

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Billy Biler looked very much relieved at something. Probably at the prospect of trouble. Or perhaps that there was no public charge that any of Squire Wickly's money had gone into his pocket. At the same moment Lizzy Wickly was saying:

"I don't mind it, father. And you mustn't. We can't make it any better by worrying so over it. And so far as the land is concerned"—but she could not go on without a sort of spasm of the throat that strangled her for ten seconds—"why, it isn't such a beautiful tract as all that. Next time I'll buy a quarter section in the second bottom prairie. That will be a sensible purchase, won't it?"

Mr. Wickly looked at her with his brows knitted into the sort of lowering frown that had until to-day been unknown upon his kindly face.

"You don't seem to understand," he said, harshly and slowly, and with that strange flushing of the whole face that had made Dr. May shake his head, when he had been called in to see the sick man that morning—"that I already know that the mere loss of those ugly wooded hills and hollows is nothing! But is it nothing that I must lose three hundred thousand, simply because I can have nothing upon which to raise a few hundred dollars when it is needed to push my case? I believe that you actually want me to fail, or delay it until I die, so that you can have it. Yes, that's it. That's the plot that you are capable of conceiving and carrying forward! You and that scoundrel, Mason! He put you up to it! That's what you were in the woods that day for!"

He came toward her with his hands clenched and his lips drawn in a sort of horrible smile that changed and vibrated between the appearance of ghastly mirth and fierce anger. She had never dreamt of such a mood in him. For he had been the best and kindest of fathers—never very helpful at bread-winning, to be sure! But so uniformly good and kind, and sensible! And now in this awful mood he surely meant to do her harm!

At that instant Mrs. Wickly coming in, fortunately announced in her ordinary cheerful manner that "dinner was ready, and go on in John; don't keep me waiting!"

As if instinctively, or by force of long habit, John Wickly turned slowly away, and with the menacing look fading into a sullen and brooding frown, he went slowly out of the room and into the kitchen, where they heard him moving a chair as he always did in sitting down to dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, Lizzy, my child," said the mother in a hurried undertone, "put on your sunbonnet and run as quick as you can to Dr. May's and tell him that I want him to come, and bring some help, if he thinks best. Run now!"

"But hadn't you better go with me? Is it safe for you alone?"

The girl clasped her arms convulsively about her mother's neck.

"It will be perfectly safe for me, Lizzy. Run now."

The girl started, and her mother ran after her to the door.

"When you come back, don't come in where he is, Lizzy. You know what strange antipathies are often shown by—by—people under great mental excitement."

She had hesitated at the very word that was ringing louder and louder through all the rebounding labyrinth of the brain. She had made a generalization where the specific object was most glaringly before them. Lizzy thought, as she ran through the dry, light, yielding sand of the street. If she had said plainly what she so plainly meant she would have said:

"Don't venture near him! He is furiously insane, and is possessed of the hallucination that you and Mr. Mason are plotting to injure and thwart and destroy him. He may kill you in a sudden paroxysm of insane fury. Don't go near him! Don't go near him!"

Unheeding the knots and larger bunches of men that now literally dotted all the conjoined thoroughfares of Sandtown, scarcely stepping a foot out of the way of the wagon loads of people that were still coming in from the southwest by the River road and from the northeast by the Overcoat road, Lizzy ran on to the doctor's office, only to discover that he was not there.

"He's done gone down town some's, long go. Reckon you'll find 'im mebbe some's whur they're agoun to hole the meetun on the bank bustin. I'll go down un seef I kin ketch 'im fur yur, ef you yawnt me to," said young Billy Dikes, who was known to be "reading medicine and tendun to Doc's hosses fur 'im," as his father, little Bill Dikes, had said so lately in explanation of the process by which young Billy had already achieved the title of "the young Doc" upon the spontaneous motion of the humorous Hoosiers of his acquaintance.

The young Doc had clearly volunteered to "ketch 'im," as an afterthought founded upon the signs of great anxiety and distress in the young woman's face—signs of need of help that had appealed successfully to the chivalric hearts of these rough people of Sandtown ever, heretofore, and will continue so to appeal successfully, so long as one of their characteristics shall remain unplaned away by the smothering and polishing processes of advancing civilization.

"You jist set right down right h-yur, in this h-yur char," continued the kindly young Hoosier, exhibiting all the hospitable instincts of all the hospitable Dikeses, as far back as anybody can remember. "Is your pap much worse, Lizzy?"

All Hoosierdom has a fashion—despised of the polished East as it is—of calling everybody by his or her christened name! A fashion that it is to be hoped will not be played away in the polishing processes of westward-advancing civilization.

"I'm afraid he's very much worse in-

chair, and feeling that even this rude sympathy lightened the burden of her great grief. She had dreaded to reveal it to the world. But she found that the world of Sandtown knew it already, and took active and partisan interest in doing what it could to help her.

"I h-yur un say at this h-yur feller, Mason is jist about the whole cause of yur pap's uh—uh—sickness?" "The young Doc" said, as he put on his hat and lingered a little.

"I don't know. I can't think so. I don't know what Mr. Mason has really done in all this terrible business. Will you please hurry, Mr. Dikes? I left mother alone with him. And I'm uneasy, so uneasy."

She sat down again as the young Doc sprang out of the open office door and ran down the street throwing up little arcs of dry, sandy loam after each broad, scraping shoe-sole until he disappeared in the crowds that still closer and closer drew to each other and grew and blocked up all the thoroughfares of Sandtown till not even a re-enforcing team from the very uttermost end of the Overcoat road dared attempt a passage, but stopped and hitched farther and farther out.

She sat and listened to the low buzz of voices in the streets and in the court house, and heard here and there louder tones, and occasionally a wild yell and then a shout of laughter that indicated some ludicrous accident to somebody by somebody else.

Then all at once there was a complete diminuendo as if all the voices had suddenly and steadily slipped away to the westward, and out of hearing. And then she saw a two-horse wagon drive away from her father's door, with a number of people in it. She had not seen the wagon drive up. She had not been looking that way. But there was something ominous in the driving away of that particular wagon, that was now far out on the Overcoat road, toward the little railroad station. She watched it with parted lips and widening eyes until it had hidden itself in the clouds of drifting, light, sandy loam that perpetually rose up and settled down upon the grayed surface of all the jimson leaves and the oak and the maple and walnut foliage, that bore their burdens of earth in patient assurance of the rain that must come and wash them clean and bright again.

And then out of the hush, the finished diminuendo of this general assembly of the makers of public opinion for this section of the Wabash country, there drove a strange and unknown two-horse carriage, with a driver, whose figure coming within the field of her abstracted and unfixed vision instantly caught and concentrated her gaze. Beyond a doubt it was Mr. Mason, this time in broad daylight, driving toward her through the crowd, and going eastward as to the railway station. He would stop when he should see her! And there were others in the carriage—one a fine, dignified-looking gentleman. Was he Mr. Huntley?

She stood in the door and even stepped down into the sand outside in order to make sure that Mr. Mason would see her. He had doubtless repented of his determination to keep Prof. Huntley away from her; and now he would make all necessary and possible amends for all his ungraciousness.

If so she could very, very freely, nay even joyously forgive him. And that much the more readily because of the fact that since so many people, in fact, practically the whole community, had joined as with one voice in denouncing and threatening Mr. Mason, she had turned about and engaged, passively at first, and then actively, in his defense.

What had he done to any and all of the people of Sandtown that was half so unfair, unjust and cruel as what he had done to her? Compared with her wrongs, there were a matter of nothing! If she could afford to become his companion, could anybody in all Redden township afford to say aught against him?

As they drove rapidly nearer, she was conscious of something altered about his look, she could not tell precisely what. But it was something that gave him a totally different air, some way! Before, he had been thoughtful, respectful, almost subservient in all his actions in her presence.

Always watchful, respectful, and considerate, at all events, with a manifest anxiety to please her. An anxiety so manifest that perhaps it had tended to prevent her from being pleased with him at all. Now he had something of the cold, hard, haughty look of the man who is directing a great many men who are "under" him in every sense of the word.

She saw this so plainly in that brief time in which the powerful horses were walking through the heavy-pulling dry sand of the Overcoat road, that she compared this with his former bearing and felt that there was a loss—almost an uncomfortable loss.

And all these impressions and reflections were redoubled and reduplicated, and intensified, when to her utter surprise and unending mortification the carriage did not stop, and the driver, Mr. Mason, passed with only a cold and formal inclination of his head toward her!

more saine un 'e had before he went. Yur pap all git tuck k'yur uv, Lizzy. Me un Joe Ellet un Bill Shipley all go over to-morry or day after, un see to 'im. That was that ornery hee-hawun un whin-whamun feller, Mason, at druv a past jist now, boys! I h-yur 'at he's h-yur to bid 'e 'll ar moggilis. I've jist sent him par er nodus at he'll be hoast up ef he pus his nose outside a this town the next three-four weeks, by gum!"

CHAPTER X.

The rain had put off its coming until every broad black-green glossy jimson leaf, and all the delicately palmated foliage of the wild hemp, and the maple, and the white oak had long lain under the common veil of sober gray, thrown everything over by the rolling wheels and tramping feet of the Overcoat road in the light, sandy loam—came down at last in a steady, growing patter that awoke Lizzy Wickly for the twentieth time throughout the hot, feverish, restless night.

For the twentieth time she lay and listened to the southwest wind, sweeping in gusty circles that dashed the cool, hard rain against the window panes with a shot-like rattle as if it were the diminutive pebbles of that threatening, specter-trodden, ominous Overcoat road, rising up and flying at her in a confused onslaught of all possible evils.

How she tried to recall the almost perfect happiness that had been hers only a few weeks ago! And how did she only succeed in fully understanding that she had then been really happy and had not known it. The angel of bliss had tarried with her for nights and days, and she, too, culpably unaware!

Her brain pictures came and went in one unvarying triangle of great troubles. Her father's dreadful mental disease, with all the divergent and dependent misery of this more than living death, blighting and destroying her happy little home at one terrible blow.

Her strong and growing passion for a man whom she had never seen face to face, and whom she only knew through the partial word pictures of his friend and assistant; together with the attitude of that friend and assistant toward her.

And finally, as the smallest angle of this triangle of constantly pressing griefs—the loss of her property upon which she had built her hopes of future successes to be achieved in the great city that was so fast spreading down and across the prairies, that its subtle attraction had long ago reached the wooded hills of the Wabash country, and was drawing to itself all of the ambition, the daring, the discontent, the spirit of adventure of these wide valleys and shaded hills, and wood-hedged prairies.

Cutting into the second angle of this triangle, and even into both the others was a perplexing mixture of regret and indignation centered upon Mr. Mason. Regret that she had been left, so far as he knew or could know, in the attitude of having treated him with inexcusable rudeness and lack of feeling.

What did he think of her; what could he think of her in the light of that last evening when he had appeared for a brief time endowed with god-like attributes that enabled him to defy the very demon of the hurricanes?

What a magnificent man must his principal be, indeed, to have developed such heroic qualities in this underling—the man who labored with him for a stipulated price, as he had confessed to her!

How had he slipped away like a thief under cover of the night with all the gossip of Sandtown wagging their heads and smiling the knowing smile of absolute faith in the certain villainy of the fleeing man! Why had he not taken time to come to her openly and without fear, as he had done often and often before?

And could it be true as more than intimated by Conrad Redden, that he was now in the neighborhood for the base and heartless purpose of purchasing all the heavily mortgaged property of the Sandtown people for one-tenth of its real value, just at the time when a series of unfortunate speculations had crushed the Sandtown Farmers' Bank, and thus put it out of the power of the people to borrow money with which to save their homes?

(To be continued.)

WORLD'S RICHEST MEN.

List Shows Where the Millions Are Distributed Here and Abroad.

No two competitors have made similar lists of the millionaires of the world. China, England, France, Russia and the United States each claims to be the home of the richest man. The list compiled by James Burnley, the English author, is as follows: Alfred Beit, diamonds, London, \$500,000,000; J. R. Robinson, gold and diamonds, London, \$400,000,000; J. D. Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$250,000,000; W. W. Astor, land, London, \$200,000,000; Prince Demidoff, land, St. Petersburg, \$200,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, steel, New York, \$125,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, railroads, New York, \$100,000,000; William Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$100,000,000; J. J. Astor, land, New York, \$75,000,000; Lord Rothschild, money lending, London, \$75,000,000; Duke of Westminster, land, London, \$75,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, banking, New York, \$75,000,000; Lord Iveagh, beer, Dublin, \$70,000,000; Senora Iaidora Cousine, mines and railroads, Chile, \$70,000,000; M. Heine, silk, Paris, \$70,000,000; Baron Alphonse Rothschild, money lending, Paris, \$70,000,000; Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, money lending, Vienna, \$70,000,000; Archduke Frederick of Austria, land, Vienna, \$70,000,000; George J. Gould, railroads, New York, \$70,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, banking, New York, \$55,000,000; James H. Smith, banking, New York, \$50,000,000; Duke of Devonshire, land, London, \$50,000,000; Duke of Bedford, land, London, \$50,000,000; Henry O. Havemeyer, sugar, New York, \$50,000,000; John Smith, mines, Mexico, \$45,000,000; Claus Spreckels, sugar, San Francisco, \$40,000,000; Archbishop Conn, land, Vienna, \$40,000,000; Russell Sage, money lending, New York, \$25,000,000; Sir Thomas Lipton, groceries, London, \$25,000,000.—Kansas City Journal.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what clearly lies at hand.—Caryl.



"It was as easy as falling off a log," said the young man with the new shoulder straps.

"But I thought you had to go through West Point."

"You do, if there isn't any other way. If you've got a long pull and a strong pull you can take a short cut. I took the examinations, though. I crammed for them. The chap who did the cramming said that I was a particularly good subject for the operation. I didn't have anything to unlearn. He intimated that my mind was simply one large yawning cavity—a void without so much as an ache in it—and all he had to do was to shovel in information of the kind there would be a call for on the papers. He was fairly wise to that, all right."

"All the same, it was a good thing for me that papa was in the Senate. I'm lucky, all right. But I was luckless when it came to the physical examination. It hadn't occurred to the folks that my path would have to be smoothed in that direction, and I was cocksure myself that I was all husky in that respect. I never did pride myself on my intellect, but when it comes to chest expansion I don't take a back seat for anybody."

"Just as soon as I laid eyes on the sawbones I was ordered to report to I figured that if he had a chance to turn me down he'd do it. He was an old duck—probably hadn't had a promotion since he went into the service—and naturally felt sore to see a bright young man, shimming over the alley fence instead of walking around to the front gate. I saluted in my best style, but it didn't seem to propitiate him worth a cent."

"Strip," he barked.

"You mean that you wish me to disrobe?" I inquired.

"I mean strip," he says.

"Well, I didn't care to argue with him on the felicity of the expression."



Two-thirds of the male population of the world, it is estimated, use tobacco.

The children of the United States each year consume toys that cost at retail \$45,000,000.

Within the last fifty years, Hamburg and the coast of Germany in its neighborhood has sunk five feet nine inches.

A stone house is not so durable as one of brick. A brick house well constructed will outlast one built of granite.

The population of Bangkok is estimated at 500,000 souls, among whom are about 900 Europeans and Americans.

The Papuan native village constable, with ten shillings a year and two uniforms, is the cheapest policeman Australia has to pay.

Sweden and Norway are the only countries where practically every grown man can read and write. Bavaria comes next in this respect.

A curious plant has recently been found in Mexico. It is similar to a pumpkin, with a rough, corky bark, resembling that of an oak. It has been named "palma."

Uncle Sam is dealing with two kinds of Indians in the Indian Territory—the real Indian, unknown in the East, and the picture Indian, unknown to the West.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Austrian Emperor is a man of the simplest tastes, but still he is said to spend \$250,000 a year on the palace tables. The daily cost of furnishing the Imperial table is from \$200 to \$250.

The Kaiser has just been appointed as a captain general in the Spanish army. There remains now no European force, military or naval, in which he does not hold honorary rank. He possesses at least 150 uniforms.

The Siamese capital is the terminus of four lines of railway. It has a fine service of electric trains and is well lit by electricity. It also possesses one of the finest race courses in the East and has many clubs, fine hotels, several banks, good hospitals, etc.

The position of women is high in Siam; they enjoy both in business matters and social life a great independence. Though polygamy is permitted, it does not exist among the great mass of people, and in no way affects the position of women.

It was a New York house that printed the bonds for the recent Japanese loan. The London banks that issued the bonds are said to have discovered a curious error in them. A number of the £200 bonds have different amounts in the watermark and in the text.

No foreign sovereign knows the English language better than the King of Italy, who, when a small boy, was made to speak it in place of his native tongue. As a youngster King Victor Emmanuel III. kept a diary, in which he recorded the events of his life in English.

Taking a leaf out of the book of Mary Queen of Scots, the Empress Dowager of China, it is said, is going to have her handmaids in the palace taught to sew and spin. In lieu of the tambour frame they will be supplied with looms and learn the useful art of

I peeled right there. Then he went to work on me. He punched me in the ribs and then hauled off and landed on my chest. He wrenched my jaws apart and looked at every tooth I owned. He made me bend forward and backward and do various tests of ground tumbling. He tried my eyes with the tick of a watch and my ears with a basket of Berlin wool skeins. Then he got out a stethoscope and prospected for pulmonary symptoms—unsuccessfully.

"He looked more and more disappointed every minute of the time until he worked his way down my right leg. Then his face brightened. 'Hello!' he says. 'This leg has been broken.'"

"That doesn't cut any ice," I said.

"I can kick as hard as ever I could."

"You must let me be the judge of that, young man," he said gruffly. "The bone has knut, but it has been set badly, and I doubt whether the limb would be equal to the strain of a twenty-five mile forced march."

"Your piece of work, eh?" I said.

"A botch," he replied, pleasantly.

"I'm afraid that I shall not be able to pass you in this examination."

"Father always said it was a botch," I told him, "but I never expected to hear you own up to it. It's your own job, doctor. Do you remember a kid falling off the roof of the post trader's shed when you were stationed at Riley? That was me. Father had the boy contract at that time. You didn't examine that old fracture any too carefully. Feel it again and see if it isn't in better shape than you thought, wouldn't you, please, doctor?"

"So he felt it again."

"I don't know but that leg's sound enough for all practical purposes," he said. "It was an ugly fracture, though, and most surgeons would simply have amputated and let it go at that."—Chicago Daily News.

weaving towels and other domestic linen.

In the fashionable West End of London a teacup especially made for fortune telling is being sold. The cup is engraved on the inside with the mystic symbols of the fortune teller—a bell, heart, horseshoe, and so on. The tea leaves at the bottom are swirled round the cup, and according to the position or objects on which they stick so is one's fortune.

All kinds of days have been celebrated at expositions and fairs, but for originality of idea the promoters of a fair at Macon, Ga., have the rest of the country put to sleep. This fair is to have a "Smith day," and all the Smiths of Georgia are invited to attend. There are two Smiths at the head of the show and there are 400 other Smiths in Macon. It is computed that Georgia contains 35,000 Smiths, more or less, including Hoke Smith of Atlanta.—Mobile Register.

It is a curious fact that a boy's hair grows one-half slower than a girl's. In boys the average rate of growth is three feet three inches in six years, being an average of .018 inch a day. During the twenty-first and twenty-fourth years a man's hair grows quicker than at any other period. It takes an eyelash twenty weeks to reach a length of .429 inch, and then its life is from 100 to 150 days. By means of a camera, the wink of an eyelid has been measured, and it was found that twenty winks can be made in four seconds.

Unconsciously, most English men and women have been thinking in millions ever since the American and mining millionaires have come to the front—and that is one of the main causes of the distress which exists throughout the country. In the West End most men of moderate means have been living as if a vast fortune was awaiting them in the immediate future, their wives and daughters have dressed considerably beyond their allowance; and in the city the average business man will not consider a proposal that affords no prospect of profit on a large scale.—London Graphic.

The New Maid.

The greenness of the newly arrived servant girl is freshly illustrated. A certain maid who had just come over from Ireland was engaged by a Brooklyn housekeeper. A bell hung in the girl's room, and the morning after her arrival her mistress rang this bell to get her up. But the maid did not get up, though the bell rang and rang. Finally, therefore, the mistress rose herself, and slipping on a dressing gown she hastened to the new servant's room. There, wide awake, the maid lay, laughing at the top of her lungs.

"What on earth are you laughing at, Norah?" said the mistress.

"Faith, mum," Norah answered, "I'm laughin' at that bell. As sure as I live I haven't touched it, an'—just see—it's waggin' yet!"

Quite Natural.

Mifflin—Did that policeman you spoke of die a natural death?

Bikins—Yes; he just went from one sleep into another until he fell into his last sleep.

It is every child's demand that a parent should provide him with every luxury AND save money.

Happy is the man who is too busy to find fault.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Sweden was obliged by the remonstrance of Prussia to decline the proffered subsidy of England.

The city of Lubeck, Germany, was surrounded by French troops to prevent English products from being introduced.

Eighteen American vessels were at the port of Amsterdam.

The French government passed a law granting pensions to all emigrants from Santo Domingo.

Three thousand French troops were ordered to The Hague to prevent an uprising which was daily expected.

Re-enforcements of French troops arrived at Santo Domingo and effectually repulsed Emperor Dessalines' army.

Portugal purchased with the concurrence of England the suzerainty of France to remain neutral in the war.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Yucatan declared itself independent. Pasturing of cows on the Houston common was forbidden by law.

Sioux Indians annihilated the Sae and Fox tribes near Dubuque, Iowa.

The first light of the Blackrock lighthouse at Liverpool appeared.

Congress provided for a boundary line to be run between Louisiana and Arkansas territories.

Petroleum was discovered in Kentucky, and as it was supposed to have healing properties it was bottled and sold throughout the United States and Europe for medicine.

The first gold from Georgia mines was received at the United States mint.

Fifty Years Ago.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, died at Trieste.

The Niagara suspension bridge was completed.

A free public school system was established in Illinois.

The Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad was leased to the Grand Trunk railroad for 999 years.

Nassau hall at Princeton university, built in 1756, was destroyed by fire.

Several persons were killed by the falling in of the floor of the town hall at Meredith, N. H.

The plenipotentiaries at Vienna exchanged powers and commenced proceedings toward agreeing upon the terms of Russo-Turkish peace.

Forty Years Ago.

The panic in gold carried quotations down to 175 1/4, a drop of 14 1/4 points in three days.

The Parliament at Quebec adopted the confederation scheme by a large vote.

Reports of Sheridan and Sherman's successes sent gold down to 180 1/4. A short time before it was quoted at 220 and over.

News reached the North that the Confederate Congress had passed a bill to arm and equip the negroes as soldiers.

Richmond (Va.) papers published an exposure of an alleged conspiracy to oust Davis and Stephens, make Hunter president, and end the war.

President Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering that all citizens or domiciled agents trafficking with Confederates be arrested and held as prisoners of war.

Thirty Years Ago.

The Hawaiian treaty was being fought in the Senate by sugar interests.

At a consistory held at the Vatican Archbishop McCloskey of New York was made a cardinal.

The French Assembly passed the military reorganization bill, the constitution having been adopted several weeks previously.

A tornado devastated the town of Rienz, Miss. The river bottoms in the Northwest States were flooded.

Quite a sensation was caused in England by the outcome of the Moradant divorce case in which Lady Moradant was decreed guilty.

Twenty Years Ago.

The militia was mobilized at Sedalia and other points in Missouri to suppress riots incident to the railroad strike on the Gould system.

London papers admitted that the relations between England and Russia were strained almost to the breaking point over the latter's Afghan frontier aggression.

President Cleveland issued a proclamation barring the "boomers" from Oklahoma.

Ten thousand of the 12,000 coal miners in the Pittsburgh district struck for higher wages.

The powers agreed to a conference to be held in Paris to determine the status of the Suez canal.