

# MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

## CHAPTER XXV.

A fortnight passed away. Short as was the time, it seemed an age to me, hungering as I was for some news from home. I had received one letter, written by Annie, in which she told me that no change had taken place since my departure, but made no mention whatever of Madeline Graham or George Redruth. To this I had replied in an cheerful strain as possible, but shamefacedly keeping silence on the subject nearest to my heart. I was full, therefore, of secret anxiety.

One Sunday, the second after my arrival, I was astonished to see a light country cart draw up at the door, containing John Rudd and my cousin Annie. Startled, and fearing some bad news, I stepped out to greet them, and learned that they had driven over from Barnmouth, a town some twenty miles distant, where they had arrived in the carrier's wagon on the previous night. I assisted Annie down, and saw that she was very pale and trembled. Then, while John Rudd drove away to put up the horse, I led my cousin into the cottage.

Directly we were alone, she burst into tears.

"Something has happened," I cried.

"Speak, Annie! don't keep me in suspense! Is anything wrong at home?"

"All's well at home, Hugh, dear; it's not that which brought me over. I came to tell you that the marriage day is fixed. They are to be wedded in St. Gurlott's next Wednesday morning."

I knew of whom she spoke, though she mentioned no names, and I was both surprised and angry that she should travel to me with so sorry a message. She saw the darkness gathering in my face, and cried eagerly:

"Hugh, dear, don't be angry! I felt I must come and tell you—for oh! it is breaking my heart, as well as yours."

"Breaking your heart?" I echoed. "What is it to you?"

"It is everything to me. Master George, though he is going to wed Miss Graham, is my husband in the sight of God!"

"Then I was right!" I cried. "I was right from the first. The villain!"

All my spirit arose once more against her, for though I had suspected the truth, her confession came upon me like a thunderbolt. Stretching out her hands pitifully to me, she proceeded:

"Hugh, dear, I promised that I would one day tell you everything, and it is for that I came. I waited on till the last, I thought to hold my peace, I hoped and prayed that he would never go so far; but when I heard the day was fixed, my mind was made up. But first I went to him, and prayed to him on my knees. Then, finding that it was all in vain, I determined to come here."

"You are speaking of George Redruth?" I asked, sternly.

"Yes!"

"Why have you screened him so long?"

"Because I made him a promise. Because I believed until the very last that he might make amends. Because—because—I did not wish to see him harmed!"

Oh, Hugh, forgive me! don't look at me like that! You promised to be a brother to me always. Keep your promise now."

How could I resist her sad appeal? I was a child to repulse her, even for a moment. But, casting off the mask of severity, I kissed her, and placed her in a chair. As she looked up at me with her pleading, tearful eyes, I silently cursed the scoundrel who had been the cause of her trouble; but for her, poor girl, I had only sympathy and love.

"Annie," I said, "I must know everything; no part of the truth, but the whole; then, perhaps, I can help you. But first, about this marriage. Now, tell me the whole story."

She obeyed me, and I listened in deep agitation. Simply, clearly, she described to me all that had taken place, from the day she had first left her home.

She had loved George Redruth sincerely, and apparently he had returned her affection. He had deputed Johnson to take her away, had later joined her, and a marriage ceremony had been performed. He had sworn her to secrecy, on account of his proud mother. Later, when he had tired of her, he had told her the marriage was a farce. The rest I knew.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

My experience of the world was most rudimentary; I knew next to nothing of its great crimes. That any human being calling himself a man could be capable of cold-blooded treachery to a woman whom he promised to love was almost incredible to me. I was agast at the record of George Redruth's evil doing. I was less amazed at Annie's extraordinary patience under wrongs so monstrous. The man had deserved no mercy.

"You say that you went through a ceremony of marriage?" I said. "Annie, I believe you are his wife after all!"

"In the sight of God I am. But, Hugh, dear, if it had been a real marriage, he would never dare to wed again."

"Such a scoundrel would dare anything," I cried, fiercely. "It is well you came to me, for there is yet time. He shall do you justice. If he refuses to do so, I will teach him such a lesson that he will never again dare to hold his head up before the world!"

Leaving Annie to partake of some simple refreshment, I walked out to interview the mine's solicitor, and informed him that domestic circumstances necessitated my return to St. Gurlott's for several days. He assented to my departure, making me promise, however, to return as soon as possible.

Early in the afternoon, we left Gwendovey in the country cart, John Rudd driving, and I seated by Annie's side. It was a long journey; traveling nearly all night, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, we did not sight the old village till it was almost daybreak.

"Annie," I said, as we passed at the cottage gate, "whatever happens, we must keep this from your father. For his sake, and for his sake only, we must act very cautiously."

The door was unfastened; for, indeed, lock and key were in little request at St. Gurlott's, which was peopled with honest folk. We walked in, and, entering the kitchen, saw my uncle reading by

the light of a candle. I glanced at the book before him; it was the old Bible, with his own name, his wife's, and Annie's, with the dates of marriage and of birth, on the fly-leaf. We entered, but he did not look up. But when I drew nearer and spoke to him, he started up with a cry, pale as death, with the sweat standing in great beads upon his wrinkled brow.

"Who be that?" he cried. "Help!"

"What, don't you know me?" I said, forcing a laugh. "It is I, Hugh Trelawney, and Annie, your daughter."

"Hugh! Annie!" he repeated, drawing his hand nervously across his lips. "Why, saw it be! Why did 'ee come upon me so sudden like? I did not hear 'ee."

He closed the page nervously, as if fearing that we should see what portion of the book he had been reading. Annie stooped over him and kissed him tenderly; he looked up with a faint smile, and patted her cheek.

"Hugh, my lad," he said presently, "I wish you had never left the mine. New overseer be a chap fro' Wales, and naw manner o' good. All he thinks o' is to save money for the company, and he dawn't go down hissen once in a se'night. Out slawing to the blue gallery, the sea is safe to come in, some o' these days."

"I always said so," I returned. "It's a shame that nothing has been done."

"Saw it be, lad. I spoke to Measter Jargo about it last neet, and he promised to take a last look at 'un before he gangs away."

As soon as possible, I left the cottage, to think out the situation for myself. Now that I had come home, I felt in full force the awkwardness of my position. How was I to take firm ground in Annie's name, and yet keep the truth from my uncle, the shock to whose already shattered system I so much dreaded? From every point of view, indeed, the proclamation of the truth would be a calamity; yet it must be made, for Annie's sake, for Madeline's. My only course was to proceed as cautiously as possible, first sounding the main actor in the drama and ascertaining what he had to say in his own defense. With this view I determined to go at once to Redruth House.

It was a wild, windy day, with frequent showers of rain. As I approached the avenue, I heard the dreary "sough" of the wind in the trees, and my thoughts went back to the day when I, a boy, met George Redruth, a boy, in that very place.

I walked boldly up to the front door and rang the bell. In a few moments the door was opened by a man-servant.

"Is your master at home?" I asked.

"Mr. Redruth is in the drawing room," replied the fellow. "What name shall I say?"

"I will announce myself," I answered, stepping into the hall. "Stand out of the way," and, placing my hand on the drawing room door, I threw it open. The man fell back in astonishment, and I strode in.

I looked keenly about me, to discover who the occupants might be. I could see only two—George Redruth and his mother. The old lady, looking very white and stately in her robe of black velvet, sat bolt upright in a quaint oak chair, working at some fancy work. Near to her was her son, lounging carelessly in a low easy chair, an open book upon his knee. He certainly looked very handsome in his spotless clothes and snowy linen; and I wondered little that his mother's eyes rested upon him with such a look of affection. George Redruth was not a man who bore upon his person the impress of his soul. He had a fair face and a specious manner; and any stranger looking at him would have believed him utterly incapable of cruelty or wrongdoing.

My unceremonious entry startled both mother and son. They both looked at me with an expression which was by no means amiable. They both asked what my business was there that night. I turned to Redruth and said, as quietly as I could:

"My business is with you, sir. What I have to say had better be said to you alone."

He moved uneasily in his seat, and darted at me from under his brows a look of bitter hatred. I thought his face grew very pale, but he made an effort to preserve his cold manner.

"You are very mysterious," he replied; "but since you have thought it worth your while to force your way upon us as you have done, you had better say your say and go, before I order the servants to turn you out."

"You had better be careful," I replied. "Once more I warn you—what you have to hear had better be heard by you alone."

He made a movement forward, and I was about to follow him, when there was another interruption of a most unexpected kind. Old Mrs. Redruth rose, and, making a stately motion with her hand, said:

"You shall not leave me, George. If he means to insult you, let him do so before your mother's face!"

"I insult him?" I said. "You don't know what you are saying. I have returned to my home to obtain justice; to force a bitter wrong to be righted. I am here for that now. Whatever happens, no blame can be attached to me. I am willing to speak to him alone; but speak I mean to before I leave this house to-night. Tell me—is it true that in two days you propose to wed Miss Graham?"

"Yes," answered his mother; "it is true. Now, sir, what have you to say?"

"This: that you son had better think well before he goes to lead that lady to the altar; because he knows as well as I that that marriage can never be."

"George, what does he mean?" asked the old lady, gazing from one to another in trembling agitation.

"For heaven's sake, mother, keep calm!" said George Redruth, who was himself terribly agitated, then he turned again to me. "Trelawney, leave the house," he said. "If you have anything to say to me, seek me again; my mother is ill, and a scene such as this promises to be will kill her!"

"I told you I was willing to speak to you alone," I said; "but since that can't be, other folk must hear. I am here today to ask for justice; you best know why and for whom. Do you mean to do it?"

"You speak in riddles, which I fail to understand."

"I am speaking of the woman whose heart you have broken and whose life you have destroyed; in the name of my cousin, Annie Pendragon, I refuse to allow this marriage to go on!"

I expected to see him cower before this blow, but I was mistaken; he was evidently prepared for anything I might say.

"My good man," he said, coolly, "you are saying, or worse. You take, I know, a very tender interest in Miss Graham's welfare, and think you will be able to degrade me in her eyes. But you are mistaken. Both Miss Graham and my mother know me too well to believe one word of what you say!"

"Do you deny?" I said, "the story which I have heard from my cousin's lips?"

"What your cousin may or may not have told you is no concern of mine. What is she to me?"

"She is your wife," I returned.

Still he retained his cold, impassive manner; but the old lady looked at him with troubled eyes. It was nothing to her that he had broken a heart. But the fear that her darling had been made to link himself to one beneath him was terrible to her.

"George," she cried imploringly, "what does he mean?"

"I mean, madam," I replied, "that it was your son who brought all the trouble to our home. Through him, and him alone, murder has been done; and simple trusting hearts have been broken. Let him go to the altar with Miss Graham; and, so sure as he stands living before me now, I will denounce him before them all."

"You villain! do you mean to threaten me?" exclaimed Redruth.

"And if I do," I returned, "I don't threaten what I can't perform. My cousin has been silent hitherto because she wished to spare you; she has returned good for evil, cruelty with kindness; but now that she has spoken—now that I know the truth—I am determined that she shall receive justice. I say again she is your wife; if not by the laws of man, at least in the sight of God; and so long as she lives you shall not wed another woman!"

I paused and looked at him; his face was quite livid.

"Hear me, Trelawney," he said. "The story you have fixed upon me is one tissue of lies. If you say it is not, bring your witnesses to prove it; if you cannot do so, your fabrication falls to the ground. I know nothing of your cousin, and I am not to be driven through fear into marriage with a peasant girl. Women of her class are given to lying; she seems no exception to the rule!"

"Coward and liar!" I exclaimed. Utterly beside myself, I raised my clenched fist, and should have struck him to the ground. There was a shriek and a heavy thud upon the floor. Terrified and heart-sick, I drew back, and gazed with wild eyes upon the figure of the old lady, which lay, apparently lifeless, at my feet. In a moment a woman's figure was beside her, kneeling on the floor, and bending forward with tender solicitude over the wrinkled face. It was Madeline. Where she had come from I could not tell, she seemed to have arisen like a spirit from the earth. She was pale, but quite composed. With tender hands she smoothed back the gray hair; she dipped her fingers in the bowl of water which George Redruth held, and drew them across the wrinkled brow; she pressed her warm red lips to the white cheek, and murmured gently, "Aunt, dear aunt, open your eyes; it is I, Madeline!"

For a time the old lady lay motionless—I standing by, unable to move hand or foot, but feeling nothing but pity for her. Suddenly she stirred slightly and heaved a sigh; then Madeline raised her eyes and fixed them upon my face.

"Will you go, please?" she said, "for her sake. If she wakes and sees you it will be terrible."

That was enough; I was to obey her wish; so, utterly weary and heart-broken, I left the house.

(To be continued.)

Plants that Wear Overcoats.

Plants have developed almost as many dodges for perpetuating their existence as animals, only we don't so easily recognize them. Did it ever strike you that every seed, bulb or tuber is not merely a reservoir of material for the plant that is to grow out of it, but also a mass of fuel for supplying heat necessary to the sprouting seedlet? More than this. If you look at the early spring buds and flowers, you will notice that those which are likely to be exposed to the frost, such as catkins or willow and hazel, are well protected by a thick covering of soft material, a regular plant overcoat.

Helping Along.

"Tommy," called Mrs. Green, anxiously, "where is your father?"

"Downstairs, shaving," responded Tommy.

"Shaving? Good gracious, I told him to make lemonade for the company."

"Well, maw, he is shaving the ice."

A Considerate Husband.

"Do you really think I have appendicitis?" said Mr. Meekton.

"I must confess that I have fears in that direction."

"Well, there's one comfort, anyhow. It'll be something for my wife to brag about to the neighbors."—Washington Star.

As Exploited.

Mrs. Jaggaby (at breakfast)—I didn't hear you last night when you came in.

Jaggaby—Hub! That accounts for it.

Mrs. Jaggaby—Accounts for what?

Jaggaby—The fact that I didn't hear you!

Natural Deduction.

"Say," queried the snake editor, "what kind of paper does a medium use in copying messages from the spirit world?"

"Rapping paper, I suppose," replied the horse reporter, with an equine grin.

## HOW LONG WILL SHE WITHHOLD THE SWORD?



—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## SENTIMENT SHUT OUT

### COEDS DO NOT EASILY FALL IN LOVE WITH STUDENTS.

Marriages Between Them at Universities Are by No Means Numerous, According to Statistics—Familiarity Shows Them Each Other's Faults.

Some additional light is thrown upon the recent discovery that there are very few marriages between graduates of coeducational institutions in this State by the expression of the view of President Elmer H. Capen, of Tufts College, writes a Boston correspondent.

President Capen's facts and figures disprove the popular idea that the constant meeting of young men and women in the class room and on the campus each day for four years at coeducational colleges must lead to the formation of friendships that can end only in matrimony. Tufts College admits men and women on a footing of equality in all courses. Its official records show that the percentage of marriages among students is small.

In the five years preceding 1900 Tufts College shows only two such marriages. The reasons for this state of affairs are explained by President Capen in this way:

"The students, both men and women, have little time for sentimentalities. I cannot speak for other institutions, but at Tufts coeducation has not stimulated marriage.

"In the ten years that women have been admitted as students here there have been but two women who have married Tufts men, one of these women a graduate and the other a student who left without finishing her course.

"Women were first admitted in the fall of 1892, and the first class to graduate women was that of 1896. Of this class there were seven women who received degrees, two of whom are married. Both were married a long time after graduation and to men whose acquaintance they made after leaving college.

"In 1897 five women were graduated, none of whom is married. The class of '98 had seven women, one of whom is married. Her husband is not a college man.

"In 1899 fifteen women received degrees and only two, to my knowledge, are married and neither of them to a college mate. The class of 1900, the last of which such records have been kept, graduated eighteen women, four of whom have been married, one of them to a Tufts man.

"Besides these women mentioned there have been six or seven women who have entered Tufts and dropped out before completing the course and have been married. One of these married Tufts men.

"The numerical ratio of women in the college at the present time is about one to four. About one-half of the women students live in the college dormitories, and the other half come from their own homes daily.

"These latter naturally have their own companions, mainly from their circle of acquaintances outside of the college. We have a good deal of social life at Tufts with the fraternities and college functions, but the young men rarely go off the hill to get their young women for such occasions. Yet such social intercourse, as you see has not led to serious results.

"This small marriage ratio among the women graduates of our college is mainly due to the fact that they are here for the purpose of getting an education by which they can support themselves by teaching or various other of the learned professions. Women of this sort are not so likely to think of matrimony as those who have nothing else to do after finishing their course as students.

"The decline of marriage of college women is no more marked proportionately than among business women. Many of both classes are preferring to live on their own resources to turning to matrimony as a means of support. The women in a coeducational

college is just like her sister in the girl's college.

"These results which are shown at Tufts may not be borne out by the Western colleges which had had coeducation for a much longer period than we have had it, and they may be better able to judge of its true results."

The students at Tufts have explanations of the conditions also. The men hold, on the one hand, that the sexes under the conditions grow to know each other's peculiarities too well to fall in love with each other, while the women in their turn say that the true reason is that romance is wholly wanting.

One of the professors at the college supplemented President Capen's remarks by saying that in his opinion the veil of mystery which the class room removes is, after all, the prime factor in bringing men and women together.

"There is an old saying," he continued, "that if you want to cure a lovesick couple let them eat three meals together daily for a month."

### CUSTODIAN OF THE FLAG.

Pleasant Berth at White House for a Naval Petty Officer.

Lieutenant David F. Sellers of the navy has been charged with the delicate and important duty of finding a suitable petty officer in the navy for assignment to duty at the White House in charge of the national flag displayed over the residence of the President. As is well known, the flag is used to indicate that the President is at home. It is raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset in strict accordance with military regulations. Different sizes of flags are used according to the weather, from a small storm flag to the standard post flag.

Owing to the many mishaps which have occurred in the past to the flag on the White House, it has been concluded that its proper use and care is a sufficient duty for one man. Heretofore the raising and lowering of the flag has been intrusted to one of the men around the house having numerous other duties to attend to, consequently it has happened that the flag has been flying in distress, that is, with the Union down, when there was no occasion for such a signal, and at other times the man in charge has forgotten to raise or lower it at the proper times or to change it to suit the changed conditions of the weather. To meet these conditions, which have sometimes proved embarrassing, it has been decided to have a capable man at the White House, whose sole duty it shall be to look after the flag.

In looking for such a man it was natural the authorities should favorably consider the selection of a petty officer of the navy, as all such officers have had at least twenty years' service on shipboard and are thoroughly familiar with all the regulations and customs governing the display of the national emblem. Lieutenant Sellers is one of the President's military aids and he is also connected with the enlistment division of the bureau of navigation, and so is well informed regarding the records of the men from whom the selection is to be made. The choice will undoubtedly fall upon some man who has rendered conspicuously meritorious service, and who may, by receiving this pleasant assignment, receive some recognition for his services.—Washington Star.

Heathen Business Methods.

Business among the Chinese, according to a Russian traveler from Manchuria, is on a co-operative basis. There are neither proprietors nor employees, but all who work in an establishment are partners.

From time to time small allowances are doled out to them—barely enough to live on—but at the end of the year all the profits are divided.

The Chinese merchants are so honest that among all the ten branches of the Russo-Chinese bank located in China there has been no record since their establishment of a single protested note.

Obscurity is the abiding place of the husband of a prominent woman.

# Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

—When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish. —MRS. BURR KLOPFERT, TUCUMCIG, ILL.

25c a bottle. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. All druggists.

## Gray Hair

It Was a Record Breaker.

Three fellow travelers in the smoking room of a fast train were discussing the speed of trains.

"I was in a train once," said the first man, "that beat everything I ever rode in for speed. Why, it went so fast that the telegraph poles at the side of the track looked like an immense fine-toothed comb."

"That's nothing," said the second traveler; "I remember riding in an express on the — and — that went at such a gait that the telegraph poles looked like a solid board fence."

The third man made an exclamation of impatience.

"Ah, you fellows don't know what high speed on a railroad is. Why, I traveled west from Chicago last month in a train that went at such a pace that when we passed some alternate fields of corn and beans they looked like succotash!"—Harper's Weekly.

### Shouting Their Praises.

Friarpoint, Miss., Aug. 22 (Special)—Cured of Bladder and Kidney Trouble after 26 years of suffering, Rev. H. H. Hatch, of this place, is telling the public the good news and shouting the praises of the remedy that cured him—Dodd's Kidney Pills. Rev. Mr. Hatch says:

"I have been suffering from Bladder and Kidney Trouble for 26 years and I have tried everything that people said would do me good. But nothing did me any good except Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I haven't felt a pain since I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They gave me health and I feel like a new man altogether. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best I ever had."

All Urinary and Bladder Troubles are caused by diseased kidneys. The natural way to cure them is to cure the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure diseased kidneys in any stage or place. They always cure Backache and they are the only remedy that ever cured Bright's Disease.

### Winding It Up.

Stockholder—You are the receiver appointed to wind up the affairs of the Bushall Company, I believe?

Lawyer—Yes, sir.

"What are the prospects?"

"Well, things looked very gloomy for a while, but they are brightening up now."

"Ah I am glad to hear that."

"Yes, make yourself easy. There is little doubt now that we can realize enough out of it to pay my salary."

### Caught on the Rebound.

Wife—John, did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?

Husband—Of course I did.

Wife—How provoking! I wanted to add a postscript.

Husband (producing the letter)—Well, here it is. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?

Canada produced over \$4,000,000 worth of pig iron last year.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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<b>CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.</b>	FOR HEADACHE.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

## CONSUMPTION