

The CLINK of GOLD

It was a winter night. I was sitting over the fire at my chambers in the Middle Temple, and my friend, Frank Bowser, was pacing about the room.

"Arthur," said he, stopping suddenly and tossing a bag of gold toward the ceiling, "I shall soon claim the hand of Alice Darell now."

Again he pitched the bag of gold into the air, and the pieces of money, clinking together, sent forth a low ringing sound.

"Bowser," said I, drawing my arm-chair closer to the fire, "this is a dangerous scheme. It will end in disaster. Take my advice, and don't pursue it further."

In the old college days Bowser had gained a reputation for recklessness, and he had not changed in character since. As I expected, his answer was a laugh.

His inflexibility irritated me, but our conversation was cut short by a peculiar knock on the arrival of "Scroggie."

My old schoolfellow Scroggie was one of the strangest characters I ever met. Nobody knew where he lived, or how. Nobody saw him in the streets until after dark, and then he was usually walking at a quick pace, with a slouching swing about the shoulders which distinguished him even in the dark streets or in a crowded thoroughfare.

He wore a low felt hat, and at all times and in all seasons a thick rough overcoat, buttoned tightly about his neck, giving him more the appearance of a sailor than of a landman. He had, in fact, since our school days, passed most of his time upon the sea; at least, so I gathered from his conversation.

For many a night we had sat together over the fire in these chambers while he recounted to me the shipwrecks and other perils and dangers he had experienced. He had a quick, bright eye, a red beard, which he had a habit of sometimes stroking with his small, nervous hand when he talked. His hair, thick and curly, always looked to me as if defying a brush and comb, and his coat had invariably that dusty appearance so suggestive of the wearer having tramped over country roads. Why I had resumed my acquaintance with this man—having met him accidentally in the streets some two or three years ago—and why I at once became as intimate with him as I had been in our school days, is a mystery in human nature which I will not attempt to solve.

He was amusing, which may account for a good deal, and I had known him at school to belong to a good family, though I remember his education had been much neglected. It was of little consequence to me that he was peculiar in his dress and manner, for we never met, except on rare occasions, in any other place than my chambers.

"Now, Bowser," said I, when I mixed a glass of whiskey for Scroggie, and had resumed my seat by the fire—"Now, Bowser, put that bag of gold into your pocket and listen to me. I am going to explain your scheme to Scroggie, and show him how very unsatisfactory I consider your conduct. Now, Bowser, for goodness' sake, sit down."

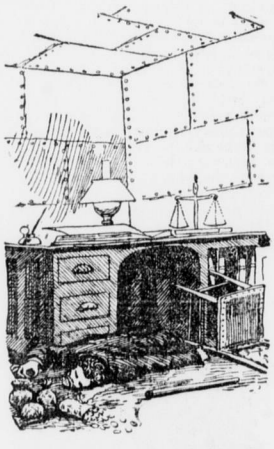
Bowser bestowed upon me a half-amused, half-impatient glance, and, giving his bag a parting toss, dropped it into his pocket, and sat down away from the fire, in the shade, beyond the reading-lamp, and with his arms folded on the table. He was a large, powerful man, and I remember thinking how gigantic his shoulders looked in that semi-darkness, as he leaned forward to listen.

yond the back parlour; for night after night Mr. Darell sat there weighing the gold in the scales, or counting it, or shoveling it into the bags—clink, clink, clink.

Here Bowser paused, and, taking his own bag of gold out of his pocket, placed it on the table before him.

Scroggie was sitting in an attentive attitude; but his eyes were never raised from the fire; and a worn look, which I had not observed at first, had settled upon his face. Bowser moved nearer toward us, coming within the circle of light under the lamp, and, emptying out of his bag a quantity of bright sovereigns, he continued in an impressive voice:

"One night," he told us—"one night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the cashier is seated in the iron room under a shaded lamp—as I am seated now—weighing the gold as usual and filling the bags, one after another, entering them in the bullion-book, tying them up, and casting them aside. He is deeply engrossed in his occupation. Is he thinking—this honest, industrious cashier—is he thinking, as he looks upon this glitter and listens to the clinking and ringing of this gold, what a hateful thing money is? Or—who shall say?—who shall say but that—with a desire for his daughter's happiness passing through his mind—would he not say but that, for her sake, he is wishing that the sovereigns were his own? He is working, working now, solely for her, and if he is dreaming of riches, what more natural on earth? But, whatever his thoughts may be, he is so absorbed that he hears no cat-like footstep moving stealthily toward the spot where he weighs the gold—clink, clink, clink—he sees no shadow cross the light in the outer room, within a short distance of where he stands; he hears nothing, observes nothing, until an arm is uplifted swiftly behind him, and a stifled cry escapes him—no time for more. He falls, beaten and crushed by a heavy blow. What's happened? A murder! committed in the dead of night."



"WHAT'S HAPPENED? A MURDER!"

When Bowser had uttered these words there was a silence between us for some minutes; Scroggie was the first even to move in his chair. I had refilled his glass during the last pause in the narrative, and he now stretched out his hand hastily and lifted the tumbler to his lips and drank off as if it were water. His hand shook violently as he placed the empty glass on the mantelshelf. I had often seen his hand tremble; indeed it was seldom quite steady; but he had never exhibited excessive nervousness before.

"Well," said he, without looking round, "there is not much more to tell," said Bowser. "It was evidently a collusion between the bank porter and a sailor—or at least a man that looked very like one—seen loitering about, in the neighborhood of a public house, on the night previous to the one on which this tragedy occurred. The porter was arrested, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life."

"And the sailor?" said Scroggie. "Escaped. He made off with bags containing a large sum of gold, and has never been heard of since."

With these words Bowser rose from his seat and began to pace up and down the room, playing with his bag of gold in an excited manner.

"Yes," said he, presently, "the murderer escaped. But I have sworn to solve this mystery as to who is the murderer of her father before I marry Alice Darell. That is the clause in our engagement. If the villain is alive I will ferret him out, hunt him down, and bring him to justice. For I love Alice Darell more than my life, and for her I would run any risk. Mr. Darell was my friend. I honored him as much as if he had been my own father."

He stopped, glanced across the room with a savage energy expressed in his face, and then, flinging up the bag of sovereigns defiantly, he cried: "But the clink of gold will some day awaken the evil conscience! The man who has committed this crime will betray himself at last. His guilt will be branded on his face, like an ugly scar, when he hears the sound—clink, clink, clink! There is no escape. The conscience is stronger than the man!"

Again Bowser tossed up the bag of gold, and paced the room, more excited than ever.

I added—"Scroggie will, I know, support me in my appeal."

"Abandon it?" said Bowser, as he walked toward the door. "Why, I've already taken two or three sharp detectives into my confidence. Good night! I'm going to meet one now."

As he went down the passage I heard the clink, clink of his bag of gold; and it seemed expressive of his contempt for my opinion; and when he had slammed the outer door of the chambers and his footsteps on the staircase had died away, the sound was still ringing in my ears.

II. No sooner had Frank Bowser gone than Scroggie's whole manner changed. His face grew cheerful, and his voice again sounded natural and pleasing.

"Does Bowser entertain you in this musical style every night?" said Scroggie, with a laugh.

"Yes," said I, stirring the fire into a blaze. "It's a habit which seems to have become a necessary part of his existence. As you or I may derive pleasure, for example, from a quaint thought, so Bowser derives pleasure from the sound of gold. In fact, he fancies that he does not deserve to gain Alice Darell's whole heart until he has succeeded in clearing up the mystery as to who murdered her father. It is a strange mistake. I know Miss Darell well, and although I have never mentioned this subject to her, I am convinced that she would be the first to dissuade him. Indeed, I have no doubt she has done so already, if she knows anything about his scheme."

"Frank Bowser is mad," said Scroggie.

"To-morrow evening," said I, "Miss Pilkington—an aunt with whom Miss Darell is living—expects me to afternoon tea. I shall go early, and before Bowser arrives, try to learn what they know about the matter. I shudder when I think what may happen."

"Then don't think," said Scroggie, "let us change the subject."

"You're right," said I, rising from my seat and standing with my back to the fire, and looking round the room.

"You're right. Change the subject," Scroggie had also risen and had glanced at the sideboard, and then at the bookcase.

"Field," said he at last, without changing his attitude—"Field, old fellow, for more than two years I have been living in London, and almost on my arrival I began to receive hospitality from you. You gave me a hearty welcome when we met, and ever since I have been 'dropping in here, and I am afraid, wasting valuable time."

"Well," said he, doubtfully, "I hope not. However, it will end to-night. I'm going to travel."

I expressed astonishment, though nothing could have surprised me less.

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PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD IN THE TOWN AND VICINITY.

Matters of a Local Nature Written Up and Placed Before the Readers of the "Tribune" by the Sauterer—Something Here May Interest You.

The men or set of men who will undertake to deceive and blindfold the citizens of the present day by political trickery will find that in most cases they have been caught in the act long before the "job" was half completed. The people can't be hoodwinked with such perfect ease and effrontery now as they were in the past, for things, politically, are not the same as they were several years ago. Then, right or wrong, the dominant party was usually successful, but now the majority party is just as apt to suffer defeat as the minority, and it is owing to this that the bosses, or assumed bosses, cannot count upon anything in absolute safety, because their orders are simply scoffed at by the voters in general.

In this district, the fourth, there is probably more freedom of opinion exercised by its citizens when casting their ballots than in any other district in the state. A man's record and reputation for honesty or dishonesty, deceit or hypocrisy, is a vital point and one that is always given the utmost attention by the voters, and it is this independence that knocks all the calculations of the bosses' petty trickery silly. I must admit, however, that the bosses still give evidence of activity in the county on both sides, but it seems to prevail to a greater extent among the Democrats, as was shown by a convention held at Hazleton a week ago last Saturday.

This convention was called by authority of the chairman and secretary of the fourth legislative committee, and although the time and place was proper and legal, it was nothing more or less than a convention of applicants for the Hazleton postoffice—held under the guise of a Democratic convention. It has been a matter of much wonder why that lucrative office has been left vacant since Mr. Wilde resigned. Many little schemes were laid to deceive the public before that convention took place, but it is all very plain now. Billy Hines' actions in congress, right or wrong, had to be indorsed regardless of the opinions of the Democrats of the district, and had it been suspected that such a trick would have been delegates from every district and the resolution would never go through as it did then.

How these postoffice applicants of that city, about a half-dozen in number, could refuse Hines the favor and at the same time each clamoring for favor from him was a hard problem to solve and no attempt was made to solve it. If they had refused to indorse Hines, as they should have done, their hopes for the postoffice were at an end, and to have Billy waddling through this district next fall in search of votes without an indorsement from the district convention would be decidedly unpleasant and uphill work. However, he secured it as was intended and as the work was performed well, and according to rule, I will not be surprised to hear of the office being filled at any time from now on. They were so faithful in obeying orders, it's a pity that Hines hasn't a postoffice to give to each of them.

Wall paper, 6 cents per double roll, at A. A. Bachman's. Paper hanging done at short notice.

Still selling Lancaster gingham at 5¢ at McDonald's.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CONGRESS—
JOHN LEISENRING,
of Upper Lehigh.
Subject to the decision of the Republican congressional convention.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—
JOHN J. MCNELIS,
of Drifton.
Subject to the decision of the Democratic convention of the fourth legislative district.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—
JAMES A. SWEENEY,
of Hazleton.
Subject to the decision of the Democratic convention of the fourth legislative district.

JOS. NEUBURGER'S.

PRICES STILL ON THE DECLINE! For this week we have many special bargains, which will prove of great interest to you.

NOTIONS:
Three-yard ecru taped lace curtains, one dollar value, pri for this week, 65c per pair.
Good bleached towels, 5c each.
Ladies' fast black hose, twelve and one-half cent value, this week 3 pair for 25c.

FURNISHINGS:
Men's silk embroidered fancy night shirts, 49c; a seventy-five cent value.
Men's negligee percale shirts, with laundered collars and cuffs, 45c; regularly sold at 75c.
Ladies' muslin underwear in endless varieties of the most perfect fitting and best makes.

CLOTHING:
Boys' twenty five cent knee pants, 15c per pair.
Boys' two dollar knee pants suits, \$1.
Men's three seventy-five all wool custom-made trousers, \$2.25 per pair.
Men's fine all wool custom-made bound chevot suits, twelve dollar value, at \$8.

DRY GOODS, SHOES, LADIES' CAPES AND JACKETS
at prices on which we defy competition. A visit of inspection is requested of you.

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In the P. O. S. of A. Building, Freeland, Pa.

J. C. BERNER.

5 lb tub butter.....\$1 00
5 lb blue raisins..... 10
12 lb No. 1 mackerel..... 1 00
3 cans pie peaches..... 25
5 lbs soda biscuits..... 25
2 cans salmon..... 25
FRESH TRUCK SEMI-WEEKLY.

BABY CARRIAGES, \$4 TO \$20.
EIGHTY-FIVE ROLLS OF CARPET TO SELECT FROM.
FURNITURE.
Every and anything to beautify your homes.

Wall Paper and Stationery Very Cheap.
Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods.
Hats, Caps and Straw Hats, Boots and Shoes.
COME AND SEE OUR 19c COUNTER.
Ladies' and misses' blazer coats, 19 cents.
Thousands of other valuable articles.
My store is the largest in town; the whole building full from cellar to attic with novelties at the lowest possible market price.

J. C. BERNER,
Corner South and Washington Streets, Freeland.

CITIZENS' BANK HARNESS!

OF FREELAND,
—15 FRONT STREET.—
CAPITAL, - \$50,000.

Light carriage harness, \$5.50,
\$7.00, \$9.00 and \$10.50.
Heavy express harness, \$16.50,
\$19.00, \$20.00 and \$22.00.
Heavy team harness, double,
\$25.00, \$28.00 and \$30.00.

GEORGE FISHER,
dealer in
FRESH BEEF, PORK, VEAL,
MUTTON, BOLOGNA,
SMOKED MEATS,
ETC., ETC.

Call at No. 6 Walnut street, Freeland, or wait for the delivery wagons.
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect September 8, 1893.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00, 8:10 a. m., 12:10, 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 7:08 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleton and Drifering at 6:00 a. m., 12:10 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:10, 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 7:08 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleton and Drifering at 6:07 a. m., 1:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:47 a. m., 4:18 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:47, 9:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:39 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:40 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifering for Tombleton, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:40, 6:07 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia and Drifton at 7:52, 10:10 a. m., 1:15, 4:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:14 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:38 a. m., 8:11, 5:47, 6:38 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:38 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Andover and other points on Lehigh Traction Co's. R. R.
Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 9:10 a. m., and Shepton at 1:55 a. m., 1:15 p. m., connect at Onedia Junction with L. V. R. R. trains east and west.
Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., make connection at Drifering with P. R. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg, etc.
E. B. COCKE, DANIEL COXEN, President, Superintendent.