



BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

CHAPTER XIII. MISFORTUNES DO NOT COME SINGLE. It was Tuesday that the meeting of settlers took place at Markham's store...

troubled to utter a sound. Then turning her sad face to Heaven she moaned in anguish, and in her soul cried out: 'My God, what have I done to merit this? What crime, what sin have I committed to call down on my head such punishment? Was it so wrong to marry the good, honest man my heart loved? Oh! God, if Thou be just, how canst Thou permit such things to be?'

'Ah, father, father,' she cried, in deepest anguish, 'little did I ever think then that you could be so cold and unrelenting to your child. Little did I think those lips that so often kissed mine could be so cruel of speech. Little did I dream that you could steal your heart against me and make me less than a stranger to you.'

Then Louise returned from the store, bringing with her a letter addressed to her mother. Little did Mary Green know that she eagerly tore the envelope, for it was from Dayton, and her first thought was that it must be from her father, and for a moment she indulged the wildest, fondest hopes. Perhaps he had relented, and again opened his heart to receive his child. With trembling fingers, and fast beating heart, she drew the letter from its cover and began to devour its contents. But soon the flush of hope died out of her face, and a shadow of sorrow and grief deepened than any it had ever worn elsewhere.

'You can get some means from your friends to tide you over this spell, can't you?' the doctor asked. 'From your relatives or hers?'

'I fear it would do no good to appeal to him,' John replied. 'I don't know what to do, doctor, I'm sure. My poor wife has been so ill, but I am not able to do more than pay you for your attendance.'

'Never mind about me, Green,' the old doctor replied. 'Don't worry about my pay. I'll attend her and do whatever is in my power to benefit her, and you can pay me when you are able. There won't be any trouble on that score.'

When Mary Green finished the letter she sat for a long time with her hands clasped in mute despair, too deeply

pay you for such generous conduct? 'Come, come, Green,' said the doctor with embarrassment, 'don't act so. Let's not be children. Why, why it's nothing. Come, rally up, man, and be quiet.'

'Green,' he said, 'your wife's father ought to know about this sickness, and if you don't object I'll write to him. It can't do any harm, and it might result in some good. What do you say?'

'Well, perhaps it won't, but we can try. Anyway, you will give him a chance to show his heart. Just give me his address, and I'll write when I get home.'

John wrote the address, and that night the doctor wrote his letter to Hiram Blatchford.

CHAPTER XIV. ANOTHER LOAN NEEDED. John was, of course, compelled to give up the idea of going east in quest of employment. He could not think of leaving his wife. He waited day after day and week after week, hoping against hope for a happy turn of affairs.

'Well, well!' cried the doctor, who, by the way, was kind and generous as an old soul. 'I never lived, "don't get excited, Green. It is not so bad as that. Didn't I say she would get along all right, only it would take a long time to bring her through?'

'You can get some means from your friends to tide you over this spell, can't you?' the doctor asked. 'From your relatives or hers?'

'No, it is useless to think of that, doctor,' John replied as he slowly and sadly shook his head. 'We have no friends to call on for aid, and both my parents and hers have cut us adrift and left us to stem the tide alone.'

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make their hearts quake. They realized how dearly they would be required to pay for Mills' "accommodation," but even this dearly-bought favor—this longed for and prayed for robbery—was by no means assured them.

'I don't know,' said Green. 'I never asked him about that. I don't suppose, though, the terms would be very liberal, but let them be what they may I am glad to accept them. I am not in a situation now to cavil over terms. I must have money at any cost, and Scraggs is the only man from whom I can get it.'

'You are mistaken, Mr. Green. There is another place to get the money, and I will help you to get it. You must not take it from Scraggs, because he only wants to get you in his power. He would loan you twenty-five or thirty dollars on your chattels at exorbitant interest, and if you failed to take up your note promptly to a day he would close you out. That's his purpose and a nice little speculation he would make of it. But don't you do it. Don't put yourself in his grasp.'

'I know,' replied John. 'That Scraggs makes it a point to drive a good bargain; but still he has been very fair with me. He hunted up a customer for my lots over there at Paradise Park, and begged me to sell out and save my money.'

'I have exhausted every means in the effort to induce these capitalists to show a liberal spirit to the settlers, but it has been all in vain. They say advance no more money under any circumstances, and that ends the matter for me. I would let you have the money, Green, if I could, and I'd be glad to do it, but my hands are tied, and I can do nothing.'

'I was. I went into it on Scraggs' representation, and like you and all the rest I got stuck, while Scraggs got rich. Scraggs has plenty of money, but he knows how to keep it.'

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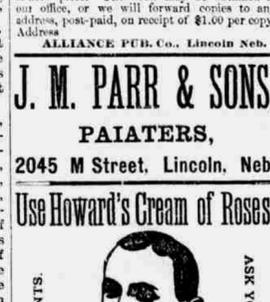
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