

# POWDER WORKS BLOWN TO BITS.

## Storage Magazine at Hull, Quebec, Destroyed by Fire.

### Baseball Crowd Gathered to Watch the Fire, Disregards Warning, and Many are Slaughtered.

Ottawa, Ont., May 10.—In an explosion today the plant of the General Explosives company, of Canada, near Hull, Quebec, was totally wrecked. Fifteen persons were killed and 50 others injured. The force of the explosion was terrific. The country for miles around was laid waste and many small buildings in the city of Hull, on the side nearest the explosion, were laid flat on the ground.

A baseball game was in progress a short distance from the powder works, about 6 o'clock this evening. The teams were playing the last inning and when a fire was seen in one of the small buildings of the powder plant, the crowd began to swarm up the hill to get a better view of the blaze.

Warnings of danger soon came to the onlookers in two small explosions. Sparks and fragments of the wrecked building fell among the spectators and there was a scurrying from what was considered the danger zone.

Some men in the crowd, aware of the possibility of the danger when the main magazine should be reached, pleaded with the crowd to still further back. Many heeded the warning. Others, apparently enjoying the element of danger in the spectacle, stood within 1,000 yards of the burning buildings. They were kept on the quiver by the continuous detonations that sent showers of burning brands in all directions.

The scene where the crowd from the ball game stood resembled a battlefield. Headless, armless and legless bodies were lying about among scores of unconscious forms. The silence that followed the final death-dealing blast was broken by the terrifying cries and moans which came with a return to consciousness of the badly injured.

## RECLAMATION SHAKE-UP SURE

### Bullinger Says If He Stays Every Disloyal Subordinate Must Go.

Washington, May 10.—Reorganization of the reclamation service, long rumored, is regarded as a certainty since the decision of the witness stand yesterday of Secretary Bullinger that if he continued at the head of the department of the interior, the "snakes" would "all be killed—every one of them."

Secretary Bullinger makes no secret of his determination to have a loyal force around him. Washington knows pretty well the difficulties with which he has had to contend, which are the difficulties that beset any man in high position whose subordinates resort to "office politics" to prevent the results he is seeking to attain. Hence, regardless of views as to the merits of the Bullinger-Pinchot controversy itself, there is a general sympathy with the attitude of Bullinger himself.

Any secretary, says that part of Washington officialdom that has had real experience and undertakes, would be justified in enforcing loyal action by those lower down and in discharging those subordinates who are insubordinate. Consequently Washington agrees without reservation to how it may divide upon the personal issue—applauds the secretary's statement yesterday:

"I have found that the only way to control some of these fellows is to discharge them."

For other official Washingtonians have been in the same boat. Bullinger refused pointedly to specify which "snakes" will be killed, but his previous testimony has helped Washington to make some predictions as to heads that will fall.

## Date for Revolution Set.

Changsha, China, May 10.—The general uneasiness has been greatly increased here by the appearance of a large number of posters unsigned—demanding the destruction of foreigners and of native Christians, and setting May 27 as the date for a general anti-Manchu uprising. Government officials have destroyed the posters and the city is being strongly patrolled. Agitators are holding secret meetings, but it is believed that the presence of foreign gunboats will act as a check to the movements.

## Hero Policeman is Dead.

Philadelphia, May 10.—W. Weiss, a policeman, died here today of injuries received in saving three children from death under the hoofs of the horses in a chariot race at a circus performance last Thursday.

## Boat is Made of Concrete.

Washington, May 11.—It will puzzle most people to know that a boat built of concrete will not only float, but has a greater carrying capacity, is more durable, and even lighter than a strongly constructed wooden boat.

## Throat Affected, T. R. Rests.

Stockholm, May 10.—Ex-President Roosevelt shortened his program today even more than it had already been abbreviated by King Edward's death, because of the hoarseness from which he is suffering. A throat specialist visited the palace twice today and recommended that Colonel Roosevelt stay indoors, as the weather was rainy. Colonel Roosevelt left his apartments only once. He took lunch with Charles H. Graves, the American minister.

## Taft Will Open Fair.

New York, May 10.—President Taft will tomorrow open the third fair of the Actor's Fund of America, through which funds are raised to care for aged and destitute actors. It is the first time that a president of the United States has thus honored the stage and managers and players alike have united to give him a spectacular welcome.

## WINTER WHEAT IMPROVES.

Crop Reports Show Pacific Northwest Grain Better.

Washington, May 11.—According to May estimates of the department of agriculture, the winter wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest was in better condition May 1, 1910, than May 1, 1909, in Washington and Idaho the condition being above the 10-year average.

Reports show that 6 per cent of the winter wheat acreage in Oregon has been abandoned, leaving 476,000 acres to be harvested. The condition of this crop is reported at 95, as compared with 93 last year. The 10-year average for Oregon is 96.

Eight and two-tenths per cent of the Washington acreage has been abandoned, leaving 676,000 acres to be harvested, the condition of the crop on May 1 is 95, being 2 per cent above that of last year and 3 per cent above the 10-year average.

In Idaho 4 per cent of the acreage has been abandoned, leaving 345,000 acres to be harvested. The condition of the Idaho winter wheat on May 1 was 98, against 93 of last year, and 95 on the 10-year average.

## SOCIALISTS BACK UP THEORIES WITH CASH.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 11.—It is announced by city officials that Milwaukee municipal bonds will not go begging under a Social Democratic administration.

At a meeting in Chicago the executive board of the International Bakers' union decided to buy Milwaukee bonds to the extent of \$200,000, should the need for such action arise. The bakers have in their treasury \$200,000 in United States bonds and these they have decided to sell, giving them that amount of money for Milwaukee bonds should there be any move by Eastern bankers to hamper the Social Democratic administration.

The International Bakers' union requested all other unions to take similar action. It is said the brewery workers' organization, holding nearly \$1,000,000 in United States bonds, will fall in line on the proposition.

## MINERS RESUME CRUSADE.

Further Disorders Result in Pittsburg District in Kansas.

Pittsburg, Kansas, May 11.—Marching miners resumed their crusade against the operations of the mines in this vicinity today and some disorder resulted.

Forty-seven miners at Croburg attempted to pull the fires in the mines there, but they were driven away by other miners seeking to prevent trouble.

At Curranville, the marchers succeeded in putting out the fires in the Breezy Hill mines and the men there were driven away.

The fires under the boilers of the coal company's water works also were drawn, and the town is without water. The marchers later started for the mines near Mulberry.

## WAGES FURTHER INCREASE.

Five Thousand Telegraphers Gain Concessions from Railroad.

Philadelphia, May 11.—Several important concessions have been secured by the 5,000 telegraphers on the Pennsylvania railroad system east of Pittsburg, following a meeting of the general committee representing the operators and General Manager Myers, of the company.

In addition to the general 6 per cent increase in wages recently declared by the company, supplementary increases were granted to equalize wages with the amount of work performed.

## Blow at Bleached Flour.

Des Moines, Iowa, May 11.—Judge McPherson in the Federal court today upheld the national pure food law as regards bleached flour when he dismissed the complaint of the Shawnee Milling company, of Kansas, and the Updike Milling company, of Omaha, brought in behalf of the Western Milling company, asking that United States district attorney M. L. Temple, of Iowa, be enjoined from seizing bleached flour shipped into Iowa. The decision does not state whether or not the bleached flour is injurious.

## Jap Sealers Lie in Wait.

Juneau, Alaska, May 11.—Six Japanese sealing schooners are lying in wait off Sitka to intercept the seal herds as they pass north to the breeding grounds. In the crews of the sealers have been recognized many of the Japanese who have served terms of imprisonment in Alaska for violation of the laws regulating pelagic sealing. Federal game wardens report that at least 50,000 deer have perished in Southeastern Alaska because of the unusual severity of the winter. Eighty dead deer were found in one ravine.

## Boat is Made of Concrete.

Washington, May 11.—It will puzzle most people to know that a boat built of concrete will not only float, but has a greater carrying capacity, is more durable, and even lighter than a strongly constructed wooden boat.

## Seattle Fishermen Strike.

Seattle, Wash., May 11.—Three hundred Indian salmon fishermen at Ketchikan, Alaska, have formed a union and struck against an attempt of the factories to reduce the price of fish from 6 to 4 cents. The Ketchikan factories preserve salmon by a mild-cure process and ship the product to Germany, where it is a favorite article of food.

## Rioters Destroy Mission.

Changsha, China, May 11.—Word has reached here that riots have occurred at Yen Chow, which is 225 miles from Changsha, and that the land mission has been destroyed. No details are given, as the telegraph wires have been cut.

# BRIEF REPORT OF THE DAILY WORK OF NATION'S LAWMAKERS

## Washington, May 14.—Many members of the house of representatives today received in the mail a printed copy of a telegram sent to Representative Poindexter May 9 by Father H. J. Vandever, pastor of St. Patrick's church of Walla Walla, viciously attacking the Jones bill authorizing the sale of the Walla Walla military reservation to Whitman college. It is expected this bill will be called up for passage in the house Monday, and the sender of the telegram expects his message to be read to the house at that time.

The house committee on library has favorably reported the Humphrey bill authorizing the marking of the old Oregon trail, and authorizes an appropriation of \$25,000 as the government's contribution toward the cost of the undertaking. The bill is amended to permit the secretary of war to receive contributions from any one source to a fund to be known as the Oregon trail fund, which money shall be used, in connection with that appropriated by congress, in the erection of suitable monuments along the Oregon trail.

The adoption by the senate yesterday of a long and short haul amendment to the railroad bill will result, it is believed, in hastening the final vote on the measure and make easier the task of the conferees who will attempt to harmonize the differences between the senate and the house. This is the consensus of opinion expressed by congress leaders.

Washington, May 13.—By a sudden welding late today of supposedly irreconcilable factions, the senate by a vote of 56 to 10 adopted a compromise amendment to the railroad bill for the regulation of relative charges for long and short hauls.

The agreement was reached chiefly because each faction apparently thought it was getting the better of a shrewdly-driven bargain. Some senators tonight suggest the Supreme court may have to arbitrate the question as to which faction's judgment is right.

Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, is playing the "Heyburn act" with the Warren irrigation bill that is now before the house committee on irrigation. He is not objecting to the bill on the alleged ground that it is unconstitutional, as Heyburn did, but he is objecting to the form and the language of the measure as it passed the senate, and wants to substitute a bill of his own framing. This is Mondell's favorite method of opposing legislation that other Western men advocate.

Ever since he entered congress Mondell has regarded himself as the only man in either body competent to draw satisfactory legislation in the interest of the West. No matter who introduces a bill, how popular it may be, or how satisfactory its form, Mondell wants to change it and substitute language of his own.

In the house of representatives today, Congressman Fordney, of Michigan, delivered an address in reply to Senator Beveridge's Indiana tariff speech, in which the latter criticized the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. Fordney declared Beveridge had assaulted the Republican party and held himself up to his constituents as a martyr, representing himself as the savior of his people.

Washington, May 12.—"The new corporation tax law is exceeding our expectations," said Internal Revenue Commissioner Royal E. Cabell, the official charged primarily with the imposition and collection of this new form of tax which was authorized by the Payne-Aldrich tariff act of August 5, 1909.

"Not only will the corporation tax yield a greater revenue than we anticipated," continued the commissioner, "but the corporations, with very few exceptions, are showing a disposition to meet the requirements of the law and have made prompt returns. There has been very little attempt to evade the law, and it may be said to be working with greater satisfaction than might reasonably be expected of a law so new and which is such a radical departure from past practice."

"While the constitutionality of the corporation tax has been brought into question and will soon be decided by the United States Supreme court, we are proceeding with the enforcement of the law as if the question had not been raised, for the law today is binding in its effect and will continue so, unless declared unconstitutional."

The commissioner in his annual report estimated that the corporation tax for the first year, being the calendar year which ended December 31, 1909, would approximate \$25,000,000. In congress the estimates ran all the way from \$12,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Washington, May 11.—Senator Jones today introduced a bill appropriating \$25,000 to defray the cost of experimenting with the parcels post system on rural free delivery routes. He also presented to the Interior department a petition of residents of Nespelem, Okanogan county, on the south half of the Colville Indian reservation, asking that lands they occupy be set aside as a national park.

## Rear Admiral Adams Retires.

Washington, May 12.—By operation of law rear admiral James D. Adams, commandant of the naval station at Charleston, S. C., was placed on the retired list today. He is a native of New York, but was appointed to the navy from Mississippi in 1864. He has had over 21 years' service at sea and about the same amount of shore duty. He reached the grade of rear admiral in 1908, and has been at Charleston since January, 1909. His retirement results in the promotion of Captain W. N. H. Sutherland.

## Drug Standard Raised.

Washington, May 12.—Speaking to the 500 delegates of the United States Pharmacopoeial convention, Secretary Nagel today told them they were voluntarily doing a work which would make government regulation of their business unnecessary and sharply condemned what he termed the "opposition of the large interests" to the efforts of the government to regulate commerce and establish standards of honesty and fair dealing.

## Water Competition is a Fiction.

Washington, May 10.—"Water competition is a fiction," declared Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, in the course of a speech in support of a long measure for amendment to the interstate commerce bill.

His declaration was made in response to an interruption by Senator Briggs, of New Jersey, who had set up the argument that transcontinental rail rates were necessarily affected by water competition, an argument that did not meet the approval of the Idaho senator, but which brought forth the foregoing answer.

Without a single dissenting Republican vote, the house passed the railroad bill, which President Taft wished enacted at the present session of congress, by 200 to 126.

Fourteen Democrats joined the majority. President Taft tonight said that he was deeply gratified over the passage of the measure. He was especially pleased with the comfortable margin by which the commerce court feature was kept in the bill, for he regards this court as probably the most important step in the proposed law.

Senator Russell called his tavern the "Traveler's Rest," a name with a gruesome significance in view of the rumors that were current to the effect that within its walls many an unfortunate traveler had found the "rest which knows no waking."

In the earlier days of its existence the place enjoyed an extensive patronage, due principally to the death of hostilities in that thinly settled section; but as the years passed it gained a sinister reputation through the character of its habits and diverse weird tales that were whispered about among the regulars.

Andrew, the son, was a powerful, evil-looking fellow, the prototype of his father, and in early life acquired an unenviable reputation as a gambler and bully. He won considerable unenviable renown through his great physical prowess, being an adept at a certain form of contest then in vogue. This was known as "butting," and consisted in the assuming by the contestants of positions some ten feet apart, whence, at the command of a referee, they would rush forward with lowered heads to dash their craniums together with fearful force.

Russell is said to have killed several opponents in such contests, and subsequently met retributive justice in a like manner.

On the other hand, Martha, the daughter, was a singularly beautiful and winsome girl—the personification of innocence and virtue. Her relationship to the people at the inn was often doubted, and it was believed by many that Russell had abducted her in infancy from a station in life far above his own. Her fate is an unsolved mystery, but a thrilling tradition of the "Traveler's Rest," recounted for half a century about Ohio Valley firesides, furnishes the basis for belief that she perished at the hands of Moses Russell or some of his murderous associates.

During the spring of 1848, if this tradition is to be credited, a young man named Richard Sanderson was commissioned by an employer to convey a thousand dollars in gold from Cincinnati to Louisville.

Well armed and bristling a flea, Sanderson set out for his destination with keen zest for the journey smacked of adventure and afforded a welcome relief from the monotony of business routine.

Shortly before dusk the young messenger was overtaken by a severe storm, through which he pressed on for some time, finally arriving near the "Traveler's Rest." A cheerful light shining from one of the windows apprised him of its proximity, and he lost no time in seeking admittance.

His efforts to arouse the inmates were unsuccessful until he had dismounted and beaten a vigorous tattoo upon the sturdy door. His patience was almost exhausted when a man, whose bloated, bear-eyed visage spoke eloquently of dissipation, thrust a frowzy head out into the storm.

In response to Sanderson's request for lodging this individual ungraciously directed him to stable his horse in an adjacent shed. Swearing horribly, he slammed the door against the howling wind after directing the young man, but not quickly enough to prevent Sanderson from taking a partial inventory of the interior.

In the center of the room, about a small table upon which stood a bottle and several glasses, sat two villainous-looking white men and a mulatto, whose countenance was fully in keeping with those of his companions. A vacant chair at the farther side of the table showed the traveler where his prospective host had been seated.

An involuntary chill, not occasioned by the storm alone, passed down Sanderson's spine as he viewed the uninviting scene. All the stories that he had ever heard of murdered travelers and wayside man-traps recurred to him in rapid, disquieting succession.

These thoughts, coupled with others bearing upon the importance of his mission and the possible degree of peril which might here be in store for

## WIND O' THE MOOR.

Wind o' the moor, breath of the vast free reaches,  
What is the muttable voice wherewith you cry?  
I listen and listen again and I dream your speech is  
Freighted with whisper of lips from the days gone by.

Ever at dawn of the day, or when sunsets darken,  
The murmur comes of strange inscrutable things:  
And methinks that I often catch, what time I hearken,  
The rustle of feet and the beating of unseen wings.

Wind o' the moor, you are eldritch, aye, you are eerie;  
For all of the pain of the past can you find no cure?  
Rest for a little space, for my heart is weary,  
And would fain forget—forget, O wind o' the moor!

—Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

# The House of Death

In the days of log school-houses and overland travel there stood near Elizabethtown, Ohio, a wayside inn, the history of which teems with terrible deeds.

The hostelry occupied a position on an eminence overlooking a much-frequented highway known as the Michigan Road, which skirted Elizabethtown in its course toward Cincinnati and the vast northwestern territory beyond. The inn was established by one Moses Russell, an evil wretch to whom the most heinous crimes were subsequently attributed.

The house comprised ten rooms, half of which were fitted up for the accommodation of transient guests, and was a typical tavern of those early times. The tap-room, that necessary adjunct of old-time inns, served the double purpose of a dramshop and lounging place. It was more extensively patronized than the rest of the house, being a popular resort for Cincinnati "bloods," who were wont to congregate there for Bacchanalian revels.

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him, caused the young man more than transitory uneasiness. Sober second thought, however, showed him the fatuity of continuing his journey through the driving tempest, and after stabling his horse he entered the tap-room.

The atmosphere of the place was dense with vile-smelling tobacco smoke, and redolent with the fumes of liquor. With a feeling of increasing disgust he seated himself as far as possible from the smokers, who had nodded perfunctorily upon his entrance and now appeared to be engrossed in their game of cards.

The landlord had taken advantage of the time consumed by the traveler in stabling his horse to order a meal for him, and, much to Sanderson's gratification, it was soon announced.

He was conducted to an adjoining room, which bore an air of neatness so utterly at variance with the slovenly state of the tap-room that the traveler was not surprised when a young and rather handsome girl came in to serve him.

There was a perturbed expression on her face, however, that immediately riveted his attention. Casting an uneasy glance about her, she glided to his side, and whispered:

"The men in the tap-room mean to murder you! They are aware of your mission and intend to kill you for the gold in your possession!"

Ere the startled Sanderson could frame a reply the girl hastened from the room, leaving him a prey to the most distracting thoughts. The information she had given him, needless to say, roused in his breast the most poignant apprehensions, for he realized that his life depended upon the celerity and secrecy with which he effected his escape from the tavern. Rising, he cast about for some means of egress

other than the door by which he had entered. He spied another, opening into the yard. It yielded to his touch and he stepped outside.

The storm had now somewhat abated and the landscape was shrouded in friendly gloom. Apparently it would be but a trivial matter to step to the shed, mount his horse, which was still saddled, and be far away before either the landlord or his villainous colleagues discovered his flight.

But Sanderson was soon to discover that he had underestimated the resourceful cunning of the men with whom he had to deal.

Ere he had traversed a quarter of the distance between the inn and the shed he beheld, pacing to and fro before the latter building, a man who proved to be none other than the landlord himself. Evidently Russell had taken up his position there for the express purpose of frustrating just such a move as was being attempted. To left and right were other shadowy sentinels guarding every possible avenue of escape.

With a feeling akin to despair Sanderson hastened back to the dining room, where he was met by the pretty serving girl. From her he learned that he was to be put in the loft, which was approached only by a trap-door opening from the tap-room. There, while he slept, he was to be murdered by the landlord and his associates.

"Fearing that you were not fully armed, I have brought you this pistol," said the girl, proffering a weapon of large caliber, which would doubtless be most effective in the battle which now seemed inevitable. "Do not betray the slightest sign of uneasiness," she went on, "for if the slightest suspicion attaches to me, nothing will stay my father's vengeance."

"You are the landlord's daughter, then?" said Sanderson, plying mingled with the gratitude he felt for the perilous service she was rendering him.

"Heaven help me, yes!" she replied. "But go, before my father discovers us together." With these words she left the room.

Sanderson, after a moment, returned to the tap-room possessed of a feeling of coolness that but an instant before he had despised even of assuming.

At bed-time the landlord came to him with an apologetic smile that revealed nothing of the iniquitous plot smothering in his crafty brain.

"I shall have to put you in the loft," he said. "All the other rooms are occupied. There's another man up there, but he's drunk and won't bother you." The horrifying suspicion that the supposed drunken man had been selected to murder him immediately suggested itself to Sanderson. But to voice the suspicion would, he felt, needlessly precipitate matters. So, with an inward shudder, he assented to the landlord's arrangements.

Russell provided his guest with a tallow candle, and then returned to his game of cards with his villainous-looking associates.

Ascending the rude ladder leading to the loft, Sanderson found himself in a large apartment, whose rafters were festooned with cobwebs and grimed with the accumulated dust of years.

Stretched at full length upon a coarse pallet in a corner of the room lay the man to whom the innkeeper had referred. Sanderson with a shudder of repulsion, saw that he was a negro.

The floor of the apartment, which also formed the ceiling of the room below, was seamed with numerous cracks, and up through these came the sound of rattling glasses and the boisterous voices of the men. Gluing his eyes to one of the apertures, Sanderson gained a splendid view of the tap-room beyond.

For what appeared an almost interminable period the villainous quartet applied themselves assiduously to the game. At last, however, when Sanderson was on the verge of losing all patience, they set aside their cards and, drawing closer together, conversed earnestly for some time. They spoke in guarded tones, but the listener was able to follow the trend of their conference sufficiently to confirm his worst fears.

Presently Russell took up the cards, shuffled them, and placed the pack in the center of the table.

"The man who draws the highest card does the job, Harvey," Sanderson heard him say to the man seated at his right.

Each of the four drew a card from the pack and laid it face upward on the table. Sanderson saw that the man addressed as Harvey had drawn an ace, while those which fell to the lot of the others were of lesser denomination.

"You're the lucky man, Harvey," laughed Russell. "You knife the young cub while the rest of us dig his grave."

The words sent a thrill of horror through Sanderson as their portent dawned upon him. It was his own grave they purposed to dig!

"Look out for Black Bob," continued the landlord, warningly. "He's up there, drunker than a Dutch peddler."

"I'll kill 'em both!" snarled Harvey, showing his fang-like teeth in a wolfish smile. "I've got a grudge against the nigger, anyhow."

From a cupboard behind the bar Russell produced a rusty shovel and spade, together with a pickaxe. The latter implement he gave to the mutator, handing the other man the shovel, and retaining the spade himself. The trio of villains then hurried outside.

Meanwhile the chosen assassin drew a long-bladed knife from somewhere about his person. Running his hand caressingly along the keen edge he began to test its sharpness.

The moment for action had arrived! Sanderson, every nerve tense with excitement, cautiously retreated from his post of observation, numerous plans for offense and defense following each other in rapid succession through his overwrought brain.

He realized that, well armed and wide awake, the odds were very much in his favor. He was in a position to sweep the only entrance to the room with his pistol, and this advantageous arrangement of the loft assured him of being pitted against not more than one of the miscreants at a time, provided, of course, that the negro did not array himself with the tavern cut-throat. This, however, in view of what he had overheard, seemed improbable. He accordingly determined to enlist the black giant's aid in his own behalf.

Black Bob was sleeping soundly, his face buried in the blankets. Sanderson touched him lightly and he awoke with a growl.

"Harvey is coming up the ladder to kill us. Russell and the others are even now preparing our graves in the yard."

The click of the negro's pistol as, cocking it, he sank back amongst his blankets, feigning slumber, was the only reply; but it sounded so loud to Sanderson's preternaturally acute sense of hearing, that he was apprehensive lest Harvey, hearing it as well, would be warned away before the black could find an opportunity of ending his evil career.

The mental agony of the next few moments was intense. Sanderson's heart seemed to pound like a trip-hammer in his breast. But, emulating Black Bob's example, he, too, feigned slumber.

Presently, very silently, Harvey mounted the ladder, the trap was cautiously lifted, the door creaked slightly beneath a heavy weight, and the would-be assassin approached the pallet. Sanderson held his breath in suspense. Was he to shoot first, or did the negro mean to fire?