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**MYSTERY OF DEADMAN'S FLAT** A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE FAR WEST.

## By the Author of "Love or a Lie," "Winning Her Inheritance," Etc.

The next morning Mr. John Smith made an earnest attempt to induce Mr. Snaresbrook to isave the place. He walked into Deadman's Flat soon after daybreak, experience having taught him that that early hour was, in a general way, the only one that saw Mr. Snares-brook's intellect at all equal to grasping any situation with a necessary amount of clearness. The attempt, however, was a still more disastrous failure. Mr. Snares brook had received his arguments, en treaties and reproaches with a dogged sullen silence, only relieved by an occasional angry gleam in his eyes, as if he resented the young man's interference in his affairs, but the daughter received his entreaties in a manner that sent him from her dumb with dismay. He did not see her till noonday, for

the strength at its same in a set

she had been keeping out of his way. He met her at last on the outskirts of the town, just as she was returning from a long walk, thinking by this time that he would have gone back to his claim at Red Mactarvish. She had gathered a spray of azalea somewhere in her wan derings, and as she came down the road holding it in one hand she was absently pulling to pieces the delicate pink blos soms with the other.

At his unexpected appearance the warm blood rushed to her pale face, and she stood looking at him over that rosy cloud of blossoms, her breath coming fast, her bosom rising and falling with the rapid beating of her heart. Her evident mental distress put an end

to his self control, and he blurted out the reason of his seeking her, without any regard for eloquence or dignity o speech. He was only conscious of wild, passionate desire to get her out of that place.

She looked at him first compassion ately; but, as he went on with his earnest, if rather incoherent advice, her compassion slowly gave place to astonis ment. Then suddenly that silent astonishment was turned to such a passion of anger, contempt and loathing--such a scathing, pitiless storm of words, that he stood aghast.

"Go away!" she exclaimed, stretching out her slender quivering hand towards the red, dusty road. "Never speak to me again! Whatever I thought you-I did not imagine you were a base, contemptible coward! Go away, and never let me see your face again!"

He turned away without another word and walked obcdiently down the road pointed out for him by that trembling hand. He had no idea where it led toexcept that it was out of her sight. As he turned away, he saw her sink down, all her strength exhausted in that out burst of passion, the beautiful little brown head bowed over the pink blossoms. He caught fainfly the sound of a choked sob, but he did not turn back to help her. She had told him to go, and he was going.

### CHAPTER VIII.

That evening, as John Smith sat smoking on the trunk of a tree before the door of his cabin, Jack Newenham arrived in the camp of Red Mactarvish. He made straight for the isolated cabin of John Smith, guided thereto by some of the miners, most of whom were knocking off work. This proud man of stainless d of himself.

you." If he hoped for some allusion to that fatal letter he was disappointed. There was a brief silence, and then Redfern

Churchill answered rather slowly: "You have done more than any man would have done already; you can do no more. I am dead to them, to you and all the old life. If you have not yet told her that you have seen me, I beg of you not to do so-it would only hurt her. Don't think me ungrateful; I would give my life to prove to you what I think c the sacrifice you have made for my sake. Heaven bless you both!" He turned abruptly away, and walked

swiftly back in the direction of the camp. Newenham, after a short pause, which he watched the musc during figure disappearing into the fast gathering shadows, turned and walked on hurriedly too, with a sudden sense of help essness in his heart.

The road was getting quite dark, and the silence was broken only by the dis-tant roar of the water as it foamed along its rocky uneven bed at the foot of the Red Mactarvish camp and the gentle soughing of the breeze among the fra grant pines. Suddenly there was a faint rustling

sound in the ditch which ran right across the road. Then a figure moving therein cautiously raised itself up till there ap peared a pale flabby face, still heavy with the drunken sleep which had caused the man to seek suddenly and involuntarily the bottom of that ditch, or his way home to Deadman's Flat. The face was surrounded by tangled yellow locks, to which adhered clay and twigs and various other trifles. gathered in that unexpected and hasty plunge into the ditch. After carefully reconnoitering the dusk on either side, he rested his elbows upon the edge of the bank and propped up his still rather unsteady head with his hands. Poker Dick was cogitating, for even to his hazy and extremely expansive views of propriety there seeme a slight doubt as to the fairness of taking advantage of a private conversation t tie a halter round another man's neck He had not even any grudge against Redfern Churchill; on the contrary, he

rather liked him. On the other hand, however, Poker Dick's affairs were in rather a desperate condition, and there was even some talk of expelling him from the virtuous com munity of Deadman's Flat. An energetic display of virtue in the shape of capturing a "wanted" murderer might soften the hearts of his fellow townsmen. Ther there was that handsome reward which it was decided should be given.

"I guess I'll sleep on it!" muttered the perplexed man to himself at last, letting mself drop once more into the mois clay at the bottom of the ditch. "I'm in a bit of a buzz!"

In the early morning of the next day a small band of men came down the road leading from Red Mactarvish. The tramp of their feet was steady and regular, in dicating that they were on some grave business. A few persons lingering about the doors of the "Red Unicorn" before beginning the serious duties of the day caught sight of that small band as i turned round a bend in the road.

Jack Newenham, talking to Quaker Joe about a shooting expedition that would take up two or three days, turned with the others to look at the advancing group. Miss Snaresbrook also looked, tening with a soft laugh from some ex travagant compliment just paid her by the gentleman at her side, the proprietor of the grocery establishment of Deadman's Flat, who, attracted by her appearance as she stood inside the small inclosure before the hotel, had run over from his store at the opposite side of the square to exchange "good day" with her. Mr. Snaresbrook turned from his ferocious contemplation of the adoring grocer to gaze too at that rapidly approaching band. It began to attract the attention of others too-children rar down the road to find out what was "up," for that solemn, steady procession evidently meant something. Men. languidly strolling forward, caught the meaning of their words as they shrilly called out the discovery they had made Voices caught up the burden here and there along the road, until quite a great wave of sound reached the ears of those standing about the "Red Unicorn," from which they could distinguish the words "Murderer"-"Go-for-him Tom"-"Red Mactarvish"-"nabbed." There was a variety of expressions on the eager faces of those assembled in the square as the words reached them-ex citement, interest, curiosity and satisfaction. Even the grocer hastened forward. though in doing so he had to leave Miss Snaresbrook be, ind. Quaker Joe was already hal. way across the square. So was Jack Newenham, a heavy sinking feeling at his heart. The procession, which was now a silent one, as if the stern resolution and gravity of those men in its center had checked even the excited curiosity and eager gratification of the townspeople who had gathered about them, was more than half way across the square before it parted sufficiently to allow of the chief actors in it being seen. There were about twenty of themthe committeemen appointed to see into the matter of the murder, a few miners from Red Mactarvish who had come along to see the end, and in the midst of them John Smith, or, as he was now known to be, Redfern Churchill. He was very pale, but otherwise quite cool. When arrested at the camp, just as he was proceeding to his day's work, he had come away quietly, without say ing a word. Newenham, forcing his way through the crowd surrounding him, reached his side.

had no logical reason to give for her con-"If you go for to harm a hair of that young man's head, may you all swing for a set of blundering idiots!" she cried, barring the entrance to the inclosure

barring the entrance to the inclosure with her ample figure. The foremost committeeman made a dignified though hurried reply. None of them wished to discuss the matter with Mrs. Quaker Joe; and her husband, emboldened by the majesty of the law, as represented in the persons of the com-mitteemen, caught her arm and pulled her aside.

This sudden exhibition of marital authority had such an astounding effect upon Mrs. Kezah that she actually re-ireated a few paces. The committee-men took advantage of her momentary discomfiture to pass, with as much dig-nity as decidedly hastened movements

would permit, into the inclosure. Redfern Churchill caught sight of poor Mrs. Kezah's face. Its utter consternation struck his sense of the ludicrous and e laughed outright, nodding at her with the bright winning grace which still occasionally made its way through the severe repression of his manner, and which when it did, had as great an effect or the lady population of Deadman's Flat as it used once to have on the women in the drawing rooms of New York and Brooklyn.

The crowd outside prepared to await the verdict with patience. Mr. Snares-brook wandered about rather aimlessly for a little while. He inquired for his daughter; but the had disappeared and was not to be found. After a time he proceeded thoughtfully to the tumble down cabin at the end of the corral which Quaker Joe had kindly handed over for is occupation. It was there, half an hour later, that

his daughter found him. CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Snaresbrook was sitting, white, faint and trembling, as if smitten with ague, on the inverted barrel which servd him as a chair. He had touched no stimulants that

morning, and the loss of their intoxica ting strength left him as palsied as an old man in his dotage-a pitiful wreck! The girl's eyes, gleaming with a hard expression of fierce despair, suddenly softed as she burst into tears.

He looked at her, a father's love giv ing back to the bleared dull eyes some of their old manliness and beauty. Then he gently stroked her bair with the trembling hand which had so long lost its cunning. She sobbed on convulsively, that tender touch, half fearful, as if he felt his own unworthiness, grieving her more than all else.

"What is it?" he asked at last. "Oh, father," she cried between her obs, "can't we save him? Is there no

way? Can't we do anything? A strange look came into her father's eves as that sobbing crv—the wail of a woman's broken heart-burst from her lips. The look was almost pitiful in its amazement and horror-that cry was

such a terrible revelation to him. He raised her face that he might look down into her tear dimmed eyes, which betraved the sacred secret of the girl's stricken heart. They did not flinch before his gaze, neither did the white

cheeks flush. It was too supreme a moment for any display of maidenly shy ness. "Oh, father!" she cried again, hiding

her face against his shoulder. There was a moment's silence, and

then she sprang to her feet. "Oh, something must be done! Perhaps they have condemned him! Oh. come-come. He must be saved, whether he is guilty or not!"

"Why do you think he is guilty?" he asked, rising slowly. It was dreadful for her to hear her

thought put into words. She started, ering senses. him. mise you." cause.

numit that the trial, rough and ready though it was, had been conducted with though it was, had been conducted with a fairness that gave the prisoner every opportunity of justifying himself. Un-fortunately his manner told against him. His answers were hesitating and some-times confused; and as little by little links of avidence in filling and someof evidence, so triffing that at first they scarcely seemed to bear upon the case, joined themselves together till their united strength formed a chain strong

enough to hang a man, he seemed to give up, with but little show of surprise, all hope of setting himself free. He had scarcely expected to be convicted, though he knew that his peril was great; but, in his ignorance of what trifles can do in building up circumstantial evidence, he had imagined that they could hardly find proof enough against him to hang him. The things that told most against him

were that letter and a revolver which was found lying hidden in the under-growth near the body. It was proved to be his by some men who had often seen him with it. It happened that he had given his revolver to Tom Cairnes as part payment of a debt, and unfortun-ately the matter had been kept quite private. Redfern Churchill had been too much disturbed at finding that woman's handkerchief to make search for any thing else, and he had not seen the re volver as it lay under a tuft of fern. There was no one to prove that he had given it to Tom Cairnes, and he knew that his word was not believed. As h saw how small were the things that told against him, and thought how easily they might be gathered up against an-other, he became altogether silent, and finally declined to give any more reasons why he should not be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Outwardly, though very pale, he preserved a stoical indifference. Newenham, watching him with keen, anxious eyes, caught every now and then a glimpse of a quivering muscle, of a sud-den glow of hot life blood in the still, pale face, which betrayed inward trouble. He could not guess that it wassome thought of Elaine which stung his friend, that every now and then he could not help a bitter longing that she should have given him one sign of understanding before al came to an end. But she had hidden herself away and left him to his fate, without one look. When the trial was over, however, he seemed to have become really quiet.

"It can't be helped!" he said. "After all"-with a faint smile parting his lips -"I should have been an awkward rela tion.

"Don't talk such confounded rubbish!" cried Jack Newenham, savagely, the undertone of pain excusing his apparent roughness. How often he had thought that himself, when contemplating the circumstances of his future brother-inlaw's life as connected with his own! "But never mind about me," Churchill went on with a touch of impatience. "I want to speak to you about Violet." His voice faltered, but only for a moment. "There is no one who can help her like you. Tell her what you like-only not the truth. That would half kill her. But if she knows nothing she will learn at last not to look out for or expect to see me again. After all I shall be only one of many who disappear without word or sign; and she will learn to be happy with you and forget."

Violet's lover promised, feeling that after all it was best. Why should her innocent, loving life be tortured by such knowledge as this?

It was strange that neither of them thought of the other sister, who was a brilliant woman of fashion. She had felt her brother's disgrace bitterly, and had shown it, having grown almost to hate him in the selfish and hard pride of her heart, which valued honor only so far as it gave her rank and position in the world of fashion. "There's another," began Churchill

again, flushing a dull deep red. "She"-

and douns expressed in his eyes. "P He could say no more, and she came r

step forward. What did you mean?' she asked,

slowly, in a voice that was strangely calm after the passion of the moment before. "Did you mean that you did not do that?" "I do it?" His voice trembled with in-

dignation, in spite of his effort at self control. "Why"-he was going to say, "you know I did not!" but changed his mind. "Hush, darling! Don't let us speak of that!" he began. But she checked him, coming 'close to him and laying her hand upon his arm.

"You did not do it? So you know

"Elaine, what is the use of speaking of it?" he exclaimed, feeling all the sharpness of his pain. "Is it not enough 

know who it is! Tell me!"

He did not answer. She looked up into his face for a few moments, but his eyes did not meet hers. Presently her hand fell from his arm, and she moved away, then stood still, her face turned towards the window.

"You thought that I did it," she said

slowly, in a faint tone. "Elaine, dear," he said, striding swiftly to her side—"oh, my love!" He was dazed by the joy of the revelation that had come from her lips. Remorse for his shameful doubts had as yet no place in his heart. He could feel only the wild delight of knowing that she was innocent. "Elainel" he repeated.

But she was stunned by the new shock, and felt powerless to move or speak. There was a soft knocking at the door

and Churchill understood the signal. He looked at her, and saw how the blood was fading from her face and lips. She had believed in his guilt. To have found him innocent would have filled her heart with joy; but to find him innocent, but believing in her guilt, was the last stroke she could bear. As his arms closed round her, she sank senseless upon his breast. He kissed her-once-twice-with lips as gray as her own, then laid her gently down and hurried to the door.

He found Newenham standing outside, having come to call him. The committeemen felt that it was time to reinstate justice in its rightful position, yet from a certain delicacy they sent the message which was to end that interview by his friend. They felt it would be easier for him and her to bear. "I know," said Churchill, not waiting

for Newenham to speak. "Go in and see after her. I would rather- For her sake, and mine, too. Don't you see? 1 couldn't bear that you"- His voice fal-tered, and a tremor shook him. It was the first sign he had shown of shrinking from the fate that awaited him. He would meet it bravely enough, but he could not bear that Newenham should be a witness of his ignominious end.

Newenham understood. Neither of the men cared to speak another word; there was a clinging hand shake, and then Redfern Churchill stepped out to join the men who awaited him.

#### CHAPTER X.

The understanding which had com about between Elaine and Redfern had considerably altered the young man's views regarding his fate. He would have died willingly in her place, keenly as he had felt her strange conduct in al lowing him to do so. He had not expected her for one moment to come forward and confess what he had believed her to be guilty of; but he had hoped that she would give one sign-to him alone-that she understood and appreci-ated the sacrifice he was making. He did not want gratitude-only recognition, to show that she was what he believed her to be. Now he had discovered her innocence, he was overwhelmed at his own mad and even shameful suspicions. How he could thus have suspect-

chose, they might hasten on to the mound, and there await the fulfillment of the sentence.

tators might have seemed ghastly and re-

volting. Churchill glanced from the tree to the

grave, earnest crowd; then he set his teeth more closely, for there were but a

few paces between him and death. With

a swift look round his eyes took in the

ridge some yards beyond the tree, be-hind which the mound dropped sharply

The sun shone, and the air was full of

the sweet breath of the pines. There was

flash of their wings through the hot,

fragrant air. Far off in the distance

was the purple outline of the everlasting

hills, above was the dazzling blue of a

cloudless sky, and before him that ghastly

tree, where his life, with its grand possi

bilities and its newly found love, was

For a moment his heart and brain

seemed to burn in fierce, mad revolt

against his unmerited doom; then sud-

denly passion, tumult, rebellion died away, and perfect calmness remained.

in front of his guards. The crowd fall-

ing back a little as he approached, for

there was not sufficient space on the highest point for all to stand there, it

happened that for a moment he stood

raised above spectators and executioners.

his graceful athletic figure as clearly

outlined against that distant blue sky as

"Look here," he said, slowly and dis-

tinctly, raising his hand to insure a hearing-"I did not commit that mur-

There was a dead silence. Then one

of the jury, in a tone of contempt, asked

He reached the summit a yard or two

a twitter of birds in bush and trees, th

down into the abyss.

suddenly to end.

the tree itself.

His voice had become gradually un-steady, and at last broke out again inte-that auguished appeal. It might have stirred the hearts of more tender folk; As the party turned off from the road and began to ascend the mound, they but there was no pity in the faces of his caught sight of various members of the listeners. Redfern Churchill's desperate act of population of Deadman's Flat also mak ing their ascent. When the procession emerged from among the trees there was assembled on the bare eminence a goodly concourse of spectators. They were con-

Redfern Churchill's desperate act of heroic defiance had already caused a current of feeling to set it in in his favor, and now to hear that he was innocent was more than they could bear calmly. A growl of rage, hate, contempt and re-morse broke from the spectators. "Lynch him!" should one man, and me ominous cry was taken up by a dozen voices. A surging wave of furt-ous men broke in upon the little group. templating the tree, which stood out-lined clearly against the brilliant blue sky, at the summit of the mound. Many were discussing with much gravity vari-ous matters which to less interested spec-

ous men broke in upon the little group which, still desirous of keeping order, had gathered about James Snaresbrook.

The news was communicated from one to another, starting from the edge of the precipice, and reaching the crowd sur-rounding the author of this horrible dis-aster, that some of the searchers had suc-ceeded in discovering Redfern Churchill's ceeded in discovering Reatern Child ledge body lying, face downward, on the ledge young man's body stretched there broke down the last barrier of self control, and nothing could keep the enraged crowd in check.

When the townsmen of Deadman's Flat returned about noonday to their dinners and daily occupation, they were minus one of their number.

James Snaresbrook met his fate bravely, horrible though it was. The measure of his punishment was filled: for he was too late to save an innocent man, whom his daughter loved, and he died without one kiss or one word of farewell from the lips of that daughter, the only being on earth who cared for him. She was still unconscious when he had gone in to see her before starting on his last ride and he had not dared to linger for an instant. In his last moments his thoughts were of her; he remembered that, on her recovery to consciousness, she would learn the news that her father was a twofold murderer, and at once death lost all its terrors.

Redfern Churchill did not die after all. It was confidently asserted in Deadman's Flat, where belief in such things was not common, that he was saved by a Divine miracle. Perhaps it may safely be said that the inhabitants of Deadman's Flat never rejoiced so keenly or so gratefully over anything as they did over the return to life of the man they had once gone out so cheerfully to hang. It was Jack Newenham who, at the imminent risk of his own life, went down the precipice to recover what he believed to be the dead body of his friend. It was he who, finding that life still lingered, nursed Churchill back to consciousness. Then followed a long, weary, anxious time. Months passed by, and even then Redfern Churchill was not, nor ever could be, the same strong athletic man who had taken that desperate leap to save himself from a shameful death. He never murmured; he knew that, as a man sows, so he must reap. The road that led to that awful precipice had been chosen of his own free will when he first plunged recklessly into

folly and sin. To him, as to Elaine, earthly happi-ness was long in coming. The shock of her father's shameful death was a terrible blow to her; but at last there came a day when the two turned back to love and hope. Together she and Redfern Churchill lived down the past. It was hard work, but they succeeded. After Tom Cairnes' death there was no fear of the real facts of his disgrace being publicly known. The man whose notes he had taken, holding a high position in business and society, had no desire to publish the fact that he had been robbed too, when Redfern Churchill paid him back to the full all that he had taken, and then he had still less motive for mentioning the affair. Churchill himself felt the disgrace to the end of his daysto him nothing could wipe it out. He 9 m **a n** desperation, tempted by Cairnes. By an accident he had picked up the bundle of notes just at the time when the gaubling fever was high upon him. "here were but a dozen steps between him and the table, where he thought that luck, in a second, would convert him from a ruined, desperate man to one who would resolve never to enter such a place again. "You can pay him back with interest in an hour," Tom Cairnes had urged, as the young man began to put the pocket-book back into the coat from which it had fallen. "Sowerby is in the next room, as drunk as a fiddler; he'll never know you borrowed it. Luck must change," and so on, until Churchill, scarcely knowing what he did, fell. As for the Hon. Jack Newenham, a distant relativo died before even he could leave the bedside of his friend, and left him a considerable fortune, which effectually silenced the taunts of Mr. Churchill, senior, on the subject of the folly of marrying younger sons. Violet went with him to England to look after his new property, and all his friends declared that there was no happier couple in the land than the Hon. John and Mrs. Newenham. Redfern Churchill and his wife often exchanged visits with the Newenhams, and the friendship between the Ameri-can and English households was reckoned by them as not the least good thing among the many that had come into their lives. THE END.

why he took the trouble to make such a statement now. "Not because I am afraid to die, While I was being tried I had a reason for silence. Now I know it was a false one. and see no cause why I should die in the place of an unknown blackguard!" "It is reyther late in the day to try to gull us. If you thought sich foolery wouldn't take us in before, it ain't much use bringin' it forrard now. 'Very well," said Churchill, "I'll die, because I must; but not as a murderer, for I am innocent!" Before they could take in his meaning he had turned and run lightly up to the top of the ridge behind the tree, then for one moment he stood poised on that edge, cool, defiant, a picture of life, strength and youthful vigor; the next, the strain

ing eyes of the spectators saw him leap forward into that awful space that lay beyond, and then there was left only the line of blue sky, clear and unbroken, beyond the sharp edge of the cliff. There was a moment's breathless silence, then a general rush forward up to the summit of the mound. The rush, however, was checked by

the introduction of a new element-a horse spurred on by an apparently frantic man came dashing up between the scattered trees of the slope.

"Stop-"stop!" cried the man at the top of his voice.

glimpse he caught of that lonely motioness figure reminded him forcibly that he had come to Red Mactarvish not to see the camp, but to beg the pardon of the man he had so wronged the night before.

John Smith sat there, smoking hard, and staring at a landscape he did not even see, so blinded were his eves by that vision of a beautiful, scornful face, looking at him over those pink azaleas.

He did not hear Jack Newenham's ap proach till the latter touched him on the shoulder. Then he turned with a start, flushing a dull, deep red, and rising silently to his feet as he saw who his visitor was.

"I've been a brute!" said Newenham going to the point at once, like the sturdy downright Englishman he was. "I'd like to shake hands with you, if you've no objection."

The dull flush faded slowly from John Smith's face, as he stood looking away towards the distant sierras that stoo out clearly against the red evening sky. "Not even the touch of your clean

hand can make me an honest man again," be said.

'No," said Newenham simply; "but the present and future can; and the past is gone by"-and he held out his hand. John Smith took it. The action looked only like an ordinary greeting, but that silent hand clasp between the two men was the seal of a friendship which neve

faitered so long as life lasted. Jack Newenham stayed some time with Smith, the latter doing the honors of the camp. He was invited by several men to spend the night there, but he had his own reasons for getting back to Deadman's Flat. The affair of the murder was growing very serious; indeed it grew more serious every moment he spent in John Smith's company, for, if this John Smith were the man he imagined him to be, then that letter was a terrible weapon in the hands of those judges in Deadman's Flat. Not that he for one moment believed in the young man's guilt, for, if Redfern Churchill and John Smith were one and the same man, he was certain that he could not have done so base and cowardly a thing as to shoot down in cold blood his most deadly enemy. Others, however, might not see matters in the same light; and there was always

that ugly piece of evidence in the shape of a letter against him.

They had been walking for some time in silence, John Smith accompanying him a little way on the road back to Deadman's Flat, when suddenly Newenham stopped, unable to keep silence any longer under the pressure of his anxieties and fears. He glanced about him and saw that the road was lonely and silent.

"Are you Redfern Churchill?" he asked, lowering his voice.

"Yes," said the other simply.

That quiet "Yes" was a whole confession of faith in the other's honor, and Newenham felt it to be so.

"You shall never have reason to regret having told me this," he said. "I will tell you something, too-1 am going to marry your sister Violet."

A deep drawn breath was the only outward sign of pain, but this sudden recalling of relationships and scenes so long dead to him caused the young man an acute pang. He could not speak, and Newenham went on hurriedly:

"She has never forgotten you-it was for her sake that I came to Deadman's Flat to get tidings of you. I did not know you then-now, I would travel double the distance for your own sake.

"It's a lie," he cried, facing the leading man of the arresting party-"an infamous lie! If you do him any harm, you shall swing for it!" "He'll have a fair trial," answered the

man, with sullen civility. "Clear out, boys, and let us pass!"

"Leave me alone," said Redfern Churchill to Newenham, in a low, hurried tone, though his eyes expressed his gratitude for the generous championship. "I'm all right."

'Besides," he added, in a still lower tone, as the young Englishman, with ominously gleaming eyes and pale set lips, still kept by his side, "I would rather you kept out of the row, for another's sake. I'll tell you when it is all finished."

They had no further opportunity for speaking, as at that moment they reached the inclosure where Mrs. Quaker Joe was standing just inside.

Her cheeks were crimson with excitement; she was furious at Churchill's arrest, being convinced of his innocence, though, after the fashion of women, she

ng for breath, and for a moment her father thought she was going to faint. But the knowledge of Redfern Churchill's awful peril steadied her way-

"Come and save him, father! You must speak for him."

"How can I do anything in this condition?" he exclarmed in a sudden out-burst of quernlousness. "I must have something to keep myself up; I might as well be dead already for any good I

She turned away desperately, hopelessly. What help could such a father be to her in this her hour of agonysyrely the most terrible that a woman who loved could pass through?

The father noticed his daughter's heavy sigh, and it seemed to disturb

'Why are you so afraid?' he asked fretfully. "I will help you both-I pro-

"Oh, father," she cried, in a tone of impatient bitter contempt, "how can you help me or any one?"

It was the first time she had ever used such a tone towards him. She turned away, a sudden wild resolve seizing her. She would go before those stern faced judges herself and plead the prisoner's



Come and save him, father! You must

speak for him. As she moved swiftly away from the abin, Mr. Snaresbrook sat down again. He was trembling from head to foot, and now it was not only from the weakness

of over drinking. "She's quite right," he muttered to himself, "but it's hard. I know she has thought it all along, but she has never said it before-not even when I've been the greatest brute. She has grown tired of me at last! Nor is it any wonder. Oh, my darling, what days of happiness I

have deprived you of! All eternity will not be long enough to atone." He broke out into sobs-weak, child-

ish, for even the diguity of manhood's grief had gone from him. As he sat there, miserably crying to

himself, the trial in the spare parlor of the "Red Unicorn" came to an end, and ment did she yield to the supreme passion Redfern Churchill was found guilty. "But it is horrible-this!" cried Newenham as he stood facing the condemned

man in the corner of the room, to which they had been permitted to retire for a short interview at the end of the trial. The jury and one or two witnesses

stood talking in undertones at the other end of the room. Newenham felt that he could not be

lieve it; he had pleaded, he had even threatened, until he saw that his interference only made matters worse for the prisoner. Besides, even he could not but

The word had scarcely left his lips when the door was suddenly flung open and "she" appeared on the threshold.

For a few moments she stood, looking blindly about her. Then suddenly the confusion of objects, waving dimly to and fro in what seemed a blood stained mist, cleared, and the undefined forms grouped themselves into distinct shapes. At the farther end of the room, discuss ing the matter with Quaker Joe, who had managed to elude the vigilance of his better half and slip into the room, were the jury. A few yards nearer to her were the other two men, gazing at

her with startled eyes. There was something about the whole scene that told her it was all over. To the end of her life she could have described the strange pale faces of the two near her-every pose of the judgesevery detail of the room, disordered by hats and coats lying about it, and seats disarranged-even the ludicrous appearance of Quaker Joe, who in his excitement had rubbed up his stubby hair till it stood on end like a hedgehog's bristles. She took a step forward into the room all turning to look at her. She opened her lips, but she could only utter a sharp, low cry, that seemed to freeze the blood of every man in the room. They were men who had faced death in many shapes; but there was not one present who would not rather have faced it once more in its most dread form than have heard such a cry again.

"Let me speak to him!" she whispered at last, in a husky voice; but in the hush that had followed that cry the whisper reached every man in the room.

With one accord they moved towards the door, treading softly past her, not once glancing aside at her, as she stood there, like some white ghost, in their midst. The door closed gently behind them, and she was alone with Redferr Churchill, He-though still stirred to his soul's

depths by that cry, the meaning of which he vaguely understood-recovered himself first, and stepped slowly towards her.

"This is not a fit place for you," he said gently. "Why did you come?" "Why did I come?" she echoed, her white face crimsoning with passion. "That is a hard question to ask a woman. Yet why should I not tell you? What does it matter what any woman says at such a moment as this? You may despise me-perhaps to-morrow I shall de pise, loathe myself-but I can't help it Are you not going to die, and did I not drive you away from me only vesterday with such unkind, wicked words? Oh, vill you ever forgive me?"

A moment later and Churchill's arms were about her neck.

"You love me," he exclaimed--"me? I can't believe it! I thought you hated me; and all the time I loved you with every breath I drew!"

Then he raised her pale face with gentle but imperious force, and kissed it until it was crimson. Only for one mo of their love.

She withdrew herself hastily from his arms; the shadow of his terrible fate closed down upon the glory of their suddenly acquired happiness.

"Oh, why did you do it?" she cried sharply. "Oh, could any enemy be worth such a sin? Ob, surely you should have pardoned him twenty times rather than have done so base a thing!"

"I-have done so base a thing?" He too had stepped back a few paces, and he looked at her, pain, bewilderment

ed her seemed incredible to his under standing. Every word, every look, every sign of fear and confusion he could interpret now in the light of her own suspicions of himself. His soul was filled with remorse at his infamous doubts of her, and he felt no bitterness against her for her doubts of him. If he, like the base, unchivalrous madman he had been, could have suspected her, was it even surprising that she should have suspect-

He glanced up, for ho had been walking silently and mechanically along by the side of the two citizens of Deadman's Flat who had been elected his warders: the rest of the men had dropped a little behind. There was something in his face that they respected. And, after all, it would not be easy for him to escape. The first attempt at flight would bring a dozen bullets about him. It would only be hastening the sentence by a few moments. Redfern Churchill, however, had been too much absorbed in his thoughts to think of trying to escape even if he had imagined it possible. It was only now that, raising his eyes from that troubled meditation, he saw how near they had come to the fatal rendez vous. Then suddenly a great and terri ble revulsion of feeling set in. In one swift thought he tasted to the full all the delights and triumphs of life, all the bit terness of death. He was innocent Why should he suffer for an unknown murderer's crime?

He stopped abruptly, turning sharply round in the dusty road, his face flush ing with wrathfulness against the men who had condemned him so unjustly. Sudden as the movement was, the closing up of the men loitering behind him was quite as swift. Careless as it apparently was, their guard was as stern a their faces were pitiless. He saw that, and saw how hopeless it was to attempt to escape-nevertheless, he resolved to try. It would be death, he knew; but it should not be the ignominious death of :

He drew in his breath hard between his clenched teeth and turned to walk or again, and the men dropped into their previous positions. They had not said a word; but their watch was more vigilant than before. He knew the place they were going to, and he thought over plan as they marched along.

The tree which had been set apart for the use of an avenging justice stood, solitary, on a mound, which, sloping down gently on three sides into the great pine woods, on the fourth dipped abruptly into a ravine some two hundred feet deep, the sides of which were rocky, covered with a short furze and thorn undergrowth, with here and there a pine. There was no foothold-at least none to be found for a man who would not wait to search for one, and he knew that no time would be given him to choose his steps. He would go over it headlongto certain death; but he would go. Th. only difficulty would be to reach the edge of that precipice, as there would be se many willing hands to prevent him.

Now, for the first time, he noticed how limited the witnesses of the approaching tragedy were to be. Generally, such an event attracted nearly all the town and autlying settlements. He wondered what had happened to assuage so suddenly that grewsome curiosity. He could not guess that, out of sympathy with that girl, with that cry of hera still ringing in their ears, the committeemen had quietly, but decisively, dismissed the crowd awaiting to escort the prisoner. They had told the people that they had better depart quickly-that, if they



His impetuous approach, his stentorian tone of command, had the effect of momentarily checking the majority of that

excited crowd. "Old Snaresbrook come to see the fun!" exclaimed one man. "He's too late.'

Mr. James Snaresbrook was soon among them, and springing from the back of the steaming, panting animal he had ridden.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, his face ghastly pale with horror, "you haven't hanged him?" The words ended in almost a wail of agony as he faced the crowd gathering swiftly round him Many at once rushed off to the cliff, Snaresbrook's words bringing back to them prominently Redfern Churchill's fate; the rest lingered, overpowered by a still deeper curiosity. They all in stinctively felt that this was only the be

ginning of the tragedy, "Don't tell me he's dead-for heaven's sake don't tell me I'm too late!" he cried. that note of agony still in his voice and large drops of moisture gathering on his brow as he gazed from one stern face to another. "It's too horrible! I came to take his place, and now I am too late! I have murdered him, too!"

"Speak up clearly, Snaresbrook," said one man, stepping to the front and motioning back the expectant, staring crowd, which obeyed, leaving the two men in the center of a little circle. It was one of the committeemen who had taken up the command. He was beginning to see that they had made some terrible mistake. His anxious but pitiless eyes were fixed upon the agonized, quiv ering features of James Snaresbrook.

"I murdered Thomas Cairnes!" thrill of horror and excitement stirred the crowd; but the people controlled themselves as Snaresbrook went on. "I met him in the woods by appointment to pay him something that I owed him. He had given me the choice-either to pay up, or give him my daughter. He had seen her in 'Frisco with me and pestered her with his hateful attentions. could not pay up, and in the place of my daughter I meant to give him a bullet through his heart. It was murder,

if you like, for I went out with the intention of killing him. He had no mercy in him. He would have taken her, though it would have killed her. I was half drunk when I got to the place appointed, but not drunk enough not to know what I was about. I waited till his back was turned. I knew my hand was not steady, and I was afraid of missing. He might have had time to kill me-and there was my daughter. Then I fired. That was all! I came back to Deadman's Flat. I knew it would come out sooner or later, so ! stopped about. I didn't want any other man to swing in my place, so I just hung about till the murderer was

wanted, and here I am! But don't say

I'm too late!"

A perfect meter is claimed as essential to an extended use of the incandescent light, as the constant system only works satisfactorily in commercial lighting when closing hours are nearly uniform.

English Royalty's Expenditures.

The royal family of England, exclusive of The royal family of England, exclusive of the queen herself, has cert the British tax payers nearly \$25,000,000 in hard cash during the last twenty years. This does not include the cost of palaces and other similar expendi-tures for permanent improvements. Most of the money has been paid to members of the royal family in order to enable them to form concention matricuration. congenial matrimonial alliances and live comfortably in idleness. The king of the Belgians and the king of Hanover, for instance, have received an average of \$5,000,-000 apiece. The Cambridge branch of the family have got away with \$1,500,000, and Prince Albert managed to spend alone al-most \$4,000,000. The direct offspring of Victoria and Albert have not been unduly co-nomical in spending the people's money, either. The Empress Frederick has received almost \$1,500,000; that useful arson, the Prince of Wales, has spent \$12,25,000; Prin-cess Alice, \$640,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, the prince of Bales, and Chelinka 272,000; Prin-\$2,000,000; Princesa Christian, \$780,000; Princess Louise, \$630,000; the Duke of Connaught, \$1,675,000, and the Duke of Albany, \$740,000. -Philadelphia Record.

American Genius.

The most versatile American has been dis-covered at Mosherville, Hillsdale county, Mich. He is a regularly ordained preacher, but also practices modicino and surgery, has proved his ability to gata a living at cabinetnaking, and is a skillful draughtsman, surveyor and fruit gardener .- Drake's Maga-

#### How to Go Up Stairs.

How to Go Up Stairs. "How do women go up stairs!" asks Mabel Jenness in one of her talks on physical cul-ture, and answers the question as follows: They bend forward, letting the figure flop together. The class is contracted and they can't breathe. When the reach the top the heart is benting like a trip hammer. The effort would be reduced one-half simply by standing straight, keeping the class up and breathing as one ought to.

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