

MARY MIDTHORNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.
Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.
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CHAPTER X.

"But God isn't going to judge you for a while, understand that. You'll be judged by men, before God gets a chance to forgive you. God isn't going to hold this against you, so why should you give your fellow man a chance to do you harm? You're not guilty of murder, but—well, I guess you're beginning to understand. I'm thinking for you and for Mary, my boy, and I'm thinking hard. You can trust me. I will do what is right and just, for I know what these damned brutes of men do when they get on a jury, or when they set out to hound a fellow creature to his grave. I am your judge, Eric. You are the only witness I shall examine, and I will acquit you of all blame on your own word. You may not sleep well tonight, but tomorrow you will realize that you did what could not be helped and that the God you speak of took away Chetwynd's life—God and a community that does not keep its bridges in repair. Now, tell me slowly, carefully, just what brought on the fight."

Eric told the story from beginning to end, from the instant he saw Chetwynd on the bridge to his disappearance over the edge.

"I couldn't stand it any longer when he said that about my sister. I just had to fight. It was a fair fight, too—as fair as I know how. I—I watched for my chance to get in that blow you taught me. I—well, that's all."

"He deserved the licking," said Adam, a grim smile on his lips. "And I won't say he didn't deserve the punishment God gave him, too. He was a rascal, Eric—a nasty rascal. I can tell you who that letter was from. It was from a woman in New York, a woman on whom he was spending thousands of dollars that didn't belong to him."

"Didn't belong to him?"

"Yes. I suppose you believed all that private instruction rot, too, the same as his father and mother did. Well, I've got a few rare facts to lay before the Blagdens."

There was such utter vindictiveness in his manner of speech that Eric looked at him in wonder.

"Oh, I don't profess love for your fine Blagdens," said Adam gruffly. "Horace and I used to play together when we were boys. That's why Oswald Bright was another of my playmates. I was a poor sailor man's son; they were of the elect. I knew your mother, Eric, when she was a tiny little girl. But our family left Corinth long before she was in shoe top frocks, and I never saw her afterward. That's neither here nor there. I've never forgotten the scurvy trick Horace played on me in school. Somebody in our room was stealing things from the desks of the other scholars. Horace openly accused me of it. I was driven out of the district. Now one of the old playmates would look at me, except Oswald Bright. By George, he was a great judge, even in those days. He defended me on all occasions, and he—well, he pulled me out of the water once when I actually tried to drown myself because I was so unhappy. He put new courage into me."

"My father moved to Gloucester a few months afterward, but one day Oswald wrote me a letter saying they had caught the real thief in the act of pilfering, and he confessed to the whole range of thefts. Horace was sent to the house of correction and proved a bad lot all the rest of his life. But I never forgot Horace Blagden's charge against me. Years passed before he grudgingly apologized to me at Bright's suggestion. I don't mind saying I've never liked your Uncle Horace, and that's putting it gently. Now his turn has come. He'll squirm when I tell him the name of the man who got away with the bank's money a few months ago. It will turn his hair greyer than it is when he finds out for a certainty that it wasn't John Payson who took the money. Payson? The teller who used to be—"

"In Chetwynd's place," completed Adam grimly. "A lot of money was taken out about the time Payson left the bank. Your uncle sent for me. He was determined Jack was the thief. I went to work. For weeks and weeks I watched every move that fellow made, not so much for the purpose of finding him guilty to please Horace Blagden, but to establish his innocence to please myself. Payson was no more guilty of robbing the bank than I was, and I was sure of it from the beginning. Horace wouldn't have it so. He insisted that I keep after him. He said he'd 'get him' if it took years. Well, I told him I'd find the thief, I didn't care how long it took. So I stuck to the case, chiefly to clean up Payson. His dad was my best friend when we were boys, and his mother is one of the finest women in the world. She's a widow now and Jack supports her. Tomorrow I'm going up to Horace Blagden's house to make a charge against the real thief."

Eric was leaning forward, staring at the hard set face of the speaker, his eyes wide with understanding.

"You don't mean—Chetwynd?" he cried.

"I do mean Chetwynd. He was the thief. I have the proof. He took \$7,000 out of sealed packages in the vault the second day after he went into the bank to be instructed by Payson. They kept these packages there for emergency cases, being a safe old New England bank, you know. His grin was the quintessence of irony. The money was not missed for weeks, but as some smaller bills had disappeared from the cage just before Payson left, it was recalled, and suspicion fell on him."

"Chetwynd stole all that money?"

"He needed it," chuckled Adam reflectively. "It's an expensive luxury, keeping a girl in fine clothes, carriages and champagne, let me tell you that. He met her when he was in college, and she knew he was too good to let slip. So she hung on. She got most of the \$7,000 out of him in little bits in New York, and she laughed at him behind his back. I've had more than one friendly chat with her, and I've drunk some of his champagne, although he didn't know of it. I may add that she looked on me as a rich ranch owner from the far west. She didn't know me for the original Adam. I got a good deal out of Miss Bunnie De Vine. Yes, my boy, I ran your cousin right down to the ground. A day or two ago I laid it all before Judge Bright. He begged me to let the matter drop. But I refused. I had told Horace I'd find the thief, and that it wouldn't be poor Jack Payson. So there you are! Tomorrow I'm going to make public my discovery and ask for the arrest of Chetwynd Blagden for embezzlement."

He leaned back against the rock and watched the varying expressions in Eric's face—amazement and perplexity being paramount.

"His arrest?" cried he, with a swift,

involuntary glance toward the ravine.

"Why—why, how can you arrest him now? He's—he's—"

"That's just the point," said Adam composedly. "But I can bring charges against him, can't I?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Carr."

"Of course, I can't arrest him for the very good reason that he got wind of my intention and skipped out—we'll say today."

Eric looked his perplexity.

"Don't you catch my meaning?" asked Adam, with his first sign of enthusiasm. "Chetwynd isn't dead. Not at all. He skipped out to avoid arrest."

"I—I see," murmured the other, light breaking in on him.

He went through his pockets down there in the cut, and found a note. "He had \$500 in bills. He was certain that I knew everything. Judge Bright told him enough last night to open his eyes pretty thoroughly. He brought that money out here to buy me off. He was desperate, and he was willing to risk discovery at the bank in order to get me off his back, so to speak. So, you see, all this makes it very simple for us. When I go in tomorrow to accuse him of the crime, he won't be there. His father will say that he hasn't been at home since noon today. Then, I'll tell him why. He has vanished, that's all there is to it."

He leaned back and studied his young friend's face once more, this time being relieved to see signs of hope and credulity there.

"Oh, if I can only keep them from finding out," said Eric, in agitation, eager tones. "I—I don't want to go to prison, Mr. Carr. I wonder—I wonder if we can do it. You can do your part, I know, but can I face them? I—I never told a lie in my life."

"You won't have to tell one now. You keep your lips closed. Don't breathe a word to soul—never, so long as you live, my boy."

"But I will have to sit by and join in the talk about him at home."

"There won't be much said about him at home, I'll promise you that. His name won't be mentioned there."

"Oh, I don't profess love for your fine Blagdens," said Adam gruffly. "Horace and I used to play together when we were boys. That's why Oswald Bright was another of my playmates. I was a poor sailor man's son; they were of the elect. I knew your mother, Eric, when she was a tiny little girl. But our family left Corinth long before she was in shoe top frocks, and I never saw her afterward. That's neither here nor there. I've never forgotten the scurvy trick Horace played on me in school. Somebody in our room was stealing things from the desks of the other scholars. Horace openly accused me of it. I was driven out of the district. Now one of the old playmates would look at me, except Oswald Bright. By George, he was a great judge, even in those days. He defended me on all occasions, and he—well, he pulled me out of the water once when I actually tried to drown myself because I was so unhappy. He put new courage into me."

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a good many things. The judge made me promise to give him the chance to write an honest confession out of him. But Chetwynd wasn't the kind to confess a wrong. He couldn't. He was a Blagden. So he told the judge to go to the devil and left the house."

"See here, Mr. Carr, you've got to tell me just what you're going to do with—Chetwynd's body. I—"

"Sh! Not so loud, my boy. Well, if you must know, I'll tell you. There's no moon tonight. If you should happen to be strolling along Stone Wall at 11 or 12 tonight, and if you possess the eyes of a cat, you will see a small boat put out to set from a point near the mouth of the ravine. There will be two men in that boat, one dead, one alive. The living—"

Eric grasped his arm in an ecstasy of horror.

"You're not going to row out to sea alone with—with it in the boat with you?"

"Of course, I'm not afraid of ghosts. If I was, I'd be haunted all the time. You see, my time I've killed, and I'm killed myself, just as you might have been. Yes, I'm going to take him five or six miles out, and leave him there. He will go down in an old iron chest of mine, and the whole Atlantic ocean will not know enough to budge that chest, once it touches bottom."

"God in heaven!" groaned the boy, all a-tremble with the horror of this gruesome declaration.

"You've heard father sing that song about 'dead men's chests,' haven't you?" went on Adam calmly. "Well, 'For heaven's sake, don't!' cried the boy."

"I'm sorry, Eric," said the other, laying his hand on the boy's arm. "I guess I'm a rather cold blooded chap. I don't mean to upset you so."

"Mr. Carr, I want you to take me along with you tonight," said Eric, abruptly halting in the middle of the road, a strong note of resoluteness in his voice.

"What?"

"Yes, I mean it. If you are going to do it that way, I want to be with you. It's this way, Mr. Carr: if I've got to keep quiet all my life about what I've done, I must be sure in my own mind that that—that he is really out there at the bottom of the sea. I've got to know it for myself."

"Don't you trust me?" asked Adam with a queer little smile.

"I've got to know it for myself," repeated Eric resolutely.

Adam resumed his rapid pace without replying. His head was bent and his hands were pushed deep into his coat pockets. Eric kept close to his side. After 20 rods or more had been covered in silence, save for the hard breathing of the two pedestrians, the detective turned to his companion.

"I guess you're right. You will want to be with me, won't you? Come to Fisher's Landing at 10 o'clock. I'll be there with a boat."

Eric shuddered. "It's—it's going to be horrible," he said, striving to set his chattering teeth.

They could see old Jabez at the gate, 100 yards ahead. He was smoking and at peace with the world.

Eric wondered if he would ever be at peace with the world again.

"Uncle Horace and Aunt Rena will expect Chetwynd to come back some day," he mused aloud. "They'll never get over watching him. I don't believe he'll be that way with them. I don't believe I can stand it. Mr. Carr, they'll wonder where he is, whether he's well or ill, trouble or out of it, well cared for or starving. It's—it's terrible to think of."

"My boy," said Adam quietly, "you've done a deed from a great deal worse trouble than all that. Some men ought to die young."

PETE'S GOLD MINE.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Shaggy Pete was only a dusty, gray burro, but then Pete had sense. Now, a burro is a small, tough donkey used in the west for climbing mountains and hauling things to mining camps, and is not generally supposed to have much brains. But Pete was different. He took as good care of little Ada as if he were a nurse with cap and apron, and would even pretend to go to sleep while she pulled herself up on his back by his tail.

Pete belonged to Ada's father, Mr. Bedford, who had come out to Colorado in the spring to get strong in the crisp mountain air. But the father soon found his small fund of money getting low and wondered what he could do to support his family until he got entirely well.

Knowing that the mountains were full of mining camps, and wishing to find a gold mine for himself, he began to spend days climbing among the huge rocks, looking for the peculiar stone called quartz, through which run veins of gold like tiny, silken threads. But every evening he would return tired out and empty handed. Even Ada noticed the worried look on his face and her mother's tears, though she could not understand the trouble, but at last one evening a terrible thing happened.

For when the father came he said sadly that he would have to sell dear old Pete because his money had all been spent. And they would have to go down to some town where the father had worked, though if he could stay a few months longer on the mountain he would be a well man.

Ada knew that her father was to take Pete away to sell at noon the next day, so directly after breakfast she put on his rifle and climbed on his back. Then with her chubby legs bumping against his sides she set out, following a path across the mountain, winding through the pines until they stood at the top of a high rock. Just below was a grassy bit of level ground hidden by a heavy tree. She meant to hide her pet so her father could not find him.

So she climbed down from Pete's back and began to pull on the bridle as she slid down the rock. But the tiny feet slipped and the child fell, rolling over and over down the slanting face of the cliff. She landed, bruised, but not hurt, on the grass at the bottom. In falling she had jerked Pete, too, and he fell, but not in exactly the same direction as Ada. Kicking and knocking rocks about, he came bouncing down to the bottom, then scrambled to his feet and began to nibble the fine grass.

But little Ada commenced to cry. Then at the top of her voice she screamed for her father, but no sound came in answer from the big, silent mountains. She ran to the higher and higher and she knew it must be dinner time, for she was so hungry. Then it began to sink toward the west and the shadows creep out. Just where Pete had kicked out a big chunk of rock when falling, she noticed a bright reflection from the cliff, and as the sinking sun shone on the face of the rock she saw long veins of yellow that glistened and winked at the shining rays.

Then with her little hands she hastily gathered up the bits of rock that had fallen on the grass. They were full of tiny threads of gleaming metal. And the child knew that at last she had found that for which her father had so long looked in vain—gold.

Just then she heard a voice calling and some one running up the path. With a glad cry she answered back, and in a moment her father stood at the top of the rock, full in the light of the setting sun.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried, so delighted with her find that she forgot her misadventure. "Look what I have found. It's gold—and Pete did it."

It took the father but a few seconds to scramble down and clasp his little daughter in his arms. And when she showed him the shining yellow in the rocks Peter had broken off, and the nuggets of gold that she had gathered in large veins, the father shouted with joy.

A very happy man and child they were as they climbed home and managed to drag Pete along, and, of course, Pete was not sold. And when Mr. Bedford bought his beautiful home on the mountain near the gold mine, Pete had a fine, warm stable, and everybody called the place Pete's Mine.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

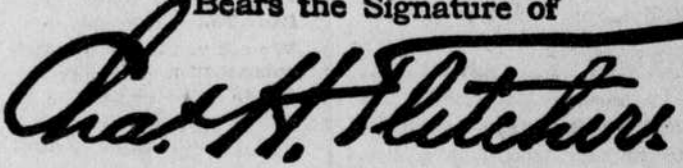
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

MANY MEN ACT LIKE THIS

Old Bill Shiftless Has His Counterpart in Many Localities Throughout the Country.

"Old Bill Shiftless dropped into town last Saturday," the Osborne Farmer reports. "Bill went into one of the stores and asked for some crepe tissue paper. His wife had asked him to get some so she could make a few little ornaments to improve the looks of the front room. She wanted two colors and Bill found that he would have to take two rolls, as the merchant would not cut it. They cost 10 cents a roll. Bill refused to take it, saying it was too darn much money to pay for such useless stuff. He then bought a dollar's worth of chewing tobacco and a half-dollar's worth of cigars and went out to see what the chances were for 'chipping in' on a consignment of Kansas City jug house booze. Bill wants to go to the San Francisco exposition. His trip to St. Louis did him so much good that he thinks he owes it to his health to take this trip. Mrs. Shiftless would like to go, but Bill says he can't see how she can get away, as there would be no one at home to look after the stock."—Kansas City Star.

Long on That.

"It says here that the longest sentence in the English language contains 140 words," observed the old fogey.

"That's wrong," replied the grouch.

"The longest sentence contains only one word."

"What is that?" asked the old fogey.

"Life," replied the grouch.—Answers.

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not, quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I now like Postum better than the coffee.

"One by one the old troubles left until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my house work and have done a great deal besides."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 20c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The Difference.

"Times have changed. People used to go to Europe because they wanted to be in the swim."

"Well?"

"Now they stay home because they don't want to be."

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

Itching and Burning Soothed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Relief, rest and sleep follow the use of these supercreamy emollients and indicate speedy and complete healing in most cases of young and old, even when the usual remedies have utterly failed.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XX, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Much More Important.

"I understand you are the press agent for the college girls' play?"


"Yes, I'm getting out some of the stuff."

"What are you working on, the cast of characters?"

"Cast of characters? No, no! No body cares for that. This is the list of patronesses."

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Beent Wood

Asthma Sufferer

Those who have suffered for years and given up hope of being cured, write one who knows. I will send you Free Information how to get rid of that terrible asthma forever, how never to suffer again from those distressing attacks, by a simple, inexpensive home treatment which never fails. Address G. D. H. Box 555, Des Moines, Ia.

Your Opportunity May Be in Nevada

In planning your trip to the Pacific Coast be sure and visit Reno and Nevada, both of which are the eye of great development. An inviting field for the capitalist, miner, homeseeker, farmer, dairyman, stock raiser and market gardener. A state of industry and culture, university, good public schools, good homes, good people. The Journal has just published a souvenir containing detailed information, which will be sent to you absolutely FREE. Write for it today. Address NEVADA STATE JOURNAL, Reno, Nevada.

Wanted Quick

Name and address of capable and reliable single man who understands farming and ranching. Splendid opportunity for right party. (Strictly confidential.) Address Mrs. Watson, (B-316) Valley, Nebraska.

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Not clean, economical, convenient. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't tip over; will not set off any thing. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or send express paid for \$1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BLACK LEGS

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SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO., N.Y. 25-1915.



"Oh, father, father!" she cried, so delighted with her find that she forgot her misadventure.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHADOWS FALL.

It was long after 2 o'clock in the morning when Eric, drenched by the sea mist, stole across the lawn and let himself in through the door of the hill, through a window he had let open fastened at the time of his stealthy departure several hours before. He was faint from the horrors of that midnight excursion. His legs trembled beneath him as he crept up the stairs and down the long hall to his room. An impulse, gruesome enough, caused him to pause for an instant before the closed door of Chetwynd's room. He listened there for a moment and then hurried on as if afraid that the door would open in his face to reveal the figure of—Chetwynd himself.

The house was as still as death itself. He knew that his uncle and aunt were sleeping soundly in the big blue room overlooking the street, in serene ignorance of what the morning was to bring to them. Somehow, he had the uncanny feeling that this was the last night on which they would sleep soundly and in peace.

In his own room at last, he softly opened the door leading to the smaller room for the first time. He could not see her for the darkness, but he felt his heart beats subside so that his ears could detect the soft, regular breathing of the girl in the white bed across the room.

(Continued next week.)

"Bob" Burdett's Resolutions.

From the Toledo Blade.

Something was lost, and it was no little thing. The world of the day is full of the affairs of the nation.

It was a custom that greatly tickled the proudest of the proudest, and he leaped it. The song writers made sport of it. Fiction writers dressed it in dialect and presented it to readers as the absurd spectacle of which Americans were guilty. It has been laughed wellnigh out of existence.

There came to the evening debate the farmer who all day long had been thinking. The village carpenter brought the thoughts that had been maturing while he wielded saw and hammer. The housewife spoke from an old-fashioned point, the school teacher from the scholastic. The local minister cited the scriptures and often there was some law student ready to rectify the rotundities glibly if not particularly to the point.

The results of discussion may have been ridiculous more often than not. But always they represented the crystallized public opinion of the section. We have nothing now that quite takes its place. Editors speak for themselves. Politicians have their own interests to protect. A flood of telegrams which poured in on the president in the last few days was the opinion of the individuals who wrote the messages. But in Lincoln, when American boys would have been the mobilized opinions of the countryside and the communities whence they came.

It is a pity that such an institution which, at such a time as this, would be beyond price.

One on Billy Sunday.

From the Boston Transcript.

Billy Sunday stopped a newsboy in Philadelphia the other day and inquired the way to the postoffice.

"Up one block and turn to the right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright little fellow," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"None!"

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you'll come to my meeting tonight I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on!" answered the youngster. "You didn't even know the way to the postoffice."

called quartz, through which run veins of gold like tiny, silken threads. But every evening he would return tired out and empty handed. Even Ada noticed the worried look on his face and her mother's tears, though she could not understand the trouble, but at last one evening a terrible thing happened.

For when the father came he said sadly that he would have to sell dear old Pete because his money had all been spent. And they would have to go down to some town where the father had worked, though if he could stay a few months longer on the mountain he would be a well man.

Ada knew that her father was to take Pete away to sell at noon the next day, so directly after breakfast she put on his rifle and climbed on his back. Then with her chubby legs bumping against his sides she set out, following a path across the mountain, winding through the pines until they stood at the top of a high rock. Just below was a grassy bit of level ground hidden by a heavy tree. She meant to hide her pet so her father could not find him.

So she climbed down from Pete's back and began to pull on the bridle as she slid down the rock. But the tiny feet slipped and the child fell, rolling over and over down the slanting face of the cliff. She landed, bruised, but not hurt, on the grass at the bottom. In falling she had jerked Pete, too, and he fell, but not in exactly the same direction as Ada. Kicking and knocking rocks about, he came bouncing down to the bottom, then scrambled to his feet and began to nibble the fine grass.

But little Ada commenced to cry. Then at the top of her voice she screamed for her father, but no sound came in answer from the big, silent mountains. She ran to the higher and higher and she knew it must be dinner time, for she was so hungry. Then it began to sink toward the west and the shadows creep out. Just where Pete had kicked out a big chunk of rock when falling, she noticed a bright reflection from the cliff, and as the sinking sun shone on the face of the rock she saw long veins of yellow that glistened and winked at the shining rays.

Then with her little hands she hastily gathered up the bits of rock that had fallen on the grass. They were full of tiny threads of gleaming metal. And the child knew that at last she had found that for which her father had so long looked in vain—gold.

Just then she heard a voice calling and some one running up the path. With a glad cry she answered back, and in a moment her father stood at the top of the rock, full in the light of the setting sun.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried, so delighted with her find that she forgot her misadventure. "Look what I have found. It's gold—and Pete did it."

It took the father but a few seconds to scramble down and clasp his little daughter in his arms. And when she showed him the shining yellow in the rocks Peter had broken off, and the nuggets of gold that she had gathered in large veins, the father shouted with joy.

A very happy man and child they were as they climbed home and managed to drag Pete along, and, of course, Pete was not sold. And when Mr. Bedford bought his beautiful home on the mountain near the gold mine, Pete had a fine, warm stable, and everybody called the place Pete's Mine.

"I will attend to that. No one will ever see that body after 12 o'clock tonight, unless the sea dries up and leaves its bottom bare. No, my boy, Chetwynd's name will never be mentioned by his father after tomorrow. As for you, you won't have any choice in the matter. Your uncle will give you your orders. No one will be allowed to mention his name in his house, and his presence if he can prevent it. That's how he will take it. I'm sorry for one thing, Eric, but I won't hold it as a grudge against you. You deprived me of the joy of putting that young scoundrel where he belongs—behind the bars. I have sworn to myself I'd bury him in a prison cell, but I can't do that now, but I will bury him somewhere else."

"You—you are a hard man, Mr. Carr. I don't believe any man could be so bitter so hard."

"We won't talk about that, if you please," said the other coldly. "You can thank your lucky stars that I am a hard man, and that I am your friend. You'd be in a devil of a mess, if I were to just what I am. Now, here are your boots and papers. I picked 'em up for you. Take them and go as if nothing had happened."

"I can't do it! I'll dream of him all the rest of my life."

"Rubbish! You're young and you'll sleep a long night better than you would if you were in a cell, waiting for the hangman's noose. You have not committed murder. Bear that in mind, always. It was an accident. Can't you say that to yourself, over and over again? You know it is true. Time will wear the rest for you. Now, get along home." The man arose and imperiously motioned for his companion to be off down the slope.

Eric hesitated. "What—what are you going to do?"

"I am going to walk part way with you."

"And leave—leave it there alone?"

"Oh, it won't run away," said Adam. "Besides, you forget it isn't there. It's on the way to New York to meet Bunnie De Vine."

It was grim humor. The speaker himself chuckled over it, and Eric, in a sort of hysterical terror, joined in with a harsh, staccato laugh that was cut short by the sharp command of his conscience.

As they came out upon the bridge, Adam Carr grasped his companion by the arm and hurried him across, as if there were devils and witches behind them.

"I did that to keep you from looking down into the ravine," he announced, in response to the look of amazement in Eric's eyes.

They walked rapidly down the narrow, fast darkening road, between somber rocks and shaggy brushwood, without so much as a single look backward.

Neither spoke for a long time. At last Adam Carr broke the silence by remarking, in the most casual way:

"I left the 500 in his pocket."

Eric looked up from the road, which he had been covering with long, rigid strides. "I'm glad that, Mr. Carr."

"I should like to see the reason why I should steal it from him. I guess the bank won't go to the wall if it never gets back."

"No, I guess not," said Eric mechanically.

The sky grew darker. Long, thin shadows from the slope above advanced to meet them as they strode into the falling dusk, shadows that seemed to point eternally backward over the shoulder of the wretched boy, as if telling him of the long, black road that Chetwynd's ghost was traversing in the painful effort to catch up to him, crushed and mangled, but still revengeful.

Again Adam spoke. They were nearing the upper gate to the Seaman's home, and his father would be waiting for him there.

"Judge Bright had him up there last night to see if he couldn't get him to give up this girl in New York. He didn't mention the embezzlement, but he sort of opened Chetwynd's eyes to