

COMPENSATION.

She folded up the worn and mended frock, And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee, Then through the soft web of wee red sock She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:

"Can this be all? The great world is fair; I hunger for its green and pleasant ways," A cripple, prisoned in her restless chair, Looks from the window with a wistful gaze.

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro, Making a frail wool in a baby's sock; Into the world's sweet tumult I would go, At its strong gate my trembling hand would knock."

Just then the children came, the father, too, Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom, "Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,

"How sweet it is within this little room! God put my strongest comfort here to draw When thirst is great and common wells are dry, Your pure desire is my unerring law: Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I? Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,

This room a paradise has grown to be, And only where these patient feet shall lead Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet, The children crowded close and kissed her hair;

"Our mother is so good, and kind, and sweet, There's not another like her anywhere!" The baby in her low bed opened wide The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes, And viewed the group above the cradle-side With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee, And, smiling, said: "The stars shine soft to-night, My world is fair, its edges sweet to me, And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!" —Mary Riley Smith, in Wesleyan Methodist.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The shot told on Evelyn. In the presence of her father, she dreaded the disclosure that Winkle, in his anger, might make with regard to her intimacy with Ronald; but the old gentleman paid no heed to their innuendoes.

"He certainly is foolhardy," he joined in; "but to save me I can but admire the fellow's courage. Why," the colonel snapped his fat fingers, "if he keeps that sort of thing up, or tries to interfere when the man is caught, I wouldn't give a pinch of snuff for his life. Some chap like Syd Hart would draw a bead on him, and be proud of it till the end of his days."

Then Mrs. Lancaster came and put her arms round Evelyn's waist.

"Don't act hastily, my dear," was her whispered warning; and she drew the girl to the other end of the veranda.

"Don't you see what he wants?" she asked; "he is trying to rouse your father's suspicions."

About five o'clock the occasional shouts in the swamp grew louder and nearer, and into them was suddenly blended the ominous baying of dogs.

"The hounds!" announced the colonel, tragically.

"And they are out for business," gleefully added the captain; "they are headed this way."

Evelyn and Mrs. Lancaster stood leaning against the balustrade, their faces towards the swamp.

"Come inside, dear," said the latter. "It will do no good to witness it."

But our young lady only shook her head.

After a few minutes the shouting and baying of the hounds died down. The colonel gave it as his opinion that they were off the track, but that it was only a question of time before they would catch the scent again.

Two hours passed. The sun sank behind the distant mountain peaks. The sky beyond was as red as blood. The wisps of clouds lying against the mountain-sides looked like glaciers. The landscape took on a delicate veil of gray. Objects in the distance began to assume vague shapes. The dark outlines of the swamp were fast merging into the night.

"They have been taking a zig-zag course," proclaimed Hasbrooke from his end of the veranda. "The rascal will be as limber as a rag when he is tired. There are no two ways about it; it's all up with him; the darkness will not be in his favor; nothing but blood will satisfy the fury of that mob."

"Do you mean that the sheriff will not be able to control them?" queried Mrs. Lancaster, who had begun to walk about nervously.

"He'd have to have a lot of backbone to even try it," answered her host. "He'd be knocked out like a straw in a hurricane; murderers of old women stand no chance with these crude Anglo-Saxons."

It had grown dark, save for the light of

the moon, which had just risen and loomed up like a huge conflagration beyond the tree-tops. For yet half an hour only an intermittent shout or the sudden outburst of barking was heard from the swamp, but each time the sounds were nearer. Old Ephraim, as if anticipating his master's desires, drove round the horses and trap.

"A good idea," approved the colonel; "gentlemen, we might as well get nearer. I think I know where they will come out."

"By all means!" cried the captain, with enthusiasm. He was the first to get a seat in the vehicle, and was followed by his host and Mr. Hardy.

When the trap had gone, Miss Hasbrooke retired to her room with some complaining allusion to her nerves, and Evelyn and Mrs. Lancaster remained on the veranda, guarded only by the old negro, who stood like a sentry on duty at the foot of the steps.

"Oh, Mrs. Lancaster!" exclaimed Evelyn, "I feel as if he is going into danger—that they will kill him!"

For a moment the old woman made no response, and when she did it was with evident emotion.

"I pray God that he may not be harmed." Her tone was almost a prayer in itself.

The baying and shouting were now very near. Half a mile away torch-lights like fireflies began to flit along the swamp. The line of men was now in the open. They seemed to be headed in one direction, and it was not many minutes before all the lights had run together. Evelyn knew that the prisoner was in the center of that cluster of torches. The shouting had died down to a far-off murmur. Then into the yellow, smoky glare the two observers saw a white horse rearing and plunging. Presently the frightened animal seemed under the control of its rider, and a loud, ringing voice like that of an experienced open-air speaker, broke the stillness.

"It is he!" gasped Evelyn, and her eyes seemed set in their sockets as she peered through the gloom. "God have mercy on him!"

Mrs. Lancaster's arm tightened round the girl's waist, but her voice lay dead in her throat. The distance was too great to distinguish the words of the speaker, but his stentorian tones seemed to cut the dark intervening space like a knife. At times a tempest of cries and yells would rise from the mob and drown the leading voice; but gradually, persistently, it would struggle up to mastery again. This went on for about ten minutes, and then the two on the veranda heard several loud voices raised in threatening tones and there was a sharp ringing report of a pistol. The cluster of lights widened and the white horse was seen to plunge away from the crowd, the beat of his hoofs being the only sound in the still air.

"Ugh! Somebody hit dat time," grunted old Ephraim. "My Lawd, what a pity!"

Evelyn gazed into the white face of her friend, her terrified eyes seeking a confirmation of her own fears. She could not frame the words for the question in her heart. Mrs. Lancaster did not know what to make of it all, but she was afraid some calamity had befallen Ronald Fanshaw.

"I could not see if anyone was on the horse as it broke away," she faltered.

"I thought I saw him fall off," said Evelyn. "Oh, if—if he is dead—"

Evelyn's voice broke. They were both silent for a few minutes and then they saw the torches going out one by one. The people were going home. There could be no doubt now. Something had happened. Ronald's voice was heard no more; could it be stilled forever? Then they heard the trap returning. The two women advanced to the steps as the horses were reined in at the door. The occupants alighted. As her father ascended the steps Evelyn caught both his hands in hers. "What did they do, father?" she asked. The old soldier laughed.

"Do?" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, as he rubbed his hands together, "why, they did nothing. Jade Fanshaw's son rode into their ranks and made the grandest speech I ever listened to in my life. He turned the very marrow in my bones to ice. I was cold one minute and as hot as old Nick the next. I believe we were all hypnotized. From the minute he began to show up the horror of lynch law and the risk they were running of hanging an innocent man, I believe I'd a-died rather than let the mob harm the fellow. He stood there with more ropes on him than he could carry and didn't look big enough to harm a fly. After Fanshaw got their attention the first thing he demanded was that they let the prisoner tell his story. He gained his point and the little chap began to talk. You could hardly hear what he said, he was so fatigued and hoarse. 'In the name of God and Christianity,' he said, 'let me have a chance to prove I'm not guilty.'

"Syd Hart, Thad Williams and their faction were too full of whisky and hatred to be moved by mere eloquence; they were there for blood, and they were going to have it; so they tried to drown out what the prisoner was saying. But Fanshaw, towering above them all on his horse, finally succeeded in getting him heard and the boy's story satisfied me of his innocence. He

said the money he had was his savings from two years' hard work in an iron foundry in Chattanooga and that he was taking it home to his widowed mother, who depends on him for her support. He said he was tramping home on foot to save the expense of a railroad ticket. Somebody asked him why he had tried to escape from the sheriff, and he said he was afraid of being lynched—that he had heard of the treatment men accused of crime received in these mountains.

"Then some one asked him about the blood on his hands and shirt, and he showed them a cut on his leg which had been bound up and was bleeding.

"About that time Syd Hart became obstreperous again. Captain, I saw you talking to him just then. I wondered if you had said anything to inflame—"

"I thought I might reason with him," broke in Winkle, with a start. "I saw he was clear out of his head, wholly unreasonable, you know."

"Well, you seemed to have struck stony ground for your good seed," laughed Hasbrooke, "for he got wilder than ever."

"Oh, do go on!" cried Mrs. Lancaster. "What became of Mr. Fanshaw?"

"I was coming to him," said the old man. "As soon as he appeared on the scene, the sheriff, who had hardly opened his mouth in any sort of remonstrance, picked up his courage and began to try to get possession of the prisoner; but nobody paid any attention to him. Hart and Williams had their ears. However, young Fanshaw saw how the thing was going and brought it to a focus by the most unexpected and risky move I ever saw. Pretending that he wanted the people in the edge of the crowd to see how small the prisoner was, he lifted the little fellow onto his horse in front of him, and, before anyone suspected what he was up to, he had wheeled his horse and was off like the wind. Syd Hart pulled his revolver and aimed it at Fanshaw's back, but Dave Fanshaw knocked the weapon up, and it went off without harming anyone. Then Dave held a pistol at Hart's head and dared him to stir a muscle. This quarrel drew the attention of the



"WHAT DID THEY DO, FATHER?"

mob from the prisoner and Fanshaw bore him away without any opposition. The sheriff followed at his heels. They have gone with him to the jail in Danube. He'll be safe there."

Evelyn was closely watching Winkle; she had read him better than had her father.

"It was the noblest deed I ever heard of," she said, exultingly.

Winkle responded with a shrug and a frown.

"Fanshaw will pay well for it, in all probability," he said, sullenly.

Despite her habitual command over her emotions Evelyn's face fell, but she did not gratify her enemy by replying to his thrust.

Her father agreed with Winkle.

"Yes," he said, "it is not over yet by any means. Syd and Thad will certainly be bent on revenge, and Fanshaw will be their target. I never saw a more malignant countenance than Hart's when he realized that his plans were thwarted. I guess he will lie in wait for Fanshaw on his return from Danube."

Grown suddenly faint, Evelyn turned into the hall. Mr. Hardy's voice followed her and beat pleasantly on her ears. "I certainly take off my hat to that sort of courage," he was saying. "Fanshaw has the right kind of grit. It's a pity the world has not more men like him."

Evelyn's window commanded a view of the road leading from Danube to Fanshaw's house, and the remainder of the night, sleepless and distraught, she sat gazing across the fields at a spot she knew he must pass on his way home. And there, in that awful still suspense, she read her heart as she had never read it before.

"Yes," she confessed to herself, aloud, because she loved to hear her own voice pronouncing a truth which seemed to have quickened her soul into a new and higher life, "yes, I love him! I love him!"

About five o'clock, after it had grown light—when the sky in the east was turning golden—her long vigil was rewarded. Moving along the road, with a tired step, she saw a white horse, and a moment later she recognized the rider. Then she put her icy hands to her face and burst into tears of relief.

An hour later, with a mother's solicitude, Mrs. Lancaster stole into her room and found her asleep, her head resting on the bare window board. The good woman comprehended it all, and, rais-

ing the girl's face, she kissed her eyelids till they opened.

"He is safe!" were Evelyn's first words. "I saw him come home. I intended to go to bed then, but I was saying my prayers here when I fell asleep."

Mrs. Lancaster's lips twitched sympathetically as she put Evelyn to bed and sat by her stroking her brow until sleep came again. Then the old lady sat with her chin resting in her hand, quite thoughtful.

"I really don't know which way my duty lies," she mused. "She loves him—she loves him just as I should have done at her age, and she will suffer over giving him up as I suffered when he was torn out of my life."

CHAPTER IX.

The guests and family at Carnleigh usually came down to breakfast irregularly, but this morning by eight o'clock they were all at the table, including Evelyn. The colonel, who had been out for an early business walk with one of his overseers, was the last to sit down. And as he took his place at the head of the table he had the air of a man anxious to be questioned. He had picked up a piece of news.

"Well," he began, with twinkling eyes, "it seems that Ronald Fanshaw was not spending his breath and riding his horse to death for nothing."

"So he reached the jail all right, did he?" inquired Mr. Hardy, as he put a spoonful of whipped cream into his coffee.

"Oh, yes, he made that trip all right, but the news has just come from Wilkin Station, on the other side of the mountain, that a negro has been arrested who has already confessed to the crime of killing the old woman."

"So the boy was innocent, after all!" cried Hardy.

"Yes; the sheriff nabbed the wrong bird at the start, and if it had not been for Fanshaw his body would have been swinging at the sport of the wind this morning."

"And a widowed mother would have been without her son," put in Mrs. Lancaster, with telling effect.

"Fanshaw did only what any man would have done who believed in the prisoner's innocence," said Capt. Winkle, with an icy smile at no one in particular.

But Mrs. Lancaster was more than a match for him. "It's only what one man did do," she retorted. Thereupon Winkle stirred his coffee in moody silence.

"I am sorry it was Ronald Fanshaw who is to get all the credit," remarked Caroline Hasbrooke, coldly. "Since he has taken up the study of law it looks as if he has a pretty good idea of his importance. Things are coming to a pretty pass when such people as the Fanshaws get into the professions usually held by gentlemen."

"Don't kick against the pricks" (it was a favorite expression of her father's), "the common people have been rising into prominence since the birth of creation."

"And the better class has been degenerating," remarked Mr. Hardy, with a slow smile. "As far as I am concerned, I'd rather employ a man like Fanshaw to defend me, if I were on trial for my life, than some man with more ancestry and less individual force."

"Bravo! bien dit," applauded Mrs. Lancaster, and she rose to accompany Evelyn out on the lawn.

The dew lay as heavy as raindrops on the grass and hung like scintillating gems from the gorgeous hollyhocks, the Indian chieftains, and the roses flared like billows of red on the silvery green-sward of the sloping terraces. Mrs. Lancaster was first to break the silence.

"I need not tell you I'm glad that boy was innocent," she began. "I am especially glad because it emphasizes the nobility of Mr. Fanshaw's act. I am going to drive over to his house in the pony cart this morning. I have something to say to him."

Evelyn raised her great eyes in astonishment, but she uttered no comment. Mrs. Lancaster's voice shook perceptibly as she went on:

"Nothing has ever affected me so powerfully as all this has. Last night the impassioned fervor of his voice while he was speaking down there brought back some of the tenderest and saddest recollections of my young married life. It reminded me of a speech in favor of secession that my husband made, just before the war broke out. There seemed to be a ring in Mr. Fanshaw's tones like my husband's. It may have been only my imagination, and the great distance, but it drove me nearly wild with the old pain. And last night in thinking of Mr. Fanshaw's danger, it seemed to be my husband who was in peril. Really, I did not sleep a wink. I went to the window a hundred times. I saw Mr. Fanshaw returning this morning, and then I drew my first easy breath. Oh, Evelyn!" (Mrs. Lancaster was gazing into the girl's eyes) "what is the matter with both of us?"

Evelyn shook her head; her rich, abundant hair glistening like threads of burnished gold in the sun.

"I know what's the matter with me," she said, with a little laugh. "I hope something else is wrong with you."

Mrs. Lancaster sighed. "When I get back from his house I may tell you what I am going for, but I shall not now—no, I shall not now."

[To Be Continued.]

DEWET IN TIGHT PLACE.

British Commanders Hope to Soon Capture the Boer Leader—Burghers Get 17,000 Sheep Near Krugerdorp.

Aliwal North, Cape Colony, Dec. 9.—Gen. Dewet appears to be in a most dangerous position and to need all his strategy to extricate his force. With strong British columns on three sides and two swollen rivers barring his front, the British commanders begin to be hopeful that the great chase by four columns which has been one of the most exciting operations of the war will result in the capture of Dewet.

It is not clear from Kitchener's meager dispatch whether the road through Reuxville to Wepener is still open to him. If it be closed he may be run down in the southeastern corner of the Orange River colony. Gen. Kitchener has evidently made the capture of Dewet the first object of his campaign, and is not leaving a stone unturned. Gen. MacDonald has been sent to Aliwal North and Knox's forces include several mobile mounted columns.

Johannesburg Fenced with Barbed Wire, London, Dec. 10.—A dispatch from Johannesburg says the town has been fenced round with barbed wire to prevent the inhabitants getting food to the Boers.

Boers Capture 17,000 Sheep. Johannesburg, Dec. 9.—The Boers have captured 17,000 sheep from a small detachment of British troops in the vicinity of Krugerdorp.

SOME MISSOURI TOWNS.

Census Office Gives List of Places in State Having More Than 2,000 and Less Than 25,000 Inhabitants.

Washington, Dec. 9.—The population of certain incorporated places in Missouri having a population of more than 2,000, but less than 25,000, is as follows:

Albany	2,205	Liberty	2,407
Aurora	6,191	Louisiana	5,137
Boonville	4,377	Macon	4,969
Bethany	2,050	Marceline	2,638
Brookfield	5,484	Marshall	5,060
Butler	3,158	Maryville	4,577
California	2,181	Memphis	2,195
Cameron	2,979	Mexico	5,099
Canton	2,385	Moberly	8,012
Cape Girardeau	4,819	Monett	3,115
Carrollton	3,354	Montgomery	2,928
Cartersville	4,445	Neosho	2,725
Carthage	9,418	Nevada	7,461
Caruthersville	3,315	Oronogo	2,073
Chillicothe	5,985	Palmira	2,323
Clinton	5,061	Pierce City	4,577
Columbia	5,561	Pleasant Hill	2,002
De Soto	5,611	Poplar Bluff	4,321
Eldorado Sp'gs.	2,137	Rich Hill	4,053
Fayette	2,717	Richmond	5,478
Fulton	4,883	St. Charles	7,962
Granby	2,315	Sedalia	15,331
Hannibal	12,780	Stater	2,502
Higginsville	2,791	Springfield	23,267
Holden	2,126	Stanberry	2,054
Independence	6,974	Trenton	5,398
Jefferson City	9,664	Unionville	2,050
Kirksville	3,996	Warrensburg	4,724
Kirkwood	2,825	Washington	3,015
Lamar	2,737	Webb City	9,301
Lebanon	2,125	West Plains	2,902
Lexington	4,190		

FOR DEED OF HEROISM.

Hugh P. Mullen, an American Sailor, Will Receive French Medal for Rescuing Six Men from Drowning.

Elgin, Ill., Dec. 10.—Hugh P. Mullen, who enlisted in the navy in Chicago on June 23, 1900, and who was awarded a first-class medal by the secretary of the navy for saving the life of a comrade who fell overboard from the battleship Texas off Newport News, has been recommended for a medal by the admiral of the French navy for rescuing six French sailors who were capsizeed from a small boat off Gibraltar last month. He is now coxswain on board the battleship Kentucky, and, together with a seaman, dived into the sea and despite the great danger involved succeeded in keeping the French sailors afloat until the party was rescued. The act was performed during a heavy gale and in a rough sea.

A FIEND INCARNATE.

Kentuckian Confesses to Brutal Murder of His Child to Secure \$24 Insurance on Its Life.

Maysville, Ky., Dec. 10.—William Gibson, who tortured to death his three-year-old step-child near Catlettsburg by burning its body, face and head with a red-hot poker, gave way Saturday under the strain and to his jailer told the story of his crime. He implicated his wife and says that the murder was for the purpose of collecting a small insurance on the child's life. Gibson says he does not remember the amount, but it is stated that it was only \$24. He says that the method of burning the child's body was adopted for the purpose of giving it the appearance of having the smallpox and isolating the house so as to prevent a full investigation.

DELAYED TILL FEBRUARY.

Owing to Moorish Festivals Consul Gummere Has Postponed His Visit to the Sultan of Morocco.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Upon his own suggestion Consul Gummere has been authorized by the state department to defer his proposed visit to the capital of Morocco in connection with the Eszagni case until next February, owing to the fact that certain Moorish festivals are to occupy the next six weeks in that country, preventing the transaction of business.