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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

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SELECT STORY.

THE SEARCH-PARTY'S FIND.

I can stand it no longer. I must put down my confession on paper, since there is no living creature left to whom I can confess it.

It was only an accident, most of you who read this confession will perhaps say; but in my own heart I know better than that I know it was a murder, a wicked murder.

Still, though my hands are very numb and my head swimming wildly with delirium, I will try to be coherent and to tell my story clearly and collectively.

I was appointed surgeon of the Cotopaxi in June, 1880. I had reasons of my own—sad reasons—for wishing to join an Arctic expedition. I didn't join it, as most of the other men did, from pure love of danger and adventure.

For two years I had been engaged to Dora—I needn't call her anything but Dora; my brother, to whom I wish the paper sent, but whom I haven't addressed as "Dear Arthur"—how could I, a murderer!—will know well enough who I mean; and as to other people, it isn't needful that they should know anything about it.

I had been engaged, I said, two years to Dora. She lived in Arthur's parish, and I loved her—yes, in those days I loved her purely, devotedly, innocently. I should have been genuinely horrified and indignant if anybody had ventured to say that I should end by committing murder.

It was a great relief to me when I had to leave Arthur's parish, and my father's parish before him, to go up to London and take a post as surgeon to a small hospital. I couldn't bear being so far away from Dora. And at first Dora wrote to me almost every day with the greatest affection.

At last, one morning, a letter came to me from Dora. I can put it in here, because I carried it away with me when I went to Hammerfest to join the Cotopaxi, and ever since I have kept it safely in my private pocketbook.

"Dear Ernest (she had always called me Ernest since the child had been born), at least, one morning, a letter came to me from Dora. I can put it in here, because I carried it away with me when I went to Hammerfest to join the Cotopaxi, and ever since I have kept it safely in my private pocketbook.

I could not forgive her then, though I loved her too much to be angry; I was only a broken-hearted—thoroughly broken and broken-hearted. I can forgive her now, however she may forgive me; but she can never forgive me, even help me!

hated of any one among your messmates, in that long forced companionship. But I wasn't wise, and I went on with him.

From the first moment, even before I had spoken to him, I disliked Lemarchant; very soon I grew to hate him. He seemed to me the most recklessly cruel and devilish creature (God forbid me that I should say it) I had ever met with in my whole lifetime.

We were all sitting on deck together, those of us who were not on duty, and listening to yams from one mouth-god, as it is called, on the other.

The second lieutenant, Steppworth Paterson, a nice, kind-hearted young Scotchman, looked up at him a little curiously, and said: "Why, what do you mean by dispersing Lemarchant? Driving them off into the bush, I suppose, but you don't know where they are."

One day, a little while before we got jammed into the ice off the Liskov Islands, Lemarchant was up on deck with me, helping me to remove from my pocket a small box containing a gold locket had fallen out of the front of his waistcoat and showed a lock of hair on its exposed surface.

I started in some astonishment. He had a little girl then—a sweet heart, he called her. I don't know how he came to have a woman to be tied for life to such a creature as that was really quite too horrible. I didn't even like to think about it.

I don't know what devil prompted me, for I seldom spoke to him, even when we were off on duty together, but I said at last, after a moment's pause, "If you are engaged to be married, as I suppose you are, from what you say, I wonder you could bear to come away on such a long business as this, when you couldn't get a word or letter from the girl you're engaged to for a whole winter."

He went on picking out the shells and weeds as he answered in a careless, jaunty tone: "Why, to tell the truth, Doctor, that was just about the meaning of it. We're going to be married next Summer, you see, and for reasons of her papa's—the deuce knows what!—my little girl couldn't possibly be allowed to marry one week sooner.

"But what had the black fellows done to you?" Paterson asked with some incredulity, and I answered: "Behaving badly! Massacring white women! Lord bless my heart, I'd like to see them! Why the wretched creatures wouldn't even dare to do it. Oh, no, nothing that sort, I can tell you. And our blood wasn't up, either. We went in for it just by way of something to do, and to keep our hands in. Of course, you can't allow a lot of lazy, hulking blacks to go knocking around in the neighborhood of an estate, stealing your fowls and fruit and so forth, without doing something to them."

"The very day I joined the ship of Hammerfest, in August, I noticed immediately there was one man on board whose mere face, and bearing, and manner were at first sight excessively objectionable to me. He was a hard, some young fellow enough—one Harry Lemarchant, who had been a planter in Queensland, and who, after being burned up with three years of tropical sunshine, was anxious to cool himself, apparently, by a long Winter of Arctic gloom. Handsome as he was, with black mustache and big dark eyes rolling restlessly, I took an instantaneous dislike to his cruel thin lip and cold, proud mouth the moment I looked upon him. If I had been wise I would have drawn back from the expedition at once; it is a foolish thing to bind one's self down to a voyage of that sort unless you are perfectly sure beforehand that you have at least no instinctive

ing agencies. It's the struggle for existence, don't you see; the plain outgrowth of the best modern scientific theories. The black man has got to the wall; the white man, with his superior moral and intellectual nature, has got to push him there. At bottom, it's nothing more than civilization. Shoot 'em off at once, I say, and get rid of 'em forthwith and forever."

Lemarchant laughed, and lit a cigar but didn't much care to talk with him in an ordinary way more than was necessary for carrying out of the ship's business.

And yet he was a very gentlemanly fellow, I must admit, and well read and decently educated. Only there seemed to be a certain natural brutality about him, and a certain coldness of culture and breeding that repelled me almost dreadfully from the moment we saw him. I dare say we wouldn't have noticed it so much if we hadn't been thrown together so closely as men are on an Arctic voyage, but then and there it was positively unendurable.

I clutched the photograph in my pocket eagerly, and held it up to the man's eyes. He opened them dreamily. "Is that the lady you are going to marry?" he asked, with all the boisterous indignation of that terrible discovery, seething and burning in my face.

He smiled, and took it all in half a minute. "It is," he answered, in spite of the fever, with all his old devilish carelessness; "and I recollect they told me the fellow she was engaged to was a doctor in London and a brother of the person. By Jove, I never thought of it before that your name, too, was actually Robinson. That's the worst of having such a deuced common name as yours; no one ever dreams of recognizing your relations."

"You judge others by yourself, I'm afraid," I answered sternly. Oh, how the words seemed to rise up in judgment against me now the dreadful thing is all over!

One night, it was the 7th of April (I can't forget), I woke feebly from my feverish sleep, and noticed in a faint sort of fashion that Lemarchant was moving about restlessly in the cabin.

"Lemarchant," I cried authoritatively (for as surgeon I was of course responsible for the health of the expedition), "go back and lie down upon your bearskin this minute. You're a great deal too weak to go getting anything for yourself as yet. Go back this minute, air, and if you want anything I'll pull the string and Paterson'll come and see what you're after." For we had fixed up a string between the two huts, tied to a box at the end, as a rough means of communication.

"All right, old fellow," he answered, more cordially than I had ever yet heard him speak to me. "It's all square, I assure you. I was only feeling whether you were quite warm and comfortable, and I'm afraid I've been a little rough with you. At last the thing grew monotonous. I wanted to get an excuse to go off somewhere, where there was some sort of fun going on, till the Summer came, and we could get spoiled properly (for she's got to marry me, you know) by the end of the year."

"Upon my soul," he answered, showing his teeth again, but by no means pleasantly, "you fellows on the Cotopaxi are really the sternest set of moralists I ever met with, outside of a book of sermons or a Surrey melodrama. You ought all to be maddened by some Jack of yours; that's what you're fit for."

to the mouth of the Lena, I know nothing. It was a hard Winter, but by the aid of our stores and an occasional walrus shot by one of the blue jackets, we managed to get along till March without a serious illness. Then, one day, after a spell of terrible frost and snow, the Captain came to me and said: "Doctor, I wish you would come and see Lemarchant, his other hut here. I'm afraid he's got a bad fever."

I went to see him. So he had. A raging fever. Pampling about among his clothes to lay him down comfortably on the bearskin (for, of course, we had saved no bedding from the wreck), I happened to knock out once more the same locket that I had seen in the Captain's photograph in that of a young lady. The seal-off lamp did not give much light in the dark but (it was still the long Winter night on the Liskov coast) I saw and recognized the young lady's features. Great heaven support me! uphold me! I reeled with horror and amazement. It was Dora.

Yes, his little girl, that he spoke of so carelessly, that he lied to so easily, that he meant to marry so cruelly, was my Dora.

I had pitied the woman who was to be Harry Lemarchant's wife even when I didn't know who she was in any way; I pitied her terribly, with all my heart, when I knew that she was Dora—my own Dora. If I have become a murderer after all, it was to save Dora—to save Dora from that unutterable, abominable ruffian.

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least I thought so. Glancing accidentally to his place that moment I was vaguely conscious that he was not really sleeping, but lying with his eyes held wide open, and looking at me cautiously and furtively through his closed eyelids.

Then the horrible truth flashed suddenly across me. Lemarchant was trying to poison me. I knew his eyes were fixed upon me then, and for the moment I dissembled. I turned round and pretended to swallow the contents of the packet, and then lay down upon my rug, as if nothing unusual had happened. The fever was burning me fiercely, but I lay awake, kept up by the excitement, and then once more I laid the paper to one side, and presently we had to lay Paterson's corpse beside Lemarchant's on the little headland. Then they sank one after another—sank of cold and hunger, as you will read in the log-book, as they were wanted least to live, was the last living man.

I was left alone with those nine corpses propped up awfully against the naked rock, and one of the nine the man I had murdered.

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In May the sun came back again, but still no open water for our boat. In June we had the long day, but no open water. The captain began to get impatient and despondent, as you will read in the log, he was afraid now the might never get a chance of making the mouth of the Lena.

By-and-by the ferry came. I have no time now for details, my hands are so cramped with cold, and then we began to run short of provisions. Soon I had them all down upon my hands, and presently we had to lay Paterson's corpse beside Lemarchant's on the little headland. Then they sank one after another—sank of cold and hunger, as you will read in the log-book, as they were wanted least to live, was the last living man.

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There the manuscript ended. Heaven knows what effect it may have upon all of you who read it quietly at home in your easy chairs in England, but we of the search party, who took those almost illegible sheets of shabby writing from the cold fingers of the one solitary corpse within the frozen cabin on the Liskov Islands, we read them through with such a mingled awe and horror, and sympathy and pity, as no one can fully understand who has not been upon an Arctic expedition. And when we gathered our sad burdens up to take them off for burial at home, the corpses to which we were so reverently attending was certainly that of the self-accused murderer.

What Sheridan Says. HIS REPORT CONCERNING THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

General Sheridan's report on the condition of affairs in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation and the cattle-men's leases in the Indian territory has been made public. General Sheridan upon his arrival learned from Indian Agent Dyer that the leasing of reservation lands and the presence of many whites had a tendency to breed discontent and dissatisfaction among the Indians.

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