A BELLE OF CANADA CITY.

•

BY BRET HARTE.

.

(Copyright, 1900, by Bret Harte.) canyons, with a faint additional outline of Cissy and in her own, answered, "We willa higher snow level-the only dreamy sug- | sure gestion of the whole landscape. The foreesque mining town, whose irregular atspire of the new church imitated the souring observant and tolerantly critical. "There?" girlish experience. She did not, however, at him." with that peculiar texture of her healthy emigrant from Missouri, were, as Classy had Bkin which made her face as eloquent in her surmised, lightening the household duties Bun-kissed cheek as in her bright eyes and by gazing at the-to them-unwonted wonexpression. Nevertheless she was some- ders of the street. Whether their complexwhat consoled by the ravishing effect of the ions, still bearing traces of the alkali dust bowknot she had just tied, and turned away and inefficient nourishment of the plains, not wholly dissatisfied. Indeed, as the ne- took a more yellow tone from the speciacle

She bounded down the stairs and into the Their progress forward and through the sition and a protege of Cissy's.

nigh took root. What kep ye?"

'How does it look?" responded Cissy, as

and her attractions.

too complaisant.

"Hem! Must have cost a heap o' money." milliner in San Francisco."

"Of course," said Piney with half-assumed envy, "when your popper runs the bank and just wallows in gold!" 'Never mind, dear," said Clesy cheer-

something-ditch stocks and such. Yes! True, O king! Popper'll do anything for me," she added a little loftily.

Loyal as Piney was to her friend she was the difference between the two men, and had a vivid recollection of hearing her own lightful theme to him. father express his opinion of Cisay's respected parent as a "gold shark" and quartz miner crusher." It did not, however affect her friendship for Cissy. She only caid: "Let's come!" caught Cissy around the waist, pranced with her out into the veranda and gasped, out of breath, "Where are we going first?

"Down Main street," said Cissy promptly. "And let us stop at Markham's store, They've got some new things in from Sacramento," said Piney.

'Country styles," returned Cissy with a supercilious air. "No! Besides, Markham's head clerk is gettin' too presumptuous Just guess! He asked me-while I was buying something-if I enjoyed the dance last

"But you danced with him." said the simple Pincy in astonishment.

"But not in his store among his cus tomers," said Cissy sapiently. "No!-we're goin' down Main street past Secamp's Those Secamp girls are sure to be at the windows, looking out. This hat will just turn 'em green-greener than ever.' "You're just horrid, Ciss!" said Pincy

"And then," continued Cissy, "we'll just wail down past the new block to the parson's and make a call."

with admiration.

"O, I see," said Piney archiv. "It'll b just about the time when the new engineer of the mill works has a clean shirt on and

Cissy tossed her hat disdainfully. "Much anybody cares whether he's there are not I haven't forgotten how he showed us over the mill the other day in a pair of overalls Just like a workman:

Is smoking his eigar before the office."

"But they say he's awfully smart and well educated, and needn't work, and I'm sure it's very nice of him to dress just like had with old Johnson, the Excelsior bank

"Bah! That was just to show that he didn't care what we thought of him-he's that conceited! And it wasn't respectful, coning and then turning away as if he'd got

mough of you. He makes me tired." Piney did not reply. The engineer had them as lan't don't want to get in, no how! seemed to her to be a singularly attractive. So you kin just travel-1 ain't givin' money young man, yet she was equally impressed away on uselessness! Ha! ha!" road and the wooden "sidewaik" to Main vision of age. An industrious worker," street, which carried civic improvements to the hillside and Mr. Trixy's very door. Turn- self on safe ground, though she was not provoking, as she knew her checks were ing down this thoroughfare they stopped aware of her father's entomological habits. laughing and otherwise assumed a conscious "In San Francisco, I think." half-artificial air. For it was the hour when She was glad to get away from Mr. Windt- the Secamp's cottage was just before her Canada City lounged listlessly before its brook's "heartiness" and console herself and the girls were sure to be on the lookshops, its saloons, its offices and mills-or with Mrs. Windibrook's constitutional deeven held lazy meetings in the dust of the pression, which was partly the result of ened her pretty little figure as she apreadway—and the passage down the principal increase dyspersia and her husband's bols- preached the house. But to her surprise street of its two prettiest girls was an event tercus cerdiality. "I suppose, dear, you are her coming had evidently been anticipated Hats flew off as they passed, place was he is from home?" she said to Cleay with pectedly-awaiting her behind the low, freely given, impeding barrels and sacks a sympathetic sigh. Clesy, conscious of never whitewashed garden palings! As she neared removed from the worden paysment and having felt a moment's anxiety, and accus- them they burst into a shrill discordant the front door to do homage to Clasy Trixit "Why?" "Oh." responded Mrs. Windibrook, and Piney as they went by. Not but that "on account of his great business responsi. ment startled. But only for a moment; and Piney as they went by. Not but that you account of his great business response.

Canada City, in the flerce and unregenerate bilities, you know; so much depends upon she had her father's reckless audacity and haps the very ones who now called him days of its youth, had seen fairer and higher him." colored faces, more gally bedirened, on its she could not understand why this masterful checks and flashing eyes that their laughter what it was! He, whom Windibrook said

that time-indeed, these young ladies as-Classy was tying her hat under her round sumed a slight air of hanteur. "Really, thin before a small glass at her window, they do stare at us," said Cisey, with eyes The window gave upon a background of have to take the back street next time." serrated mountains and alive shadowed Piney, proud in the glory reflected from

There was only one interruption to this ground was a glaringly fresh and unpictur- triumphal progress and that was so slight as to be only noticed by one of the two girls. tempts at regularity were set forth with all As they passed the new works at the mill the cruel uncompromising clearness of the the new engineer-as Piney had foreseen-California atmosphere. There was the was leaning against the doorpost smoking straight Main street with its new brick a pipe. He took his hat from his head and block of "stores," ending abruptly against his pipe from his mouth as they approached, a tangled bluff; there was the ruthless clear- greeted them with an easy "Good after-Ing in the sedate pines where the hideous noon," yet with a glance that was quietly of the solemn shafts it had displaced, with said Cissy, when they had passed, "didn't almost irreligious mockery. Yet this fore- I tell you" Did you ever see such concelt ground was Clasy's world-her life, her sole in your born days! I hope you did not look

knowledged belle of Canada City and the of Cissy's hat I cannot say; Cissy thought daughter of its principal banker, small won- they did; perhaps Piney was nearer the der that a certain frank vanity and child- truth when she suggested that they were like imperiousness were among her faults- only "looking" to enable them to make a home-made copy of the hat next week.

front parlor-for their house possessed the outskirts of the town was of the same tri-unheard of luxury of a double drawing umphal character. Teamsters withheld their room, albeit the second apartment contained oaths and their uplifted whips as the two a desk and was occasionally used by Cissy's girls passed by; weary miners tolling in father in private business interviews with ditches looked up with a pleasure that was anxious seekers of "advances" who shunned half reminiscent of their past: younger skythe publicity of the bank. Here she in- larkers stopped in their horse play with half stantly flew into the arms of her tosom smiling, half-apologetic faces; more ambifriend, Miss Piney Tibbs-a girl only a tious riders on the highway urged their shade or two less pretty than herself, who, horses to greater speed under the girls' inalways more or less ill at case in these spiring eyes and "Vaquero Billy," charging splendors, was awaiting her impatiently, them, full tilt, brought up his mustang on For Miss Tibbs was merely the daughter of its haunches and rigid forelegs, with a the hotel keeper, and, although Tibbs was sweeping bow of his sombrero, within a foot a southerner and had owned "his own nig- of their artfully simulated terror! In this gers" in the states, she was of inferior po- way they at last reached the clearing in the forest; the church, with its ostentations "Thank goodness you've come," exclaimed spire, and Rev. Mr. Windibrook's dwelling-Miss Tibbs, "for I've bin sittin' here till I otherwise humorously known as "the parsonage"-where Cissy intended to call.

Rev. Mr. Windibrook had been selected by his ecclesiastical superiors to minis-The "it" referred to Cissy's new hat, and ter to the spiritual wants of Canada City to the young girl the coherence was per- as being what was called a "hearty" man. fectly plain, Miss Tibbs looked at "it" se- Certainly, if considerable lung capacity, abverely. It would not do for a protege to be sence of reserve and power of hand-shaking and back-slapping were necessary to the redemption of Canada City, Mr. Windi-"It did," said Cissy, "Came from the best brook's ministration would have been successful. But, singularly enough, the rude miner was apt to resent this familiarity, and it is recorded that Isaac Wood, otherwise known as "Grizzly Wood," once responded to a cheerful back-slap from the "So'll your popper some day. I'm reverend gentleman by an ostentatiously goin to get mine to let your popper into friendly hug which nearly dislocated the pastor's ribs. Perhaps Mr. Windibrook was nore popular on account of his admiring enthusiasm of the prosperous money-getting nembers of his flock, and a singular symby no means convinced of this. She knew pathy with their methods and Mr. Trixit's daring speculations were an especially de-"Ah, Miss Trixit," he said as Cissy en-

tered the little parlor, "and how is your dear father? Still startling the money market with his fearless speculations? This Brother Jones," turning to a visitor, "is the daughter of our Napoleon of finance Montague Trixit. Only last week, in that deal 'the Comstock,' he cleared \$50,000! Yes, ir." repeating it with unction, "fiftythousand-dollars!-in about two hours and single stroke of the pen! I believe I am not overstating, Miss Trixit," he added, apcealing to Cissy with a portentous politeless that was as badly fitting as his prev-

Cissy colored slightly, "I don't know," she said simply. She was perfectly truthful. She knew nothing of her father's business, except the vague reputation of his

Her modesty, however, produced a singuar hilarity in Mr. Windibrook and a playful nush "You don't know? Ha! but I do. Yes, sir"-to the visitor-"I have reason to place." remember it. I called upon him the next day. I used, sir, the freedom of an old friend, 'Trixit, I said, clapping my hand on his shoulder, the Lord has been good to you. I congratulate you."

"'Him!' he said without looking up. What do you reckon those congratulations are worth?" Many a man, sir, who didn't know his style would have been staggered. But I knew my man. I looked him straight good a one as Sacramento can turn out." "He took up a piece of paper, scrawled a few lines on it to his cashier, and said: eank to a thrilling whisper. "It was an order

"Ye had better luck than Bishop Briggs president," said the visitor, encouraged by Windibrook's "heartiness" into a humorous retrospect. "Briggs goes to him for a subscription for a new fence 'round the sidering one of the directors was there, all buryin' ground-the old one havin' rotten dressed up. Don't tell me-you can see it away. 'Ye don't want no fence,' sez John-In his eye-looking you over without blink- son short like, 'No fence 'round a buryin' ground?' sez Briggs, starin'. 'No! Them as is in the buryin' ground can't get out, and occupied that they did not notice her. Again,

this young lady.

with Cissy's superior condition which could A chill silence followed, which checked find flaws in such perfection. Following even Piney's giggle. Mr. Windibrook eviher friend down the steps of the veranda dently had no "heartiness" for nonsubscribthey passed into the staring graveled walk ing humor. "There are those who can feat of the new garden, only recently recovered with sacred subjects," he said ponderously, from the wild wood, its accurate diamond "but I have always found Mr. Trixit, though and heart-shaped beds of vivil green at blunt, eminently practical. Your father is in white quartz borders giving it the ap- still away," he added, shifting the converpearance of claborately ided confortionery, sation to Cissy, "hovering wherever he can few steps further brought them to the extract the honey to store up for the pro-

"He's still away." said Clssy, feeling her-

be viewed as if it was a civic procession. dreadfully anxious about your father when by them and they were actually-and unexreoccupied indwellers hastily summoned to tomed to his absences, replied naively, Again Clasy did not comprehend;

wafted from the freshly ironed skirts of mother's death no other experience; youth-

vaguely and a little impatiently. They group that its oddity forced liself upon her the door. Clasy unlocked it and flung it Clasy, standing by the plane, radiant with

might have talked to her about herself. It was a little tiresome to always have to answer questions about her "popper." Nevertheless, she availed herself of Mrs. Windishook's invitation to go into the garden and seem the less, she availed herself of Mrs. Windishook's invitation to go into the garden and seem the new summer house that had been seem to be full of those excited precover. The tree door, the interest open indignantly.

The tree door, the process and find the part of the seems of the process and said the part of the process and the process and the part of the part see the new summer house that had been critical smile with which be was wont to while I was at worruk in the kitchen, and siderably on the way toward salvation. But put up among the pines, and gradually di-verted her hostess' conversation into gossip of the town. If it was somewhat logistious and hesitations is the profound respect and gravity that for the first time she felt really uneasy. Was there and hesitating, it was, however, a relief to scanething wrong with her hat? That ye now and draw it out for there's a run might remember me Jake Poote when you dreadful, fateful hat! Was it too complete. tudes of others, gave the young girl the our? Did he think it was valgar? She was comforting glow of comparison. eager to cross the street on the next block. Sure. Touching the complexion of the Secamp ries, Mrs. Windibrook attributed it to their where there were large plate-glass windows reat privations in the alicall desert. The girls, Mrs. Windibrook attributed it to their which she and Piney-if Piney were only great privations in the sikuli desert. "One with her now! - had eften used as mirrors, day," continued Mrs. Windibrook, "when But there was a great crowd on the next their father was III with fever and ague, block and it was congregated around the they drove the cattle twenty miles to water through that dreadful poisonous dust and when they got there their lips were cracked and bleeding and their eyelids like burning knives, and Mamie Secamp's hair, which they got there their lips were cracked and bleeding and their eyelids like burning knives, and Mamie Secamp's hair, which they got there their lips were cracked and bleeding and their eyelids like burning the second to satisfy her feminine reason. She would have turned into a side street, but mingled with her lear was a resolution not to show it—not to even and a little pile of them.

Clssy bad a very vague idea of what a the paused, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and then said slowly and with great deliberation. "In on the bank" meant, but Norah's logic seemed to satisfy her feminine reason. She seemed to satisfy her feminine reason. She were cracked and bleeding and their eyelids like burning and with great deliberation. "Ef there's any little thing here, miss—any were cracked and bleeding and their eyelids like burning over her. She would have turned into a softened a little.

"Mr. Windibrook is in the parlor, miss; partickler, things you wouldn't like strangers and a little pile of them." used to be a beautiful brown like your own, my dear, was bleached into a rusty yellow."

A resolution not to show it—not to even think of it—to combat it as she had the horthing of the first think of it—to combat it as she had the horthing of it—to combat it as she had the horthing of its and it is a she had the horthing of its and its an 'And they will wear colors that don't suit rid laugh of the Secamp girls and she kept them," said Cissy impatiently. "Never her way with a beating heart but erect head, briefly, mind, dear," said Mrs. Windibrook am- without looking across the street. There biguously; "I suppose they will have their was another crowd before the newspaper piano with his soft hat in one hand and reward." Nor was the young engineer discount office—also on the other side—and a bulleting a large, white handkerchief in the other, that verands for a spell and look at the custed in a lighter vein. "It pains me board, but she would not try to read it. He had confidently expected to find Cisay in landscape." He paused again and said with dreadfully to see that young man working Only one idea was in her mind-to reach tears and was ready with boisterous con- a sigh of satisfaction: "It's a mighty poorly bother her pretty head with the view just
then, but moved her cheek up and down before the glass, the better to examine by the merches glare of the sunlight a few freck- looked at him "to see who it was." But and why the old works falled," she remarked of the Secamp girls and this was still ring- clous rebellion. However, it was too late comprehend him; then, strangely enough, tes that starred the hollows of her temples. Classy was placated by passing the Secamp's sadly. "When Mr. Windibrook knew he ing in her ears, seeming to voice the hidden to change his attitude. "Ah, my young his act of rude courtesy for the first time cottage, from whose window the three strap- was the son of Judge Masterson and had strangeness of all she saw and stirring her, friend," he said, a little awkwardly, "we awakened her to the full sense of the situaof what was her real beauty and quarreled ping daughters of John Secamp, lately an rich relations, he wished, of course, to be as that had, with childish indignation. She must not give way to our emetions, but try tion. This house-her father's house-was

"It was an infamous lie," said Clasy, ing, sittin next to him on the platform-

twixt and between them." Classy had a very vague idea of what a He paused, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and "run on the bank" meant, but Norah's logic then said slowly and with great deliberation:

fother was addressing the last citizens' meetme money from the other divils down there that's drawin' it out and dividin' it bethat's drawin' it out and dividin' it beexcuse me miss. If I ain't got the style."

Cissy started. "I'll come down," she said back door. There sin't no inventory taken nor scalin' up of anythin' done just yet. Mr. Windibrook was waiting beside the though I have to see there ain't anythin no longer hers! If her father should never return she wanted nothing from it-nothing! She gripped her beating heart with the little hand she had clenched so valiantly a moment ago. Suddenly her hand dropped; some one had glided noiselessly into the back room, a figure in a blue blouse-a Chinaman-their house servant, Ah Fe. He cast a furtive glance at the stranger on the veranda and then beckened to her stealthily. She came toward him wonderingly, when he suddenly whipped a note from his sleeve and with a dexterous move-

> There was neither signature nor address. Putting her finger to her lip she cast : gulek glance at the absorbed figure on the veranda and stepped before the deak. She fitted the key to the drawer and opened i rapidly but noiselessly. There lay the en velone and among other ticketed papers small roll of greenbacks-such as her father often kept there. It was his money; she did not scruple to take it with the envelope, Handing the latter to the Chinaman, who made it instantly disappear up his sleeve like a conjurer's act, she signed him to follow her into the hall.

ment slipped it into her fingers. She tore it open. A single glance showed her a

small key inclosed in a line of her father's

handwriting. Drawing quickly back into

the corner she read as follows: "If this

reaches you in time take from the second

drawer of my desk an envelope marked 'pri-

vate contracts' and give it to the bearer.

"Who gave you that note, Ah Fe?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Chinaman.

"Who gave it to him?" "Chinaman.

"And to him?" "Nollee Chinaman."

"Another Chinaman "" "Yes-heap Chinaman-alle same gang."

"You mean it passed 'rom one Chinaman's hand to another?"

'Allee same

"Why didn't the first Chinaman who got t bring it here?"

"S'pose Melikan man want to catched lettel. He spotty Chinaman. He foller Chinaman, Chinaman passee lettel next Chinaman. He no get. Mellikan man no habe got. Sabe?"

"Then this package will go back the same

"Allce same." And who will you give it to now

'Allee same man blingee me lettel. Ho Li-who makee washee. An idea here struck Cissy which made her heart jump and her cheeks flame. Ah Fe gazed at her with an infantile smile of

"How far did that letter come?" she

asked with eager, questioning eyes, "Lettee me see him," said Ah Fe. Cissy handed him the missive; he examlength of the outer fold and which she had

"Heep Chinaman velly much walkeelongee way! S'pose you look." He pointed through the open front door to the pros "If," said Mr. Windibrook with a sickly pect beyond. It was a familiar one to Cissy-the long canada, the crest on crest of serried pines, and beyond the dim snow culiar and utterly unsolicited gift of a cer- line. Ah Fe's brown finger seemed to

> "In the snow," she whispered, her cheek whitening like that dim line, but her eyes sparkling like the sunshine over it. "Allee same, John," said Ah Fe plain

tively: "Ah Fe," whispered Cissy, "take me with

you to Hop Li. 'No good," said Ah Fe, stolidly, "Hop Li he givee this"-he indicated the envelope

go. S'pose you go with me, Hop Li-you no makee nothing-allee same dam foolee! "I know; but you must take me there The young girl was irresistible. Ah Fe'i

veranda is the sheriff's officer. The house face relaxed. "All litee!" he said, with a "You walt here a moment," said Cissy

brightening. She flew up the statrcase. In a few minutes she was back again. She I shall stay here till my popper tells me to had changed her smart rose-sprigged chintz for a pathetic little blue check frock of her school days; the fateful hat had given way peated Mr. Windibrook, harshly, dropping to a brown straw "flat," bent like a frame his heartiness and his handkerchief in a around her charming face. All the girlish burst of unguarded temper. "Your papa is ness-and, indeed, a certain honest boyishthief escaping from justice, you foolish ness of her nature-seemed to have come girl-a disgraced felon, who dare not show out in her glowing, freekled cheek, brilliant his face again in Canada City-and you are audaclous eyes, and the quick stride which

lucky-yes, lucky, miss-if you do not brought her to Ah Pe's side. "Now, let's go," she said, "out the back

(To Be Continued January 11.)

CURES SYPHILIS

a subscription for your new house? O. you A Trial Treatment Sent Free to All Who Suffer From any Stage of the Disease.

Cures Cases That Hot Springs and all Other Treatments Failed to Even Help.

There has been discovered by the State Medical Institute, 189 Elektron Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind., the most remarkable Syphilis cure ever heard of. It has cured all such indications as muccus patches in the mouth. Indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the body and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of bolls, pimples and ulcers this wonderful specific the second specific specifi seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot travel to re-alize what a truly marvelous work the institute is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial treatment these foolish virgins as they rustled by I fully alive to the importance of their wealth, couple of hours ago-turned as she appraised that neither Cissy nor Piney it seemed to her, however, only a natural proached and suddenly dispersed. It was appreciated this feeling—few women did at result of being his daughter. She smiled not until this was repeated by another treating voice of Norsh, the cook, outside After a pause he turned to the angry be sent scaled in the condition of his heard, so that everyone can cure themselves in the carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. This is the angretic to the angry be sent scaled in the condition of his heard, so that everyone can cure themselves in the carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. This is the carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. This is the carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The carefully stroking his shaven check and lips privacy of their own home. The caref

The Omaha Sunday Bee will print

the Winds

A new and powerful serial story by

S. R. CROCKETT,

In 18 installments, beginning Dec. 17.

Illustrated by G. A. Shipley.

This novel fully equals "The Stickit Minister," "The Black Douglas," and "The Raiders." It could have been written by no author other than Crockett.

The Isle of the Winds is essentially a story of adventure. Its here, Phillip Stanfield, the younger, is kidnapped by his father, Phillip the elder, and carried from Scotland to the piraces' isle. Phillip the elder, a pirate captain, has murdered his father, Sir lames Stansfield and do for Janet Mark, the shameless wife of Saul Mark, a gypsy sallor who is Stansfield's evil genius. Janet as accomplice in the murder of Sir James is sold into elavery into American plantations. Phillip Stansfield the elder also carries off his deserted wife and Janet's daughter, little Auga Mark. Both children have been adopted by Humphrey Spurway, a rich English cloth-merchant, living on the Stansfield estate. He loves young Phillip's mother, but has no hope of marrying her. Notwithstanding, he goes in search of the captives as soon as he discovers their fate.

After months on the pirates' isle

they manage to escape from it by help of Ebora, a negro, and his mother, an Obeah woman. They find te'uge in Porto Rico and there discover the sometime Janet Mark transformed into a great lady, wife of the Spanish governor general. She befriends them after a fashion, but cannot save Phillip from being taken back to the pirate isle. His father and Saul Mark, louted by other pirates, come to Porto R.co and persuade the governor general to send back an expedition to secure Morgan's treasure. The famous buccaneer has left it in boxes, stuck fast in a lake of burning pitch. No man could bring it out of the pitch and live, hence the plan to make young Phillip the bringer. It is frustrated by the discovery that the lake has become a volcano. Then the expedition plans to attack the pirate stronghold and loot Ebora, cent to spy, encourages the commander and leads him, full of

confidence, to a night assault. The pirates offer no resistance; they cannot, since they are all hanging on trees; but English ships and English sailors rout the expedition utterly Humphrey Spurway is with the warships in a vessel of his own. Then follow briefly the sack of San Juan. the death of Phillip Stansfield the elder and Saul Mark, the rescue of little Anna and young Phillip's mother, the voyage home, the recovery of the estates, and the general knitting of loose ends. From first to last the ac tion is breathless and told with all the author's fire and force.



Read It The Omaha Sunday Bee

THEIR LAUGHING WAS CHECKED AND THEY REMAINED OPEN-MOUTHED AS SHE SWEPT BY THEM civil, but somehow young Masterton and kept on with unmoved face, however, and to recognize in our trials the benefits of a he didn't 'hit off.' Indeed, Mr. Windibrook at last turned into the planked side terrace- great Tesson. But." he added, hurriedly, was told that he had declared that the pros- a part of her father's munificence-and seeing her stand still silent but erect before

orroboration of her dislike to young Mas- house-the wonder of Canada City! expected. Perhaps it was because Piney Tibbs was no longer present, having left eclusion and the promptings of her still Cissy had prudently hung up in the summer house. as the afternoon was waning. When they Will that do?" Mr. Windibrook's voice returned to the house they found that Mr. Windibrook had gone out with his visitor for \$1,000! Fact, sir. That is the father of

and Clasy was spared the advertisement of a boisterous escort home which he generally insisted upon. She gaily took leave of the infant Windibrook and his mother. sallied out through the parsonage gate into the empty road and once more became conscious of her new hat,

and a cool breeze stirred the deep aisles of the pines on either side of the highway. One or two people passed her hurriedly talking and gesticulating, evidently so preround, overtook the previous pedestrians, exchanged a hurried word with them and spurred swiftly away as one of them shouted after him: "There's another dispatch confirming it." A group of men talking by the roadside never looked up as she passed. Cissy pouted slightly at this want of taste, which made some late election news or the report of a horse race more enthralling than her new hat and its owner. Even the toilers in the ditches had left their work and were congregated around a man who was reading atoud from a widely-margined "extra" of the Canada City Press. It seemed glowing from her romp and was conscious that she was looking her best. However, out. She shook out her skirts and straightlaugh, so full of irony, gratified malice and

these foolish virgins as they rustled by. I fully alive to the importance of their wealth, couple of hours ago-turned as she ap- father returned.

perity of Canada City was only a mushroom reached the symmetrical garden beds and him. "I see that you do!" He paused, inche closely some half a dozen Chinese growth and, it seems too shocking to repeat, graveled walk. She ran up the steps of the coughed slightly, cast a glance at the characters that were scrawled along the dear, but they say he said that the new veranda and entered the drawing room veranda-where Clssy now for the first time church, our church-was simply using the through the open French window. Glancing observed a man standing in an obviously innecently supposed were a part of Almighty as a big bluff to the other towns, around the fandliar room, at her father's assumed attitude of negligent abstraction - markings of the rice paper on which the of course, Mr. Windibrook couldn't see him closed desk, at the open piano with the piece moved toward the back room, and in a note was written, after that. Why, he even said your father of music she had been practicing that lower voice said: "A word with you in ought to send you to school somewhere and morning, the whole walk seemed only a private," not let you grow up in this half-civilized foolish dream that had frightened her. She was Cissy Trixit, the daughter of the rich-Strangely enough. Classy did not hall this est man in the town! This was her father's

terton with the liveliness one might have | A ring at the front door bell startled her; without waiting for a servant to answer it alluded today. You can say that he always Cissy at the parsonage and returned home. boy whom she recognized as a waiter at the Still she enjoyed her visit after a fashion, hotel kept by Piney's father. He was romped with the younger Windibrooks and holding a note in his hand and staring inclimbed a tree in the security of her sylvan | tently at the house and garden. Seeing he transferred his stare to her, erend gentleman, in his highest, heartiest But I knew my man. I looked him straight sections and the blood and only came back Snatching the note from the boy she tore voice, albeit a little hurried, "wished me to cake and tea and her new hat, which she it open and read in Piney's well-known now, dear, but I'll try to slip out late tonight." Why should she want to come? She had said nothing about coming nowand why should her father prevent her? Classy crushed the note between her fingers "you cannot. That man you see on the and faced the boy.

"What are you staring at-idiot?" The boy grinted hysterically-a little the law." frightened at Cissy's straightened brows and snapping eyes. The shadows were already lengthening

"Get away-there's no answer." The boy ran off and Cissy returned to the drawing room. Then It occurred to her that the servant had not answered the bell. She rang again furiously. There was no She called down the basement staircase and heard only the echo of her voice in the depths. How still the house Were they all out-Susan, Norah, the cook, the Chinaman and the gardener She ran down into the kitchen; the back door was open, the fires were burning, dishes were upon the table, but the kitchen was empty. Upon the floor lay a damp copy of the extra. She picked it up quickly, Pive black headlines stared her in the face: "Enormous Defaication!" "Montague Trixit Absconded!" "\$500,000 Missing!" "Run on the Bank!

She threw the paper through the open door as she would have hurled back the was the making of Canada City? Didn't accusation from living lips. Then, in a revulsion of feeling lest anyone should find her there, she ran upstairs and locked herself in her own room.

money from the bank and cun away leaving took up his hat and handkerchief, steal money from his own bank. Clasy offer I have made to believe very little of her father—perhaps that "I despise it! I'd soon was why she believed in him. She knew with the grizzlies and rattlesnakes!" said meal exaltation that Cissy was for a mo- still less of business, but she knew that he bore them down with a display of such pink names. He, who had made Canada City "Are you listening? Go!"

Without replying, Cissy followed him,

smile, "you are questioned regarding your father's affairs, you may remember his peain sum toward a new organ-to which I linger there, she stepped out on the veranda and saw a expressed great liberality toward the church, and it was no surprise to you." Clasy only stared at him with dangerous eves. "Mrs. Windibrook," continued the rev-

to say to you that until you heard fromscrawl: "Dad wen't let me come to you your friends-she wanted you to come and in his sleeve-"to next Chinaman. He n stay with her. Do come! Do!' Cissy, with her bright eyes fixed upon her visitor, said: "I shall stay here." "But," said Mr. Windibrook, impatiently, Do!"

> and all that it contains are in the hands of resigned smile. Cissy's face whitened in proportion as her eyes grew darker, but she said, stoutly:

"Till your popper tells you to go," re-

share his disgrace!" "And you're a wicked, wicked Har!" said way and down the side streets." Clasy, clenching her little fists at her side paused, cast a glance through the drawing and edging toward him with a sidelong room at the contemplative figure of the sherbantam-like movement as she advanced her lift's deputy on the veranda, and then passed freckled cheek close to his with an effront- out of the house forever. ery so like her absconding father that he recolled before it. "And a mean, double faced hypocrite, too! Didn't you always praise him? Didn't you call him a Napoleon and a-Moses? Didn't you say he

-you-stinking beast!" Here the stranger on the veranda, still So that was what it all meant. All-from gazing abstractedly at the landscape, gave the laugh of the Secamp girls to the turning a low and apparently unconscious murmur away of the townspeople as they went by, as if enraptured with the view. Mr. Windtfather was a thief who had stolen brook, recalled to an attempt at dignity, her alone to bear it. No! It was all a lie- you have remembered yourself and your pa-a wicked, lealous lie-for how could be sition. Miss Trixit," he said loftly, "the

you get him to raise your salary-and start

Clasy pantingly. "Go and leave me alone. Do you hear?" She stamped her little foot.

Mr. Windibrook promptly retreated thoroughtares, but never anything so fresh and, her father, who was equal to her own, and innocent. They stood there all uncon- and, it seemed, everybody's needs, had any sclously, reverencing their absent mothers.

Mr. Windibrook promptly retreated specific has completely changed the whole and they remained open only today had, like Meses touched the drought and they remained open only today had. like Meses touched the stranger in the garden. At which the stranger in the garden in the Perhaps this incident prevented her from finance and streams of public credit and verands rejuctantly tore himself away from sisters and daughters, in their spontaneous constant as the sunshine or the air she noticing another but more passive one. A prosperity had gushed from it! She would the landscape and slowly entered the parlor homage to the pair, and seemed to feel the breathed. Without being his confidante-or group of men standing before the new mill never speak to them again. She would through the open French window. Here, wholesome breath of their eastern homes even his associate—she had since her —the same men who had so solicitously shut herself up here—dismiss all the ser- however, he became equally absorbed and challenged her attention with their hows a vanta but the Chinaman and wait until her abstracted in the condition of his beard,