

## Bound by a Spell

### CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

He left me. Several minutes elapsed, and he did not return. I was becoming uneasy at my absence from my companions. Then I heard the curtain fall. I was just going to leave, when Mr. Montgomery came up to me again, dressed for the street.

"I can't find it now, Silas: I will bring it home with me and you can do it to-morrow."

Vexed and annoyed at this trifling, I ran round to the front of the house. But to re-enter the pit was impossible. The people were crowding out in one dense stream; so I was obliged to stand aside until my companions should appear, or until the passage was sufficiently cleared for me to go back to seek them.

I had not stood there many seconds before I saw Mrs. Wilson forcing herself through the crowd, and looking wildly about her. She caught sight of me in an instant.

"Where is Clara?" she cried, gasping for breath. "I have lost her in the crowd. Some men pushed between us, and separated her from me; and from that moment I have lost sight of her. Look about you. She must be in the street."

The audience were now dispersing in all directions. Up and down, in and out the crowd, here, there and everywhere, I eagerly sought for her, but she was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Wilson, standing in a doorway, trembling and wringing her hands, soon collected a small crowd round her.

"Had they seen a young lady, in a black dress, with long golden hair?" she never ceased asking.

At last a man suggested that the policeman who had been standing about the door during the latter part of the performance was the most likely person to have seen her.

"Yes. He had seen a young person answering the description. She had been one among the first of the crowd to come down the passage. She looked as if she had lost some one. When she got into the street a young man touched her upon the arm and said something, and she walked away with him. Then he lost sight of her."

"What was the man like?" I asked. "Oh, he was a youngish, smooth-faced fellow, with a cap on," was the reply. The very man who had beckoned me out of the pit. It was a plot, then; but by whom originated, and for what purpose?

"Take a cab; go to Bow street police station at once, and I will follow you in a few minutes," I said to Mrs. Wilson. Back I rushed to the stage door. Had Mr. Montgomery left the theater? He had followed out at my heels, was the answer.

Suddenly I bethought me of the public house frequented by Josiah and Mr. Montgomery. Away I ran thither. No; they had not been there that evening. Then I went down to Bow street, where I found Mrs. Wilson, more dead than alive, giving her deposition.

"Are you quite certain that the young lady has not gone off of her own free will?—some sweethearting case, perhaps—only for a little walk—met some one she knew, and finding that she had missed you, he has taken her home?" suggested the functionary who was taking down the depositions.

"Pray disabuse your mind of such an idea, the young lady in question has no friends except those you see here—knows no others—associates with no others."

The solemn earnestness of my tones seemed to convince him of his error, for from that time he gave us a more serious attention.

"A description shall be sent to the different beats and police stations, and you had better issue bills, and if you care to go to the expense, advertise in the daily papers. If we hear anything, we will let you know. But you can make your mind easy upon one point—at least, I think so; wherever she is, she has gone with her own free will. There's no accounting for the vagaries of girls."

Both myself and Mrs. Wilson felt very angry at the light and skeptical manner in which a subject so momentous to us was treated; but the officer only smiled at our warmth.

Mrs. Wilson expressed her intention of issuing bills early the next morning, offering a reward for her discovery. There was nothing more to be done in that place, for the cab was waiting, and I persuaded her to return home immediately. She implored me to accompany her. No, I would search the neighborhood; I might chance to get some tidings.

Finding that all her entreaties were in vain, the old lady reluctantly departed alone.

Mr. Jonathan was standing upon the doorstep when the cab drove up. Before the cabman could descend from the box, he had the door open.

"Where is she—where is Clara?" he asked, seeing but one person within.

Too utterly terrified and bewildered to think of the oddity of such a question from a stranger whom she had never seen before, Mrs. Wilson could only gasp, "She is gone—run away with."

Ten minutes afterwards, Mr. Jonathan jumped into the cab that had brought her home, and which he ordered to stay. "To the Bow street police station as fast as you can drive," he cried.

All that night I wandered about in a frenzied state up and down the streets, down by the river, I know not where. It came on to rain, and I was soaked to the skin. Still, hour after hour, I lingered about the same spot; the dawn broke and merged into broad daylight, and the bustle of the day began, yet still I could not tear myself away; the passers-by shrank from me—they must have thought me an escaped lunatic. At last, I felt that nature could hold out no longer; that I must fall down upon the pavement if I walked about any longer. I can remember dragging myself down to my lodging, throwing myself in my wet clothes upon the bed, and then—

all is a blank.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Wild, grotesque phantasma—a sense of intense suffering, aching pains, parching thirst, and an awful oppression upon the brain. And then I seemed to awake from a long, troubled sleep, and an agony beyond my power to describe.

I made an effort and succeeded in drawing a little apart the curtains at the foot of the bed. Almost within my reach stood a table, upon which was a moderator lamp, burning low, a jug, tumbler, and some bottles.

The faint rays of the lamp showed me a large, gloomy oak-paneled room, with the ceiling painted to match. The windows opposite me were covered with heavy curtains, and the furniture was dark and very old-fashioned. On one side was a huge fireplace, decorated with oak carvings; in the grate burned a cheerful fire, and there, sitting beside it, dozing, with her face half towards me, was an elderly woman, a stranger to me.

Having finished my survey, I crawled back to my pillow and lay still for a time, feeling very much exhausted with my slight exertion. Presently the woman awoke up, came to the side of the bed, drew the curtains, and looked at me.

"You are better," she said, kindly. "I am so glad. You have had a long, weary time of it, but the doctor said there would be a change one way or the other to-night. You're with friends, who have taken every care of you."

"Tell me, is Clara found?" I asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, she's all right, and will come and see you as soon as you grow stronger, but you mustn't talk, or you'll have a relapse."

If I had asked for the Emperor of Russia, I believe she would have told me that he was coming to see me as soon as I was better. Her answers were by no means satisfactory, but I could perceive that it was useless to try to extract others from her.

Several days passed, and I saw no person except the nurse and the doctor. I put some questions to the latter, but he answered crabbedly, that if I wished to get well, I must keep my mind calm, and not ask questions.

To keep my mind calm with such memories as were haunting me was impossible, yet, in spite of my anxieties, I grew stronger and better day by day. But the anguish of my mind waxed strength with my body.

"Nurse," I said one day, determinedly. "I must know where I am, under whose care, and I must have certain questions of vital importance to me solved. I know you are concealing these things from me for a good motive, but it is a mistaken one. Instead of calming, this incertitude is torturing me, retarding my recovery. For heaven's sake, tell me where I am, whose house this is, and what people I am with."

"Well, sir," she answered, "I am only obeying my instructions; if I was to go from them, I should offend my employers and the doctor, too, and I can't afford to do that. I will ask leave to tell you what I know, which I can assure you is very little. But if you make haste and get strong, and get about, you will be able to find out everything for yourself."

That day I got out of bed for the first time, and sat at the window. It looked into an extensive garden, encompassed, as far as I could see, by a high wall, lined within by rows of tall poplar trees. My room was upon the ground floor, and this wall and the trees bounded my vision. I could see naught beyond them.

One afternoon I had fallen asleep, over the fire, suddenly I awoke with a jerk; the rays of a red, autumnal sun were streaming across me, and falling full upon the face of Judith, who was leaning against the fireplace, looking at me. At first, I thought it was a specter of my sleep. I could not believe my eyes; but I was not long left in doubt as to the reality of the vision. An ironical smile curled her lips at the sight of my dismay.

"A visit from your wife is evidently an unexpected pleasure," she said, mockingly.

I could not answer her; I could only bury my face in my hands and shudder at her appearance.

"Is this my reward for all the tender care that has been given you during your illness?—for bringing you away from those wretched lodgings, where you might have died? Our married life seems likely to be a bright one."

"Would to heaven you had left me to die!" I cried. "You are no wife of mine."

"You will find it rather difficult to prove that, or to shake me off."

"What pleasure can it be to you to torture me in this manner?" I cried.

"Why not leave me to myself?"

"Because I hate you, and because I have motives of my own. It gives me pleasure to torture you. No living being has ever made me feel so deeply the degradation of my life as you have; you, a miserable, spiritless outcast; you, whom, as a brat, I have beaten with a rod, and always despised; you, who shudder at my approach, and turn your eyes from me with loathing; and you ask me what pleasure it can be to me to torture you! From the hour of my birth, my life has been one torture. I have ever been the victim. At last, the tables are turned—you are my victim; and as others have dealt by me, so will I deal by you! No mercy was ever shown to me; why, then, should I show it to others?"

She was still standing against the fireplace. I dared not look at her, but I could feel the tigerish ferocity of her eyes.

"But I did not come here to rave. First, I came, like a dutiful wife, to congratulate my husband on his convalescence," she went on, resuming the old irony of voice; "and to comfort him with the knowledge that he is in affectionate hands; and, in the second place, to arrange certain matters of business with him, which, if he will oblige me with a few moments' attention, I will explain. In the course of to-morrow a woman will come here—in short, the woman who committed you to my father's charge. I require that you shall unhesitatingly acknowledge me as your wife in her presence."

"Never!" I exclaimed, firmly. "You may kill me, but I will never utter such words."

"I have the means of forcing you to speak them, or any other words that I may choose to dictate to you."

At that moment the door was thrown open. I turned my head and saw Mr. Rodwell standing upon the threshold.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

I was sitting in a large easy chair, with my back towards the door, and he did not see me for a time, although, by a sidelong glance, I could distinctly see him. He started at the sight of Judith, as though he had not expected to see her, exclaiming, "You here!"

"Pray walk in, and allow me to introduce you to my husband," she said, with the old irony. "Another unexpected pleasure, no doubt!"

Mr. Rodwell advanced into the room, looking somewhat bewildered; but when he saw me, he started up with indignant surprise.

"What is the meaning of this? Who has dared to bring this fellow here?" he cried. "This is too much, Judith. How came you here? How did you know of this place? I cannot understand all this, but still looked vexed and wrathful."

"It is very easily explained. My husband being away from his loving wife, was seized with brain fever in some wretched lodging; said that it would not be safe to remove him any great distance. In this dilemma, Mr. Montgomery, who lived a door or two off, proposed that he should be taken to a house of yours, of which, for certain reasons of your own, you had given him the keys. As my husband's life is very precious to me just now, I thankfully accepted the offer."

"Cease this mockery, Judith, and tell me the meaning of all this."

"Do you wish me to be serious?" she asked, menacingly.

"I wish to know by what right you have brought this fellow into my house?"

"By the right of my own will, John Rodwell; dispute it at your peril."

"If you desire a scene, it had better be out of the presence of witnesses," he said, quietly.

"What I have to say shall be said here. I have no secrets from him, and what I have to say I would have him hear."

"I decline the conference," he was moving away.

Like a panther she bounded past him, and placed her back against the door. "You do not leave this room until you have heard all I have to say! Disobey me, and I will show you no mercy. I will ruthlessly crush every plan and hope of your life!"

"You?" he sneered.

"Yes, I. Suppose I were to send information to Bow street of the whereabouts of a certain young lady, for whose discovery a reward is offered, where would be the fortune you have been scheming, and sinning, and fawning through your whole life?"

(To be continued.)

### FRUITS OF CALIFORNIA.

Watermelons and Strawberries Grow to Remarkable Size.

"Talking about strawberries," said the Californian, "but you ought to see some of our fruit. Why, man alive—"

"You raise big strawberries, do you?" queried the Pennsylvanian as the other hung on.

"Yum—yum!"

"How large?"

"I hesitate to tell you. I don't want to be thought a liar."

"I know you raise large berries, and am prepared to believe anything you say. I suppose you grow strawberries as big as beer kegs?"

"Humph!"

"Well, then, as big as barrels?"

"Humph!"

"You don't mean as big as hog-heads?"

"My dear man. I am living in a house at present which has eight rooms and bath."

"But you don't mean to tell me—?"

"Eight rooms and a bath, sir, and every room of good size."

"And you had all the rooms cut out of a big strawberry! I said I was prepared to believe—"

"Eight rooms and a bath, sir, and one of the coolest brick houses you ever saw. The bricks were made on the premises. I have been offered \$7,500 for the house."

"Yes, but you rather led me to believe that the house was one of the monstrous strawberries you raised out there."

"Then I beg your pardon, sir. It is a brick house. It cost me over \$5,000. The money obtained to build it was obtained from the sale of watermelons."

"But about your strawberries?" protested the disappointed Keystone.

"You started out to tell me how big they were."

"Strawberries? Strawberries? Oh, well, I'm using one for a toothache and another for a stable, but I'm not bragging about them. It's when you get on the subject of watermelons that I'm ready—"

But the other took up his paper and said he guessed he'd see what was fresh from Port Arthur.

### Improvement.

"Your wife is improving with her baking, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes."

"Her cakes and pies now are good enough to eat, eh?"

"Oh, no; but she's getting so she can make them look good enough to eat!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Two Tests.

"Darum is an awful coward."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he's afraid of his wife."

"Well, of course. But I saw him stop a runaway horse last night!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Temper, if ungoverned, governs the whole man.—Shaftesbury.

## WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

### CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

So far then from an ocular inspection being an essential in a love affair, the very opposite is probably true. Along with the full confession of this fact to herself, came something like a feeling of resentment at the whole conduct of this man Mason.

That he had foolishly permitted himself to fall in love with her was so very plain a case that everybody had seen it long ago! It was certainly not her fault! No, indeed, nobody could say that of her! Not even the long-tongued gossips of Sandtown!

True, too, that he had displayed some magnificent qualities of strong, calm manhood in the face of that awful peril of the storm. She could not deny that. She had no desire to subtract from his real merits in the least. But then, was not this, like his new and wide philosophy of humanity, a reflection from his superior officer?

He had told her that his strange new philosophy was also entertained by Prof. Huntley. And this had contributed much to give it a standing in her estimation. But had he told her the whole truth? No, she knew he had not. If he had been frank and honest, he would have said that he had imbibed these opinions from Prof. Huntley. And if so, was not that splendid display of practical knowledge, skill and courage the result of Prof. Huntley's training?

Undoubtedly she had been badly used by Mr. Mason. He had stood persistently between her and the perfect man that she had learned to love so quickly. He had misrepresented her to him either directly or by a culpable silence that through a base jealousy refused to put her before him in her proper light.

He was a mean fellow—that Mason. And although her obligation to him must compel her to a formal recognition of him when they should meet again on Monday, yet she was resolved to throw so much coldness into her manner that he could not fail to see that she was through with him, and that he was a very thin article, too!

When Monday came and went without him, and without rumor of Huntley, she grew even more bitter. If this fellow continued to keep Prof. Huntley away, she shouldn't even speak to him. She would bring matters to a crisis by refusing to acknowledge his first salutation upon his return.

Then when he should demand an explanation, as she knew he would demand it—she would boldly charge him with his perfidious conduct in keeping Mr. Huntley away, upon whatever ground he should choose to put it.

From Lizzy herself, the condemnation of Mason seemed to spread everywhere—to her great surprise—and to grow steadily and in an arithmetical ratio all through the week.

Day after day inquiry revealed little things that looked bad for Mason. The first flutter of anxiety as to his fate had resolved itself on the ascertainment of the fact that he had taken the train for the city on that very Saturday evening after the storm.

That anxiety was not at all an evidence of any good quality in Mr. Mason. He himself had said to her, in one of his philosophic moods, that this vast human interest in a human life was an instinct common to all observed animal life—even cattle ran about wildly and pawed the earth at the smell of the spilt blood of one of the herd.

And that, too, although the slain beast might if alive, be set upon and gored by each separate beast of the herd, with the acquiescence, or the perfect indifference of all the others.

The insatiable desire to penetrate the mysteries of all the violent deaths, was the answer to the universal animal instinct of fair play—most strongly developed in the Saxon Hoosier people. They were known to have taken sudden and terrible vengeance upon the murderer of a man confessedly of very little account to anybody.

But he had had a life! And this it was that had aroused the whole populace to demand who had taken it? So that when the safety of Mr. Mason had been settled by the train dispatcher at the little station a mile from the village, the defense of Mr. Mason withdrew and joined the prosecution.

### CHAPTER VII.

As day after day, and even week after week went by without tidings from Mr. Mason he went down to the very lowest plane in the estimation of all Sandtown.

"I tell yuh, Squar, blame if I ever liked that feller Mason, nobow, partickler," said "Coon" Redden, as "Coonrod" Redden, the wealthiest land owner of Field county, was familiarly or more formally called.

The whole Redden family were visiting at "Squire" Wickly's on that Saturday evening two or three weeks after the storm and the disappearance.

"He tried his level best to argy me down at the Board up Trade wair nuthin but the ornerriest kine a gambler. Blamefe didn't! That was that same Sat'dy evenin, Lizzy, at you un him got crotch in the hur-kun, up on the big woods, you reckleleck?" turning to look straight at Miss Wickly, who was now greatly interested in the loud flow of the Hoosier's "hair-rangue," as he himself termed it. "By gum! he nerver stopped to say good-by or how-dy-do, but he ups un he goes aflyun down to the Bank. Un thurreeky he comes aflyun out, un away he went to the tell-graft offus, a walkun so fast yuh could a played seb-un-up awn his coat-tails, Squar! Un the next I h-yurn un 'im, he taken the train fur Chicago 'thout stoppin to settle a lot a little bills roun about h'ur at I know uv myself."

There was a great deal more of the same roaring fire of shrewd, half-humorous comments and observations upon Mr. Mason. Lizzy, fully aware that she violated no rule of Sandtown etiquette, went up stairs to bed in her own little room, when she tired of the "hair-rangue," and was soon blissfully unconscious of the weight that began to drag at her hitherto buoyant and merry heart. It might have been the whistle of the

midnight train that awoke her. She did not know. There was no striking of clocks, and there was not sufficient light from the wide open south gable window to enable her to see the hands of her watch, and so she could not make out that it was the reverberating roar of the train from the distant city that broke her rest into unequal segments.

Her bed was drawn out in front of the open window so that the cool soft night breeze coming out of the woods and across the broad river could lave her hot face in its refreshing eddies and ripples.

Whatever had awakened her, she lay there looking out into the shady street a little bit dimmed with a summer night's fog. She was sure then that she was fully awake, and that she saw in the road, not sixty feet away, Mr. Will Mason walking slowly toward the river, and having his face turned over his right shoulder and his head thrown back just far enough to allow him to fix his eyes upon that window, that he knew was the window of her bedroom.

He passed on; and she was so anxious to know more of this lonely walk of his, because his very presence seemed to assure the re-establishment of a sort of communication with the hero of her dreams—Huntley—that she arose and glided to the side of the window farthest from the pedestrian.

She had to cross in front of the open window, and she thought there was some danger that he might see the glimmer of her long, white nightdress against the black background of the dark room.

Sinking down upon her knees and doubling back till she sat upon her small, bare feet, and forward till an elbow rested upon the low sill of the window, she looked out and saw him standing with his face turned directly toward her. Her heart leaped hard against the soft, pliant walls of her little chest, and she drew back into the darkness.

In an instant she peeped out to be horrified at the spectacle of a gigantic black figure, half enveloped in the thicker fog toward the river, and seeming to undulate threateningly, and to elongate in an upward direction, as some of the make-believe giants of the circus and the farce are seen to do.

Then, while she lay there in a frozen horror of fascinated, wide-eyed gazing, the huge specter dimmed and vanished. How she got back to bed, and what brought her mother running to her room, she only knew from her.

Mrs. Wickly lay down, taking her frightened daughter in her arms, as she was in the habit of doing yet at times, and endeavored to reassure her by telling her that it was simply the climax of some hideous dream. Her father coming in, more deliberately sat by the window and told her that this was simply a phenomenon of the fog—an unusual one, to be sure, in all its details, but clearly explicable upon maxims of physical science.

For instance, the undulatory motion and the elongation of the specter in a vertical direction, were visual phenomena. The mist concealing the feet of the man concealed all the ground about him, and thus left no object within the range of vision for comparative measurements, such as the eye makes automatically every instant.

The undulating movement upward was the pulsating or wavelike advance of the fog bank toward her, thus putting the gradually disappearing body and head at farther and farther distances, as more and more of the foreground was encroached upon by the advancing fog bank. That might all be good physical science, but she had seen something that frightened her horribly. And she felt that some dreadful misfortune was coming upon her, she couldn't imagine what.

The bright sunlight of the next day did more to explain away the specter than all the physical science that all Sandtown possessed.

All Sandtown, however, got hint of the story in some unaccountable way, and told it with much multifarious ingenious and original additions, amendments and substitutions, so that it got out that a "phant" was a walkun the "Overcoat Road"—as the strictly suburban portion of the continuation of Main street had been called from a time so remote that it was lost in legendary incertitude.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Right in the middle of the red-hot month of July the light, loam-mixed mud of the Overcoat Road was in the shimmering air all day long, whitening the dark coats of the sweating horses that drew all sorts of vehicles along it at all hours of the day and night, and hiding the glossy green of wild hemp and Jimson leaves under a dull veil of gray. The whitish school boy of Sandtown was basking his back of a lurid brown as he lay down on his shoulders as the cool, clear waters of the Wabash would permit.

All at once a vast buzz of wonder changed into wrath throughout all Sandtown, far up and down the mellow distances of the river, and out upon all the lanes and "wagon tracks" that were tributary to the Overcoat Road.

To those who had not heard the news by reason of temporary absence, rushed everybody, to be the first to communicate the stunning intelligence that the Sandtown Farmers' Bank had closed its doors.

There was no escape of a cashier. Nobody had gone to Canada with the funds of the bank in his satchel. If anybody had gone to Canada, it is safe to say that Field county, from Sandtown to Redfoot Pond, and from the Wabash to the end of the Overcoat Road, would have taken its "weapon," and have gone into the Dominion after the culprit, with no other writ of extradition than a rope.

No! no! Mister Cashier! You may go from the effete "East" to Canada with poor people's money in your pocket, with safety. But by all the Coonrod Reddens of the Wabash country it won't be healthy for you to run away from Hoosierdom with that sort of luggage in your hand.

"I wouldn't k-yur a blame fur what I lost myself, fellers, but stop and thank uv the people at haint got nothin a-tall left! Nut the wrappuns uv thur little finger, by gum! Un they haint one a

the bank company at haint plum busted, nuther! You see we was all a delun on wheat tog-yether, un all at once the bottom drapt plum cutun ut! Un that left usse all flatter'n a ditter. But that haint the worst uv it, nuther. I see Billy Biler this mornun, un he tells me at all the bank's klatter! is hilt by one a them blame railroad companies. Un thur scheme is to sell overtheng right slap dad when they haint a dollar at we kin git a bolt uv, to buy in nothin with, by gum!"

And now came Billy Biler, M. C., a fresh, rosy-cheeked young gentleman, with a great show of laundered linen in the way of big stiff cuffs, "dog collar," white tie, and all ornamented with massive gold sleeve buttons, gold studs and diamond pins, and all other appointments on a corresponding scale of magnificence.

The whole Sandtown district gloried in Billy Biler's fine raiment, as if it were the individual property of each and every voter that "worked" for Billy all day at the polls on the occasion of each succeeding congressional election.

"Hello, Billy! Har yuh, Billy! When't yuh git in, Billy? Purty warm, haint ut, Billy? Makes you sweat, don't ut, Billy? Gut hot under the collar haint ut, Billy?"

These and hundreds of other formulas of salutation, together with a disjuncting hand shaking, wait upon the popular Billy Biler, and he is at once in the center of the crowd of people who are blocking up the Overcoat Road immediately between the Sandtown Farmers' Bank building and the court house, to that extent that teams still coming through the cloud of dust along that popular thoroughfare, as well as teams coming up the river road, were obliged to turn out of the way, which they did very cheerfully, when it was known that Billy Biler was back from Washington on purpose to help his friends in this extremity.

"Now, boys," said Billy in a loud, jolly, good-natured voice, and taking off his shiny silk hat to permit the thorough showing of his rosy, smooth, fat face, "I'm a go-un down with Coonrod, h-yur, fur dinner, un when we git back we'll go un see what these railroad fellers is tryin to steal from yuh. Un if it's too big fur us to pack off in a hurry, we'll make them sweat awhile instead of us."

This speech was followed by a gleeful roar of applauding laughter from the whole crowd, which, with much interchange of knowing comments on Billy Biler's shrewdness and ability to cope with the very smartest of the railroad rascals, and their own shrewd foreboding in electing such a Congressman as Billy Biler—broke up in little groups to discuss the situation.

"Billy," said Coonrod Redden, as the two drove past Squire Wickly's house on their way to the big white frame mansion of the old farmer—"right there is the man un the g'yuri a't's bout the worst hurt over this bank business uv airry one uv usse fellers. Weekly's mighty high plum, slap, dab ravin crazy. Un I low the g-yuri haint much better. Smartest and purtiest g-yuri roun h-yur, too! Blame pity fur um."

"How much do they lose?" asked Billy Biler, as he prepared to light a cigar, without showing any interest in the mental condition of the patients.

"O nut much—fur's the 'mount's gut anything to do with ut. But hits all—and a little more, mebby. They was two moggills yuh see, un the g'yuri un gut nuff saved to pay um off. Un when she went, she foun three uv um stid a two! The Squire's tryun to git that fortune 'at he lows he's heired, and he'd thode in a third moggill right plum slap, dab on top a the yuther too! Un you see that kivered the lan' up so deep at nuther could tech bottom, by gum. The lan' haint with more'n a half uv it. I'd a bought it in myself, if hit ud