

The Mate of the Hindu. A Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. BY CAPT. RALPH DAVIS. Copyright, 1895, by the Author.

CHAPTER I THE CASTLE AT DUDLEY.

The village bells at Dudley have just struck the midnight hour.

It is an English village on the Severn river, about 30 miles southwest of Birmingham, founded, and one night ago owned, by Lord Dudley. It is a quiet place, with little business and never any bustle.

For an hour or more a stiff has been lying at anchor in the bend of the river just above where the northern wall inclosing Lord Dudley's grounds reaches the bank.

It is a starlight June night, with something of a mist rising from the water. Had any boatman been passing up or down he might have rowed within 20 feet of the rough and unpainted skiff without noticing it.

"That's what I've been waiting for, and here I go! Wish I'd brought along a partner, though that would have meant a divide of the swag."

He lifted the stone by which the boat had been anchored and let the craft drift down past the wall. Then by a careful use of the paddle he worked it inshore until the bow rested on the bank.

"Losing your nerve, eh!" he muttered, as a shiver passed over him. "It's your first big job, and you are a bit timid."

He pulled a bottle from his pocket, drained it of its contents and tossed it away. A full pint of liquor had gone down his throat since 10 o'clock, and but for the adventure he had on hand he would have been sleeping the stupid sleep of intoxication.

"Second story—above the portico—three windows," he whispered to himself. "One window in her ladyship's bedroom, two in her sitting room. She has her own safe, and it's in that sitting room. Key to be found lying about somewhere—jewels—money—out again and nobody the wiser. No need of any violence unless the old gal has the impudence to wake up and discover me. No, I won't hurt anybody unless I'm cornered. Come, now! Up you go!"

He advanced up the steps leading to a private entrance and kicked off his shoes and placed his hat and jacket beside them. Then lifting himself up to the railing he grasped a column supporting the portico and noiselessly ascended to its roof. The sills of two windows were only two feet above him. Not the slightest ray of light had been reflected from either, but from his new position he made a discovery which was impossible from the ground.

The curtains at the window of her ladyship's bedroom were down, but a glimmer of light escaped from the side next to him. She was a woman 30 years of age, in failing health, and perhaps she was ill and a nurse was sitting up with her. It might be only a night lamp, however. The man remained crouched on the roof for ten minutes without motion. He heard no movement—no voices—and finally decided that it was safe to go ahead. He expected to find the windows locked, and he lost no time in trying them. Finding himself carefully up to the north window of the sitting room, he stood up, drew a long, thin piece of steel from his breast and in 80 seconds had turned the catch by inserting the implement between the sashes. There was a dull click, and he crouched down and waited five or six minutes to see if any one had been aroused.

"So far so good!" he whispered when satisfied that no alarm had been created. "I'd feel better if I had a pal on the watch below, but I've gone too far to back out now. Only that window between me and \$5,000 of swag!"

So carefully did he raise the sash that had any one been sitting in the room and wide awake they would not have heard a sound. His entrance into the room was just as cautiously made. It was not until he had closed the sash behind him, rearranged the curtains to hide the light and then listened in vain for the heavy breathing of a person in

sleep that he took the risk involved from the bag in which he carried it and threw its light around the room. It was an apartment perhaps 30 feet long by 20 wide, with a door leading into a hall at the back end, and midway on the north side a door which the burglar at once decided communicated with her ladyship's bedroom. The man had no eyes for the elegant surroundings, but flashed his lantern here and there until the light fell upon the door of an iron safe built into the south wall. He had heard of that safe and its contents. That was the magnet which had drawn him to the castle that June night—which was to change the current of his life.

In those days no house safe was protected by a combination. They were locked or unlocked by a key, and the lock could be readily attacked by a burglar's tools and implements. Kneeling before the door, the man took a lock pick from his bag and began work. He was a bit nervous, but nevertheless he worked with caution and patience. Inside of ten minutes he had shot the bolt, and he was just pulling the door open when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He had placed the dark lantern on a chair behind him, so that the flood of light fell full upon the door. It also fell upon his head and face as he worked.

"My God, Ben Johnson, but have you come to this!" It was the voice of a woman. She had knelt beside him and uttered the words before he could obey the impulse to spring up. The voice was familiar to him, and the face of the woman, half brought out by the halcyons, was not strange to him. No, not the face of a woman, but that of a girl not over 18 years old. It was very pale as he found it within two feet of his own, and the big blue eyes had a look of horror in them as they gazed into his black ones. He had been so suddenly and so completely surprised that he was rendered stupid for a moment.

"Ben! Ben! Do you know where you are—what you are doing?" whispered the girl as she laid a hand on the arm outstretched to pull the door open.

"Aye, you mixx. It's you, is it?" he growled as he drew a breath of relief. "Of course I know what I'm doing. I could have got along without you had you been asleep, but as you are here I'll make use of you. I suppose the old gal is asleep in her bedroom? If she's got anything worth taking in there, I want you to fetch it to me."

"Ben Johnson turned burglar!" gasped the girl. "Ben Johnson here in her ladyship's private rooms to rob her! Oh, Ben, I can't be awake and in my senses! You surely haven't become so desperate all at once."

"Keep quiet, you fool!" he hissed as he dropped his arm to take hold of her wrist with savage grip. "I told you last Sunday that nobody would give me a show and that I intended to do for myself. Because I've been man enough to take what belonged to me I've been sent to the jail and outlawed. This very Lord Dudley, who has no more right to wealth than I have, has had me watched and hounded and marked down for a bad man."

"But you turned poacher, Ben," she replied, "and you refused to work like other young men."

"Poacher! Aye, that's the law of the country as made by these bigwigs. If a poor man wants a bit of game now and then, he must risk the jail to get it. But what are you doing here?"

"Her ladyship is ill tonight, and I am sitting up with her. She is asleep just now, but may awake at any moment. Ben, listen to me. Go away. Go the way you came, and none but us shall ever know that you entered the castle."

"Are you a fool, Mary?" he savagely exclaimed. "I came for the swag, and I'll not go without it!"

"And we love each other—have passed our words and are to be married in the fall!" she moaned as she put out both hands to seize the arm he had extended again.

"More's the reason why I should make the haul. I haven't had enough money the past three months to pay the wedding fee. Hands off, you idiot!"

"Ben, do you love me?" "Hush! This is no time for nonsense! Go fetch any stray jewels from the old gal's room while I clean out this box."

"You shall not touch it! You shall go away! Go now—at once—or I will call for help!"

"D'ye see this?" he whispered as he drew a long, keen knife from its sheath and flashed it before her eyes. "Aye, I see it, Ben Johnson, and would to God you had driven it to my heart before I learned how base and unworthy and wicked you had become! Father and mother were right, and I have been headstrong and obstinate. Both of them have always distrusted you—have said that you were had at heart."

"I don't care a curse what they have thought nor for your own opinion either. I am here for the swag, and I'll have it and your life as well if you trouble me further. Hands off! Get away, wench!"

Had it been another man in the place of Ben Johnson, the girl would have screamed out at sight of him. She had barely restrained herself as it was, and only because she had instantly recognized her lover's face as the light fell upon it. She had softly opened the door of the bedroom and entered on tiptoe in search of a fan. Had another man menaced her with a knife, she might have fainted. Ben was savage and desperate and might murder her, but she did not hesitate. Rising suddenly to her feet, she flung her arms around his neck and pulled him backward and shouted "Robbers!" "Murder!" "Help!" at the top of her voice. As she pulled him over she struck the chair and kicked the lantern off, and the room was at once in midnight darkness.

"You've spoiled my game, but I'll have your life to pay for it!" shouted the man as he tore her arms loose and

struggled up. He moved here and there in search of the girl, and for 15 seconds no alarm followed her loud cries for help. Then the door of the bedroom opened to let in a flood of light, and Lady Dudley stood on the threshold to look in.

"Oh, my lady, it's a robber—a murderer!" screamed Mary as she dashed across the room. "So there you are, and I'll give you this!" shouted the man as he sprang after her.

The girl dodged past Lady Dudley. Ben stopped short within arm's length of the invalid, who had as yet uttered no sound. Rending furiously desperate by his defeat, he raised the knife as if to stab her, and probably meaning to do it, but wail, he held his arm poised she uttered a feeble, choking cry and sank down in a heap on the floor. At the same instant doors were heard opening and closing—footsteps sounded in the halls—and it was evident that the castle was aroused. Standing over the unconscious form of Lady Dudley, Ben called to the girl, whom he could not see:

"I'm going, you busy. And let me warn you that if you give me up to the law I'll have your life and that of every one of your family."

He was on the roof of the portico as Lord Dudley burst into the room. He was safe on the ground and sheltered by the trees as the latter arrived at the window and looked out. It was ten minutes before the servants could be roused to search the grounds, and by that time Ben Johnson was floating down the Severn in his skiff. Lady Dudley was dead when lifted up and placed on the bed—dead from the shock she had received at sight of the burglar and his knife. Mary was so upset that it was some time before she could give her account of the affair. At first she had declared that the man was unknown to her, actuated by a lingering spark of love for the man instead of his wicked threat, but when she learned that Lady Dudley was dead she confessed to the master that her own acknowledged lover was the midnight in-



"If you give me up to the law I'll have your life."

truder. She had conversed with him. She had restrained his hand. She would have flung herself between him and her lady, but she did not know that he menaced the latter. The girl deserved all praise. She had been more than loyal.

"It's this way, my lord," said the police sergeant who was summoned from the town station as soon as possible. "The girl is accessory. No doubt of the pair putting up the job together, but they were disturbed by her ladyship. Then, to save herself, the girl cries out for help and makes a great ado, thinking the man can get away without being recognized."

"But she has been in my service for many years—ever since she was 10 years old," protested Lord Dudley. "She has had charge of her ladyship's jewels for the past year, and even now has the key of the safe."

"Yes, my lord, but those things don't help her much now," observed the sergeant. "She is in love with that scamp of a Ben Johnson. She could not resist his arguments. They were going to make a big haul and then skip the country for America or Australia. It's all as plain as day to me, sir, and I feel it my duty to look her up."

"Why did she tell me it was her lover when none of us had seen or suspected him?" asked his lordship.

"Emotion, sir—overcome with sudden emotion on hearing of her ladyship's death, and the words came out before she realized what she was saying. I've seen it in 20 different cases. By tonight she'll take a different tack and declare that the man was a perfect stranger."

"Well, I am very sorry, for we have always looked upon Mary as the most faithful of servants. She may have been argued into this by that villain, as you say, and perhaps it is best to look her up."

"It was a great temptation, no doubt," said the sergeant, "and it may be that we can find extenuating circumstances, as they call 'em. We have the whole force out after Ben Johnson, and no doubt we'll have him fast and sure before morning. And now, sir, if you'll bring the girl down I'll walk her to the

FREE! 64 page Medical Reference Book, giving valuable information to any man or woman afflicted with any form of private or special disease. Address the leading Physicians and Specialists of this Country.

Advertisement for Dr. Mathew's Cure, featuring a portrait of a man and text: "Send to Lewis E. Walker, Benkelman, Neb., 25c for the newest and cuttiest song, just out, entitled 'That Cute Little Black-Eyed Baby.' It will drive away that tired feeling."

ONE IN EVERY FOUR.

One Person in Every Four Suffers From Piles.

About one person in every four suffers from some form of rectal disease. The most common and annoying is itching piles, indicated by warmth, slight moisture and intense, uncontrollable itching in the parts affected.

The usual treatment has been some simple ointment or salve which sometimes gives temporary relief, but nothing like a permanent cure can be expected from such superficial treatment.

The only permanent cure for itching piles yet discovered is the Pyramid Pile Cure, not only for itching piles, but for every other form of piles, blind, bleeding or protruding. The first application gives instant relief and the continued use for a short time causes a permanent removal of the tumors or the small parasites which cause the intense itching and discomfort of itching piles.

Many physicians for a long time supposed that the remarkable relief afforded by the Pyramid Pile Cure was because it was supposed to contain cocaine, opium or similar drugs, but such is not the case. A recent careful analysis of the remedy showed it to be absolutely free from any cocaine, opium, or in fact any poisonous, injurious drugs whatever. Sold by druggists at 50 cents per package.

A FILIBUSTER DEFIANT.

Captain Lomm of the Dauntless Dares the Windom to Fire on Him.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 31.—A special to the Journal from Fernandina, Fla., says: "Captain Lomm of the filibuster Dauntless, now lying under the guns of the revenue cutter Windom, Captain Hand, says he is going to Jacksonville to-morrow. Hand says he will sink the tug if she moves, and Lomm replies: 'All right, get ready your small boats to pick up my men, for I shall certainly make the attempt.'"

Many Oklahoma Farmers Robbed.

PERRY, Okla., Oct. 31.—Twenty miles east of here five masked highwaymen went from farm house to farm house Wednesday night and forced the people in each to stand in line under guard of two of the men while the others went through each house. Cris Jones fired on the band as they left his house and several shots were fired but no one was known to have been hurt. The robbers were followed into the Osage Indians country where they were lost track of.

Fatal Riot at a Speechmaking.

ASHLAND, Ky., Oct. 31.—At Prestonsburg, Floyd county, silver Democrats led by a deputy sheriff, are said to have tried to hound down Augustus H. Wilson of Louisville, when a fight took place, and a young Republican named Peary was stabbed to death by a young Democrat named Marrs, and others on both sides were roughly handled. Chief Justice W. H. Holt of the state court of appeals said that a gold speaker took his life in his hands when he went into those mountains.

Member of an Unlucky Family a Suicide.

PERRY, Ok., Oct. 31.—Ross Sowers, aged 15, was the son of a man who is in the Kansas penitentiary for an unusually serious offense. The boy's mother was burned to death a year ago, and his sister also had been unfortunate. On account of it, he thought, of the family troubles, young Sowers drank carbolic acid with suicidal intent Sunday, and, being saved by doctors, cut his throat this morning, death resulting.

Depew Mr. McKinley's Guest.

CANTON, Ohio, Oct. 31.—Chauncey M. Depew reached Canton about 12:30 o'clock this afternoon, his private car being attached to the Cleveland, Canton and Southern train from Cleveland. He is here for a social visit with Major McKinley, and the major met him at the station in an open carriage.

Aged Ten and a Bride.

LYNN CREEK, Mo., Oct. 31.—Nathan Jackson and Effie Woods of Nonsuch, Camden county, were granted a license to marry by Recorder Laswell yesterday. The bride is a mere child of 10 years and the groom 26. It is the only marriage on record in this county where the bride was under 14 years of age and the people of the community are indignant at the parents giving their consent to the marriage.

Judge Grosscup at Chicago decided that postal fraud orders were applicable to all frauds, not lotteries alone.

FEAR TRICKERY.

Election Return Blanks Cause Misgivings Among Kansas Fusionists.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 3.—The fusion leaders have learned that Secretary of State Edwards has furnished election return blanks to the county clerks, providing for the tabulation of the votes cast for the Bryan and Sewall electors under separate heads—Democratic and People's—and they look upon it as a scheme to cause confusion, and thus open the way for the Republicans, if not to steal the state, to invalidate the election, should the electoral vote of the state be thrown to Bryan and the result in the nation hinge on the Kansas electors.

This forenoon John W. Breidenthal, J. Mack Love, G. C. Clemens, David Overmyer and other Populist and Democratic leaders held a consultation lasting three hours. At this it was decided to notify the Populist and Democratic county committeemen throughout the state to watch the count to-morrow night, and if the judges of election should not tabulate the fusion votes under one heading, to secure writs of mandamus in the district courts to compel the county commissioners to so canvass the result Friday. It was also decided at this meeting to take a similar step in the Supreme court to compel the state board of canvassers to so canvass the vote on state and legislative candidates when the board shall meet on the last Wednesday of November.

Advertisement for JNO. S. KIRKPATRICK, Attorney and Solicitor, Room 22 and 24 Exchange Block, Lincoln, Neb. Owned for Nebraska Law & Collection Company.

MISSOURI ESTIMATE.

Chairman Cook Sees a Big Bryan Majority—Republicans Hopeful.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 3.—The officers of the State Democratic committee give out the following forecast:

In 1892 the Democratic plurality was 40,000. The most careful and trustworthy estimates show that outside of St. Louis city the gold standard Democratic defection will be more than offset by silver Republican accessions. The People's party vote is solid for Bryan. In 1892 this vote outside of St. Louis was 40,000. This would give Bryan outside this city a lead of 80,000. Allowing the Republicans 10,000 stay-at-home votes in 1892, Bryan will still have 70,000 outside of this city.

The Republican State committee is confident that there is a big surprise party in store for the Democrats, and say that their state and national ticket will carry the state.

ELECTION DAY WEATHER.

Snow in the Northwest, Clouds in Central States, Fair Elsewhere.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The weather bureau to-day issued the following special election day bulletin:

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Election day weather: The weather bureau furnishes the following special bulletin to the press: Fair and pleasant weather with about normal temperature prevails this morning in all states except as follows: From two to three inches of snow have fallen over South Dakota and snow is still falling with a probability that it will continue to-day and to-night; in North Dakota about two inches of snow have fallen in the southern central part of the state and the conditions are favorable for moderate snow fall to-day and to-night in the eastern half of the state; in Nebraska light snow will probably fall in the north half of the state tonight; in Minnesota, Wisconsin and upper Michigan the weather is cloudy with indications strongly indicating an unpleasant day Tuesday with light rain or snow; in lower Michigan clouds are gathering and the conditions are favorable for warm weather on Tuesday with cloudy and occasional showers; in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the weather is warm and pleasant to-day, but clouds are now gathering and the conditions are uncertain for Tuesday, with the weight of evidence in favor of generally fair weather; in Washington and Oregon rain has fallen every day during the past week, making conditions bad for travel in the country and it is probable that heavy cloudiness and a moderate fall of rain will continue in both states on Tuesday; in all other states the weather chart this morning gives strong indications of fair and pleasant weather for Tuesday.—Willis L. Moore, Chief of Weather Bureau."

BRYAN IN WISCONSIN.

More Yellow Ribbons Than Since the Ohio River Valley Tour Closed.

APPLETON, Wis., Oct. 31.—The towns visited by Mr. Bryan in Wisconsin this morning were liberally bedecked with yellow. Not since he left the Ohio river valley has he encountered crowds so antagonistic to his views. There were a large number of white ribbons worn by his hearers, but the majority of the people addressed by him at the first few stops did not hesitate to show their preference for the yellow metal.

At Green Bay Mr. Bryan addressed a crowd of several thousand people. There was not much enthusiasm at the start, but before he had concluded his speech his audience applauded liberally. Ex-Governor Peck introduced him.

Short stops were made at Deperre and Kaukauna and there was a liberal number of yellow ribbons displayed. Mr. Bryan's speeches were along the same line as those given by him elsewhere.

Advertisement for Poland China and Berkshire Hogs, featuring a pig illustration and text: "POLAND CHINA : : AND Berkshire Hogs. 100 good Pigs for sale at prices in touch with the times. Also Holstein Calves at \$20 to \$30 each. I have as good blood in my herds as the best. My prices are right. H. S. WILLIAMSON, Beaver City, Neb."

Advertisement for Cripple Creek Gold, featuring a map of the area and text: "We advise the immediate purchase of the following stocks, for either a speculation or investment. INDEPENDENCE EXTENSION. Just South and within 300 feet of the world-famous Independence mine. Now selling at 10c. BULL HILL GOLD TUNNEL CO., A Tunnel sight through Bull Hill, running under many shipping mines, at 3c per share. The Mutual Benefit Mining & Leasing Co. Has a three years lease on the oldest tunnel site in Cripple Creek, containing 100 acres, between the Anchoria Leland and C. O. D. mines, also the Lelia mine, containing 10 acres; 700,000 shares out 1,100,000 still in the treasury. \$7,000 plant of machinery, etc. This stock is now selling at 3c. Write to us for further information. MEECHEM INVESTMENT CO., Colorado Springs, Colo."

Advertisement for Cripple Creek Gold, featuring a map of the area and text: "We advise the immediate purchase of the following stocks, for either a speculation or investment. INDEPENDENCE EXTENSION. Just South and within 300 feet of the world-famous Independence mine. Now selling at 10c. BULL HILL GOLD TUNNEL CO., A Tunnel sight through Bull Hill, running under many shipping mines, at 3c per share. The Mutual Benefit Mining & Leasing Co. Has a three years lease on the oldest tunnel site in Cripple Creek, containing 100 acres, between the Anchoria Leland and C. O. D. mines, also the Lelia mine, containing 10 acres; 700,000 shares out 1,100,000 still in the treasury. \$7,000 plant of machinery, etc. This stock is now selling at 3c. Write to us for further information. MEECHEM INVESTMENT CO., Colorado Springs, Colo."