

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week
Culled From the Telegraph Columns.

The Idaho mines, located in the Slocum district, British Columbia, have just declared a dividend of \$20,000. The owners of the property expect in future to receive a dividend of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 monthly.

The barge Sumatra, the consort of the W. B. Arnold, from Chicago, with a load of railroad iron, foundered off Government pier, near Milwaukee. Four sailors were drowned. The captain, mate and cook were rescued by a life-saving crew.

Jennie Love was shot in the head and instantly killed by William Swanson in St. Louis. The testimony of several witnesses goes to show that the bullet which ended the woman's life was intended for William Lee, a negro with whom Swanson had been quarrelling. Jealousy about the woman is the cause alleged.

A vicious St. Bernard dog attacked a party of school children in Marysville, Cal. Laura Baumann, aged 7, was bitten about the face and head and will probably die; Baby Kuchs, was almost torn to shreds, its arms and breast were terribly bitten, and it cannot recover. Albert Kuchs was bitten through the wrist, and will recover, unless rabies follows. A little girl was bitten in the leg, but will recover.

"Doc" Payne and Lon Beckwith, middle-weights, met in Cleveland, O., for a finish fight for \$250 a side and the gate receipts in Lavo's gymnasium. In the seventh round, when Payne was all but knocked out, the police burst in the doors and stopped the fight, arresting all the principals, seconds and referee. Two hundred spectators were in attendance, and only ten of them escaped, jumping from the windows. All of the patrol wagons in the city made trip after trip conveying the crowd, which contained many prominent citizens, to the station.

It is reported that Lewis Gimm, of Cleveland, O., the holder of the American 24-hour indoor bicycle record, is mentally unbalanced from the effects of his remarkable performance in that city last week. Gimm rode 486 miles and 1,115 yards in 23 1/2 hours, breaking the American record by more than 83 miles. He would have fallen from his wheel at the finish but for the judges, who noticed the movements of the rider and carried him from the track.

Manuel Gregory, colored, was shot in Chattanooga, Tenn., while attempting to rob a house. The bullet, fired at a distance of twelve feet, struck Gregory in the head and flattened out as it had been made of paste. The negro is not seriously injured.

Hon. William Collins Whitney and Mrs. Edith S. Randolph, were married at Bar Harbor, Me. It was an informal affair. There were no bridesmaids and no best man. The entrance to the church was a mass of roses, laurel hydrangeas and potted plants.

D. M. Browning, controller of Indian affairs, has made his annual report to the secretary of the interior. He says that with no outbreak or disturbance during the year, the progress of the Indians in general education and civilization has been uninterrupted and substantial. The main effort now, as for many years, must be to push the Indian upon his allotment, teach him to support himself, protect him from encroachment and injustice, and educate his children in books and industries.

The steamer Umatilla, from San Francisco to Puget sound, struck on the rocks off Point Wilson promontory, in Discovery bay, near Port Townsend. All of the passengers were landed safely by means of small boats. The starboard bow of the steamship was stove in badly and the steamer is leaking seriously, but rests above the water supported on the rocks. The cause of the disaster is attributed to the fog so prevalent in Northern waters at this season.

The Cuban junta has received an offer from an English syndicate of a loan of \$6,000,000 for \$60,000,000 payable in twenty years. President T. Estrada Palma and the other members of the junta held a conference as soon as the offer was received. The president was asked what action was taken and stated: "We have taken no decided action as yet," he said. "We have received a number of similar offers from bankers, who see that we are almost certain to win, and we have them all under advisement. We will probably accept the best terms, the offer of the English syndicate seems to call for a very large interest, but the fact that they may never get it back must be considered. During the last year of the Mexican war for independence Mexican bonds sold for \$2.50 on the hundred."

The dredge Enterprise is now at Cascade locks engaged in clearing the sand from the upper entrance. The inner wall on the south side has been completed, and the concrete foundation for the north wall is done. Several courses of masonry remain to be laid upon this latter wall. It is the general feeling that the locks are nearing completion, and any further delay would be an unwelcome surprise. With the completion of this work, The Dalles expects to make rapid growth and attract capital from abroad.

The supreme court of Washington holds that an ordinance of the city of Tacoma, preventing barbers from pursuing their calling for compensation on Sundays is special legislation, and obnoxious to the provisions of the state constitution. It says this class of people is singled out while other people are allowed to pursue their work, which is strictly contrary to the object of the constitutional provision prohibiting special legislation.

Miss Clara Howard is working her way through the University of California by selling newspapers.

A Touch of Womanly Grace.

The members of the party composed of federal generals who are touring the country in the interests of the Republican party unite in saying that the most pleasing incident so far of their journey was a delicate bit of courtesy shown by Mrs. Bryan, wife of the Democratic candidate for president, who, while the procession in honor of the visiting generals was moving past her house in Lincoln, Neb., displayed over her door a large portrait of William McKinley, tastefully draped in the national colors. It was a touch of womanly grace, beautiful as it was unexpected, and General Alger says that he will cherish it as a sweet recollection plucked from an acrimonious campaign until the end of his days.

Match Girls on a Strike.

Rather than have their teeth examined and repaired, half of the 300 girl employees of Edwin Gould's big match factory at Passaic, N. J., have gone on a strike, and declare they will never work for such a horrid man again. Phosphorus, which is used in making matches, if allowed to act on decayed teeth, will eventually subject them to disease and leave them crippled for life. Damage suits may result. Gould, therefore, ordered the girls to submit to an examination by a dentist, but they refused.

Will Readjust Wage Rates.

The Carnegie Steel Company, of Homestead, Pa., has notified its employees in the mills that a "readjustment" of the existing wage scale is desired by the company. This, the men say, means another cut in wages. Under the agreement with the workmen, each side is required to give a ninety days' notice of any change desired in the wages paid. The present scale expires January 1, when the new scale will be put into effect.

Storm on the Potomac.

Reports from the upper Potomac show that high winds did great damage to property this side of the mountain. In addition to the wind, there was a cloudburst that soon changed the small tributaries into raging torrents, carrying away much farm property and washing away many bridges. On a short spur of the railroad leading to Berkley Springs, thirteen bridges were carried off.

The Powers Have Agreed.

There is, says a London dispatch, very good reason for believing that an important agreement has been reached between the great powers and that all danger of a European war has, for the present, passed away. It may now be hoped that the danger has been conjured by diplomacy, which alone was capable of dealing safely and adequately with the problem.

Mines to Be Worked.

Preparations are being hurried for the resumption of work in the Bison, Little Johnny, Mehala and Resurrection mines, at Leadville. At least 500 men are expected to go to work soon.

A Head-End Collision.

Two freight trains collided at Philson, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, 124 miles east of Pittsburgh, Pa., making one of the worst wrecks in the history of the road. Twelve trains have been taken from the track, six of whom were dead. The other six are in a serious condition. The two engineers and firemen were injured seriously and one perhaps fatally. The crew of the fast freight train lost control of the train on a steep grade. It was going at a high rate of speed when it struck the other train, every car being thrown to a common center in the collision and ground to atoms.

It Was a Bold Plot.

A plot to overthrow the government of Nicaragua and kill President Zelaya, has been discovered and frustrated. Some of the most prominent people are implicated in the plan, which was an attempt to bring about the last rebellion, in which Zelaya was victorious, his enemies and a majority of his former allies, namely, the conservatives, have been plotting to upset the government by force of arms. The barracks and palaces were to be assaulted simultaneously, and President Zelaya was to be assassinated. The barracks were to be blown up with dynamite in case the assault failed.

Another Big Deficit.

A comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the government for the month of September shows the total receipts to have been \$24,584,244; expenditures, \$26,579,535, leaving a deficit for the month of \$1,995,291. The deficit of the three months of the present fiscal year is \$25,194,129, as compared with a deficit of \$9,884,658 in the corresponding months last year. Receipts for the last month show a loss as compared with September of last year of nearly \$3,300,000 from customs, and about \$680,000 from internal revenue.

Reviewing Stand Collapsed.

During the parade at the Iowa semi-centennial celebration, at Burlington, Ia., the reviewing stand containing Vice-President Stevenson, Governor Drake, and Iowa and staff, and many other prominent people, collapsed, throwing all to the ground and injuring thirty people. Vice President Stevenson and Governor Drake escaped with slight bruises.

Part of Fex Burned.

A Tangier dispatch says: The Jewish quarter of Fex, the principal city of the empire of Morocco, has been burned. Several persons perished, and many were fatally injured. Five hundred of the residents of the burning quarter were compelled to flee in an unclad condition to the country until the flames were quenched. It is estimated that there were 10,000 Jews in Fex, out of a total population of 100,000.

Burned by Brigands.

Advices from Belgrade say the brother of the Austrian consul at Ceres, Macedonia, who was carried off by a band of Bulgarian brigands some weeks ago, with a wealthy Greek landed proprietor and others, has been murdered with four of his companions, because the ransom of \$50,000 demanded by the brigands as the price of their liberty was not forthcoming.

According to the most careful computation, only one person in 10,000 of both sexes attain the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of 60.

TESLA'S LATEST INVENTION.

His New Electrical Oscillator at Last Perfected.

New York, Oct. 5.—Nicola Tesla has explained the principles of the electrical oscillator for which he has just obtained a patent. He has been working on the idea for ten years.

"The object of my oscillator," said Mr. Tesla, "is to provide a simple, compact and effective apparatus for producing greater effects with existing circuits carrying direct currents. Practical electricity is too expensive. It must be cheapened so the multitude may have advantage of it. That is all I am aiming at."

"My new invention is simply this: In any given circuit I interpose a device in the nature of a choking coil in order to give the circuit a high self-induction. I also provide a circuit controller that may be operated to make and break the circuit. Around the point of interruption I place a condenser to store the energy of the discharge current, and in series with such condenser I place a transformer which becomes the source of currents of high frequency."

"Inasmuch as the self-induction of the circuit through which the condenser discharges, as well as the capacity of the condenser itself, may be given practically any desired value, the frequency of the discharge current may be adjusted at will."

TALE OF HORRIBLE CRUELTY.

Idiotic Poor-Farm Inmate Almost Buried Alive.

Norwich, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Floyd Abbott, deputy superintendent of the poor of Chenango county, has been arrested on a warrant issued by Justice McMahon, of Preston, in which town the county farm is situated. The complaint was made by Thomas Weaver, one of the most responsible men of the town, who lives at the county farm.

He says in an affidavit that Abbott attempted to bury alive George Macomber, an inmate of the idiot ward, that he forced Macomber into a grave in the county farm cemetery and held him there while the grave was partially filled, and until, in his struggles, his victim finally broke away and escaped. On another occasion Macomber was set upon and beaten by Abbott with a shovel and cruelly cut and bruised. He was then compelled to strip naked and was thrown into the creek which runs through the cemetery.

Abbott pleaded guilty to the complaint, and made no attempt to explain or defend his actions. His fine was paid by his employer, Superintendent Sprague, and Abbott is still retained as deputy.

HARROWING TALES.

Town of Cedar Keys Said to Be Nearly Wrecked.

Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 5.—Railroad communication with the eastern and middle parts of the state has just been re-established, and harrowing tales are being received over the peninsula of Florida.

It appears that the storm left the gulf and struck the coast about Cedar Keys, which is said to be almost completely wrecked. The town, situated in a northeasterly course, its diameter being about forty miles across the state, doing fearful damage at the towns of Gainesville, High Springs, Newberry, Lake City, Bronsford, Callahan and many others.

Much damage is reported at Jacksonville, but no loss of life, as the center of the storm seems to have passed to the north of that city. The loss of property cannot now be ascertained, but it is very heavy, not only in the towns, but on farms, where the crops were destroyed.

JUDGE GRAY INDICTED.

Charged With Carrying a Concealed Weapon.

Astoria, Or., Oct. 5.—This afternoon the grand jury returned an indictment against County Judge Gray on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon. The complaining witness was John Stephenson, one of the witnesses for the defense in the case of the Uniontown rioters. The incident that led to the complaint against Gray occurred in the early part of August, during the preliminary hearing of the cases against the alleged rioters, and as the result of a heated argument between the county judge and Stephenson. The latter, Judge Gray asserted, was endeavoring to intimidate Jacob Jackson, the principal witness against the alleged rioters. Hot words followed, and Judge Gray exposed a six-shooter.

Judge Gray contends that he is a peace officer, and as such has a right to carry a weapon; furthermore, that he had received threatening letters a short time previous to his dispute with Stephenson.

Japan to Import American Cotton.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 5.—Mr. Tsuratani, of Kobe, Japan, is here with letters of introduction to local shippers. The object of his visit is to arrange for direct importation of Texas cotton to Japan. He says there are eighty plants in Japan for the manufacture of cotton goods, and other mills are to be established. Texas cotton will shortly be shipped from San Francisco to Tokyo on a Japanese steamship.

Robbed a Paymaster.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—The China brings news of the robbery at Shanghai of the paymaster of the United States cruiser Boston of \$1,122 by three sea men named Henriksen and Mooney, both from this city. The thieves escaped after their bold robbery, but were captured at Nagasaki.

The women of San Francisco are to give an educational and historical carnival, which will last during an entire week.

A Daring Burglar.

Pittsburg, Oct. 5.—It has just been learned that burglars entered the Hotel Norman, near Wilmerding, Pa., Sunday morning, and after chloroforming all the inmates, including eighteen guests, carried off \$10,000 in money, jewelry and silverware.

A Flouring Mill Burned.

Montrose, Colo., Oct. 5.—The Farmers' and Merchants' flouring mill burned. The loss is \$50,000, with insurance of about \$25,000. Spontaneous combustion is supposed to have caused the fire.

LINES.

[Suggested on reading the resolution passed by the Ladies' Memorial association of Columbia, wherein they refused to decorate any other graves than those of the Confederate soldiers.]

Let the brave and the noble rest in peace!
Let the warlike slumber on!
They are free from the battle's din and roar,
They have washed the taint of crimson gore—
Then leave their ashes alone.

'Twere better that only the dews of the morn
Bedewed their graves than that woman's
scent
Should snare the garland of blue and of gray
And hurl the purest motives away
That e'er bloomed in a nation's heart.

Then leave their warrior couches alone.
Let the daisy starred sod and the crumbling
bone

All mix and waste away.
For 'tis better they rest in innocent sleep,
For now as they slumber they clasp hands of
peace;
And vile hate is purged away.

But should woman's hand creep calmly down
And cast flowers only on loved ones' mounds,
Forgetting the Christian creed?

Why, the dead bones fair would rise in their
And clasp o'er the chasm and blood stained
deep
That pardoning hand of peace.

'Tis better distant not their pure, peaceful
sod.
They are garlands already by garlands from
God.

For the blue tinted violet and grass tuft of
gray
Will rest on both mounds free from strife or
dislay.

And the pearl beads, 'E'en on Memorial day
Are waving o'er the graves that spirits may pay
To their crumbling tablets that dwell with the
clay.

But, oh, should those heroes, now brothers in
God,
See strife and contention made over their sod,
See mothers and sisters they once deemed as
true

Now shatter the island of gray and of blue,
They'd turn from the scene, with their pinions
bedewed
And plead for forgiveness from Father and God
That he would pardon pious folk down
And pluck out the thorn from the garland and
crown!

GESTIE ORCHARD STOVALL.

THE OVERTON CLAIM.

By MARTHA FOLLOUGH WILLIAMS.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

Through minutes that seemed hours she crept painfully along, her hands scratched and bleeding, her bare head catching ever and anon some vagrant twine, some down dropping bough. The path was the narrow track, hardly a foot wide. Even when at last she followed it upright, her was a snail's progress, so thick, so clinging, so interlocked were the briars and angle on either hand.

Slowly, blindly, she followed it. She had no idea whence it came, whither it ran, by what fet it was made. All her thought was it must lead her somewhere. If she persevered, it would take her out of this wilderness that might otherwise be her grave.

Up hill, down dale, it ran, now crossed by other and fainter tracks, now cutting sharp through a dense cartway. Dare had lived enough in the fields to know its smooth surface meant the habitual tread of human feet. Evidently they went upon a secret errand, else the wild growth would not be so left to the sun and wind.

Miles and miles the girl tramped through the waning day. More than one ruffed grouse flew up from the thicket as she came too near. A fox stopped and looked her full in the face on top of a high hill. A wild turkey, with young half grown, went with wide skimming wings across a bog narrow valley.

Sunset came, a full of red, stormy light. At the very last a bloody rim rested upon the hill crests. The sky was full of varying clouds, then and there a few stars shone down from the north. Dare shivered at the sight. There was thunder in the air. What if she must face it, the storm, the night, alone in this wild waste! The dread lent wings to her feet. She almost ran along the path, which was now broader, better trodden, less encumbered with hindering boughs.

Bats came out and circled low above her head. She listened hopefully, but in vain, for the whistling, whose crying means no rain. Sunset faded out in dusk; dusk fell to black darkness. Still the path stretched endlessly before her. She had climbed a long hill, and had been for some miles descending, when a log by the wayside caught her eye. It lay, a mass of fox fire, gleaming through the dark. Spent and breathless, she sank down upon it, saying under her breath:

"I cannot go much farther in this darkness. Maybe I had better stay here until morning."

Suddenly she started to her feet. A wild drowsing chant was borne upward to her ear, the sound of many strong voices pitched in a minor key. It came from the right, evidently below where she sat. After a minute she knew what it was—the death song wherewith negroes seek to pass on sleep. Feeling each step in advance, she went forward a little way, to find the path did sharply in the direction of the sound and at last ran into the small clearing about Jincey's cabin.

Door and window stood wide, letting big blurs of faint light fall outward athwart the dark. A dozen were within, men and women, standing about the bed where the old woman lay, her gasping breath coming shorter, shorter, with each cadence of the wailing chant. At the bed's foot stood Jubilee, Jincey's sole living descendant, his wide, solemn eyes fixed hard upon her withered face.

As Dare paused for a moment in the door, she caught the eye of a tall, white haired old man, evidently the leader of the watchers, who beckoned her to come forward as though her presence was expected and said as the rest fell back:

"Speak to her, Miss Dare. She's most gone, but I reckon she'll know you. Seems like the fam'ly's been all day on her min'."

"Granny Jincey, do you know me?" Dare asked, taking the withered clammy fingers within her own. The song had died to a brooding hush, broken only by the muttering of thunder, the tick of the deathwatch in the wall.

The old woman stirred uneasily. Her lips moved, but no word came, and still the lids lay heavily over her eyes. Dare bent almost to her ear and said clearly:

"Granny Jincey, can I do anything for you? Is there any message I can take for you?"

The young voice pierced through the gathering mists of death. Jincey's eyes flew wide; her hands clinched; she sat convulsively upright, crying aloud:

"Mistis! Miss Alice! Jincey never meant to hurt you!"

"She takes yo' fer her mistis, yo' great grandmother. Yo' ar lik' her," the old man said in Dare's ear. Jincey's hand was groping feebly under her pillow while her lips moaned:

"The key, the key, find it, find it for Miss Alice!"

"Is this de one?" Jubilee said, holding a bit of brass close to the dimming eyes.

"Yes, yes," panted the old woman. "Give it her. Papers—in chest—at—de bottom," falling back at the last word with the death rattle in her throat.

"Bredren, sisters, sing whiles I pray fer dis departin' soul," the old man said, dropping on his knees at the bedside with rapt upraised eyes and moving lips from which came only soundless petitions.

Low and wild, with a ringing undertone, the death song swelled out through the summer night, to end only when the old man, rising from his knees, laid the dead hands straight, saying, with simple solemnity:

"Dust an ashes dov art become. De silver cord is loosed, de golden bowl is broken, de soul has gone back ter God who gave, an blessed be de name er de Lord."

Dare's eyes were brimming. She knew how these simple souls interpreted her appearance. To them it was evident that, hearing the old woman was dying, she had come as a last kindness to one who had been her grandfather's slave. It was no strained interpretation. She would not understand the details, would not put her in the road to Ridgely, and weary as she was it would not take so very long to reach it.

As if obedient to her thought, the boy came to her elbow and whispered:

"Miss Dare, I know de box dat key fits. Hit's in de bottom er de big chis' I'll git it. Den yo' better go home."

Following him in silence, Dare saw him fling up the lid of a huge coffin that set against the wall, saw him delve deep in its heterogeneous depths and bring up a small pile box, most inconspicuously fastened with a wrought brass lock. Trembling through and through, she turned the key in it, saw the lid fly open, and within a long, thick, folded paper, with a seal at one end.

As she thrust it within her bosom a confused noise of hoofs and trampling foot came from the outer dusk. Three or four tall, roughly dressed men came into the cabin and stared curiously around. Dare recognized the foremost as a hillman who often did odd jobs for her grandfather. Now she stepped eagerly forward and spoke his name.

Instantly he fell back a step in blank amazement, then said hurriedly:

"Oh, Miss Dare, your grandpa's out-side. I—I think he wants to see you."

CHAPTER XXI.

"My girl, we can show them the Overtons know how to die."

Dare had indeed found her grandfather with the mob, found him bound and helpless, yet sitting as upright and fearless upon his horse as though for the chase. It had all passed like a dream, the sight of him, the mounting behind one of the leaders, the tramp into the wilderness, from which she had but just escaped. Now the hillmen had halted in front of the house Cleve had chosen for her prison, had hurried the two within it and were deep in counsel outside.

"I shall not let you go, Dare, but we shall die innocent. We have never harmed, but always helped as far as lay in our power, these lawless men. What charge can they bring against us?"

"That we are Overtons," the old man said bitterly. "Overtons," he repeated, "the rightful owners of this which other men wish to sell and buy. At sundown as I sat in my study these fellows came upon me, demanding that I give up my rights. In their phrase, 'Take it or leave it and let men who have money set the wheels turning.' They were tired of waiting and starving if I was not. If I dared to refuse, I must take the consequences. I did refuse, then and forever. I was alone in the house, almost so upon the plantation. Gagged and bound, I was set upon my horse and headed for this place. I know it well, the loneliest, the wildest spot in all the tract, so wild and lone murder might be done here a hundred times with no risk of detection. All the way I was thanking God that you were safely away. Tell me, my child, how it happens that you, too, are entrapped?"

Dare told him, keeping back nothing save the scene in Jincey's cabin. The more than midnight darkness of their prison house hid the old man's face as he listened, but his hand lay on that of his grandchild, and amid all her stress of feeling she noted the surging leap of his pulse as she told of her peril, her escape.

"Oh, for one more day of life to meet that gentleman!" he said through his set teeth. "My child, my child, it seems I let you go into the very lion's den. Forgive me, my girl. I have not been tender and thoughtful of you. I shall love you more through our little inch of time than in all the years of your life."

"There is nothing to forgive," Dare said, laying her cheek against his hand. A quiver of lightning played along the floor and showed her big tears dropping from the brave old eyes.

"I have not shed a tear before since Margaret died," the old man said, with a gulp over the name.

"You must not cry now. We need all our spirit," Dare said, nestling closer. "Keep a good heart, grandfather. These men surely dare not murder us outright, and help must come before long."

"You don't know them as I do, daughter," Major Overton said, with a sigh. "They have gone too far to draw back now. Our lives are the price of their own safety no less than their prosperity. My wonder is that they have not given us shorter shrift—indeed that we came into this room alive."

The hillmen themselves wondered not a little. In truth, there was a division of opinion among their heads.

"I tell ye, both must die, er we'll swing for it," said the man Dare had recognized. "I tell ye, ye might 'a' knocked me down with a feather when I seen that dar gal in ole Jincey's cabin an she spoke up so. 'Why, this is Mr. Hensley! I'd rather take er year's whippin' an ter tetch her rough, but what's er man ter do? She knowed me. I tell ye that ain't no safe way but the bloody one."

"An I tell you, you fool," said a deeper voice, "if harm comes to her, ter so much as a hair of her head, we'll all have our trouble for our pains. The feller dat's got most er de money we're so anxious he should spend here is plumb crazy about her. The man dat touches her is as sure ter swing for it as de

spendin' of a million dollars can make him. I know, fer H—, yo' know who, told me dat was in de game. If he don't git her, most lik' he'll quit de country. I say de thing ter do is keep 'em here, keep 'em comfortable, treat 'em lik' fightin' cocks, but keep 'em close till they're willin ter agree ter hold their tongues."

"That'd be ennobel always. Man, yo' don't know them Overtons. Bad as I hate 'em fer their high headed, high handed ways, I know they're game, ain't feared o' man ner devil and wouldn't budge a hair from what they said was right fer all dis world, with de next thrown in. Talk about makin' terms! Put it ter vote, I say. Fix er hat, somebody. In all favor of makin a sure thing o' dis job put crossmarks on their tickets. Den again, I leave 'em white."

A little time, and 30 men came past the lat, over which hung their solitary lantern, each dropping from his hand a fluttering slip whose import was life or death.

"Mr. Somebody didn't think what his letter was ter be used fer when he writ it," Hensley said, with a grim smile, as the ballots fell in.

"Reckon it wouldn't 'a' bothered him much if he had," his opponent remarked. The teller raised a hand, saying canonically:

"Ye better be fixin. Thar's 20 crosses."

"We'll draw lots who's ter do de job. De rest kin go erway," Hensley said, speaking thickly in spite of his sense of necessity. "Tyon't take but tyvo—one erpiece, yo know." Inside Major Overton talked in low tones to Dare.

"It was a miracle, your escape, and to think you are thus brought back," he said, breathing hard.

"There is fate in it, I am sure," Dare answered. "Do you know, grandfather, I believe Jincey had made the path I was about tramping to this place. What motive could possibly have brought her so often over such a weary way?"

"Maybe we will know soon. Jincey was a mystery always. We are at the gate of mysteries. I wonder why they are so slow?"

Dare pressed his hand hard and said in his ear:

"Hush! I hear hard breathing. Some one else is in the room."

"If it is the scoundrel who lured you here, let me throttle him before I die, and death will lose half its sting," the old man cried aloud.

Instantly a light flashed out, the light of a dark lantern in Royal Cleve's hands. Wearily with his fruitless search for Dare, he had come back and at last dropped into sleep so sound that only within the last few minutes had he awakened from it. He walked directly over to Major Overton, saying as he held out a revolver:

"I deserve that you should shoot me, sir. But pray postpone it until I have paid my respects to those scoundrels outside."

"You do well to turn against them, sir, after inciting them to their present course," Major Overton said, with curling lip. "By contrast, with yourself they are almost respectable. They have at least the palliation of ignorance and necessity."

Cleve fell back in amazement.

"Can you think, believe," he asked, "that I had any hand in, any knowledge of, this outrage?"

"Why not? You are guilty of worse," the scoundrel said, looking at Dare.

"I have a hand on her grandfather's arm and said, half timidly:

"I think, sir, Mr. Cleve is innocent of this. I know, too, he will save us from all harm if only we do not thrust his help aside."