MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XIX.

After the inquest was over, I was led into a small room fitted up as a library, still handcuffed and still attended by the two policemen who had brought me over. Ever since my arrival at the house I had been looking eagerly for some sign of Madeline Graham; but she had not appeared. While I sat apart, however, George Redruth entered the room, and after glancing at me, addressed me:

"This is bad business, Trelawney," he said, looking very pale and agitated.

"Let me tell you, however," he continued, "that ugly as the evidence looks against you, I hope that you'll succeed in proving your innocence at the trial. I haven't much cause to love you, and poor Johnson had still less; but upon my word, I believe you incapable of such a crime as this."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, trembling, for I could have borne his anger or indifference better than his sympathy. "You at least do me that justice!"

He nodded assent, and was about to say something more when there was the rustle of a dress behind him, and with a quick start, and a sharp pain at the heart, I saw Madeline standing in the room. The sight of her was almost more than I could bear; I shook like a leaf, and my eyes filled with tears. The next moment she stepped forward with an eager cry of recognition, and both hands outstretching. Then, seeing that I was handcuffed, she uttered another cry—of grief and pain.

"Madeline!" cried her cousin, warningly; but she paid no attention. I had turned my head away, too ashamed to meet her gaze, but I felt, rather than saw, that she was gazing tenderly into my face.

When she spoke, her voice was broken and tearful.

"Mr. Trelawney, may I speak to you? May I tell you how my heart aches and bleeds for you, in your great trouble? May I assure you how deeply I believe—as all who know you must believe—in your innocence of such a crime?"

I turned my head and looked at her; my head swam, and the tears so blinded me that I could not see her.

"God bless you for saying that!" I murmured; and as I spokfe, she lifted my two bound hands and held them gently in her own.

"I could not believe that any one would think it possible," she said. "I would have come before, but waited, expecting to see you set at liberty. But now I hear you are to be put upon your trial! Ah, do not fear! Have courage! Your innocence will be proved, and you will soon be a free man."

"Perhaps," I answered; "but whether or not, it is something to know that my innocence is believed in by you!"

"How could I doubt it? Dear Mr. Trelawney, I know you better even than you know yourself. No proof, however terrible, could shake my faith in one whom I know to be the bravest and best of men; one who is incapable of any baseness; one to whom, remember, I owe my life."

"Don't mind me, Miss Graham. I shall come through this trouble right enough, perhaps; and, whatever happens, I shan't forget your goodness. I cared for no one's good opinion but yours. I'm not the first innocent man, by many, who has had to face an unjust accusation, and answer it with his life; and what you have said to me will give me courage, perhaps, to bear the sorrow that's to come."

Before I realized what she was doing she had taken my hands again, had raised them to her lips and kissed them!

"Don't! don't!" I cried, half sobbing. "I can't bear it! Here, lads, take me away!"

"Use him kindly," she cried, weeping, and addressing the officers. "Remember, he is a gentleman, and falsely accused."

"Don't be afraid, my lady," said the man who had previously spoken. "We'll look after him."

"And Mr. Trelawney—dear friend—do not think that, though we part now, I shall be idle. I am rich, remember, and whatever money can do for your defense shall be done by me. It is a poor return, indeed, for the life you gave me! Keep a good heart! Think that you have friends working for you, praying for you! Think that the happy time will soon come when you will be free again to return to those you love, who love you, and who will love you the better for a trouble bravely borne!"

In the rapture of that moment I could have caught her in my arms, but I was helpless, and perhaps it was better so. Gently, but firmly, the officers led me from the room, and along the passage to the door, where the dog-cart was waiting. There was a crowd about the doorsteps, and when I appeared there was a sympathetic murmur.

Our way back lay past the old cottage. Quitting the gates of the great house, and leaving the dark avenue behind us, we rattled swiftly along the country road. The horse, being homeward bound, whirled us along at full speed. As we approached the dear old cottage, I craned my neck round to look at it; the next moment we dashed past it; but in that moment I caught the glimpse of a ghastly white face looking out of one of the lower windows.

It was the face of my uncle, John Pendragon! As we passed, he seemed to give a wild start of recognition.

Then, looking back, I saw, before we were fifty yards away, a figure, wild and half dressed, running out across the garden to the gate, and looking after us. It was my uncle. He seemed dazed and stupefied. As we disappeared round a turning of the road, I fancied I caught the sound of a sharp cry, and simultaneously I saw him throw his two arms wildly up into the air!

CHAPTER XX.

The Assizes came on some six weeks after the date of the inquest, and in the interim I found that my darling did not fail to keep her word. A firm of solicitors, instructed by her, undertook my defense; and though I at first, out of motives of pride, declined their good offices, I was finally persuaded to accept them. The day of the trial, on entering the dock, I saw her sitting by George Redruth's side in the crowded court.

Early in the course of the proceedings, I heard whispers among the crowd surrounding me. They were looking at Madeline, and someone was asking who she might be. A voice replied that she was "the prisoner's sweetheart." Far away as I knew that idea to be from the simple truth, I looked at my darling with new feelings of love and gratitude.

My aunt next described my doings on the night of my departure from St. Gurlott's. Then my uncle entered the box. Ghastly and woe-begone, he stood like a man dazed; not once turning his eyes in my direction. His evidence only corroborated that of my aunt.

All that could be said was said in my defense. My witnesses to character included John Rudd and other local worthies; but all this testimony would have been of little avail without that which followed. To my intense surprise, Madeline herself entered the box as a witness on my side; and though what she had to say was practically irrelevant, though it concerned chiefly my saving of her life from shipwreck, it worked wonders for me. Never shall I forget the thrill of joy that went through me as she said, in answer to a question:

"No one who knows the prisoner believes him capable of this or any crime. He is the bravest and truest man I have ever met."

After a trial which lasted only the greater part of one day, the judge summed up—sternly enough, I thought—and the jury retired to consider their verdict. They returned into the box, and the judge also reappeared in his place. The foreman stood up, and replied, in answer to the clerk of the court's question whether I was guilty or not guilty:

"We are agreed that there is not sufficient evidence to convict the prisoner."

"That is no verdict at all," cried the judge sharply. "You must decide one way or another—guilty or not guilty."

For a moment the foreman seemed dubious, and, stooping to his companions, spoke to them in a whisper. Then he said:

"Not guilty, my lord."

I was acquitted, but the manner of the acquittal was cruel enough, leaving it clear that the moral presumption was against me, though the evidence was inadequate. I did not quite realise this at the time, but I had bitter cause to remember it afterward.

A little later, I was standing, a free man, in the parlor of a small inn, whither I had been led by John Rudd, and where I found my aunt and uncle awaiting me. I cannot say that it was altogether a joyful meeting. The shadow of death seemed still upon us. John Rudd alone was jubilant.

It had been arranged that my aunt and uncle were to return in the wagon that evening with John Rudd. I was in no hurry, however, to hasten back to St. Gurlott's. My plans were to leave England, perhaps working out my passage to the colonies on some outward bound vessel.

While we were sitting together, a waiting girl beckoned me out; and following her into another room, I found Madeline waiting to speak to me. Directly our eyes met, she held out both her hands, and I took them eagerly in mine. Then, for the first time, my emotion mastered me; and, fairly sobbing, I almost sank upon my knees before her.

"I was right, you see," she said tenderly. "I knew they would never condemn you."

"I owe my life to you," I answered, in a voice choked with tears.

She smiled sweetly, and shook her head.

"Even if it were so, it is only doing as I have been done by; but no one ever doubted your innocence from the first. Of course, you are returning to St. Gurlott's? Suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "suppose I could persuade my cousin to reinstate you as overseer of the mine."

"He would never do that," I replied; "and even were he willing, it would be impossible. It is like you, it is like your heavenly goodness to think of it; but it is out of the question. I think there is but one course for me to adopt, and that is—to leave England."

"You must not!" she cried, quickly. "For all our sakes! for mine!"

"For your sake?" I returned.

"Promise me at least one thing. Not to depart from England without letting me know—without seeing me again."

"I'll promise that freely."

After a few more words, she held out her hand and said "Good-by." I walked with her to the inn door.

"My cousin is waiting for me in the market place," she said. "He is going to drive me back to Redruth House."

An hour or so later, my uncle and my aunt went away in the wagon, under the escort of John Rudd. I promised to follow them home in a day or two, and in the meantime to look about for some kind of employment. So I remained in Falmouth for several days.

What was I to do? The future was dark before me. My only practical knowledge was connected with copper mining; beyond that, I knew nothing. However, I was fairly educated, and quite ready to turn my hand to anything. I searched the newspapers. Finding a clerkship vacant in a mine somewhere in South Wales, I wrote in for it—only to find that my misfortune had preceded me, and that the owners refused to employ a man who had just been accused of murder. The same fate dogged me in every quarter. To my horror I at last realised the fact that, although I was free, I had been acquitted under such circumstances as left undestroyed the black presumption of my guilt. I saw no hope now save in speedy departure from England. I would cross the seas under an assumed name and begin a new life in a new world.

I was mooning one day on the seashore, close to the quay, when a hand was placed on my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw the kindly face of my old friend the carrier.

"Back again, John?" I said, taking his hand in mine. "How are all at home?"

"Middling, middling. The awld man be queer still, and folk say the trouble about Miss Annie ha' turned his head. But that's what I want to speak on. I ha' seen her—she be here, in Falmouth, Measter Hugh."

"She? Do you mean my cousin Annie?"

"Sartinly. I saw her last night wi' my awn two eyes, and I misdoubt she's in trouble."

Then the good fellow, with tears standing in his eyes, told me that late on the previous evening he had caught sight of my cousin in the poorest part of the town. She was wretchedly attired and looked worn and ill. His first impulse was to speak to her; but finding that he was unseen and unrecognized, he chose rather to follow her, which he did, and tracked her to a poor lodging.

Remembering my last meeting with Annie, and how I had found her surrounded by all the indications of comfort and even luxury, I was stupefied. What had happened, and why had she come to Falmouth? On these points John Rudd could give me no information.

My mind was, of course, made up at once. I would see my poor cousin, and, if possible, persuade her to return home in my company. So I told John Rudd to lead the way, and we walked rapidly to the neighborhood of which he had spoken. It was miserable indeed—a place of dark and fishy dens clustering close to the wharves.

It was one of a small row of houses in a lane facing the beach. John Rudd pointed it out, and I had hoped to approach unobserved, but as I neared the door, which stood wide open, I saw a white face gazing at me.

"Annie!" I cried.

She uttered a low cry, and, pressing her hand upon her heart, tottered as if about to fall; but, striding forward, I caught her in my arms.

(To be continued.)

HOW WORDS ARE COINED.

English Language Has Been a Gradual Growth for Centuries.

It was estimated about the year 1880 that the peasantry of a certain district in England used only 800 words to express all the needs of their rural life, says Current Literature. The total vocabulary of the bible is only 6,000 words, that of Milton's poems about 8,000 and Shakespeare, dealing with so vast a range of human action, thought, passion and emotion, only used some 15,000. A modern dictionary contains some 15,000. The mind is bewildered at the great growth of the English language in three centuries. It is quite true that a large number of the words catalogued today consists of technical terms only used in the sciences to which they belong and that some are "slang," with which the English language could dispense without any great loss, but there still remains a vast number available for the speaker and writer. Language, like every other product of life, must grow. Bentley showed but little of his usual acumen when he wrote: "It were no difficult contrivance, if the public had any regard to it, to make the English language immutable, unless hereafter some foreign nation shall invade and overrun us." The moment a language ceases to require new words there is an indition that thought is standing still and decadence must at once ensue.

The introduction of new words, however, must be governed by some sound principle. It would be a strange thing if, in a republic of men, a new coin might be foisted upon the citizens at the will of any single individual. Even so in the republic of language, whatever is introduced must be coined under the authority of the law. So long as there is a sufficient expression for any thing or idea, so long is there no need for a new name. When Huxley coined the word "agnostic," fashioning it according to the laws of the English tongue, there was a necessity for a name for a man who simply put revelation among the things which were unknowable. "Skeptic" would not serve, for the skeptic claims the right to reason about revelation. No such good reason had Browning for importing "banality." Already we had several expressions for the commonplace. Consequently, for every one who uses "banality" a thousand use "agnostic." One is useful, the other useless.

The tobacco supplied by the French Government factories to the consumer is said to be the worst in the civilized world.

Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—MRS. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Lelah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony.

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Teaching Parrots How to Talk.

One of the "peculiar institutions" of the Quaker City and of the world is the school for parrots, recently established by a woman. These imitative birds are here taught to speak by means of a phonograph. The custom in teaching parrots the lingo which they prattle so amusingly has been for the teacher to crouch in a corner out of sight of the bird and repeat thousands of times the same word, the same phrase, till his back ached and his voice refused to emit more than a whisper. The way devised by this woman requires no exertion and is much more successful. She sets a phonograph going at the parrot's ear and then attends to other affairs. The phonograph, with a precision and a perseverance man could never equal, drums into the ears of "Polly" the sentence that is to be learned. The term at the Philadelphia phonograph school of languages for parrots lasts six months. The tuition fee is $40 a term.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Information Wanted.

Bachelor Brother—Is that baby in the fowl or animal class?

Young Mother—What do you mean?

Bachelor—Why, he crows one minute and bellows the next.—Chicago News.

Keeley Cure — LIQUOR-MORPHINE-TOBACCO HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED — FOR FULL PARTICULARS — ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Incontestable Proof.

Insurance Agent—What are the proofs of your husband's death, madam?

The Widow—Well, he has been home for the last three nights.—Smart Set.

$5 For a Name $5

Send us ten or more names of young people with means to secure a Business Education and for the first one that enrolls purchasing from us a scholarship, we will remit you $5 in cash. Address

Betwell Business College, Tacoma, Wash.

WANTED

200 MEN.

Wages $2.25 per day. Board $4.50 per week. 30 teams $5.00 per day. Extensive irrigation construction. Permanent employment for good men and teams.

Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company

BEND, OREGON

BUY SOLID SHOES

THE WASHINGTON SHOE M'F'G. CO. SEATTLE

FROM YOUR DEALER

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION