CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1902.

CHAPTER XIV.

"BETTER THE END OF A THING-"

made my way down the canvon in

the track of it, nerveless and horror

shaken. The sun was shining as

brightly as before, and the Sabbath

stillness was in the air. It seemed

inconceivable that, but a few mo-

ments before, the great ravine had

been the scene of a tragedy in which

three lives had gone out like match-

flares in a tornado. In the basin be-

back, flumes, ditches and trail had

bar had formed farther down the

I was obliged to head the northern

gulch to reach the gap in the hog

back, and when the strath of the set

tlement came in view I scarcely recog

nized it. The tidal wave released by

the crumbling dam had been checked

for an instant by the narrow gap in

the ridge, and its charge upon the tilled lands beyond had been like the

bursting of a second barrier. I can compare the devastation to nothing

the engineer's camp was demolished,

and as far as the eye could reach

down the valley the man course filled and leveled until its course by he traced. But for

the gathering at the schoolhouse or

the knoll, the loss of life must have

been terrible; and as it was, I could

which I had been an awe-stricken

When I topped the shoulder of the

hog-back the schoolhouse knoll and

the bit of road beyond the flood level were black with hurrying figures.

Macpherson was the first to meet me

few minutes earlier, had been the

incoherent upbubbling of thankful

ness, since he had taken it for grant-

ed that I had been swept away with

the Selter house. There was no time for explanations, and I made none

Angus told me where to find his

team and buckboard, and, asking me

to look after the women at the

schoolhouse, hurried away to organ

ize a rescue party. I found the team,

did what there was to be done, and

when the excitement had a little sub-

sided took Winifred in the buckboard

and set out to find shelter for her and for myself. We found accommo-

house was farthest removed from the

tented ourselves as best we might

trickled in by littles. It was soon dis

covered that only Selter and his daughter and the engineer were miss-

but it was not until the evening

the following day that Angu

cene of devastation, and there con-

dation at

while

ing.

the Byres ranch,

the details of the disaster

whose

as I picked my way across what,

Selter infield. His greeting was

scarcely hope that the tragedy

witness was the only one.

tween the mountain and the

disappeared, and the very face

nature was changed.

stream.

quickly as it had

The flood subsided quickly, almost

risen, and

of

Where Mac-

HOMELESS AND CHILDLESS.

"I am homeless and childless," I heard a As I sought my own fireside at close of the dav

gold I have plenty and friends by "But of And what, my good sir, can a man want more?"

And he laughed as he turned on his way

to the club, **Back and because the world flattered and petted and feared Himself for the fortune his hands had up-reared.**

But, alas! how empty and hollow the sound, and how sad seemed the life so imperfectly

And I wept, as I flew to the arms of my

own. For the sadness and sorrow of living alone.

For, alone in the darkness of life without

God, •Or alone in the paths which our Saviour has trod, Or alone in suffering, sorrow or shame, Or slone in weak purpose, alone in high

aim, There liveth no sorrow, 'mid sorrows so

Take a lonely and loveless fragment of life. "I am homeless and childless." It rang in

Like the wall of a wanderer lost on the years.

No wife to befriend thee when friendship To whisper so sweetly: "Dear heart, there

is one Who loves and believes and trusts in thee

To rejoice in thy joy when thou passest the ill?

No wife to inspire, advise and uplift? Unloved and alone, unclaimed and adrift? "I am homeless and childless." It beat on my brain. With the chill of the sleet in a November rain.

"Homeless and childless?" No bairns of

thine own, To be blood of thy blood, and bone of thy bone? No little ones running to hide in thine

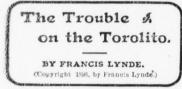
Safe harbor of refuge from endless alarms?

No fat, chubby hands to creep o'er thy

No sweet, childish prattle of Latin or Greek?

Greek? But, homeless and childless, unanchored and tossed, Elke a bark on the sea when the compass the lost.

is lost. --V. Vincent Jones, in Banner of Gold.



CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED.

The morning of the last Sunday in September dawned bright and clear. A hunting party coming from North Park had stopped over night at the settlement, and one of its members a young clergyman from the east held a religious service in the schoolhouse. As I learned afterward, the oung man had no lack of hearers. Anything in the way of a religious meeting was a novelty in the seques tered valley, and the settlement turned out almost to a man. Wini fred went with Mrs. Selter; Angus was there with his cowboys, and there was even a goodly sprinkling of the workmen from the engineer's camp.

For reasons of my own which were mot grounded in any cynical preju-dice, I did not go. To tell the truth, was growing anxious about Selter. There was a mystery connected with his movements reaching back to a certain evening when I chanced to see aim coming down from the northern gulch beyond the hog-back with a burden which he carried as one car-ries a sick child. The following morning I had found a new-made or at least a place where something had been freshly buriedis the embankment of the great exampl; and when my morning stroll up the gorge beyond the hog-back ended at the door of Wykamp's powder magazine. I had warned Angus to be prepared to prove an alibi at any hour of the day or night. As a corollary to all this I watched Selter

was not upon the river. It was fixed air; and the great wall of masonry upon the cloud wraiths hanging over toppled outward and downward, the western peaks, and he rode as one crumbling like sand in the forefront who lets his horse find out the way. of the flood that gathered itself for The hither shoulder of the hog-back the onrush to the doomed valley behad scarcely hidden him before I low. I closed my eyes in the sicken-

heard a stir in the house and the gen- ing horror of it, and when I opened the closing of a door. A moment them I was alone with the clamorous a later I saw Nan making her way waters. The bowlder where Wykamp it?" across the upper field, and thought I divined her purpose. She had seen and in its bed the angry flood was the engineer pass the house; had cutting a wider and still wider chanthe dam, and had taken this chance, slope.

her last chance it might be, of find-ing him alone to plead once again for justice.

It seemed a pity that the girl should have to fight such a hopeless battle alone. I know not, nor shall ever know, if she believed that he was free to marry her. But such poor amends as money may make should at least be hers; and at the apex of this thought I determined to follow her, and to do what a man and a law-

yer might do to help her. When I came in sight of the high wall of masonry cutting the upper canyon across, the thunder was a-roll in the upper air. I could hear the mutter and growl of it, and the vivid sun brightness of the day, and the

clear arch of the sky, with no other hint of a storm abroad, it a weird effect. The water of the diminishing torrent was pouring over the waste weir; and, as on that night when I had crept trembling across the flume bridge, the engineer

perched upon his barrier, gazing down at the flood. Nan was on the trail below, just where Macpherson had drawn rein on the night of the explosion, and when

came in sight she was calling to Wykamp. I was too far away to hear at she was saying, and the thunder of the waste weir must have made her words inaudible to the engineer: but her impassioned gestures were eloquent. She was pleading with him or warning him, I know not which, and while I looked Wykamp signed assent and turned to retrace steps to the nearest abutment. his

thought it might be as well to hold aloof until the time for intererence should be fully ripe, and elimbed to a perch on the steep slope where I should be out of their sight when they met. None the less, watched the engineer narrowly, and when he stopped midway of the dam in the attitude of one listening in-tently, I listened, too. Above the thunder of the waste a hoarser roar filled the air, coming suddenly but persisting like the sustained jar of a distant explosion. Like the lion's roar, the sound once heard is unmistakable. It was a cloudburst, and the test of the great wall of masonry

was fairly upon it. Wykamp hesitated but an instant, and in that instant a man darted out of the mouth of the outlet tunnel on the opposite side of the canyon and began to climb the mountain side as one who flies danger. It was Jacob Selter, and I took it he had been trying to ambush the engineer. He, had heard the ominous roar of the oncoming flood, and whatever his object had been he had apparently abandoned it to seek safety. It is doubtful if Wykamp saw him. The man in the engineer-there is a man hidden in whatsoever outward husk of depravity poor humanity walks abroad—was alive at last, and he was racing down in great leaps and ounds toward the girl standing in the very shadow of the towering wall While I looked, he reached her, gathered her in his arms and carried her wiftly aside and up the hither slope. when he finally stumbled and and with her there was a margin of safety behind them.

came to make his report. I saw him I held my breath and my heart skipped a beat when I beheld the coming and went a few rods down the road to meet him. dark wall of water, brown and debris-"Two, sure, and a possible third," laden, rushing down the upper can he said, anticipating my query. 'They're all accounted for except von upon the great stone barrier. It seemed incredible that any work of three, and two of the three were man could withstand the impact of found on the bar below the engisuch a terrible battering ram; and I climbed still higher, though my perch neer's camp this afternoon.' "Wykamp?" I asked. "Yes; Wykamp and Nan Selter. as well above the level of the reservoir. The engineer had more cour-They must have been overtaken to age, or a better confidence in his own work. He had risen and lifted Nan gether somewhere.

the man and the woman standing

slope, but they did not move.

was in his face, but this time his gaze shock that seemed to kill the very and the pressure on was decreasing rapidly when it went out." "The mischief, you say! How do ou know all this, Jack?"

you know all this, Jack?" "As I have told you, I was within 50 yards of the dam when it went out. And Jacob Selter was trying to

cross it! "Good Lord! But what wrecked

"Selter, I think. There was an ex-

plosion as if a 12-inch shell had struck just above the masonry. He had fired his infernal machine from the mouth of the outlet tunnel, and was scrambling up to be out of harm's way when he saw Nan and Wykamp below the dam. When the shell exploded he was trying to reach them-for Nan's sake, I sup-OSP.

Macpherson smoked his pipe quite to extinction before he spoke again. Then he said: "Jack, I'm a little tangled on the ethics of this thing. could it do any possible harm to anybody if we keep this thing to ourselves?"

"I don't see that it can. Jake has paid the penalty. He's well out of reach of any court of ours."

"That's what I was thinking. And if we publish it, it'll likely make it harder for a poor, miserable, desti-

pherson's placer bar had been there was now a gullying eddy; and a new tute widow woman.

"I'm with you," I agreed. "And now for your plans. I don't think the Glenlivat people will trouble you for a year or two, the suit and against you will fall to the ground without Wykamp's evidence. Will you go quietly back to your cow-punching and make hay while the sun shines?'

That State-Punishment for Blasphemy.

appears an entertaining account of the ncient laws and law courts of Conecticut.

George King, a blasphemous sailor, says the author, Mr. B. J. Hendrick, was excused with what he evidently regarded as a mild punishment. He was "By ccused of uttering the words: aboard a Dutchman-though whether the place of the malefaction increased the severity of the crime is not clear. This was not King's first offense, as many of the good people tes-tified. He was brought before the governor, who sentenced him somewhat in this style: "When the son of an Egyptian blasphemed the name of God A little late it was not borne. It is the piercing through the name of God in passion which is the highest provoca-ducive tion of God. Whereas the rule is let your words be yea, yea, and nay nay, ful oath; some have been bored in the It won't do any harm for us to fill ongue; others have been in the stocks and their tongues put in a cloven stick. But I hope this has not been disrespectfully done, and so I sentence that you be whipped, and in the interim be kept in the marshal's hands." Neither King or any of his compatriots reached hat stage of contumely in their at tacks upon public functionaries that has immortalized one Capt. 3 Stone, of Massachusets, who, in John his blasphemous assault on Mr. Justice Ludlow, called him to his face Mr. "Justass" Ludlow, and as a punishment was fined \pounds 100 and banished from the colony under pain of death.

AN UP-COUNTRY RISING.

Great Height of Hon, Jeremiah Mason Helped to Make His Word Respected.

In spite of the old saying, the lawver who conducts his own case does not always have a fool for a client. Hon. Jeremiah Mason, who was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1791, was a man of great height, but during the early part of his professional career, says the Green Bag, was so slight and apparently frail in build that, as the phrase is, "he



ING out, wild bells, Than any Hessian cred day, A sort of gleesome, gladsome roundelay.

No dismal knells But gay bob-'veyors of the triplest kind,

To swell the northeast breeze-On second thoughts, however, never mind.

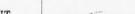
Please Ring off.

It isn't necessary, for the youth Of this broad, grand

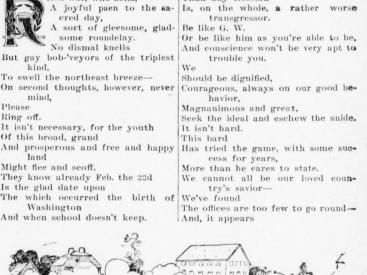
land Might flee and scoff.

They know already Feb. the 22d Is the glad date upon The which occurred the birth

Washington And when school doesn't keep.



and by a man's word he may lose his So cut the ring.





rare,

mild

How

Species of wonder

Still one may scare

And then the rest of us Might fuss, For, not compelled to work, we'd like to sleep

To anything But language that's abusive,

Our minds with calm and grateful meditation

On George The fatherly relation

feet.

sick at

ation

Our goodly gelt.

Representation

For residence.

sessor

As evidence

And

have felt,

He stood in to his country and his place In peace and war and in the cardiac

Interiors of men; to trace In fancy his career from Valley Forge,

He'd feel if he could only see it now-What in Thunder He would think of his Childs! That's merely, by the way. We'd hate With truthfulness to undertake to sav What he would think. It's probable he never learned to wink. But let us celebrate. Let young America stand up in rows and wave

Ip something even at this latter day

And make it pay. His country's Father! We own to a



[To Be Continued.] ONE ON CONNECTICUT. Incident Concerning Ancient Laws of

but the track of a crevasse on the lower Mississippi. Selter's holding and the two farms adjoining, were In Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly swept clean, not only of buildings and fences, but of the very son in the fields. Ditches were gone, boundaries obliterated, the great barrack below

beagle-wise

On the Sunday morning, therefore, a small thing kept me from going to the schoolhouse with Winifred and Mrs. Selter. It was a fact brought out by my field glass. On the higher alopes of the hog-back I had chanced to descry a moving speck making its way westward toward the upper canyon; in the object glass of the binoc-ular it defined itself as a man zigzagging across the ridge with a heavy of some kind on his back. was Selter, and the mystery might then have pointed to its own solution I had not been so deeply engrossed In Macpherson's affair. The time for trial was drawing near, and if I watched Selter Eke a paid shadower of men, it was chiefly because I feared he might disappear before the critical moment. This going afield with a backload had the look of it. Doubtless he was preparing a hiding place somewhere in the mountains to which he could retreat at need.

The schoolhouse meeting had bebooks shall be opened will his motive gun when I lost sight of the moving speck and lighted my pipe to weigh the promisings of an attempt to folw Selter. From my chair on the orch I could hear the singing quite low Selter. the ravine below, and striving to anticipate by shriek and wild gestures distinctly above the murmur of the river in its bed across the road. The the warning he was bringing. autumn storms were delayed, and the weather for a fortnight had been brink there was but one way to cross. In consequence the water was and he took it without an instant's low and its thunder was softened un- pause. The yellow-red arch of the If the cataract pouring over the flood springing clear from the edge waste weir of the completed dam was of the dam was subsiding, but it was clearly audible. Up among the west- at least two feet deep over the maera peaks the clouds were gather- sonry when he plunged in and be-Wykamp must be relieved to know iner: that the season for cloudbursts was make it; and then the end came. the dam, and the track of it can be

"They were," I said; and I told to her feet, and together they stood and watched the huge brown wall of water leap high in air to fling itself him the story of the tragedy in the canyon so far as it touched these over the stone coping of the dam. The masonry stood the shock like a dam. two.

"You say he tried to save her? There was a bit of the man in him after all, wasn't there?" wall of living rock. The brown cata-ract choked the waste weir and

poured many feet deep over the top Angus had shown no disposition of the dam, filling the channel below to go up to the farmhouse, where until at its maximum the foaming Winifred was sitting on the porch and we had drawn aside to sit on the embankment of the dry Byres torrent was lapping at the feet of ditch the half-buried bowlder on the hither

"He did save her." I rejoined: "she It was while the flood was roaring would have gone down in the its loudest that I chanced to lift my rush of the wave over the top of the eyes to the opposite cliff where Seldam if he hadn't reached her the nick of time and carried her be ter had disappeared. To my horror

I saw him plunging recklessly down the declivity toward the submerged dam, and his frenzied yells came to me above the clamor of the waters. gineer in him; betting on his own with the declivity toward the submerged look at it, you say. That was the en-gineer in him; betting on his own

game to the very last.' Not until that great day when the "They were safe enough, so far a

the cloudburst was concerned,' be revealed, but the pointing of it was clear enough. He was making amended; and then: "Have you frantic haste to reach the couple in found Selter?

"No; and that's a bit curious. His wife says he went hunting on the north mountain early in the morn When he reached the stream's ing.

'You'll never find him-alive." "What! How do you know?"

"Answer me one question, and then I'll tell you. Does anyone sus-pect that it was more than a cloudburst?"

"Why, of course not. It was a

fairly over for the year. The thought had scarcely taken shape when the man himself came Midling by. As ence before, anxiety of imprisoned thunder; a nauseating Midling by. As ence before, anxiety of imprisoned thunder; a nauseating Midling by. As ence before, anxiety of the standard s

oked like a boy. Traveling once in a sleigh after a

great snowstorm, he met a country nan in a similar conveyance. Mr. Mason turned his horse and sleigh as far to one side as he conveniently could, and courteously requested the other person to do the same.

other man, however, was stur-The dy of figure and stubborn of nature, and taking Mr. Mason's courteous speech as a sign of a craven spirit, he refused to budge an inch, and de-

Manded a free way for his vehicle. At this Mr. Mason's eyes flashed. The day was cold and he had sunk deeply into the robes of his highbacked sleigh; but now he drew him self up and sat erect on the seat for

a moment; then he began slowly to divest himself of his wrappings and Or kick at to get upon his feet, gradually displaying his real proportions astonished countryman, who ex-

claimed: "Say, mister, you needn't rise any

more. I'll turn out!"

Down for a Loss.

Jack-Yes, at one time I was deter-mined to marry Miss Golding, but her father finally discouraged me. Tom-Indeed! How did he do it? "Well, really, I can't tell you now whether it was a punt or a drop kick."--Philadelphia Press.

Censure and Criticism,

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn against failure and trouble. Gladstone.

The Good-Natured Man

What we call a good-natured man s one who is bald headed and can tand being guyed about it .- Waskington (Ia.) Democrat,

The starry flag about To turn the fair historic sheet And chant a rousing stave To where at last he landed with both Or two anent the same. The little and spout pieces that with care they've conned, From him we all should learn Oppression of taxgatherer to spurn And thus revive the patriotic flame. Doggoned And most of us plain millionaires are If there is not some hope left for us yet. The way we have to give up for tax- Let You and I Resolve that we will never tell a lie Except at stern necessity's decree, Although we own we can. Don't cut much ice, so some of us no doubt, in fact, of our There sought the happy, tax-free ability Washington In that line, but as the famed cherry tree Fell to Oom George's hatchet, let us Of patriotic hatred of oppression, lop Our faults and get where he did and In which respect the brutal tax asthen stop.

