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HER DOWRY

Continued from first page.

call Hackstaff's number when the man pulled her away. Then followed the shrieks, the barking of the dog Hackstaff had heard as the burglar dragged Mildred from the instrument, threw her into her room and shut the door. Hector had defended her, but the man had succeeded in shutting him up in the room with Mrs. Thorne.

Hector was of the hound breed and keen of scent. Hackstaff was anxious to follow the burglar, and after neighbors had been called he left in pursuit led by Hector and armed with a revolver Mildred gave him. The dog quickly took the scent, and the two pushed out into the night on an errand of vengeance.

Hector kept his nose to the ground without barking. There was no water in which the robber could lose the scent, and if there had been it is doubtful if he would have used it, for he had not much reason to suspect that he would be so quickly followed, and he had shut the dog in the room with his victim.

Hackstaff felt so deeply the outrage that he thought little of a meeting with a man who was doubtless armed and would shoot to kill. On went Hector with his nose to the ground, and on went Hackstaff some twenty yards behind him. This pursuit had continued for some time and day was breaking when Hackstaff heard in a thicket ahead a simultaneous growl of the dog and the cry of a man. Running forward, he saw by the dim light a man on the ground and the dog at his throat.

Locking his revolver, Hackstaff pushed forward and saw that the man had evidently been taken unawares by the dog. He had lain down to rest or to sleep perhaps, and Hector had him at a disadvantage. So fierce was Hector's attack that his enemy had all he could do to resist his grip and no time to draw a weapon. He gasped to Hackstaff to call the dog off, and Hackstaff, covering him with his revolver, did so. Then, directing him to put his hands above his head, he disarmed him and, ordering him to rise, began the march homeward.

Hackstaff, after persuading Hector to let go his victim's throat, being absorbed in the man, thought little about the dog. Presently Hector came trotting along with a little cotton bag in his mouth. Hackstaff took it and put it in his pocket.

Drawing the burglar to a road, Hackstaff waited till a farmer driving a team came along, then put his prisoner on the wagon and took him to the jail at the county seat, where he was locked up. Then Hackstaff set out to the Thornes'. He found a crowd about the house and learned that Mrs. Thorne had been mortally wounded. Since Mildred was attended by friends, he did not disturb her, going at once to his own home.

Mrs. Thorne died the next day, as much from shock as from wounds. It was not till the day after the funeral that Hackstaff went to see Mildred. She told him that in her refusal of him she had been influenced by the fact that her mother needed her, and she did not believe that she would be happy or make him happy so long as her mother lived. She was ready to marry him, but he must take her with

no dowry except the place in which she lived, which was of little value. She had supposed that her mother had some money hidden away, but nothing had been found.

Hackstaff gladly accepted this withdrawal of her answer to his proposition, and since Mildred was now entirely alone an early marriage was arranged. The burglar was tried, but since there was no evidence forthcoming except the scent of a dog that he was the man who had committed the murder the jury refused to convict him. But he was a hardened criminal and was wanted for another offense, for which he suffered.

A short time after the marriage of Hackstaff and Mildred Thorne the husband one day put on the coat he had worn on the night of the murder. Putting his hand into a pocket, he drew forth a little bag.

"I wonder where that came from," he said, looking at it curiously.

"What's in it?" asked his wife. Thursting his hand in the bag, he drew forth a number of diamonds. Then he remembered Hector's trotting beside him with the bag in his mouth while he was engaged with the prisoner.

It turned out that the diamonds had been taken from Mrs. Thorne on the night of the murder, and they proved to be worth \$30,000.

The robber had thrown them away when captured. How he knew they were in the house and Mildred did not know of it is a story in itself.

After all, Mildred's dowry was satisfactory to herself and her husband.

As for Hector, he lived from that time forward the life of a prince of dogs. His mistress insisted upon hav-

ing him with her night and day. Since her husband was not with her in the daytime she relied upon the dog for protection. What induced Hector to pick up the bag the robber threw away is hard to determine. It was certainly a case of rare canine intelligence.

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