## IN THE TULES.

By BRET HARTE,

(Copyright, 1885, by Bret Harte.) He had never seen a steamboat in his life. Born and reared in one of the west-

ern territories, far from a navigable river, he had known only the "dug out" or cance as a means of conveyance across the scant streams whose fordable waters made even those scarcely a necessity. The long, narrow, hooded wagon, drawn by swaying oxen, familiarly known as a "prai-rie schooner," in which he journeyed across the plains to California in '53, did not help his conception by that nautical figure. And when at last he dropped upon the land of promise through one of the southern mountain passes, he halted all unconsciously upon the low banks of a great yellow river amidst a tangled brake of strange, reed-like grasses that were unknown

to him. The river broadening as it debouched through many channels into a lordly bay seemed to him the ultimate thule of his journeyings. Unyoking his oxen on the edge of the luxuriant meadows which blended with scarcely any line of demarcation into the great stream itself, he demarcation into the great stream itself, he found the prospect "good" according to his lighte and prairie experiences, and converting his halted wagon into a temporary cabin, he resolved to rest here and "settle." There was little difficulty in so doing. The cultivated clearings he had passed were few and far between; the land would be his by discovery and occupation; his habits of loneliness and self-reliance made him independent of neighbors. He took his first meal in his new solitude under a spreading willow, but so near his natural boundary that the waters gurgled and oozed in the ing willow, but so near his natural boundary that the waters gurgled and cozed in the reeds but a few feet from him. The sun sank, deepening the gold of the river until it might have been the stream of Taclotus itself. But Martin Morse had no imagination; he was not even a gold seeker; he had simply obeyed the roving instincts of the frontier man in coming hither. The land was virgin and unoccupied; it was his; he was alone. These questions settled he smoked his pipe with less concern over his 3,000 miles' transference of habitation than the man of cities who has moved into the next street. When the sun sank he rolled himself in his blankeis in the wagon bed and went quietly to sleep.

himself in his blankers in the wager shall and went quietly to sleep.

But he was presently awakened by something which at first he could not determine to be a noise or an intangible sensation. It was a deep throbbing through the silence of the night; a pulsation that seemed even to be communicated to the rude bed whereon he lay. As it came nearer it separated itself into a labored monotonous panting, continuous but distinct from an equally monotonous lay. As it came marer it separated itself into a labored monotonous panting, continuous, but distinct from an equally monotonous but fainter beating of the waters, as if the whole track of the river were being coursed and trodden by a multitude of swiftly trampling feet. A strange feeling took possession of him, half of fear, half of curious expectation. It was coming nearer. He rose, leaped hurriedly from the wagon and ran to the bank. The night was dark. At first he saw nothing before him but the steel black sky pierced with far-spaced, irregular scattered stars. Then there seemed to be approaching him from the left another and more symmetrical constellation; a few red and blue stars high above the river, with three compact lines of larger planetary lights flashing toward him and apparently on his own level. It was almost upon him; he involuntarily drew back as the strange phenomenon swept abreast of where he stood and resolved itself into a dark, yet airy bulk, whose vagueness, topped by enormous towers, was yet illuminated by those open squares of light that he had taken for stare, but which he saw now were belillarity lit windows. Their vivid had taken for stars, but which he saw now were brilliantly lit windows. Their vivid rays shot through the reeds and sent broad bands across the meadow, the stationary wagon and the slumbering oxen. But all this was nothing to the inn r life they disclosed through lifted curtains and open blinds
—which was the crowning revelation of this
strange and wonderful spectacle. Elegantly
dressed men and women moved through brilliantly lit and elaborately gilt salcons; in one seem'd to be spread, servid by whited jacketted servants; men playing cards around marble topped tables; in another the light flashed back again from the mirrors and glistening glasses and decanters of a gorgoous refreshment saloon; in smaller openings there was the shy disclosure of dainty white curtains and shy disclosure of cality write characters are velvet lounges of more intimate apariments. Martin Morse stood enthralled and mystified. It was as if some invisible Asmodeus had revealed to this simple frontier man a world of which he had never dreamed. It was the world-a world of which he knew nothing in world—a world of which he knew neutring his simple rustic habits and profound western isolation—sweeping by him with the rush of an unknown planet. In another moment it was gone; a shower of sparks shot up from of the towers and fell all around him and then vanished even as he remembered the set piece of "Fourth of July" fireworks had vanish d in his own rural town, when he was a boy. The darkness fell with it, too. But such was his utter absorption and utter breathless preoccupation that only a cold chill recalled him to himself, and he found he was standing mid-leg drep in the surge cast over

steamboat he had ever seen! He waited for it the next night, when it appeared a little later from the opposite direction, on its return trip. He watched it the next night and the next. Hereafter he never missed it—coming or going—whatever the hard and weary preoccupations of his new slept without seeing it go by. Oddly enough his interest and desire did not go further even had he the time and money to spend in a passage on a boat and thus actively realize the great world of which he had only these rare glimpses, a certain proud rustic shyness kept him from it. It was not his world, he could not affront the snubs that his ignorance and inexperience would have provoked, and he was dimly conscious, as so many of us are in our ignorance, that in mingling with it he would simply lose the easy privileges of alien criticism. For there was much that he did not understand and some things that grated upon his lonely in

One night, a lighter one than those pre vious, he lingered a little longer in the moon light to watch the phosphorescent wake of the retreating boat. Suddenly it struck him that there was a certain irregular splash-ing in the water quite different from the regular, diagonally crossing surges that the boat swept upon the bank. Looking at it more intently he saw a black object turning in the water like a porpoise and then the unmistakable uplifting of a black arm in an unskillful swimmer's overhand stroke. I was a struggling man. But it was quickly evident that the current was too strong and the turbulence of the shallow water too great for his efforts. Without a moment's hesita-tion, clad as he was in only his shirt and trousers. Morse strode into the reeds and the next moment, without a call of warning. was swimming towards the now wildly strug-gling figure. But from some unknown reason is Morse approached him nearer, the man uttered some incoherent protest and desperately turned away, throwing off Morse's extended arm. Attributing this only to the vague conswimmer, managed to clutch his shoulder and propelled him at arm's length, still etruggling apparently with as much reluctance as incapacity, towards the bank. As their feet touched the reeds and slimy bottom, the man's resistance ceased and he lapsed quite listlessly in Morse's arms. Half half dragging his burden, he succeeded at last in gaining the strip of meadow and deposited the unconscious man beneath willow tree. Then he ran to his wagon

the first time, by the clear moonlight, that the stranger was elegantly dressed and of striking appearance, and was clearly a part of that bright and fascinating world Morse had been contemplating in his solitude. He eagerly took the proffered tin cup and drank the whisky. Then he rose to his feet, stag-gered a few steps forward and glanced puriously around him, at the still motion ess wagen, the few felled trees and evidence and even at the rude cabin

the locality of his dwelling place.

answered briefly:
"On the right bank of the Sacramento."
The stranger turned upon him a look of suspicion not unmingled with remarkment.
"Oh!" he said with ironical gravity, "and I on: he said with fronteal gravity, "and I suppose that this water you picked me out of was the Sacramento river. Thank you!"

Morse with slow western patience explained that he had only settled there three weeks ago, and the place had no

"What's your nearest town then?"
"That ain't any. Thar's a blacksmith's shop and grocery at the cross roads twenty further on, but it's got no name as

The stranger's look of suspicion passed.

"Well," he said in an imperative fashion, which, however, seemed as much the result of habit as the occasion, "I want a horse, and pretty d-d quick, too."

"Hain't got any."

"No horse," How Aid you get to this

"No horse? How did you get to this d-d place?"

Morse pointed to his slumbering oven.

The stranger again stared curicusty at ilm. After a pause he said with a half pitying, half humorous smile:

"Pike—aren't you?"
Whether Morse did or did not know that this current California slang for a denizen of the bucolic west implied a certain contempt, he replied simply:

"I'm from Pike county, Mizzouri."
"Well," said the stranger, resuming his impatient manner, "you must beg or steal a horse from your neighbors."
"Thar ain't any neighbors nearer than fifteen miles." "Then send fifteen miles, d-n it! Stop!"

He opened his still clinging shirt and drew cut a belt pouch which he threw to Morse. "There! there's \$250 in that. Now I want a horse. Sabe?"
"Thar ain't anyone to send," said Morse quietly. "Do you mean to say you are all alone here?"

"Yes."
"And you fished me out—all by yourself?" The atranger again examined him curiously,

bucolic virgin. And this reserved and shy frontier man found himself that night sleep-less, and hovering with an absahed timidity and consciousness around the wagon that sheltered bis guest, as if he had been a very Corydon watching the moonlit couch of some slumbering Amaryills.

He was off by daylight—after having placed a rude breakfast by the side of the still sleeping guest—and before midday he had returned with a horse. When he handed the stranger his pouch less the amount he had paid for the horse, the man said curtly: "What's that for?"

"Your change. I paid only \$50 for the

The stranger regarded him with his peculiar smile. Then replacing the pouch in his belt he shook Morse's hand again and mounted the

"So your name's Martin Morse! Well-goodbye, Morsey!" Morse hesitated. A blush rose to his dark "You didn't tell me your name," he said

"In case I'm wanted? Well, you can call me Captain Jack." He smiled and nodded his head, put spurs to his mustang and can-

Morse did not do much work that day, fall-ing into abstracted moods and living over his experiences of the previous night until he fancied he could almost see his strange guest again. The narrow strip of meadow was haunted by him. There was the tree under which he had first placed him, and that was which he had first placed him, and that was where he had seen him sitting up in his dripping but well fitting elothes. In the rough garments he had worn and returned lingered a new seent of some delicate soap, overpowering the strong sikali flavor of his own. He was early by the river side, having a vague hope, he knew not why, that he should again see him and recognize him among the passengers. He was wading out among the reeds in the faint light of the rising moon, recalling the exact spot where the had first seen the stranger, when he was he had first seen the stranger, when he was suddenly startled by the rolling over in the water of some black object that had caught against the bank but had been dislodged by his movements. To his horror it bore a faint resemblance to his first vision of the priceding night. But a second glance at the helplessly floating hair and bloated outline showed him that it was a dead man, and of a type and build far different from his former companion. There was a bruise upon his matted forehead and was a bruise upon his matted forenead and an enormous wound in his throat, already washed bloodless, white and waxen. An inexplicable fear came upon him, not at the sight of the corpse, for he had been in Indian massacres and had rescued bodles mutilated beyond recognition—but from some moral The stranger again examined him curiously. Then he suddenly stretched out his hand and grasped his companion's.

"All right! If you can't send, I reckon I can manage to walk over there tomorrow."

"I was goin on to say," said Morse simply, "that if you'll lie by tonight I'll start over at sun up after puttin' out the cattle and fetch you back a horse afore noon."

"That's enough." He, however, remained looking curiously at Morse. "Did you never hear," he said, with a singular smile, "that it was about the meanest kind of luck that it was about the meanest kind of luck that could happen to you to save a drowning man?"

inexplicable fear came upon him, not at the sight of the corpse, for he had been in Indian massacres and had rescued bodies mutilated byond recognition—but from some moral dread that strangely enough quickened and deepened with the far off pant of the advancing steamboat. Scarcily knowing why he dragged the body hurriedly ashore, concealing it in the reeds, as if he was disposing of the evidence of his own crime. Then, to his preposterous terror, he noticed that the panting of the steamboat and the beat of its paddles were "slowing" as the vague bulk care in sight, until a huge wave from the suddenly arrested wheels sent a surge t was about the meanest kind of luck that t was about the meanest kind of luck that culd happen to you to save a drowning man?"

"No," said Morse, simply. "I reckon it like an enormous heart beat pulsating through



orter be the meanest if you didn't."

"That depends upon the man you save," said the stranger with the same ambiguous smile, "and whether the saving him is only putting things off. Look here," he added, with an abrupt return to his imperative style, "can't you give me some dry clothes?" Morse brought him a pair of overalls and a "hickory shirt," well worn, but smelling strongly of a recent wash with coarse soap. The stranger put them on while his com-panion busied timself in collecting a pile of sticks and dry leaves.

'What's that for?" said the stranger, sud-

"A fire to dry your clothes. The stranger calmly kicked the pile aside. "Not any fire tonight if I know it." ald, brusquely, Before Morse could resent his quickly changing moods he continued in another tone, dropping to an easy reclining position beneath the tree: "Now, tell me ali about yourself and what you're doing here."

Thus commanded Mors: patiently repeated his story from the time he had left his backwoods cabin to his selection of the river bank for a "location." He pointed out the rich quality of this alluvial bottom and i's adaptability for the raising of stock which he hoped soon to acquire. The stranger smiled grimly, raised himself to a sitting position and taking a pinknite from his damp clothes began to clean his nails in the bright noonlight—an occupation which made the

"And you don't know that this d—d hole will give you chills and fever, till you'll shake yourself out of your boots?"

Morse had lived before in agueish districts

and had no fear. "And you never heard that some night the whole river will rise up and walk over you and your cabin and your stock?"
"No. For I reckon to move my shanty further back."

The man shut up his penknife with a click and rose. "If you've got to get up at sunrise we'd better be turning in. I suppose you I suppose you

an give me a pair of blankets?"

Morse pointed to the wagon. "Thar's a shake-down in the wagon bed; you kin lihere." Nevertheless he hesitated, and with he inconsequence and abruptness of a shy man continued the previous convergation. "I shouldn't like to move far away, for em steamboats is pow'ful kempany o' ghts. I—never seed one afore I kem here."

and with the inconsistency of a reserved man and without a word of further preliminary he launched forth into a confidential disosure of his late experiences. The strange quietly searching eye.

"Then you were watching the boat very closely just now, when you saw me. What else did you see? Anything before that—before you saw me in the water?"

"No—the boat had got well off before I

saw you at all."

"Ah," said the stranger. "Well, I'm going to turn in." He walked to the wagon, mounted it, and by the time that Morse had reached it with his wet clothes, he was already wrapped in the blankets. A moment later he seemed to be in a profound slumber. It was only then, when his guest was lying helplessly at his mercy, that he began to realize his strange experience. The domto realize his strange experiences. The dom-ination of this man had been so complete that Morse, although by nature independent and self-reliant, had not permitted himself and self-related, and to resent his rude-ness. He had accepted his guest's carelest or premeditated silence regarding the particulars of his accident as a matter of course and had never dreamed of questioning him That it was a natural accident of that great world so spart from his own experi-ences he did not doubt, and thought no more about it. The advent of the man himself listlessness changed to active pain and a was greater to him than the causes which brought him there. He was as yet quite unthe fateful river, as if his one aim in life about it. The advent of the man himself was greater to him than the causes which forought him there. He was as yet quite unconscious of the complete fascination this mysterious stranger held over him, but he found himself shyly pleased with even the relight interest he had displayed in his affairs, and his hand felt yet warm and tingling from his sudden soft but expressive grasp, as a he strove to drink, or of his mysterious as he strove to drink, or of his mysterious as he strove to drink, or of his mysterious

flashing of three or four lanterns on deck and the motionless line of lights abreast of im, dazzled his eyes, but he knew that the low fringe of willows hid his house and wagon completely from view. A vague murmur of voices from the deck was suddenly overridden by a sharp order, and to his relief the slowly revolving wheels again sent a pulsation through the water and the great fabric moved slowly away. A sense of relief came over him, he knew not why, and he was conscious that for the first time he had not cared to look at the boat.

When the moon rose he again examined he body and took from its clothing a few articles of identification and some papers of formality and precision which he vaguely onjectured to be some law papers from heir semblance to the phrasing of sheriff's and electors' notices which he had seen in the papers. He then buried the corpse in a shallow trench which he dug by the light of shallow trench which he dug by the light of the moon. He had no question of responsi-bility; his pioneer training had not included coroner's inquests in its experience; in giving the body a speedy and secure burial from predatory animals he did what one frontier man would do for another; what he hoped might be done for him. If his previous unaccountable feelings returned occasionally it was not from that, but rether from some uneasiness in regard to his late guest's possi-ble feelings and a regret that he had not been here at the finding of the body. That it would in some way have explained his own accident, he did not doubt.

The boat did not "slow up" the next night but passed as usual, yet three or four days elapsed before he could look forward to its coming with his old extravagance and half-exalted curiosity—which was the nearest approach to imagination. He was then able to examine it more closely for the appearance of the stranger whom he now began to call "his friend" in his verbal communions with imself-but whom he did not seem destined to again discover, until one day, to his astonishment, a couple of fine horses were brought to his clearing by a stock drover. They had been "ordered" to be left there. In vain Morse expostulated and questioned. "Your name's Morse, ain't it?" said the drover with business brusousess "and the rour name's Morse, ain't it?" said the drover with business brusqueness, "and I reckon there ain't no other man o' that name around here?" "No," said Morse. "Well. then, they're yours." "But who sent them?" insisted Morse. "What was his name and where does he live?" "I don't know es I was called upon to give the pedigree o' buy-ers." said the drover driv. "but the horses ers." said the drover driv. "but the horses was called upon to give the pedigree o' buy-ers," said the drover drily, "but the horses is 'Morgan,' you kin bet your life," he grinned as he rode away.

That Captain Jack had sent them and tha t was a natural prelude to his again visit-ing him. Morse did not doubt, and for a few days he lived in that dream. But Captain Jack did not come. The animals were of great service to him in "rounding up" the stock he now easily took in for pasturage and saved him the necessity of having a part-ner or a hirsd man. The idea that this su-perior gentleman in fine clothes might ever appear to him in the former capacity had even flitted through his brain, but he had reflected it with a sigh. But the day rejected it with a sigh. But the idea that with luck and industry he himself might in course of time approximate to Captain Jack's evident station, did occur to him, and was an incentive to energy. Yet it was quite distinct from the ordinary working man's ambition of wealth and state. It was only that it might make him more worths of his bition of wealth and state. It was only that it might make him more worthy of his friend. The great world was still as it had appeared to him in a passing boat—a thing to wonder at—to be above—and to criticise. For all that he prospered in his occupation. But one day he awoke with listless limbs and feet that scarcely carried him through his daily labors. At night his his daily labors. At night his

if it had been a woman's. There is a simple intuition of friendship in some lonely self-abstracted natures that is nearly akin to love to bathe his parched and crackling limbs in at first sight. Even the audacities and insolence of this stranger affected Moree, as he might have been touched and captivated by the coquetries or imperiousness of some field in aimless terror. How long this lasted

he knew not, until one morning he awoke in his new cabin with a strange man sitting by his bed and a negress in the doorway. "You've had a sharp attack of 'tub fever," said the stranger, dropping Morse's lietless wrist and answering his questioning eyes, "but you're all right now, and you will pull through." 'Who are you?" stammered Morse, feebly.

Quitting Business.

to convince.

and thigh.

"Dr. Deukesne of Sacramento."
"How did you come here?"
"I was ordered to come to you and bring a nurse, as you were alone. There she is," He pointed to the smiling negress.

"Who ordered you?" The doctor smiled with professional tol-"One of your friends, of course." "But what was his name?"
"Really I don't remember. But don't dis-ress yourself. He has settled everything right royally. You have only to get strong now. My duty is ended and I can safely

leave you with the nurse. Only when you back further from the river.' And that was all he knew. For even th nurse who attended him through the first days of his brief convalescence, would tell him nothing more. He quickly got rid of her and resumed his work, for a new and strange phase of his simple, childish affection for his benefactor, partly superinduced by illness, was affecting him. He was beginning to feel the pain of an unequal friendship; he was dimly conscious that his mysterious guest was only coldly returning his hospitality and benefits, while holding aloof from any association with him-and in-dicating the immeasurable distance that had withheld any kind message or sympathetic greeting, he had kept back even his name. The shy, proud, ignorant heart of the frontiersman swelled beneath this fancied slight, which left him helpless alike of reproach or resentment. He could not return the house settlement.

the horses, although in a fit of childish in dignation he had resolved not to use them he could not reimburse him for the doctor's bill, although he had sent away the nurse. He took a foolish satisfaction in not moving back from the river, with a faint hope that his ignoring of Captain Jack's advice might mysteriously be conveyed to him. He thought of selling out his location and aban-doning it that he might escape the cold surveillance of his heartless friend. All this was undoubtedly childish—but there is an irrepressible simplicity of youth in all deep feeling, and the worldly experience of the frontier man left him as innocent as a child in this phase of his unrequited affection he even went so far as to seek some news of Captain Jack of Sacramento, and following

out his foolish quest to even take the steam-boat from thence to Stockton. What happened to him then was perhaps the common experience of such natures. Once upon the boat the illusion of the great world it contained for him utterly vanished. He found it noisy, formal, insincere, and had he ever understood or used the word in his limited vocabulary, vulgar. Rather perhaps, it seemed to him that the prevailing senti-

ment and action of those frequented it—and for whom it built—were of a lower grade his own. And strangely enough this gave him none of his former sense of critical superiority, but only of his utter and complet isolation. He wandered in his rough from tiersman's clothes, from deck to cabin, from airy galieries to long saloons, alone, unchalenged, unrecognized, as if he were again haunting it only in spirit, as he had so often done in his dreams. His presence on the fringe of some voluble crowd caused no interruption; to him this speech was almost foreign in its allusions to things he did not un-derstand, or worse, seemed inconsistent with their eagerness and excitement. How differ-ent from all this was recollection of the slowly oncoming teams uplifted above the ings; the few sauntering figures that met him as man to man and exchanged the chronicle of the road, the record of Indian tracks, the finding of a spring, the discovery of pasturage with the lazy, restful hospitality of the night. And how fierce here this continual struggle for dominance and existence even in this lull of passage. For above all and through all he was conscious of the feverish haste of speed and exertion. The boat trembled, vibrated and shook with every stroke of the ponderous piston. The laughter of the crowd, the exchange of gossip and news, the banquet at the long table, the newspapers and books in the reading room, even the gole custodian of his secret. The morality invarious couches in the state rooms were of the ponderous piston. The laughter of the and books in the reading room, even the sole custodism of his secret. The morality luxurious couches in the state rooms, were of the question, while it profoundly disturbed all dominated, thrilled and pulsating with him, was rather in reference to its effect perpetual throb of the demon of hurry and upon the chances of Captain Jack and the unrest. And when, at last, a horrible fas power it gave his enemies, than his own cination dragged him into the engine room and he saw the cruel, refentless machinery at work, he seemed to recognize and understand some intelligent but pitiless Moloch who was dragging this feverish world at its heels.

Later he was seated in a corner of the

knew he was approaching his own locality. He knew that his cabin and clearing would be undiscernible behind the fringe of willows on the bank, but he already distinguished the

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conversation, "that it must have happened. bend we've just passed that the deputy, goin' to the state room just below us, found the door locked and the window open. But both men-Jack Despard and Seth Hall-the sheriff The idea is that the sheriff arter gettin' his



Jack's handcoffs and locked the door; the

Jack, who was mighty desp'rate, boiled through the window into the river, and the sheriff, who wasn't a slouch, arter him. Others allow-for the chairs and things was all tossed about in the state room, that the two men clinched thar and Jack choked Hall and chucked him out and then slipped clar into the water himself. For the state room window was just shead of the paddle box and the cap'n allows that no man or men would fall afore the paddles and live. Any-how that was all they ever knew of it."
"And there wasn't no trace of them found?" said the second man, after a long pause.

"No. Cap'n says them paddles would hev' just catched 'em and slung 'em round and round and buried 'em way down in the coze of the river bed with all the silt of the current atop of 'em and they mightn't come up for ages, or else the wheels might have waltzed 'em way up to Secramento until thar wasn't enough left of 'em to float, and dropped 'em when the boat stopped."
"It was a mighty fool risk for a man like Despard to take," resumed the second

spraker, as he turned away with a slight the sheriff had got him safe. And they do say that he was superstitious like all them gamblers and allowed that a man who was fixed to die by a rope or a pistol wasn't to be washed out o' life by water,"
The two figures drifted lazily away, but Morse sat rigid and motionless. Yet strange to say only one idea came to him clearly out of this awful revelation-the thought his friend was still true to him—and that his strarge absence and mysterious silence was conscience. He would rather that his friend should have proven the prescribed outlaw who retained an unselfish interest in him than the superior gentleman who was coldly wiping out his gratitude. He thought he un-derstood now the reason of his strange and hurricans deck whence he could view the varying moods, even his bitter superstitious monotoneus banks of the river, yet perhaps warning in regard to the probable curse

by certain signs unobservable to others, he entailed upon himself for saving a drown- water. To this was added the hallucination ing man. Of this he thought little, enough that he fancied that Captain Jack's concern in his illness was heightened by that fear, and this assurence of his protecting friendship thrilled him with pleasure. There was But before the water closed above his head

13th and Farnam.

farm should always be a haven of refuge for him, and in this hope he forebore to take any outside help, remaining solitary and alone that Captain Jack's retreat should be inviolate. And so the long, dry staron passed, the hay was gathered, the pastur--weren't to be found. Not a trace of 'en: ling herds sent home, and the first rains. The boat was searched, but all for nothing, dimpling like shot the broadening surface of the river were all that broke his unending In this enforced attitude of wait

ing and expectancy he was exalted and strengthened by a new idea. He was not a religious man, but dimly remembering the exhortations of some camp meeting of his boyhood, he conceived the idea that he might have been selected to work out the regeneration of Captain Jack. What might not come of this meeting and communing together in this lovely spot! That anything was due to the injured representatives of the murdered sheriff, whose banes were rotting in the trench he daily but unconcernedly passed, did not occur to him. Perhaps his mind was not large enough for the double consideration. Friendship and love-and for the matter of that religion-are eminently

His hand, which was hanging out of his bunk, was dabbling idly in water! He had barely time to spring to the middle in what some to be a slowly-filling tank, before the door whole shanty collapsed like a pack of cards. But it fell outwards; the roof sliding from over his head like a withdrawn canopy, and he was swept from his feet against it, and thence out into what might have been anther world! For the rain had ceased and the full moon revealed only one vast, illimitable expanse of water. It was not an overflow, but the whole rushing river magnified and repeated a million times, which even as he gasped for breath and clung to the roof. was bearing him away he knew not whither. But it was bearing him away upon its center, for as he cast one swift glance towards his meadows he saw they were covered by the same sweeping torrent, dotted with his sailng hay ricks and reaching to the wooded foothills. It was the great flood of '54—in its awe-inspiring completeness it might have semed to him the primeval deluge.

As his frail craft swept under a co-tonwood, he caught at one of the overhanging limbs and working his way desperately along the bough, at last reached a secure position in the fork of the tree. Here he was for the from this heigh: was only the more appalling. Every sign of his clearing-all evidence of his past year's industry had disappeared. He was now conscious for the first time, of the lowing of the few cattle he had kept, as huddled togsther on a slight eminence they one by one slipped over, struggling, into the The shining bodies of his dead horses by him as he gazed. The lower lying limbs of the sycamore near him were bend-ing with the burden of the lighter articles from his overturned wagon and cabin which they had caught and retained, and a rake was securely lodged in a bough. solitude of his locality was now strangely in vaded by drifting sheds, agricultural imple-ments and fence rails from unknown and re-mote neighbors, and be could faintly hear the far-calling of some unhappy adrift upon a spar of his wand shatered house. When day he was cold and hungry, passed in hopeless monotony, slackening nor diminution of the waters. Even the drifts became less and a vacant sea at last spread before him on which nothing moved. An awful silence impressed him. In the afternoon rain again began to fall on this gray, nebulous expinse, until the whole world stemed made of aqueous vapor. He had but one idea now-the coming of evening boat, and he would reserve his strength to swim to it. He did not know until later that it could no longer follow the old channel of the river and passed far beyond his sight and hearing. With his disappoint-ment and exposure that night came a return of his old fever. His limbs were alternately

He could scarcely retain his position.

on the bank, but he already distinguished the points where a few cottonwoods struggled into a promontory of lighter foliage beyond them. Here voices fell upon his ear and he was suddenly aware that two men had lazily crossed over from the other side of the boat, and were standing before him looking upon the bank.

"It was about here, I reckon," said one listlessly as if continuing a previous lagging conversation, "that it must have happened, farm should always he a haven of refuse conversation," "that it must have happened, into a promontory of lighter foliage beyond struggled ship theiled him with pleasure. There was never the sale these togst date the sale that the sale these togst date the sale that the sale in mind; he redoubled his labors to put himself in a position to help the mysterious fugilities when the time should come. The remote farm should always he a haven of refuse. city until he was taken in through the story window of a half-submerged ho-tel and cared for. But all his questionings yielded only the information that this tug—a rivately procured one—not belonging to the ublic Relief association—had been dispatched for him with special directions, by a man who acted as one of the crew, and who was the one who had plunged in for him at the last moment. The man had left the boat at Stockton. There was nothing more?

Yes! He had left a letter. Morse selzed it feverishly. It was only a few lines. "We are quits now. I have saved you from drowning and shifted the wire to my own shoulders. Good-bye. Captain Jack. The astounded man attempted to rise, to utter an explanation, but fell back uncon-

bis bed, and then only as an impoverished and physically shattered man. He had no means to restock the farm left bare by the subsiding water. A kindly train-packer offered him a situation as muleteer in a pack train going to the mountains, for he knew tracks and passes and could ride. The mountains gave him back a little of the vigor e had lost in the river valley, but none of its dreams and ambitions. One day while tracking a lost mule he stopped to slake his thirst in a water hole, all that the summer had left of a lonely mountain torrent. Enlarging the hole to give drink to his beast also he was obliged to dislodge and throw out with the red soil some bits of honeycomb rock, which were so queer-looking and to heavy as to attract his attention. the largest he took back to camp with They were gold. From the locality he took out a fortune. Nobody wondered. To the Californian's superstition it was perfectly natural. It was "nigger luck"—the luck of the stupid, the ignorant, the inexperienced, the non-seeker—the irony of the gods! But the simple, bucolic nature that had sustained itself against templation with patient industry and lonely self-concentration, suc-cumbed to rapidly acquired wealth. So it chanced that one day with a crowd of excitement-loving spendthrifts and companions he found himself on the outskirts of a lawless mountain town. An eager, frantic crowd had already assembled there; a desperado was to be lynched! Pushing his way through the crowd for a nearer view of the exciting spectacle, the changed and reckless Morse was stopped by armed men only at the foot of a cart, which upheld a quiet, determined man, who with a rope around his neck man, who with a tope are and the neck was scornfully surveying the mob who held she other end of the rope drawn across the limb of a tree above him. The eyes of the doomed man caught those of Morse—his expression changed—a kindly smile lit his face—he bowed his proud head for the first tree. time, with an easy gesture of farewell.

And then with a shrick Morse threw self upon the nearest armed guard and a flerce struggle began. He had overpowered his adversary and seized another in his hopeless fight toward the cart, when the half astonished crowd felt that something must be done. It was done, with a sharp report, the upward curl of smoke and the holding back of the goard as Morse stag-gared forward free-with a bullet in his reached hear. Yet even then he did not fall until he broke reached the cart, when he leaped forward, Hours dead, with his arms cutstretched and his head upon the doomed man's feet.

There was something so supreme and all-

powerful in this hopeless act of devotion that the heart of the multitude thrilled and then recoiled aghast at its work, and a single word or a gesture from the doomed man himself might have set him free. But they say—and it is credibly recorded—that as Captain Jack Despard looked down upon blazed and he flung upon the crowd a curse so awful and sweeping that hardened as they were their blood ran cold or else they were their blood ran cold or else leaped furiously to their cheeks. "And now," he said coolly tightening the rope around his neck with a jerk of his head—"Go on, and be d—d to you! I'm ready."

They did not hesitate this time. And
Martin Morse and Captain Jack Despard

times he scarcely cared to—and speculated upon ending his suffering by a quick plunge downwards. In other mements of lucid missiry he was conscious of having wandered in his mind, of having seen the dead face of the murdered sheriff, washed out of the shallow grave by the floor, staring at him from the