THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS

A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN NEVER-NEVER

BY JOHN MACKIE

AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND" AND "SINNERS TWAIN"

[Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.]

Continued from first page.

me I had better go to the police barracks and see Jack. He said he himself could count the bundles of wire that came from the vessel. I went up the little rise to the tent that had been pitched for the two women. When I had seen the way in which Norah Mackenzie had spoken to Jack on his arrest by the police, it not only surprised but made me speculate on the sentiments that had prompted her to interest herself on his behalf. What if, after all—and I thought it not unlikely—Jack had made an impression on her which was to be the deathknell of my hopes? When I reached the tent door, the barking of the dogs before they had recognized me brought out Norah Mackenzie. She spoke first, probably to relieve me of any embarrassment. Elsie Gordon left as I came up.

"Oh, come in, Mr. Parker! Somehow I thought you'd come." Her manner was much as usual and as if she were unaware that anything disagreeable had occurred.

"I suppose you're going to see Mr. Tyndall tonight? H[illegible]s you any idea at whose instance the warrant was taken out or who gave the information?"

It was one of those points on which one could only have a suspicion, for, much as I disliked Daly, I had no actual proofs that he had communicated with the police. I hesitated before answering her, and quickly reviewed the circumstances of the case. That Jack had been in the company of the mur-

The barking of the dogs brought out Norah Mackenzie.

dered man I had learned from his own lips. As to the identity of the murderer I was, of course, ignorant, but until he was discovered there was a strong presumption that my mate was the guilty party. Now, I felt morally certain that Jack was innocent, but unless he proved—as there was some chance of his doing—that he was not John Farquharson, but Tyndall, and thus gave us time to bring the real murderer to light, in all probability he would be hanged. I suppose as these thoughts occupied my mind the girl must have misinterpreted my silence, for she spoke again.

"You needn't answer. I dare say it was silly of me to expect you would take a woman and a comparative stranger into your 'confidence'"—there was just the faintest trace of pique in her manner. "My reason for asking if you knew who gave the information was simply because I thought there was something in which I might be able to assist you."

Still I could not see what good was to be attained by making a confidant of her; so I remained silent. Resting her chin on a sun browned hand, she looked steadily at me for a minute and continued:

"I can see you think I know nothing."

"If it's a fair question, what do you know?" I ventured. There was in reality nothing I would have liked better than sharing something of a confidential nature with her, but as yet to me the life of my friend was a sacred thing.

"You think I don't know it was Daly who rode into the township last night and told the police," she answered after a pause. "And you think I'm not aware that your friend's name is not Tyndall. But all this is of no account. You think I don't know what you came to ask."

The hint struck home, and I remembered what had brought me here. It occurred to me that seeing I had not invited her confidence she might consider it a one sided bargain I was trying to drive. As I hesitated she anticipated me.

"Yes, you can tell Mr. Tyndall I'll come to the examination tomorrow and prove that my father recognized the man who was killed by the blacks on Scrubby creek as John Farquharson. Of course we can all bear witness to that. Is there anything more you'd like me to do?" She rose from the box on which she had seated herself.

"You can listen to all I know about the affair, and then perhaps forgive me for not having told you sooner," I broke out, the fullness of the girl's knowledge, my unjust and uncalled for reticence and her generous treatment of the same making me feel considerably ashamed of myself. In as few words as possible I told her all I knew about the matter and my contemplated plan for action. Then I asked for her opinion. She reseated herself and, clasping her hands round her knees, spoke.

"I dare say it's possible to have Mr Tyndall released tomorrow, if only we recognize the fact that we've to deal with men who'll swear to anything. That of course means we've got to fight the devil with his own tools. You look shocked."

"I'm not, only the devil may—tomorrow."

"You're frivolous, sir"—this with an assumption of severity. "Remember an innocent man's life depends upon it. Luckily the cargo will be out of the boat tonight, so that we can all go into the township tomorrow. In the meantime go and cheer up Mr. Tyndall and tell him from me he shan't want friends."

I had a pannikin of tea and, saddling my horse, cantered up to the crossing. Toward dusk, by following down the beautiful high bank of the river, I reached the Macarthur township, but stopped at the police station first, a large, new, galvanized iron building on the brow of the dip a little to the south of the town. When the sergeant showed me into the presence of the police magistrate, whose name was Wilcox, I discovered him, with a neighboring storekeeper, busily engaged eating canned oysters. There was also bottled beer upon the table. I found the magistrate a middle aged, gentlemanly and somewhat talkative individual, with a shrewd, kindly face. In as few words as possible I told him the nature of my business and also of my professional qualifications.

"This is rather an out of the way affair," he remarked, frankly enough. "I certainly received notice from Roderick Mackenzie of the Robinson river regarding the murder of one John Farquharson by the blacks on Scrubby creek, but he didn't say he positively identified the body as John Farquharson's."

"But Farquharson's papers were found on the body," I insisted.

"It was easy to put them there," he remarked dryly. His eyes wandered over the table. "Have some beer," he added, heartily enough.

I thanked him, but declined, much to the astonishment of the storekeeper.

"Of course," continued the magistrate, "when Sexton's body was found no one knew anything about the murderer. Since then Farquharson has been the suspect. Now, this man you've come to me about, who goes under the name of John Tyndall, has been recognized by certain parties who have given the information and who are now in the Macarthur, as Farquharson. Mr. Russell here, a brother J. P., issued the warrant. I've only done my duty by having him arrested, and unless it can be proved that he's not our man I must commit him for trial. I suppose you've known him for some time?"

"Yes, for some considerable time," I replied, with difficulty keeping cool. "But I needn't trouble you by explaining the nature of the mistake you've made, until you've had an opportunity of justifying your action. Is it a fair question to ask if the character of your information is above suspicion?"

The police magistrate's face flushed slightly, and he appeared not a little annoyed. I wonder now why he did not kick me out.

"Mr. Parker," he said, "I'm not here to discuss the pros and cons of this case with you or any one else. Pardon me if I show any warmth in the matter, but tomorrow, if there's been any mistake in arresting the wrong man, you'll have an opportunity of proving it. If not, I'll be obliged to commit him for trial, and, as the government cutter's in the river, must send him round and deliver him up to the Queensland authorities. In the meantime, you wish to see your friend? By all means."

He touched a small bell. The sergeant reappeared.

"Sergeant, Mr. Parker here wishes to see the prisoner. Perhaps we may have the pleasure of seeing you later on, Mr. Parker. Good afternoon."

I was taken round to the police barracks, some 60 yards distant, and had a long chat with Jack. What I said to him it is unnecessary to relate. Strangely enough one point never touched upon by us was his real identity. He seemed to take it for granted that I considered it immaterial. We only speculated upon what weight Miss Mackenzie's, Gordon's and Savile's testimony as to the recognition of the body by the squatter would have with the police magistrate. But the most important feature of the case would be the nature of the prosecution. Would it be sufficiently strong to outweigh ours? I expressed my intention of going down to the township and getting information on this point. It would not do to leave everything to chance. Besides, I considered that when we had to fight the devil it would serve no good purpose to shirk the task by pretending to split ethical hairs. If Jack were Farquharson, he had at least not committed the murder. It would, however, be necessary to prove that he was not Farquharson, so as to avoid a miserable period of captivity, during which suspicion might be diverted from the real murderer. The end would justify the means.

Jack seemed apathetic. He either considered his case hopeless or he was regardless of consequences.

"I don't see why you should put yourselves to all this trouble about me," he said.

His indifference only made me the more determined and occasioned me to speak my mind to him somewhat plainly.

"Jack, if you'll excuse my saying so, you're a fool! Leave this affair to me. I'll look after your case tomorrow. I showed the police magistrate my papers, and he said there would be no trouble about my appearing for you. You're Jack Tyndall to the best of my belief, and I can swear to it if necessary without perjuring myself. It won't do to let them make out that you're Farquharson, for then they'll commit you for trial, pack you off to Cooktown, and there's no saying what may happen. Besides, once out of the district we'd never find out who did commit the murder. In the meantime put 'a stiff heart to a stae brae.' Here's some tobacco for you."

I then gave him Miss Mackenzie's message and, saying I would see him first thing in the morning, went. Though my words were purposely easy going and even brusque, my heart was heavy.

I went on to the township, where I strolled into the combined store and grogshop kept by one Jack Reid. It was a typical place of its kind, all iron roof and veranda.

The room in use for shop and bar was roomy and comparatively cool. At one end was a rough counter manned by the barkeeper, dark eyed, alert, in shirt sleeves and with a cabbage tree hat on his head. Ranged behind him were bottles, barrels and an assortment of general merchandise as varied in its nature as the contents of a dry goods store in Chicago. A few barrels and benches were ranged around for the accommodation of the company. The company, however, mostly preferred the counter, as affording a point of vantage which based its claims to superiority of position in that when shaking for drinks was resorted to the dice could be easily passed round and the drinks themselves were handy. The bushmen and cattlemen present were of the usual type—garrulous, heavily bearded and travel stained. The man from the cutter who wore a coat was looked upon as giving himself airs. A pair of moleskin trousers and a shirt—

Some were playing cards on the top of an old barrel.

worn outside the former—rolled up at the sleeves was the prevailing fashion in dress. The inevitable revolver in its case on the belt completed the costume. When I entered, some were playing cards on the top of an old barrel, some were talking, and a select little party of drovers and bush hands were playing pitch and toss with half crowns in another corner.

I saluted the company, as was customary, and went to the bar. To enter a hotel and not drink was then just as extraordinary and reprehensible as taking a "Jack Smither"—i. e., a lone drink—or without inviting every one in the room to drink with you. I therefore called upon those present to "breast the bar and signify by what deaths they would die."

That this was a popular form of suicide was evidenced by the alacrity with which the entire company responded to the invitation. In fact, three or four old loafers, who had some days previously undergone the process of "lamming down," and were now in the condition when a drink is not only doubly acceptable but a sort of physical necessity to alleviate that prostration called "suffering recovery," were so moved that, having first assisted themselves to respectable sized nobblers of Queensland rum, they got together in a corner of the bar and, holding out their glasses toward me, began to sing in anything but the steadiest or most musical of voices:

"Come, fill up your glasses and drink while you can;
Whatever's the damage I'll pay.
So be easy and free while you're drinking with me—
I'm a man you don't meet every day."

They were doubtless right so far as the last assertion, considered in a personal sense, was concerned. Still, the kind of man these convivial old fish had special reference to was a man like themselves, who came in with his £100 or £150 check, as the case might be, after a long spell of bush work for some squatter, or after a long overland trip with some drover, and who, handing it over the bar to the publican, said, "I say, old stick in the mud, just keep this 'ere and let's know when it's done, will ye?" Then straightway cried to the boys: "Breast the bar, ye sons of Aaron, breast the bar! Nominate yer p'isins and give it a name." And this would last for four or five days, or maybe, if the publican was not quite so unscrupulous as the generality of publicans, for a week or even ten days. This was their beau ideal of a man—the sort of man you didn't meet with every day!

Shortly after I entered an old organette was placed on the counter and some wonderful gyrations called dancing were described to the strains of the "Devil's March." Another and perhaps the most popular of the innocent little amusements indulged in by this typical happy family was that of having a friendly spar without the aid of boxing gloves on the slightest pretext. On the completion of one of these rounds, which, with due regard to the proprieties, was always fought outside, the party who had come off "second best" was obliged to set up the drinks all round. These little incidents were rather encouraged than otherwise.

Entering into conversation with one or two members of the company who seemed in rather a less bemuddled condition than their fellows, I learned that not a few of those present were simply delayed there until the thunderstorms had properly set in, so that they might surmount certain dry stages on the uncertain track leading to the newly discovered goldfields in Western Australia. Of course, the chief topic of conversation was the arrest which had been made that afternoon. I found that although popular feeling was dead against the supposed murderer, still, from the fact that the man, by name Dan Smythe, who had laid the information, bore the reputation of being "a crooked one even to his own mates," the crowd on the whole was open to conviction. As I knew the indirect influence of public opinion, even on a police trial, in such a part of the world, and not wishing the witnesses for the prosecution to have the moral support or the encouragement of that all important community, I expressed my opinion pretty freely regarding the trumped up nature of the case. A £5 note was soon spent in "shouting" for the company, and I so far sacrificed myself and self respect as to perpetrate certain digressions in the vocal line for their especial benefit. They seemed to like it, but then there is no accounting for tastes.

When the "fun" was at its height I slipped out and made my way back to a grassy rise overlooking the river, where the gentle breeze would blow away the mosquitoes, and where the air was fresh and cool. There I intended to camp for the night. My horse, only a little way off, was cropping the rice grass.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Preserves

—fruits, jellies, pickles or catsup are more easily, more quickly, more healthfully sealed with Refined Paraffine Wax than by any other method. Dozens of other uses will be found for

Refined Paraffine Wax

in every household. It is clean, tasteless and odorless—air, water and acid proof. Get a pound cake of it with a list of its many uses from your druggist or grocer. Sold everywhere. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Karl's Clover Root Tea

Beautifies the Complexion, Purifies the Blood, gives a Fresh, Clear Skin, Cures Constipation, Indigestion, and all Eruptions of the Skin. An agreeable Laxative Nerve Tonic. Sold on absolute guarantee by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

S. C. WELLS & CO., LEROY, N. Y. SOLE PROPRIETORS

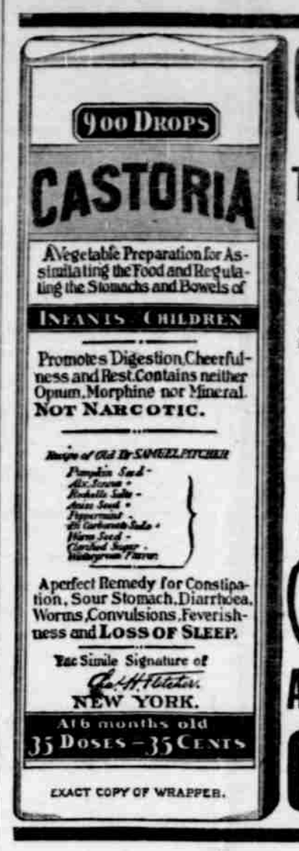
For sale by Delta Drug Store.

NERVITA PILLS Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. **A nerve tonic and blood builder.** Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail **50c** per box, **6** boxes for **$2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.** Send for Circular. Address,

NERVITA MEDICAL CO. Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale at the Delta Drug Store.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Portland Business College

Portland, Oregon

A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL.B., Principal. J. A. WESCO, Penman & Secretary.

THE BUSY WORLD OF BUSINESS

gives profitable employment to hundreds of our graduates, and will to thousands more. Send for our catalogue. Learn *what* and *how* we teach. Verily,

A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS

$40 CASH $40

That means YOU can now ride the highest type of cycle construction as represented by the

1899

Rambler

Bicycles

FITTED WITH THE GREAT

EASY RIDING **G. & J. TIRES** EASILY REPAIRED

A MIGHTY FINE COMBINATION AT MIGHTY LOW PRICES

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO WALK with the line and prices we present; for if your purse will not admit the best you can still ride second only to the Rambler, the

$20 $22 **IDEAL** $25 $30

W. H. GAULT,

HILLSBORO, ORE. AGENT.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip, whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Direct connections at Chicago and Milwaukee for all Eastern points. . . .

For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write . . . . . .

JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pas. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis. or JAS. A. CLOCK, General Agent, 246 Stark 14

VICK'S SEEDS

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, for 25 cents

Vick's Illustrated Quarterly Magazine, one year 25 cents

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 25 cents.

Vick's Little Gem Catalogue FREE

JAMES VICK'S SONS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Denver and Rio Grande

RAILROAD.

Scenic Line of the World

Weekly Excursions TO THE EAST

Upholstered Tourist Sleepers

In charge of experienced conductors and porters.

Mondays To Kansas City Chicago Buffalo, Boston without transfer, via Salt Lake Mo. Pacific and Chicago and Alton Ry.

Tuesdays To Omaha, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston without change via Salt Lake, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Wednesdays To St Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, with no change via Burlington Route.

Thursdays To Kansas City and St. Louis, without change via Salt Lake & Missouri Pacific Railway.

A day stop-over arranged at Salt Lake and Denver.

A ride through the famous Colorado Scenery.

Ask your ticket agent for a ticket on the Denver & Rio Grande excursion.

For rates and all information, call on or address

R. C. NICHOL, Gen'l Agent, 251 Washington Street, Portland Oregon.

E. R. Duffy, Traveling Agent.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Denver Colorado.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

EAST SOUTH — VIA — THE SHASTA ROUTE — OF THE — SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

				North
8.00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	9.30 A M
8.15 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	8.00 P M

Above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene Cottage Grove, Drain, Oakland, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8.20 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4.30 P M
5.20 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7.50 A M

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS — AND — Second-Class Sleeping Cars

ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7.30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	5.50 P M
8.50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4.20 P M
11.55 A M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1.25 P M

Ar At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4.50 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8.25 A M
6.10 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7.13 A M
7.50 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5.50 A M
8.50 P M		Independence		4.50 A M

Through Tickets

To all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. F. Frisell agent or John H. Gault at the Independent office Hillsboro.

C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. P. & T. Ag't

S. KOEHLER, Manager, Portland.

Are You Interested?

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK

On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the addresses of their Eastern friends and acquaintances and a copy of the work will be sent free. This is a matter all should be interested in and we would ask that every one take an interest and forward such addresses to W. H. HURLBURT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co. Portland.

O.R.&N.

Depart for	TIME SCHEDULE. From Portland	From
Fast mail 8 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, & East.	Fast mail 6:40 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 2:10 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & east	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m
8 p. m.	Ocean Steamships. For San Francisco sails every five days	4 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex Sundy Saturday 10 p. m.	Columbia River To Astoria and way Landings	4 p. m. ex. Sundy
6 a. m. Ex Sundy	Willamette Div Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & way-landings.	4:30 p. m ex. Sundy
7 a. m. Tuesday Thursday and Satur	Willamette & Yamhill Rivers Oregon City, Dayton and way landings	3:30 p. m Mon We. and Fri
6 a. m. Tues Thur and Sat.	Willamette River Corvallis and way landings	4:30 p.m. Tues Thu and Sat
Lv Riparia 2:30 Daily	Snake River Riparia to Lewiston	Lv Lewiston 12 Daily

Address, W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Dodwell Carlill & Co. Gen'l Agts. Nor. Pac. S. S. Co.

Portland, - - Oregon.

MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast,

DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.

Young men and **middle aged men** who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in mature years. **Nervous** and **Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood** in all its complications; **Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc.** By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—**Diseases of Men.**

Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using **Mercury.**

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint.

We will Guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit **One Thousand Dollars.**

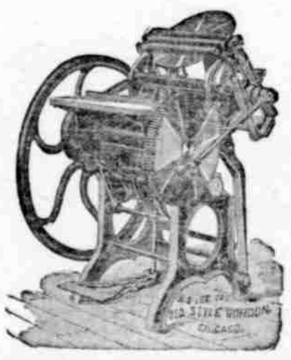
Consultation FREE and strictly private. *CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.* Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, **"The Philosophy of Marriage,"** free. (A valuable book for men.)

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S **Great Museum of Anatomy** the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens. *CATALOGUE FREE.* Call or write.

1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WE DO THE BEST JOB PRINTING IN THE COUNTY.

Prices Reasonable



Quick Work

Mail orders promptly attended to.

Prices on application

We are still offering you the INDEPENDENT and WEEKLY OREGONIAN, one year for only $2.00.

Address all orders to

"INDEPENDENT,"

Hillsboro, - - Oregon.