

MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XVII.

On reaching London I secured a room in a small coffee house, and, having deposited my luggage, I started off at once to the offices of the mining company. I was astonished, on arriving at my destination, to find that the "office" consisted only of a couple of grimy rooms in a side street. I was received by a dilapidated and somewhat dirty old clerk. He informed me that the head of the firm was at that moment in his room. I was taken to him, and made haste to state my case.

I soon found that my presence there was comparatively useless. Like master, like man, they say, and certainly George Redruth, in forming a company to conduct the mine, had been careful to select men whose views accorded with his own; besides, his character had preceded me; they had been forward of my visit, and to all my complaints they had nothing to say.

Sick at heart, I left the place. What my next move would be I did not know. It was certain I could do nothing for the Cornish miners; and since they could not starve, they must be left to trudge on with that grim skeleton Death forever by their side!

Pondering thus, I made my way slowly along the crowded streets, gazing abstractedly at the sea of faces surrounding me. It was Saturday afternoon, and the Strand was thronged. The hum of the busy crowd distracted me. I turned, intending to pass down one of the side streets, when suddenly I stepped back to face with a woman who was coming toward me, and uttered a cry.

It was my cousin Annie. But so changed was she that I scarcely knew her. She was dressed as a lady, and looked like one; but her face was pale, her eyes looked troubled and sad. She must have been walking quickly, for as I turned to face her she almost fell into my arms.

The cry I gave attracted her; she looked into my face, and knew me. She paused, uncertain what to do. My sudden appearance there, of all places on the earth, was so unexpected that it completely unnerved her. For a moment she seemed about to fly; then, conquering herself, she stood her ground.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed. "You here?"

"Yes!" I answered, sternly enough. "I am here!"

I felt no joy in meeting her. Had she come to me poor, despised, I should have taken her in my arms, and said, "You poor, repentant child, come home;" but when she stood before me in her fine raiment, my heart hardened; for I thought of the heart-broken old people whom she had left. My appearance must have been strange, for I began to attract some attention, when Annie took me by the arm and led me down the side street I had intended to take.

"Hugh!" she said, "did you come to London to look for me?"

"No. I came on other business, but I promised to seek you and take you back."

She was still white as death and trembling violently. As I uttered these words, she shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I cannot go home, Hugh; not yet," she said, sadly.

"Not yet?" I repeated. "Will it ever be better for you than it is now?"

"Yes, Hugh; and soon, I hope, I shall be able to go and cause them no trouble. Hugh, dear Hugh! you have never once taken my hand; you have not looked at me as you would have done some months ago. You think I have brought trouble upon you all; but I am a lawful wife."

"A lawful wife? Whose wife?"

"Ah! do not ask me that. I cannot tell you. But I am a wife; and some day, very soon, I shall be acknowledged. Hugh, will you not take my hand, and say that you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," I replied.

"You did me no wrong; but you ruined the happiness of your home, and you have broken your father's heart."

"Hugh!"

"It is as well for you to hear it, Annie," I continued. "When your flight was discovered your father bore it bravely, we thought; but it seems he hid the worst of his trouble from us, and pined in secret. It has been like a canker-worm gnawing at his heart; and now he is weak and feeble, like a weary, worn old man!"

I ceased, for Annie had turned away and was crying piteously. I went to her and took her hand.

"Annie," I said, "tell me the name of the man who has been the author of all this trouble, and I will ask no more."

"I cannot tell you, Hugh. Why should you wish to know? I tell you I am his wife."

"If you are his wife, where is the need of all this secrecy?"

"There are reasons why he cannot acknowledge me just now; therefore, I have made a solemn vow never to tell his name until he gives me permission. Is it not enough for you to know that I have not disgraced you, and that I am happy? Will you tell them at home that you found me well, and that they must not grieve; because some day soon I shall come back to them?"

"Where are you living now?" I asked.

"Close by here," she replied, quickly. "I was on my way home when I met you. Will you come with me, Hugh? I will show you the rooms."

I assented; and she led the way. She walked quickly, and paused before a house. Entering with a latchkey, she passed up a flight of stairs and entered a room.

"This is where I live, Hugh," she said.

It was a change indeed from the Cornish kitchen in which she had lived all her life. The room was one which I could imagine Madeline occupying, but which was singularly out of place when coupled with Annie!

Having looked about me, I prepared to leave.

"Where are you going, Hugh?" she asked. "Home? Shall I see you again?"

"That I don't know. Since you say you are well cared for and happy, where is the use of troubling you? Some day, perhaps, when your sun begins to set, you'll find your way back to those who loved you long before this villain crossed your path!"

I opened the door, stepped across the threshold, and—faced two strange men.

A hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice said:

"Stop, young man! We want you for murder!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

For "murder"? The very word paralyzed me; and I looked at the man in utter consternation.

"Oh, Hugh!" cried Annie, wildly. "What is it? What have you done?"

Without answering her, I looked wildly at the men; then, acting on a mad impulse and quite without reflection, I rushed to the door. In a moment the men threw themselves upon me, and there was a brief but fierce struggle; but my strength was of no avail, and in a couple of minutes I was overpowered and handcuffed. The man who had first addressed me, looked at me with a grim smile.

"You're a bold chap," he said; "but it's no use. You'd have done much better to have come along quietly. Now look here, I've got to tell you that whatever you say, from this moment forward, will be used in evidence against you."

"For heaven's sake, explain!" I answered. "What does it all mean? Who is murdered?"

"How innocent we are! You'll be telling us next that your name ain't Hugh Trelawney, late overseer of the St. Gurlott mine."

"Trelawney is my name, but—"

"Of course it is; and Trelawney's the name of the man we want—the name on this here warrant. My duty is to apprehend you for the murder of Mr. Ephraim S. Johnson, the new overseer, who took your place."

"Johnson!—murdered!" I cried. "It is impossible!"

"Oh, no, it ain't," returned the imperious official. "Deceased was found at the foot of the cliffs, with his brains knocked out, and bearing on his body signs of violence; worse than that, he'd been stabbed with a knife; and once more, you're the party we want for having done the job."

Utterly amazed and horrified, I staggered and fell into a chair. As for Annie, she seemed completely frozen. I can see her white face now—yet, tearless and agast!

"I will go with you," I said, "but I am perfectly innocent. Until this moment, I never even heard of this horrible affair. I left St. Gurlott's two days ago."

"Exactly," was the dry retort; "you looked it the very night of the murder. The body was found early on the morning of the 23d, and the warrant was issued yesterday."

As he spoke, I seemed to feel the net closing round me. At first the very accusation had seemed preposterous; now, I began to understand that my position was one of extreme peril. If Johnson had really been murdered, and on that night, as now seemed clear, I could not escape suspicion by a mere alibi. I remembered, with a thrill of horror, my last meeting with the murdered man, just before my departure, and my heart sank within me.

I knew my own innocence—but who was guilty? As I asked myself the question, I looked again at Annie, who was still watching me intently; and in a moment, as if by an inspiration, I thought of her father! Had John Pendragon, in a moment of madness, taken the life of the man whom he suspected of causing his daughter's flight? The thought was almost too horrible for belief—yet, alas! it was not unreasonable.

"Now, then, are you ready?" said the officer, placing his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hugh! dear Hugh! tell me you did not do it! I cannot—cannot believe that you are guilty!" cried Annie.

"When the time comes," I said, solemnly, "may you be as well able to answer for your deeds as I shall answer for mine. The trouble began with you. If murder has been done, it is your doing also—remember that!"

They were cruel words, and afterwards I bitterly regretted them; but I was thinking of her father, and remembering how bitter must be her blame, if, by any possibility, he had been driven into crime and violence as a consequence of her conduct. Whether she understood me or not, I cannot tell; but, hiding her face in her hands, she sank on a couch, hysterically sobbing.

What followed seemed more like an extraordinary dream than cruel waking reality. I was led from the house, placed in a cab, and driven away. That very afternoon I left London by train, and late that night was handed over, handcuffed and helpless, to the authorities of Falmouth jail.

My suspense did not last long. The very next day I was taken from the prison, and placed in a dog-cart, with a policeman at my side and another on the seat beside the driver. An inquest on the body of the murdered man was to take place that day at St. Gurlott's, and, of course, my presence was necessary.

As we dashed through the village, I saw several of the miners hanging about; but I carefully averted my eyes from theirs. A little further on, we passed the door of the cottage where I had dwelt so happily and so long; and I saw, with a sigh of relief, that there was no sign of any one about. We trotted on, till we reached Redruth House. Here, to my surprise, the horse was pulled up.

"Now, then, get down!" said my companion; and I alighted. As I did so, some one pressed forward, and I met the honest eyes of John Rudd. The poor fellow thrust out his hand to seize mine; then, finding that I was handcuffed, drew the hand hastily back and placed it on my shoulder.

"Dawn't be dawkhearted, Master Hugh!" he cried. "There be not a saw in St. Gurlott's believes 'ee killed 'un. So cheer up, lad; they'll soon set 'ee free."

I thanked him, with tears standing in my eyes, for his kindness touched me. Then I was led into the house, and in a little while was facing the coroner, in the great old-fashioned dining hall, where the inquest was being held.

I forgot many of the details of that miserable day. Only one thing I vividly remember—the sight of the dead man's

body, stretched out for inspection in the kitchen. Why I was taken to see it I do not know; but I felt that I was closely watched as I bent over it. Poor Johnson! I freely forgave him all the trouble he had ever caused me, seeing the bloodstained and disfigured mass which had once been his living self.

As the inquest proceeded I realized the full extent of my peril. Several of the men came forward and testified to my having quarreled with the murdered man and knocked him down. Then the young master, George Redruth, gave his testimony—to the effect that I had been dismissed from the overership, and that I bore a violent grudge against the man who had supplanted me. Finally, it was proved that I had left St. Gurlott's some time on the very night of the murder.

Among the witnesses examined was my aunt. She looked utterly overcome with grief, and, on seeing me, would have sprung to and embraced me hysterically had she not been withheld. Her husband, it was shown, was too ill to attend; but as his evidence would have simply corroborated hers, his absence was deemed unimportant. All she had to say concerned merely my movements on the fatal night, and the coroner elicited from her the fact that as late as nine in the evening I had been in the neighborhood of the mine.

Vague and circumstantial as all the evidence was, it was sufficient to decide the jury against me. Dazed and horrified, I heard them being in their verdict—a verdict of willful murder against "Hugh Trelawney," who was straightway committed for trial at the next Assizes.

(To be continued.)

IT WORKED WELL.

An Experiment to Show How Easily People Are Led.

Over in the corner of the club room they were discussing that sheepish tendency of most of us to "follow the leader."

"Now, it is astonishing," said the young man with a bald spot.

During one of those miserable foggy nights three young men in evening dress were slowly making their course down Chestnut street. It was easy to see that they were accompanied by solemn, dignified "jags." Their clean-shaven, Gibson-like faces were entirely devoid of any expression of emotion, grave or gay. Straight ahead they gazed with stony stare. When they reached one of the theaters they paused in their solemn stroll and stood on the curb, facing the entrance to the theater. And all this done without a word from any of them. Despite the penetrating dampness, their overcoats hung open, revealing snowy shirt bosoms. Their trousers were turned up at least four inches at the bottoms. Each chap carried a neatly folded umbrella.

It lacked but a few minutes of the close of the performance. The fog was growing denser every moment and the lights in the streets grew dimmer and dimmer. The party of four stood motionless and silent until the ushers came out of the theater and opened the swinging doors. At this instant each of the men opened and hoisted his umbrella. The people coming out of the theater perceived the fog and then the party with raised umbrellas.

"Oh, Jack!" cried a daintily dressed little woman, "isn't this hard luck? My gown will be ruined. How stupid of us not to bring an umbrella!" And she peered out of the door for a moment, shivering and retreated to the lobby. Jack turned up his coat collar and dashed for a cab.

Then there was some dreadful grumbling on the part of the unfortunate who had carriages, but could not get to them because there was no opening from the theater to the curb. Many men hoisted their umbrellas and led women under their protection to the carriage doors. One fellow escorted a number of ladies, one at a time, in order the better to protect them from the rain. Lots of men in dress suits, but lacking umbrellas, muffled up completely, turned up their trousers and galloped for the street cars at breakneck speed.

Through all this the chaps on the curb maintained their solemn, dignified demeanor.

It hadn't rained a drop.

Peeping Through Pin Holes.

The optical properties of the pin holes are well known in these days of amateur photography. Probably, however, the following device, based thereupon, is not generally known, though it is easy to conceive of circumstances in which it might serve a very useful purpose. The Medical Times tells us that by making a hole through a piece of paper or postal card, moving the pin a few times around the hole to give it a smooth edge, holding the pin hole close to the eye and looking at printed or other matter held at the normal reading distance, there is a perfect definition, and anyone who requires glasses to read can, with this device, read anything. When a pin hole is held to both eyes at the same time there is a great improvement over one, with perfect binocular effect. The field is much smaller than that seen when glasses are used. There is less light and no magnification. The importance and utility of this simple device in many circumstances are obvious.

A Good Substitute.

Customer (in bookstore)—Have you a book called The Fifteen Decisive Battles?

Proprietor—No, but I have something similar, entitled The Autobiography of a Married Man.

Paradoxical.

Ostend—Pa, do you run a bill over in Mrs. Prune's grocery?

Pa—Yes, my son.

Ostend—Then if you run it why does she say it is of long standing.

SHOT AS SPIES.



EXECUTION OF TWO JAPANESE OFFICERS AT KHARBIN.

An eye-witness of the execution of the two Japanese officers, Colonel Ukoko and Captain Otti, at Kharbin, has furnished an artist-correspondent of London Graphic with an illustrated account of the scene. The two officers were caught attempting to blow up the railway bridge over the river Nonne in Manchuria, and were brought before a court-martial, which sentenced them to be hanged as spies. General Kuropatkin, however, ordered that they should be shot. Throughout their trial and the preliminaries to the execution the two men displayed the utmost courage. On the execution ground both officers requested that their arms should not be tied to the boards behind them, and Captain Otti asked that his eyes should not be bandaged. Colonel Ukoko, who was a Christian, received the holy communion from a Russian priest, and made a will leaving a sum of a thousand roubles to be devoted to Red Cross work. "Both of the officers," writes the correspondent, "died like heroes."

HOW EDISON SUCCEEDED.

Few true stories of merited commercial success illustrate the value of pluck and perseverance more clearly than that of Thomas A. Edison and the incandescent electric light. It was on October 10, 1879, says Cassell's Magazine, that Mr. Edison decided he had reached conditions under which a carbon filament might be made into a lamp. Accordingly a cotton thread was laid in a halprin-shaped groove in a nickel plate, put in a nickel mold and covered with charcoal and cooked five hours. It was then thoroughly carbonized, but unhappily it broke to pieces when the inventor attempted to take it from the mold.

Repeated experiments brought similar failures, until late at night on the 18th one was rescued intact; but it broke while being fastened to the conducting wire. Neither Mr. Edison nor his assistant, Charles Bachelor, had had any sleep since beginning work two days before; but they determined to keep at work and make a lamp before they slept.

On the 19th they made several filaments, but all broke in the clamping process. On the 20th one was successfully clamped, and hope ran high that the lamp would soon be done; but as it was being carried from the shop where it was made to the glass blowing room to be sealed in a globe a breath of wind caught it and blew it away.

Mr. Bachelor was dismayed and disgusted. Both men were exhausted and almost discouraged, but they kept at work. At last, on the morning of the 21st, the fifth day since they had slept, they had the happiness of seeing a lamp finally completed and lighted. The two men went to bed and slept several hours. When they awoke the new lamp still burned. Mr. Edison increased the current, and the lamp burned more brightly—far more brightly than they had dared anticipate. It was the first modern incandescent lamp. Mr. Edison believed it was a successful one, but it lasted only two days, and then burned out.

At once a host of employes went to work carbonizing every available substance in search of a better filament. In the midst of the work a passage in one of Humboldt's books, describing a certain kind of bamboo fiber, suddenly occurred to Mr. Edison, and suggested to him that the vegetable strand would be just the thing. At once he hunted up the passage and reread it. Then he began a search for the proper bamboo.

A corps of trained investigators was sent out all over the world on this search, and scarcely a region of the known surface of the globe was left unvisited. A hundred thousand dollars were spent in this way before William Moore found the proper bamboo in Northern Japan. To insure a good supply, he bought a tract of land and put it in charge of two native farmers.

Then with the bamboo fiber began new experiments, and in the spring of 1881 the first really successful incandescent lamp was made. It burned at sixteen-candle-power for nearly sixteen hundred hours, and its success was thus assured.

In the following year a hundred

thousand of those lamps were made, the shape and construction being gradually modified as improvements suggested themselves, until the present common style of lamp was the result. Ten years from its first construction four million lamps a year were being made, and eleven years later, in 1903, America alone required forty-five million to fill its needs.

Western America vs. Eastern Asia.

That great changes are taking place in the currents of Pacific ocean commerce, to be followed fast by still greater, is rapidly becoming manifest. Increasing production in our own Pacific States requires Oriental markets, and is finding them. Railroad development both in America and Asia, and increasing use of steam on the ocean, are effecting great changes in the courses of the trade of all countries in touch with the Pacific. More than fifty steamships now sail regularly from the ports of California, Oregon and Washington to ports in Asia or in the great Pacific islands, and of "tramp" steamers and sail vessels a continually growing fleet. Between ports of British Columbia and ports of Asia, Australia and New Zealand there is similar movement. It includes not only the local commerce between countries that border on the greatest of oceans, but carries also a heavy trade from the Orient by railway across America to our Eastern States, and even to Europe, from West to East over the Atlantic.

Everything favors the growth of this commerce to very large proportions. There is promise of development of an international commerce on the Pacific which, within the next half century, may rival that on the Atlantic. For the active theater of the world's new effort is now eastern Asia and western America. The two hemispheres, heretofore scarcely at all in communication except across the Atlantic, are now rapidly developing an intercourse over the Pacific, which is to effect large transformation or at least to become a great additional factor in the commerce of the world.—Century.

A Hard Problem.

"Is this Mme. Pompon?" breathlessly inquired a man who had climbed several flights of stairs and been admitted into a darkened parlor.

"It is," replied the stately personage whom he addressed.

"The famous clairvoyant and fortune teller?"

"The same."

"Do you read the mind?"

"With perfect ease."

"Can you foretell the future?"

"The future holds no mysteries that I cannot unravel."

"Can you unfold the past?"

"The record of all things past is to me an open book."

"Then," said the caller, feverishly taking from his pocket a handful of silver, "I wish you would tell me what it is that my wife wanted me to bring home without fail this evening and name your price. Money is no object."

Odd.

"That's Brightley; he raised quite a fortune on a patent mud-scraper."

"He doesn't look very prosperous."

"No, he afterward sunk it all in a sky-scraper."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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He who rules must humor full as much as he commands.—George Eliot.

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Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—Johnson.



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period.

"To Young Women:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I drenched every month, as I know it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—Miss AGNES MILLER, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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