## THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1900,

## THE INN ON THE BEACH.

By P. Y. BLACK,

Author of "The Traitress," "The Dogrobber," "The Sergeant of the Guard.

door and with the aid of the woman closed

(Copyrighted, 1900, by P. Y. Black.) fout the angry slorm. Boom and roar and crash, and again and again throughout the day and throughout the night, boom and roar and crash! wice. The surf charged upon the pebbled beach with the huge wrath of a monstrous beast. The screeching wind rushed in from the lost caves beyond the sea, wailing and shricking a night-'stead of visiting." against its relentless hunters. It sought pity and shelter from the land, but the land shivered and shook, and besought it to be gone. Then the maddened wind seized the rain and tossed it in torrents on the roofs his finger at the woman and roared: and streets. It swooped upon the waves and grasped the foam and scattered it far I'm a going in to see the missis." inland. It stratched up the sand and pebbles window pance. Boom and rour and crash! sollorman made his way with the certain lonely inn on the beach.

fishing boat from strange lands tossed and plano. tumbled and pitched, groaning and creaklaunched by a child. The three men in it afraid of no weather at all, then?" look as young as ever." with a foreign tongue to many saints, but the third held flercely to the mast and laughed at his neighbor's prayers and, looking on the storm, cursed it and defied it.

own special rocking chair and went to the windows, drawing aside the warm curtains two inches beyond the glass, yet she re- you?" in nervous dread. One might have believed, racing waves, and advance her spirit further

than man's kep to meet halfway that thing which was approaching.

From the parlor music came and the commingling of voices. A man's voice blended with a woman's so harmoniously as to assure the hearer of something more than frequent practice by the singers, of an entire unison of soul and sentiment.

Ich weiss nicht was soli est bedeuten, Das ich so traurig bin.

There was no note of undue sadness in the voices of the singers. For them the song was the fair expression of a dream-a song of "sweet melancholy." In the far distance of the future they might repeat the words with more personal import. Today they were too young to deeply think. To Mrs. Holloway the song meant far more than to them. As her daughter's music smote her ears and the lover's voice joined in, she suddenly left the window and sat down again in her rocker. She hid her face with her hands and wept.

Ich weiss nicht was soll est bedeuten, Das Ich so traurig bin.

The singing ceased abruptly. In a moment there came into the snuggery from the adjoining parlor a young woman, fair-faced and with eyes that were wide with love. She kneeled at her mother's feet and drew the hiding hands from the thin face. "Mother, mother, mother, what does this

meau?" A young man followed, satior by dress,

Ted Guest's feet, bruiaed and bloody and will appear and ruin my child's happiness. If word against the best-" senseless. The skipper was at once on his he is alive-and oh, surely it is no harm to "What right have you to defend my knees beside them. For an instant he bent hope him gone-my only safety is to keep wife?"

over one man, him who had cursed as he him quiet somewhere. I have money. He "Is Mrs. Holloway at home?" he asked up, white and shaking. with the immense roar of a gale-hoursened "Is he alive?" cried Jack. "Yes," said old Ted Guest, "God help her,

"To be sure she's at home," said the serv-He is alive." and, fretful at the invasion of the storm. 'It's where sensible people would be on such III.

The storm had passed. The wind had been Old Ted Guest solemnly removed his overdriven again to its unseen haunts beyond out and hat, shock his shaggy head till the the seas. A fong, lazy, sunsmitten swell had rain scattered from it in a shower, wagged taken the place of the snowcapped waves The sea beat heavily but wearily on the land, with a tired approach and a spiritless

"Don't get cross, Maggie, or I'll kins you! break. Here and there along the beach were "The wind's had enough without you roarstill signs of the tempost's rage. An old and pelted them against the walls and ing to beat it." Maggia protested, and the tree near the inn was uprosted, the roof of an old sawmill had been carried away A flercer gate had seldom atta-ked the little step of an habitue to the door of the partor. Right in front of the inn, but a few yards be He opened the door with a "good evening, low low water mark, the wreck of the sloop Out in the night, out on the sea, the ma'am!" which bore down the crash of the lay stilly, its ribs already half buried by the wash of the sand. The mast to which "Captain Guest!" cried at the same time the man had clung lay up on the beach.

ing, plunging and rolling, no better nor Mrs. Holloway, and Katle, and Jack Beau- heaved there by the high tide. Nothing had stouter in that storm than a shaving mont. "Out on such a night! Are you come ashore from the hulk to show who the men were.

clung helplessly to the spars and rails. "Not tonight, ma'am, nor any night when Mrs. Holloway had felt a little indignant shuddering with cold and fear, and, with I've got an appointment. How do you do, Hers was an assured position in the townless hope as the hours passed, seeking a Katle, my dear? You're nigh as prefty look- ship where now she had kept the inn for light in the darkness, seeking aid in their ing as your mother at your age. Jack, you four years. It seemed to her that the proper extremity. No light shone; no lifeboat rascal, what have you been doing to give her place to offer as shelter to the unfortunate One lost strength and hope, and them rosy cheeks? Mrs. Holloway, you've mariners would have been that place at scarcely resisting, was swept overboard with been dancing! And it's done you good. You where doors Providence had cast them, "Besides," she admonished Ted Guest "Have a turn with mother, oh, do, Cap- "there is no place where they could be

tain Guest!" Kate cried, clapping her hands, really comfortable, no place along the beach "Go it, skipper, do! I've done my share!" for miles and miles." Jack cried. "It is eo," said Katey. "I don't know

"They used force and compelled me, cap- what the fisherfolk about will think of us Mrs. Holloway could not rest in her tain," said Mrs. Holloway. "That is my Fancy them being carried away from our excuse for being so foolish at my age." very door. And they can't be comfortable very door. And they can't be comfortable "Bless 'em," said Ted Gucet, beaming on at Dave Copeland's. Jack, you should have the youngsters. "Leave 'em to their music, insisted on bringing them in here. I feel to peep out at the storm. She could not see ma'am. May I sit in the spuggery with ashamed-it was worse than inhospitable; i was really and truly unchristianlike."

mained many minutes at the window and For a moment the landlady of the inn "I-I did think," said Jack Beaumont her fingers twitched and clasped each other besitated with some embarrassment. Then apologetically, "but Captain Guest was in she smiled on the kindly faced old gray- charge, you know." so fixed was her gaze upon the impenetrable board and assented. The two lovers were "They were not," said old Ted, quietly,

night, that she really could see through at the plane again. As the older folks left "the class of men to bring into such a house the storm, could see scross the roaring, the room their voices took up the inter- as this is,

ulet?

1777 12 1000

He tore through the hall like a blizzard. Then it will be in the newspapers and 'You bent my wife's mind against me. You followed by the young officer. In a second Katle will learn that her father is alive and helped me to get away, that I might leave they were out in the storm and down on the a-hunted criminal. Jack Beaumont will you free with my wi-beach, where already some fishermen had feel himself deceived, and their happiness. "Silence, you black

"Silence, you blackguard!" yelled the gathered. A smack was being battered on will be destroyed. O' Ted, don't you see? captain, and, rising to his feet from the the shore. Two men were washed from it I am unhappy. I have acted a lie to Katle chair, he shook his stick furiously at the and into the surf. They were cast almost at and Jack. I am never certain but that man other. "You-you scoundrei! Don't say a

"The right of a man!" cried old Ted. "The clung to the mast, and then the captain got can have a good allowance-any allowance. God-given right of a man to protect all if only he will not disturb his daughter." women against such as you! Stand back, "I know," said old Gueat, with a quiver, Holloway! I don't care that for your pistol! "Dolly, you were always good and wise, and Touch it and I'll knock your brains out!" The man was panting with rage, but the know best. If it was your wish I would do

skipper looked so determined in his wrath that the other sank back in his chair. "Pshaw, Ted Guest!" he growled. \*Let this thing drop. What do you want? If it

were not for one thing, of course, I'd know what brought you." "Goota night, camaradoes," said a voice

at the door, and the other man entered, the same who had prayed on the smack, on the night of the storm. Guest turned on him sharply. The ill-looking wrotch who met his look smiled on him benignly.

"Never mind him," said Holloway. loes not understand much English. He and -you see, I repose special confidence in such an old friend" (he sneered), "have had to get away from Cuba best we could. don't know whether the Spaniards of tmeri ans wanted us worst-we played with ooth. That's why we're here. Now, as was saving-"

"If it were not for one thing? What thing?

"Why, that Dolly's dead. If she were not I should say she sent you. I heard of Dolly's death four years ago."

Ted Guest did not reply. If this were so, if the man really thought his wife deadthen? Surely there was no use in bringing

him to Mrs. Holloway. "But," said the outcast, with a sudden thought, "there's Katey. I'd like to see Katey, my little girl. Guest, look here, 1 plenty. can see by your eyes you know where Katey is. Between us, let there be no fooling. My friend here and I are in the blackest of holes. Where Katey is you know and

at once to go west, or I'll ask it from her." For an instant the skipper grasped at this window, 1 guess," chance to get immediately rid of the hard it is on me, and I've been -faithful, scoundrel. A railroad ran a few miles away. He pulled cut his watch to look at the time. He was near the candle, and the foreign

pocket and then shoved them back again. No! this was not keeping his promise to Dolly Holloway. If alive, he had said he would bring her husband to her-for Katey's sake. Good. Let the villain have the chance

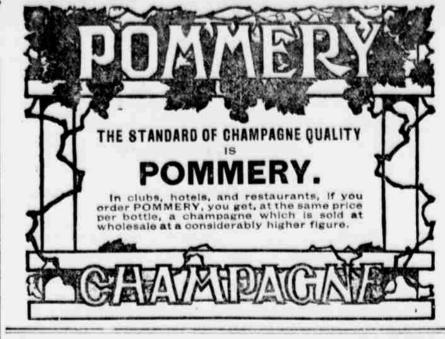
Guest had promised her. He would keep and of Mrs. Copeland, tavernkeeper, was not by any means of the comfortable and pic-his mind in a moment. He drew himself

"Holloway," said the skipper, almost A white, have building, standing aboot from gently, "Dolly is not dead. I came to give The butt of a revolver swung in the air and crashed on the captain's head, and he barrom vulgar delights and the chilliest of foil. The Cuban was at him instantly, rifling his pockets of watch and bills. Holloway remained still, stunned at his comrade's action, stunned at the news of his wife being alive. The Cuban leaped up,

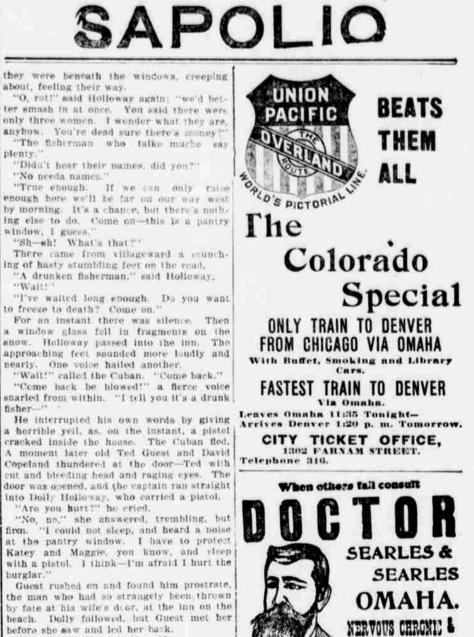
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as to conciliate either their hostess or the had found very little money on Guest, and medical man. They were unresponsive to the watch was not of great value. "No enough-a," he cried. Holloway came to his senses. "You've done it now, Jose," said he, with

saved something from the wreck, an' a poor out of this quick, then. Dolly alive? If only I could find her I would be safe! Come, man can't afford to turn away money." Jose, softly now!"



"FORBID A FOOL A THING AND THAT HE WILL DO." DON'T USE





haven't 1?" "O Ted, so true; so true!"

He left her and he looked far older on this oright and sunny morning than he had on the night of the storm.

IV. The house of David Copeland, fisherman, turesque character which drew people to erect. The foreigner was close behind him. spend their summer in Mrs. Holloway's inn. the little cottages of the other fisherfolk, it you another chance, to bring you-" afforded no promise of cozy attentions, nor any further pledge than that of ordinary bedroom accommodation. To an upper room. furnished with two cots, the fishers had carried the wrecked strangers. Their appearance and their manners, when the doctor had revived them somewhat, were not such dancing in rage. For all his trouble he

kindness, and, but that they had a little money with them to pay their way, Dave Copeland, when they were able to walk,

would have bade them be on their road. "Dagos," sail Dave. "At least one on away tonight at all risks-far away. How em is, 'an the other looks brother to the about the other thing? Did you scout? No wonder Mrs. Holloway didn't Is it safe? Only women? Then we'll have want 'em at the inn ?= Howber they have to make a try. What time is it? Let's get

burglar. a reckless laugh. "We are bound to get "Do you know who it is?" "Yes," said Guest softly.

door was opened, and the captain ran straight into Doily Holloway, who carried a pistol. "Are you hart?" he cried, "No, no," she answered, trembling, but firm. "I could not sleep, and heard a noise at the pantry window. I have to protect Katey and Maggie, you know, and sleep with a pistol. I think-I'm afraid I hurt the Guest rushed on and found him prostrate

before she saw and led her back. "Don't look, please," he said.

"Why do you look zo? Oh, have \$ killed him? Is he dead?"

the white-souled woman would give him fisher-

snarled from within. "I tell you it's a drunk . He interrupted his own words by giving horrible yell, as, on the instant, a pistol cracked inside the house. The Cuban fled. a moment later old Ted Guest and David topeland thundered at the door-Ted with

"Walt!

cut and bleeding head and raging eyes. The

the man who had so strangely been thrown y fate at his wife's door, at the inn on the beach. Dolly followed, but Guest met her

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WEAK MEN

SEXUALLY

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THE SKIPPER WAS AT ONCE ON HIS I'll soon find out. Give me some money KNEES BESIDE THEM. inything, whatever it was. But think how

"For Katie's sake, dear Ted."

this man-if he is alive-and keep him rascal was close behind him, walking. Guest

sailor by bearing, sailor by his freckled, sunburned, salt-beaten face, sailor by his big rope-hardened hands, sailor by his keen open, far-seeing eyes. 'Hallo, mother! What's the matter?"

He, too, bent over Mrs. Holloway, and, with a son's regard, placed one arm lovingly around her shulders. Yet the disengaged hand sought his sweetheart's and pressed it also in an embracing desire to comfort both. "Crying, mother? Crying this week of all

rupted song:

weeks in the long, long year? Oh, mother mother! I thought we agreed that there were to be no tears at my wedding?" Mrs. Holloway tried to smile, but sobbed again. She caught her daughter's hand and drew the girl up to her breast and patted the sailor's hand reassuringly.

"I'm not sick, dears," she said, "and think I am very foolish indeed, because I don't know why I am crying. It's the storm. I suppose."

Not so much of a gale, mother, and-Jack's not at sea at any rate."

•

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The mother laughed through her tears. "Ob, of course," she said, "if Jack's here and safe, it does not matter how the wind may blow, but still, my dear, there are many boats at sea and many Jacks. I suppose am nervous, but I seem to see the boats tonight rocking and tumbling, and the men in them cold and hungry and wet, driving on the shore perhaps, and, oh, perhaps not ready for death. Oh, Katie dear, I shall be so glad when you're married, and then shall give up this inn and get far, far away from the sound of the sea."

Kate Holloway looked at Jack Beaumon with a worried raising of the eyebrows, and Jack began to whistle softly the "Lorelei." "It's very true." Mrs. Holloway said, and

rose with a smile, drying her eyes. "I don't know what has happened to make me so sad, and you will both forgive me, won't you? I shan't do it again."

"Dear little mother!" cried Katie.

"Good old mother!" cried Jack. "It's be cause all your summer boarders have flown, and you feel the house lonely and empty. But, really, you must remember your promise-no tears for the wedding next week, only love and laughing and kisses, and then we'll all live together wherever you like so long as you are within reach when I come salling home to meet my sweetheart and the best little mother in the world."

They grasped the gray-haired, tender faced woman between them, laughing and sistance. Dolly?" embracing her, and drew her into the parlor, "Dance," cried Kate Holloway. "Jack,

make her dance. It is the one perfect cure for the doldrums. Go on-I shall play.' So, in spite of her protests, the landlady

of the inn was gently guided about the room on the arm of her big young son-in-law to be.

Outside the storm howled again, and the spray and sand dashed against the glass, and the rain plunged on the roof. Nearer and nearer to the shore came the ficsher's boat, nearer and nearer to death, and one man hung to a rope praying, and one man grasped the mast cursing. The cozy lights of the inn, streaming bravely through the red window curtains shown out on the beach.

A loud knock sounded on the outer door, but the dancers were too busy to notice it. The plano played merrily on to the accompaniment of Kate's laugh and Jack Beaumont's whistle. Mrs. Holloway, carried away by the cheerful sympathy of the young people, was laughing herself and forgetting the sad forebodings of the evening. The sole servant left after the departure of the summer boarders opened the door, and the wind and the rain dashed at once so furiously into the hall that she was borne inside and flattened against the wall by the swing of the

door. "Eh! Mr. Guest! , Mr. Guest!" she screeched. "Shut to the door. It's more nor I can manage. What a night!"

The buriy, white-baired visitor turned. panting. The wet shone on his hair and the blue cloth of his coat and upon his oliskin hat. He was too breathless to anewer at once, but put his shoulder to the for assistance!"



## HE INTERRUPTED HIS OWN WORDS BY GIVING A HORRIBLE YELL.

"What, almost drowned? Bruised? Near Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, Das ich  $s_0$  traurig bie. death?" "They'll be all right at Copeland's." said Mrs. Holloway shivered again. the captain with some irritation.

"Pretty, but sad," said the sailorman, and "Well, well," Mrs. Holloway smiled. "The the gale at the moment beat so tumultuously captain acted for the best and to save us on the inn as to momentarily drown even his worry. But, do you know, that night of With great respect he the storm 1 knew something was going to trumpet volce. handed Mrs. Holloway to a chair and planted happen. I felt somebody was out there on the sca needing help. I could not keep away himself by the stove, with his legs apart. "Mrs. Holloway," he roared, "I said I'd from the window. It seemed as if some one keep the appointment, and I have. I've who had a claim on me was in danger. come for the answer." really have not quite got over that nervous

Mrs. Holloway, her fingers nervously toyfeeling yet." ing with her handkerchief, looked up and Captain Guest got up from his chair and

smilingly shook her head, while a blush so walked abruptly away from the group. His delicately rosy that it would have graced lips were quivering; his brown cheeks were ter daughter's check and neck stole over paled; his hands were clenched. He was her gently wrinkled face. Ted Guest shook wondering with a feeling of horror what his finger at her in protestation, and cried strange power that man must have had over his old sweetheart that he could so in as gentle a voice as he could command: speak to her spirit across miles of roaring "Don't say it again, ma'am. Dolly, my cean and through the volumes of night's dear, don't. It's the fourth year and the blackness. The black-hearted devil-could fourth time I've asked. Think a moment. he still maintain a hold on her? The faith-There's Kate, nearly as fine a woman as her mother. There's Jack, as good and ris- ful skipper's face grew white. In his time he had seen many strange things-seen shivered under the cloudy skies as the night ing a sailor as ever took the bridge on a many men, immeasurably better than Dolly's closed in. He had been faithful to her for liner. They love you, but they love each worthless husband, suddenly killed. He years, hoping for his reward. Now, when other better. They're going off to be marstood for a time motionless, with dry lips ried, and you'll be alone. Next week's their marriage and a merry Christmas week 'twill and frightened eyes. Jack Beaumont was must come back from the dead, and he had

be for them. But you'll be left in the inn speaking to Kate about a morning walk. alone, and you can't bear it. Look here, you've known me since I was boy and you men." said Katie. "Will you take me with you?" Mrs. Hollowere girl, and I never loved any other girl. way asked. "We might me able to do some-Don't stay alone. Come to my house; be thing more for them than Mrs. Copeland

'No? Why not?"

lone to blame."

"Captain Guest," cried Katie, emphatically,

emmunity for inhospitality and all un-

quiet, deepening eyes, "you are

"Yes, ma'am! You were frightened and

She gave him her hand with a tender

"Ted," she said, "I don't know what I

Guest held her hand and looked steadily

"Dolly," he said, "do you remember what

oust help him for Katie's sake. He is

you said that night? I had been looking for

I was very, very nervous that night." | me.

should do without you. You were always

othered you any more.'

augh.

in her eyes.

a sullen bear in its cave.

What should stop you?" my wife. ian. Mrs. Holloway looked at him with tears Ted Guest turned sharply, in her eyes.

"You know, Ted, you know why it can never be. I must walt, be it ever so long." "Wait?" Ted Guest roared as savagely as he could. Have you not waited long enough? Twenty years since he left you. He's dead.

"He was alive ten years ago-

"And in prison." "Hush; and five years ago he was alive-"Only to beg from you. If he were still ive, Dolly, you would have heard from

live, him. He would have been writing for an-"I can't Ted, I can't. He is Katic's father

Jack Beaumont took fright. Within a and he is my husband-still." "Any woman but you would have got a

weetheart disturbed. "But Guest is right," cried he. "Wait a old skipper, Ted Guest?" divorce-"And dragged my name and Katie" day or two, Katle, until they are mended a down? Think of Jack Beaumont. If I did | bit. Guest sighed with relief. The lovers went

what you wished and-he-came home? away for their walk. He was alone with his hand. What disgrace for him and Katie." "It's not right; it's not natural; it's a Mrs. Holloway.

"Ted," said she, looking at him with By Jove, but I am glad to see you again." shame! You have no right-" "Don't please say any more, old friend There can be only one answer.' worried about these men. It there any "But if I know he is dead? I have been particular reason you did not bring them to hunting for him, and can find no trace. If the inn?" I bring you proof that he can never trouble Old Ted roared at her explosively and with an exaggeration of vehemence.

you again, that he is really dead? Then, Dolly woman?" She was crying softly. From the plano

came the music and the voices: Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten

"Dolly, dear?"

"I don't know. Ted. I feel so strange to night, and I ought to be happy with Kate nursing me. It was kind of you to think of might as well leave me alone, as you found and Jack so happy."

"If I bring you news, then-" "O. Ted. Ted-1 suppose so."

The old captain stooped and kissed her hand to seal the compact, but at once jumped erect again, listening. Above the news of him. If he was dead-if I could

shrick of the wind, above the dash of rain, above the roar of the surf, came a cryten to me a long, long shrick for help from the ocean "Yes," she said, and again her neck and

Captain Guest's trained ear distinguished it face were softly red. from all the other calls of the tempest 'But if I find-he is alive?'' stricken night. He darted to the parlor "I must know it." she said carnestly.

door and burst upon the lovers.

Thus, the first interest in the castaways ver, they were left to themselves, and the fishermen of the lonely beach pursued their

in the snuggery of the inn mother and own laborious way. One of the strangers was more badly hurt by the surf than the daughter sat together, sewing on Katie's other, and he remained fretfully in his room. wedding dress. They were chatting cheerfully, according to the promise of there being The other was able to wander about a little, rightening children with his bandaged head, no tears at the girl's wedding. The snow and repelling men and women by his furtive was falling; the night was very cold. Kath coks and sullen answers.

Ted Guest, in a mainer, since his restmother dear?" she said. "Perhaps Captain dence among them, the adopted chief of the Guest will drop in to keep us company." primitive villagers, by reason of his roaring But Christmas eve passed and Captain voice, his rank as a retired sea captain and his possession of an independence, made his Guest did not come. Mrs. Holloway did not disguise her disappointment. way, as the sun went down, to the Copeland

thought he would call upon us." Katie looked at her mother quizzically cold winter's night with the promise of such

and bent over her and whispered in her car a white-carpeted earth on the morrow as "Mother," she said, "do you know we have befitted the Christmas season. He had left made a very pretty wedding dress, out we the Holloways at the inn preparing for might do still better with practice. How nice Christmas and the wedding which was soon to follow. Jack Beaumont was called away it would be to practice next upon yours." "Katie!" cried Mrs. Holloway, and she, too on business, to return on the morning, and found it needful to run to the window and mother and daughter were alone. Old Ted peep out at the weather. The snow was was wretched in heart. There are times falling heavily now and it was quite dark when the commission of murder seems to with a heavy-clouded sky. The inn had sore souls almost pardonable, and such it seemed to the skipper tonight. He stood never before seemed so isolated. The silence without was utter. Even the waves upon the near Copeland's collecting his thoughts, and beach rolled in with leaden noiselessness. Katle went to the piano. It was natural she should choose Jack's favorite song. Soon the soft notes of her voice stole through the it seemed almost within touch, this-thing

house: Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, Das ich so traurig bin. promised to take him to her. There was "We can call and see those poor wrecked little of the Christmas joy in old Ted's She merely touched the instrument with

heart. Mrs. Copeland showed him the room. It was dark save for a candle's light. "I fear he's a bad man," the woman

regret and sweetness of all songs, sounder whispered. "If you're goin' to ask him about with profound tenderness in the mother' ears. Suddenly Katie stopped and looked at who he is, you'll get short answers, sir. He's "No, no," he cried, his big voice shaking. a sulky fellow, an', Christmas gone, I'll ask Mrs. Holloway. The Dolly of old days was him an' his mate to be off." gazing with sad eyes far beyond the room. "I've been to see them. They're a little The skipper closed the door, shutting himbeyond the inn, beyond the beach, and the elirious yet and they're two had lots, I self in the room. The man from the wreck eyes were filled with tears think. Don't go, Katie. Don't go, Mrs. was alone, his face at the window. He Holloway-at least not for a day or two. turned swiftly around. side, "forgive me! It was thoughtless of the

way!

nck, it would not be a scene to take Katle "So you've got back, Holloway, you scounto sing that. I know how it affected you on the night of the storm. You are not nervous drel!" said Cuest.

"Guest," he cried, "what brings you here"

Guest pushed aside the hand.

an effort, he controlled himself.

justice before?"

snarled.

again tonight, are you, pct?' The man bounded up at the name, and in if mother and I get a had name in this an instant had drawn a revolver. "I-I don't know," Dolly murmured, catching at her child's hand "I am not nervous. "Who are you? Who said Holloway? What

aritableness, please remember that you are do you want here? My name's not Hollo- but I feel the same curious sensation of sadness and foreboding. It is stupid of me. 1 know, when we should be happy-Christmas "Put that away," said the sailor, sharply, week of his wedding he would not have his but lowering his usually jolly, roaring voice. and your wedding both coming. Yet-'l know not what has happened that I should "Don't you know me? Don't you know your be so sad."

> The man gasped, and there was a minute "I know what is going to happen." cried pause. Then he laid the platol on the bed Katey. "You're going to have a tumbler of mulled port and go straight to bed. See, it's and came forward with a laugh, holding out late, and Maggie went to bed long ago."

her fingers and her voice was very low and

gentle. The song, fullest of yearning and

"Mother," cried the girl, kneeling at her

Shortly afterward Dolly kissed the girl good night on her pillow, and went to her own room.

With soundless lips the snowflakes kissed "I'm not at all glad to see you!" he said What ill-fortune brought you here? What the earth, and kissed the sea, dying on the wickedness have you been up to since ] kiss. It was cold on the beach. None of the helped you-not for your sake-to escape villagers were abroad that bitter Christmas eve, but from some of the cottages came voices of merriment, and in the little loncly The man gave a growl in the shadows like church at the far end service was being performed, the midnight service. The tiny "What ill-luck brought you here?" he "And now you have entered my organ piped its best and the fisher folk sang room unasked, have you nothing to say but and prayed of forgiveness of sin, and peace to recall the past? If you have not, you and good will on earth to all men.

To all men? Could there ever be forgive ness for such as these, creeping over the "Have I not a right-" the captain began, snow in the shadows of trees and fences' with one of his sudden roars, and then, with Could there be such a thing as peace and good will in the hearts of men like these 'Holloway," he said, lowering his voice. cursing the cold, cursing their "luck," curs-"chance has thrown you upon the beach ing their fellowmen?

prove he was dead-you said you would lis- where I live, and I wish it had thrown you They crept softly on with the velvet feet on it dead. You know I would not be here of wildcats. It was almost midnight now for your sake, or because I want to see you and they were close to the inn. A light yet myself. Before I say why I came here I shone from a window in the top of the want you to tell me what you've been do- house.

"I ing since you disappeared, five years ago." "Confound it!" muttered Holloway, "who "You," growled the man, "you want to is awake so late? I can't wait much longer "A boat ashore!" he roared. "Jack Beau- Katie's father. You and I know how way- know? You've wanted to know everything or I'll be frozen to death. Let's try it right mont, come along! Some one is shouting ward he always was, I live in continual since ever you first meddled with my af- away."

terror that he does something-very bad. fairs. You interfered about my marriage. The other shrugged his shoulders, and soon

"Yes, dear, he is dead?" Dolly was sobbing now, and shaking. "It was for Katey's sake," she cried, hysterically. "I had to protect her. Poor man! Oh, the poor man! But, Ted, it was my duty, say it was my duty?'

"Yes, dear, yes," said the skipper, tenderly It was your duty." The wedding, that was to have been so

merry, between Jack Beaumont and Katey Holloway, had to be postponed, for the land lady of the inn was very sick after her adventure with her burglars. When shy was better she insisted upon the youngsters being married at once, when the skipper, who had been merely stunned and a little cut by the pistol blow, gave away his old sweetheart's daughter. When the overs got back from their honeymeen the ound an amazing thing had happened. Dolly Holloway's hair was almost white, and she was married to Ted Guest. What had pasted between them neither said, but we may draw our own conclusions. No word has passed the lips of either to say how the skipper ever told Mrs. Holloway whom it was that she shot on that Christmas eve when burglars broke into the inn on the beach.

There has been a very brisk demand for the two famous pictures which are offered to Bee subscribers. We thought we should be able to supply an unlimited demand, but would suggest that it might be well to call soon if you want pictures.

Arresting the Highbinders.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21.-The iave made a raid on the Chincze inders and arrested six of the most is members of the Such Sing tong. East t the men in custody is accused of men in custody is ne murder and severa mapeet of having assassinated two or more n bers of rival tongs. The supposed leads Lae gang is Su Ho Mun, who is cha with four murders. He reached for revolver when the officers attempted arrest him, but was quickly disarn Other arrests chari arrest him, but was quickly Other arrests will follow and effor made to convict the "highbinders and efforts will f the orin admit that evidence will be hard

Advances the Price of Coal.

o secure.

CLEVELAND, March 21,-As a he recent increase in wages gra lassillon miners the Massillon Dist Jassillon miners basedation has decided to also the price of coal 25 cents per ton The increase in the wages of the miners. In the increase in the wages of the miners, in is stated, amounted to 20 per cent. The advance in the price of coal is to take effect April 1.





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peoped from the window.

"Don't you find it dull without Jack

"He is such an old friend." she said, "and tavern. It was Christmas eve, a very still evening, chill and gray. A flurry or two of on this night of all nights in the year. snow from the gray clouds promised a dark.