and also a member of Congress. But Holten's ancestors had been simply farrowers of the soil, or traders, for numberless generations. And though now, in the matter of weight in the State and on the market be was able to buy and sell, had such been for sale, the influence of all his wife's relations from the remotest point in the family history, still he ever, and at all times held and gave forth the idea that his wife and her family were, as compared with himself and his family-or with anybody else's family, in fact-superior persous. He not only held this idea, but he religiously believed it, from the fact that when he first felt his heart warm toward the good girl of his choice, she seemed so far and away above his social position and culture, that the impression then made remained, in true love evergreen, with him man, through life. He, by his actions, more as she could be, aside from what she re- ice, laughing. garded as her misfortune of sex. She was a strong woman-not strong as a man is strong-but-trong as a brave man would burt. The least abrasion on the firm-fronted armor which he presented to the striving world was not hidden to her eyes. She gloried in his strength, rejoiced in his successes, and was vexed at any impediments in his way. She realized as by intuition that the fortunes of a man are himself, that vitalized by a vigorous manhood: and yet motherly kindness as may be in a young sea. Father enjoys them when he is not costed with : but not over tall, full and firm of chest, strong of limb and lithe of action, with an was easier to look in her face a second sweet, powerful face, and the head which gave to that face an appearance of prominence of mouth and chin was a grand head. It was of the dome-tic-heroic type, poised a little backward by the weight of a vital brain, and yet far enough torward for all practical purposes. Her hair was light brown, her eyes grey, her skin fair, her teeth good, her cheeks and chin dimpled, and her neck and throat white, smooth.

Into this family Norman Maydole, Jr., The ushered by its head. Mrs. Holten,

and with but the faintest suggestion of an

angle. Still she was not pretty-did not

think she was. But she was, and she ear-

ly knew it, pleasing to ber own sex, and

interesting to the other. Her sisters, be-

ing younger and prettier, were as yet or-

dinary persons, not requiring special no-

tice at this time. But she had a visiting

friend, a few years older than berselt, from

the country of ancient culture which lies

to the eastward. This friend was another

sort of girl-slender, high of torehead, and

light behind the ears. Her head poised

the reverse way to that of our heroine, for

whereas the head of our girl tilted back-

ward, giving to her face a slightly upward

poise, the face of the other poised forward,

drawing the chin back, and throwing the

brow to the front; hence, our girl looked

at you with a full, open expression, while

the other glanced from under her higher

forehead. Girls who have heads and faces

gotten up in these styles have usually bod-

ies and minds to correspond. Thinking

observers know that ; so there is no need

just here to further describe Judith Holten

and her young Eastern friend, Alice Wi-

to make his introduction easy. The youngother, and looked innocently at the new ever that means." young man. Miss Alice Winans inspected! him according to Robert Burns's formula :

"Keek thro' ev'ry ither man Wi' sharpen'd slee inspection." Judith shook hands with him earnestly and fairly, looking at him with level eyes from an open, honest expression, bade him a brief, hearty welcome (after her tather's style) then paid no further particular at. tention to him. But Miss Alice kept a mental registry of his looks, and ere the

the form and movements of Judith Holten. Norman made no boyish effort to add any case he would have acted as he did simply as a quiet young gentleman. of my dreams."

As the evening visit progressed into the changes from place to place about the room: "Mr. Maydole, you are to remain with

try to feel at home." Throk you, madam; but is it not more fit that I should remain at my hotel?" "No. indeed! Mr. Holten would not

think of it; and we have all voted that you remain with us." "It is with entire pleasure that I accept night, he said : your kindness. Indeed as to its effect up-

not to be served."

dole," Then excused herself to hasten something to do."

cold you that you are to abide with us; new arrangements among his ideas to all nature. must be tired. If it is your wish to refire went over in his mind his leaving home, sides that is, not heavily." to rest. I will show you your apartments." and all that had happened to bim and by good night, and followed his bost from the he tried to forecast his position in Colonel the most delightful things in the world," room; whereupon the family circle dis- Holten's family; but that being too compersed to its several dormitories.

an immediate discussion of the new young half dream, in which he saw Judith Hol-

every case. He had no son. This was He has nice feet, a soft voice, and his clothes an interesting performance, which broke by way to wear it," dryly exclaimed Coldaughters, the eldest of whom was his son as they call themselves, coming and going, dimples and gleaming teeth, and then shook that my curiosity is not year keen."

"Well it's all the same-his tather is

"Well, that's a blessing; because some of father's old friends are good men, but ford to make a d-d fool of himself, any

boys, 'as they call themselves. They strag-

"Why not, pray?" "Because you will go after him."

"That man is just as sure to interest Judith Holten as I am alive to say so." "Good-ness! He? A little, long-arm

ed, amiable soul like him ?" "Amlable? Why, Judith, the man is a oung mountain lion. Look at his quiet, leopard-like eyes, his long, cruel hands. Oh, those hands ! /They give me a fit of semi-suffecation to look at them."

"Dear me, I did not see anything re markable about his hands-except that they seemed large and very well formed." "Crnel, cruel! Hands that may fall gently as a roseleaf at one moment, but with the crushing grip of a giant in the

"Why, why, Alice! I shall keep my eyes open it I am to see the wonders which are revealed to you."

' It is no effort for him to breathe. He does not know that he is breathing. The tigers, the cats, and all the feline race, task in hand. As no particular point had breathe as he does, in utter stillness, and

"If he is so terrible as all that, I must warn my father to send him away at once," said Judith, laughing.

minity, strove, with cheery motherliness, cats; still I think he is a gentleman."

er girls stood with their arms about each talks of, who have reserved force-what- penditures, in an effort to compare the breakfast.

"That's just what he is."

ther's special admiration." "No do the you will look after him. Kis

met-1 have said it."

"Do you call him handsome?" "I do."

"That's something to his credit." "His face is boyish yet, because he is well preserved, morally and physically, evening was half ended had noted that but when age and trial shall have developed Norman's eyes were, though very quiet the latent lion in his face, he will have an and self possessed, prone to wander after admirably impressive presence."

"Alice Winaps, what has come over you? What kind of a merry humor have weight to his own impressiveness had no you fallen into? Have you set your wits question, eh?" thought of so doing. His pand was upon to woo my heart for the new man? 'Handother matters, relating to the changing some, well preserved, morally and physicondition of his affairs; and, perhaps, in cally, 'an undeveloped lion among men,' quoth she. Why, that is the blessed tellow timbers."

"Well do I know it, Judith, dear. And late hours, Mrs. Holten remarked easily to thou hast him, and he'll have you. Good Norman, as she took a seat near, in her night," and Miss Alice departed for her

Judith retired, and fell asleep more inus en famille for the present, and you must, terested in the humor of her friend than in the character or conduct of the new manbut still not without considering him, as far as her observation warranted.

> When Colonel Holten had shown Nored way, and was about to bid him good

in its acceptance; but I am here to serve, when you get up, come to my den. It is Now we will go to breakfast." in the southeast corner of the building. Mrs Holten laughed a little laugh, re- right-hand side along this hall. I am usu- antly greeted by the assembled family. "The service is to be mutual, Mr. May- be busily occupied, but I will find you quiet ways meant bashfulness, sought to to wait ere the distinguished disciple of who is not spoiled by billiards and fooli h-

When Colonel Holten left him for the 'Mr. Maydole," said Colonel Holten, hight, Norman undressed, paid no attenand having had a long and weary ride, you low of his sleeping for several hours. He "No, madam, not where my father re-Norman thanked him, bade the family him, on his way down to the city, and then heavy snow-fall of the season is one of

"I have not thought much about him. This laugh of Judith's, by the way, was her into a contagious grace of contortion, Judith. "This one is no old pard," said Miss Al- which she could not resist, nor anybody else. As one of Colonel Holten's "old time pards," when he returned to his bachelor home in the mines, describing Judith Holten, said: "A feller could at-

time, if she'd laugh at him." In the morning Norman was up and "This one is not coarse. You need have about at an early hour, but he had heard no idea that he is. He is a little new- heavy, slipper-footed steps along the hall of these steps went in the direction of "the ters father brings home. 'The old time bidden to "come in," and then passing into a room which had the appearance of gle in upon him from everywhere. From the office of a hard-worked counselor at law, with its desks, its library, its pigeon-Africa. America, and the Islands of the holes, and its papers, he was heartily ac-

-alas, poor old boys !-but many of them sir. Pleased to see you. Hope you rested are 'well fixed,' as they call it, and liberal well. I'm very busy," Then without to profusion; and they almost invariably waiting for an answer be added, pointing make me the recipient of their bounty, be- to a desk in the middle of the room, cause, they say, I'm 'so much like the old 'Amuse yourself looking through those man.' I have a perfect museum of the accounts-said to be tangled-see what most astonishing brie-a-brae presented to you can find out." Then taking out his me by elderly men, who wanted to drive watch, he smoothed his thumb across its anywhere, or everywhere. They all want' till half jast eight o'clock, then breakfast, ed to do something handsome-and the then I go down town, then you work at right thing-by their 'old pard's little gal.' those account books as long as you feel They are not so numerous now as they like it, and afterward tollow your own fanwere when I was a child. Poor fellows! cy. If you think you find a point that is -dead, perhaps," said Judith, with a sigh, crooked, report it to me," Without an-"This man will not come to you with other word he sat down to his desk, and immediately relapsed into the spiritual trance of business absorption.

Norman took his seat without remark, and straightway went to work. The books | dole !" proved to be those of a mining company, containing what purported to be the business records of the working of the mine through several years. For all he could make our at a brief examination, the books eemed mechanically well arranged, and kept with artistic neatness as to penmanship, etc.; but Norman, as occasional asoffice, had seen fancy papers make a very poor showing of facts, and was, therefore, in no wise dazzled by the matter of style. He had also in his time, even from childhood, sat by his father's side in court, watching the proceedings in lengthy litigation of commercial cases, and had marked the shrewd attorney examining books well. He was the only man I ever saw of account and book-keepers; and these who loved danger-truly loved it." early impressions, coupled with his late course of commercial education had brought man; "and from him I learned the use of him forward not so ill prepared for the arms, offensive and defensive." been given him to find out, he wisely con- with a pistol?" cluded to prepare himself with "a case in court," and be ready for examination at all points, let the same come in what shape soever. He saw large, numerous, and oft-"He's only a hall-grown kitten; but he charges, for timbers, lumber, timbers with charges with charges with charges with charges with charges in the making of a terrible tom-cat. I hate powder, steel, tools, etc., and he concluded hands, and secured to catch an idea for said that his talk was "just splendid,"

proportion which each bore to the other, "If that proves to be the case, I must penditure, or waste, in any one direction, Judith. look after him, for that sort of man is fa- as proportioned with any other. For his first item he selected the matter of mining twenty feet, until it is drifted by the timbers; and, by breakfast time, be winds, and then it is any depth, almost. thought he found that in one year the you would ask." smount of timbers charged as used by and placed in the main shaft of the mine, would

> and said, looking again at his watch : "Ah, brenkfast! Well Mr. Maydole,

be a little queeruess in the charges for

"How's that 9"

"It seems to me at a cursory glance, anything else in that place but timber." remembered something pleasant.

ly paused at the door, out of which he was his new work. He had not sat long when Maydole," said Judith, in one of the disman to his room, in the good, old-tashion- happen that you shall wish to go out into on a card, given him by Dr. Minnis, to the the town without passing along the halls address thereon; not that his shoulder was of the house. This key will let you out of paining him to any extent, but because he "If you are an early riser, Mr. Maydole, that door," pointing to it, "into the side thought it his prudent duty to have his on myself. I have not had, any hesitation and find no one but the servants stirring street. Be careful to lock it after you, wound looked after; consequently, he let

At the breakfast table Norman was pleasally up betimes in the morning. I shall Mrs. Holten, still under the idea that his Dr. Minnls, he had but a few moments, person. An houest, heroic young fellow, "Does it snow where you have lived-1 mean, does it fall heavily ?"

oming into the room from which he had tion to his wounded shoulder, and then lay Now, snow-storms were among Norbeen absent for some time, "my wife has down to sleep. But there were too many man's admirations of the fine things in

"O-o-o-o," shivered Miss Alice Winans. plex he gave it up, turning at length as she drew up her shoulders into the In the rooms of Miss Judith there was drowsity upon his pillow, to fall into a imaginary wrappings of a heavy shawl. "La! When I was a girl," continued ten's grand, muscular grace moving about the madam, "we girls then used to wear "Well, what do you think of father's the horse, and heard her strong, contagi- our hair parted in the middle, and combed down smoothly over our ears, and do with a comb in the back-"

"A very sensible, becoming, and woman-

"Old-fashioned, though," interrupted

"There is a great deal of good sense in that which is old-tashioned, my daughter." "And much that is old-fashioned which s as full of folly as a powdered wig," re

And we used to put on our shawls and go out bare-headed to romp through the talling snow. It was just delightful to see the steady falling, falling, falling of the soft, feathery flakes, and to hear our voices echo such a little way off in the muffled stillness. I like the snow." "Oh, me! I hate it," said Miss Alice,

with a shrug. "The fall is heavy higher up in the nountain than where you live?" Col.

Holten half asserted, half asked, nodding "Yes, sir. I spent one winter hunting

Sierra. "And what did you hunt?" asked Mrs

"Bears, wild-cats, mountain lions, deer

ind small game.' "Why! I thought the bears crawled That's what the Natural History says," remarked one of the younger Misses

"Then we crawl in after them," said

"Dear me, Mr. Maydole," continued the oung miss, "would you crawl into a dark cave after a wild bear?"

"Yes; if I were hunting him." The young miss, looking at him with

rounded eyes, simply said, "Mr. Mayten, with a somewhat incredulous lifting

of his brows. Miss Alice looked from under her fore head at Miss Judith, as much to say "What did I tell you?"

"Did you get him ?" asked the Colonel. "We did."

"To whom do you refer as we?" "Judge Clayton, Canutesen the Norvegian, and myself."

"Ah, that is like Clayton. He was the ing of a "dead" thing. veneered with modern learning and the true chivalry of civilization. I knew him "He was my best friend," said Nor

"Did he convey to you his unerring aim

"He has often said that he did." "And his love of fisticuffs, with his ad-

"He may be one of those men father to extract and make schedules of these ex- reflection, for he said no more during the "How deep is the snow upon the moun-

> so as, if possible, to trace an excess of ex- tains, usually, in winter?" asked Miss "From nothing to six, eight, ten, or

> > Here Norman was led into a brief de-

how are the books ?-too soon to ask that waking from his mood of reflection and grandly sensible women that they some-"Rather, sir. But still," said Norman, coat, pulled the collar up about his neck, only the wise, there would be a monopoly paper after paper, rippling off the wrappers laying down his pencil, "there seems to looked for his hat, and said to his wife : of wisdom. Nature abhors a monopoly no with his thumb, till at length he began a

streets of San Francisco.

and lang syne." that if the amount of timber charged as lit by the light of other days, in which upon the wise pate of Socrates by his used was used in the place to which it is there was to him a quiet significance that | wedded wife, who had no taste for a full | there a break in stocks ?" allotted, there would be little room for sent him out of the house smiling as if he

"Very good, very good, Mr. Maydole! The family dispersed, and Norman Let us go to breakfast," Then he sudden- went back again to the contemplation of about to lead, going back to his desk, it occurred to him that the present was as cussions of the young man. opened a drawer, saying, "Here. It may good a time as any to follow the directions himself out of the side door, and proceed-

When he sent in the card given him by draw him into conversation, and asked : Galen came, himself, to meet him and greet him, saying :

of Dr. Minnis's is a personal friend to me house ?" when bringing the proper credentials. In what way can I serve you?"

"My shoulder-" Norman was beginning to say. "Inst so. Step into my private office."

Norman entered, laid bare his shoulders, and the doctor, as he proceeded in removing the slight dressing of his wounds, uttered, half under his breath, yet still audible to his patient, a rapid series of

"Well, well, well !" "Do you find it in a had condition? I

"No, no. The wound is doing nicely, and amounts to nothing to speak of." "I thought by your exclamation it had

passed into some new condition." "No, no!" said the doctor, laughing. "I was surprised at your heavy develorment of chest and muscle, so greatly in contrast with your facial indications. You are a very big little man, sir-not so little, either-I should more properly say you are a bigger man than you look. Like the Dutchman's borse, you are big

when you are lying down." Norman smiled. almost a wound in the back," continued and I say it, not to disparage them, but the doctor, as he worked busily at his art to do him justice."

"I was on the top of a stage, and we were fired upon by footmen in the road.' "The direction of the ball-hole indicates

as much. The wound also shows it to "Perhaps it was. I can not tell much bout how I got it; we were busy at the

time-the driver and I-and the balls were numerous and lively." "Stage robbers?"

"Yes, sir." "When ?"

"On Monday." "Where?"

"Summit of Buckeye Canon grade." "I know the place-have hunted quail

with Minnis. Anybody killed?"

"I do not know-not any of the passen-"Why, you don't say you fought them?

By this time the doctor was through with all that was to be done, and assisted Norman to dress.

"Doctor, what is your charge?" "Nothing, sir. A young man who fights stage-robbers, and is a friend of Dr. Minnis, is welcome to any service I can do

"Thank you, doctor," said Norman moving quietly toward the door. "Good day, sir." "I will be happy to see you at any time.

Come and see me. Good day." Norman returned to his work on the books. He worked deliberately, diligently, like Champollion, deciphering, by scientific classification, the hidden mean-

bless me! Maydole! I know your father.

Day after day, his life wore on in agreeable monotony. Day after day, Colonel Holten, with his quick, all-seeing glances, watched him, and silently warmed toward him. Day after day, he met the family of his employer and friend, and

Mrs. Holten called him a good boynot to his face, however. Miss Judith Holten and Miss Alice Winans drew him into talks about the mountains, and listen- from off her heart. "To some degree."

If a line hunting stories and mountain adventures; while the two younger girls hands, and secured to catch an idea for said that his talk was "just splendid."

In the days through which this little story runs the news did not travel as it does to-day. It had to be carried partly by stage, then some distance by rail but the said that his talk was "just splendid."

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Miss Alice Winans was rather puzzled even in that case, it would have come with him. In her philosophical intellect direct enough if the news-gatherer had the he was always something between a latent alert energy which is manifest to-day. monster and a good young gentleman, The news of the attempted stage robbery while in her heart he began to be a photo- went backward to the principal mining graphic "negative," which only grew town nearest to which it occurred, and distinct against the dark shadow of him thence, being published in the dally town which lurked in her intellect. Over the paper in full, found its way, as a briet shadow she talked, analyzed, and philoso- "State Item," into the city fournals. phized; over the "negative" she sighed scription of snow-shoeing, up and down and kept silent. Queer it is, at times, that robbers had yet found its way into the have so filled the shaft with timber that over the deep snow on the silent, white- our heads go one way and our hearts the Holten house; but, during the late eventhe twelve by six foot opening would be clad mountains, until Miss Winans, in the other. There is no science in love-and ing conversation last above related as reduced to a six by three. He was work- month of June, said she was freezing, and mighty little judgment. Blessed be the occurring between Miss Judith and Miss ing to verify this matter, when Colonel wanted to know if the company did not man who first invented true love-he Alice, Colonel Holten came in with his Holten suddenly awoke from his trance, hear the sleigh-bells jingling through the didn't put much brains leto it. If he had, country main, as it was his custom to keep he would have spoiled it, and poor, ordi- himself posted on matters throughout the "I think I do," said Colonel Holten, as, nary male devils could never marry the State, and sat down to take his comfort rising from the table, he buttoned up his times do marry. If the wise were to wed He read away quietly enough, opening "My dear, put on your wraps, and we less than she does a vacuum. The invenwill go for a merry ride under the robes of | tor of true love seems to have been famil- | declare !" "Well done!" "Good boy !" iar with these great facts; hence, we have "Served 'em right !" and so on, with his Mrs. Holten looked at him with a smile the dirty water poured from the window wife, catching the excitement, asked :

> head with a lean larder. Norman was discussed by the two young

ladies from time to time. "Father is taking a strong fancy for Mr.

"I do not see why he should not." "Nor I. either. But I am sus picious of father's weakness that way." "I do not call it weakness."

"Perhaps it is not, in this case -at least I hope not. But tather has always had a romantic notion of fluding some kind of young ladies not yet gone to bed, handed an ideal young man. He is always, as the it in at the door, saying : miners call it, 'prospecting' for such a ness."

"Does your father object to billiards, "I am pleased to meet you. Any patient and permit billiard tables in his own Alice read as follows:

> "No, not to billiards in moderation. But he dislikes-I may say abhors-all futile absorption. You will hear him, ome time, talk about it-about the young men of this age throwing their immortal souls into billiard balls, and lounging their energies away in the smoke of fancy know if this Cocho is a pig or a person." brands of cigars, and so forth."

"Had he no youthful follies?"

"I do not know, of course; but as near as I can find out, father has always been a worker and a driver. Something of a hero, perhaps,"

"On Change?"

"More than that, I think. The men ago, have told me that in the early days doers. I have also heard him speak of such things."

"Judith you have a great admiration

for your father." "I should say I had," said Judith, with a round, full, and assuring emphasis. "My father is the jewel of all our tribe. Yet he is so modest that he does not know it. He always puts mother's people above

"Do you think Mr. Maydole has characteristics resembling those of your father?" is more tried. See what my father has come through in his younger life; leaving home almost a boy; looking cut for himselt; then plunging into the wildest days of the gold excitement, with no hand to softly-it could not have been done any fitting testimonials of esteem and admira other way-hold him back from the riot

midst of rauch badness he has grown to be better than good." Miss Alice made no immediate reply ; erhaps she paused to hold the "negative"

he is to-day, so far as I can learn, a strong,

clean, domestic gentleman. Out of the

against the shadow. Then she said : "Judith, you are like your father." "Doubtless I look like him, but I'm not

"Why not?" "Because he is self-paised and perpendicular, while I ching, like a great squash-

rine, to whatever is higher than I." "That is because you are a woman." "There are plenty of women who cling to nothing."

"Trial may deprive you of your tendrils then you, too, will be self-poised and perpendicular." "Never. I have a mother, also, as well as a father. When my father strikes his Let me see," referring to the card, "why, tent, my mother mounts the camel of

> without asking 'whither.' I fear I have inherited the amlable weakness." "That is because she has learned to

follow a strong man." "Well, I shall not tollow a weak one." replied Judith, in what seemed flat conradiction of herself; then she added; "I, at least, must think he is strong, or I never will put myself in a way to follow

This conversation, so far, does not seem to be much of a discussion of Mr. Maydole, and yet, to the astute brain of Miss Allee Winans, it said much that she wished to find out about Mr. Maydole's prospective position in the Holten tamily, and caused her to wish that the 'negative' would fade

No whisper of Norman's war with the in a quiet glance at the general outlook. series of exclamations, such as, "Well, I

"What is the matter, my dear? Is

"No, my dear. Listen." Then be rend it carefully, in good style, for he was thoroughly waked up to its merits, while his wife, in her turn, applauded with astonished exclamations.

"I must take it right straight to the girls," said Mrs. Holten, gasping the paper, and passing to the door.

"Tell them not to lose that paper," the Colonel called after her as she passed out. Mrs. Holten carried the paper to her daughter's apartments, and finding the

"Here's news for you, girls," and straightway returned to her husband. "Read it Alice," requested Miss Judith, giving it to her friend, who sat half-buried in a softly-cushioned chair; and Miss

"THE ROBBER FOILED!

"THE VILLAINOUS 'COCHO PIZAN' PROB-ABLY KILLED BY YOUNG MAYDOLE. Having read the display lines at the head of the article, she laid the hand which held the paper down in her lap, and looked at her companion.

"Read on." said Judith, "and let us "I imagine he is a corpse. Didn't you hear him, at the breakfast table, admit that he was a crack shot, as they call it?" "I don't remember-read on."

Miss Alice looked at her friend again,

"The stage from this place was waylaid on Monday forenoon, at Buckeye Canon, who were young along with him, years by three masked men, heavily armed with "Curly' Reese, the driver, says that the of the gold diggings, father used to lead robbers leaped into the road, stopped the the fights against the Indians and wrong. team, and commanded Norman Maydole, Jr. (son of our worthy County Clerk), the only outside passenger, to throw up his hands. Maydole did not throw up his hands worth a cent; but on the contrary, drew his pistol and dropped the captain of the gang at the first fire, then continued to fire upon the other two, while he. Curly,' plied the lash to his horses, and drove out of range. He further states that the whole thing did not last a minute, and that one of the robbers-presur notorious 'Cocho Pizan'-is dead ! and he himself. They are good people, it is true, thinks also one of the other robbers is as Norman smiled.

"How did you get this wound? It is but father is worth all of them put together; but father is worth all of them put together; good as dead. This statement is confirmed and I say it, not to disparage them, but "Curly' exhibits his hat perforated by a hall; also, the ball-holes in his coach, and states that young Maydole is wounded

one of his shoulders, but not seriously. "Norman Maydole, Jr., is a most wor-"I do not know. Sometimes I think he thy young man; pupil, friend and protege Ciayton. If he has killed the tamous and infamous 'Cocho,' he has done the State a service, and set our people an example, which, if followed up, would make of stage rebbing a lost art. express companies should make young man, and also to the driver, some

tion for their gallant conduct. "LATER. - Cocho Pizan' is undoubtedly dead; which fact proves the wisdom of the colored janitor of the Court-house, at place, who said, when the rumor first heard: 'Yo' bet yo' life, ef Nawman pluted a loaded pistel at a man, and fired hit off, dat man's dead-er mighty

Then Miss Alice laid her hands and the

newspaper in her lap, and, leaning back in the luxurious chair, looked at Miss Judith whose eyes were brilliant and steady. "I think his conduct is as modest and heroic as any I ever heard of-these several days he is in this house talking about his home and the mountains, and yet never to mention one word about an action so

gallant and so very recent. It almost seems that he has kept it back for dramatic "Oh, no! I think not," said Miss Alice, in a weary sort of manner, still leaning back in her chair; "I suppose if we had known enough to lead the conversation in that direction, he would have talked of it." "Would you not have spoken of it

among your earliest words, if you had obedience, and rides in the family caravan, been in his place?" "The question is not to be asked methe conditions are impossible. He does not think of it as we do. To him it is but the firing off of a gun, to which he is accustomed as to the snapping of one's fin

gers ; a little noise and racket—that's all "But you torget that he is wounded, and has been wounded while we were talking to him all these days. It does not seem real. It doesn't seem possible such a man could be so near, and yet look so little and so unlike what he is

"He is larger than Napoleon Bonaparte, than General Phil. Sheridan, or than many other men who have cast long sha ss the world." "Alice, it don't seem to me been as considerate of him as he de I begin to feel a growing sense of un-

"His conduct has been very direct, hon-