



A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS

BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

Author "A Slave of Circumstances," "A Bargain in Souls," "The Black Ball," "The Cruel City," "A Woman's Will," "At the World's Mercy," "The Scarlet Cypher," "The Secret of the Marionettes," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

Hendricks left the park in a thoughtful mood. He had much to ruminate on. It was strange how his thoughts ran on that ragged individual he had seen for a moment out of the window, the man who seemed to worry Ellison so much, more than anything else that had happened during the visit.

"Why was he worried lest the fellow should be seen?" he asked himself on the way back to the town. "Can it be that the person is in any way connected with the tragedy? Well, time will tell." It was only when he entered the town that he remembered his brief interview with the blind man. He felt so sure that his fancies had misled him that he was delighted to see that worthy seated on the steps of the meeting house, soliciting in a quavering voice charity from passers-by.

"It must have been a fancy, after all—that man could not be here," muttered Job, as he approached the blind man again.

The patriarch was seated on the stone steps of the church, his hat was off, and he seemed to be trying to get a breath of air, a modicum of the faint breeze that had sprung up just then.

"Here is a little to help you along, friend," and Hendricks dropped a dime in the tin cup he wore about his wrist.

The blind man uttered his thanks, and then, taking off his glasses, proceeded to rub them carefully.

Job turned away, shaking his head, after looking the beggar over slowly and carefully.

"Well, I am certainly getting foolish in my old age. There I fancied, when I first saw the fellow, that he was looking for me. He rubbed his eyes for a moment, and then: 'Job, you are getting to be an old fool! How is it possible that he could have followed you here?'"

He resumed his road, and yet he did not feel wholly at ease, as he made his way to the Bluebell.

The landlord was delighted to see him at such an early hour.

"I thought you would not come until tonight," ventured Mr. Bowersox.

"What does it matter to you when I come so long as I pay for what I get," said Job, in a moody voice, though he had no intention of offending the innkeeper.

"You would like to see your room, perhaps?"

"Well, yes, and go to it, if it is the same to you."

As he spoke Hendricks plumped down on a chair in the cafe. He was plainly in a good-natured mood.

"I wish you would send to the depot for my baggage, as I intend to spend some days here," he remarked after a moment's silence.

"You shall have your stuff in ten minutes, sir," he said. Then, going to the back of the hotel, he summoned up a small darkey and instructed him to proceed to the station with a wagon in search of the gentleman's luggage.

In the meantime, the landlord, studying his guest, who was seated half asleep at a table, wondered what manner of man he had to deal with. Certainly the stranger comported himself in a quiet way, and Mr. Bowersox had about decided that for all his questioning he could not be connected with the police.

His opinions of the stranger who had paid so well in the first instance were further marred when the guest's luggage appeared from the depot.

It consisted of a very small valise that might have contained a doll's wardrobe.

"I should like to have it taken to my room," said Hendricks.

"Ye might manage to carry it up yourself," was the testy remark of the landlord, as visions of a defaulting boarder rose before him.

Hendricks snatched the satchel out of the hand of the little darkey and turned toward the stairs.

"You can find your way up, I hopes," said Bowersox, who was beginning to think that he had treated his guest in a very unfriendly manner.

"Well, I know the number, and you say that the room is open," retorted Hendricks.

"But let me show you—"

"I don't want to take you away from your business," and the one guest of the house disappeared.

Peter returned to his work of polishing glasses, not quite able to make out whether he had been insulted or not.

Job Hendricks, when he found himself alone in the hall, laughed softly to himself and wagged his gray head sagely.

"They are all alike the world over," he muttered. "The sight of my money tickled him, but when the baggage arrived, he sings another song. Well, it is rather scant provision for a traveler, looking at the little valise as he held it at arm's length. 'But then I shall not have so much to lose in case of being compelled to make a quick fit.'"

He found his room without any trouble, but before he entered it he walked through the corridor until he came to another flight of stairs which he could see communicated with the yard.

"That's good. I may have need of you, but I hope not. At least it is well to provide for being in a corner."

He went back to his room, and then opening his scanty luggage on the table, took from the bag a collar and a couple of gaudy neckties, one a vivid blue and the other a plaid of red and green.

"It is so long since I made a call on a young lady," as if trying to decide which one he should wear. "Pshaw, what does it matter? It ain't likely she'll notice what I have on. Now for a little nap. I'd rather see her in the evening, anyway. Might appear a strange acting man in broad daylight; and I need all my wits about me, anyway."

He flung the neckties in the drawer of the little bureau, saw to the fastening of the door and examined a handsome pistol which he brought out of an inner pocket. This he placed under the pillow of the bed and then flung himself down with the air of a man who is utterly exhausted.

But it was a long time before he could compose himself to sleep. He lay there on his back with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. His thoughts, however, could not all have been unpleasant, for the stern face now and again relaxed and he smiled. He took the parchment out of his pocket which he had gone through so much trouble to procure that day, and read it over and over.

There was no one there. Off in the gathering shadows at the further end of the corridor he thought he saw a dark figure glide away.

"Bah! I'm full of fancies," he muttered, shaking his head, and returned to his room. "When there is danger to face that's different, but to be frightened of every passing shadow is nonsense."

Nevertheless, he was anxious, as he made his simple toilet hastily and went down stairs in the main room.

"Well, I hope yer satisfied with your quarters," said the landlord, who was smoking a pipe by the bar. He seemed to have made up his mind to treat his guest politely for the present. Guests were too scarce in town to treat one discourteously until there was a reason for it.

"Oh, the room is all right," muttered Hendricks. "There's another lodger near me, I believe."

Mr. Bowersox, he thought, seemed to be a little embarrassed and regarded his pipe a moment before answering.

"Oh, there's a chap that works on the railroad has a room near you—but he's away now."

"Indeed," eying him keenly. "I certainly thought I heard a man's step near my door."

"Did you see him?"

"Then you must have been mistook. He don't come in until late at night. I meant to tell ye before, so's ye wouldn't be skeered."

"I am not easily frightened," replied Hendricks, at the same time casting an inquisitorial look at his landlord. After all, it was not worth making a fuss about. He was beginning to feel ashamed of his own foolish fears that had such a slight foundation. Hearing the rattle of dishes in the dining room he

Sir William McDonald, who has been a generous benefactor of McGill, has just given the university \$20,000 for the purchase of books needed for the research work of students in arts, and has also presented to the physics building a liquid air plant, and to the zoological department equipment for the teaching of embryology.

Dr. William J. Tuck-er is about finishing the first decade of his presidency of Dartmouth college. When he took charge there were 18 students, and at present the number is over 1,400. Over \$1,500,000 has been received in endowments.

The legislature of Newfoundland has provided liberally for the installation of a cold storage system for the fisheries of the colony. All the fish now caught there are cured and salted for the market, found principally in the Mediterranean ports and Brazil, and it is hoped to open up new markets for the codfish, salmon and other fish and lobsters in a fresh state.

In Spandau, near Berlin, a great military center, a tax has been put on automatic orchestras, which are becoming an intolerable nuisance, as nearly every restaurant has one. It is hoped that the tax will red-uce the plague.

sond, he changed the subject by asking for some supper. He made a poor meal and then, having inquired the way to the lawyer, Jared Henslow's house, he went out in the gathering night.

Declare, I feel as excited as a school girl going to her first ball," he said to himself. "I haven't the nerve I was once celebrated for. Job, you'll have soon to confess that you are getting old and useless."

At some distance from the inn he paused to look back. Was it one more of his foolish fancies that the shutters of a room on the first floor moved as if someone was taking a view of him?

He drew himself up with a laugh, as he strode through the gathering dusk down the village street.

"And I am trying to save another man," he muttered. "It would be funny, if it wasn't so melancholy a fact, that I'm perhaps hunted for at this moment myself."

(To be continued.)

STYLISH SPRING COSTUMES

GOWN OF DARK BLUE ZIBELINE.

The New Hip Yoke.

For early spring wear the tailor-made idea still prevails, the gowns on the whole showing a far greater simplicity than has been the case for the last few seasons. Our illustration shows a gown of dark blue zibeline, the Eton showing a very novel effect in the way of stitching. The jacket is cut without a collar and the revers may be either of striped silk or trimmed with straps. The skirt is cut with a yoke below which are wide tucks stitched down with white Corticelli stitching silk.

Quite a new material is the double-faced linen which will undoubtedly arrive at the height of popularity during

the summer and will be employed to solve some very fetching gowns. Very little trimming is required on them as the reverse side of the linen will answer admirably for this purpose. A wide latitude is given the skirts, although the fundamental principle—flaring at the hem—is still adhered to. This effect is gained in different ways, either with curved seams or with a flounce, and is sometimes still further increased with clusters of tucks, or with small inset panels at the hem of contrasting material and color. It stands to reason that heavy goods like homespun, tweed and mixed fabrics in general will make up more satisfactorily in a plain, gored skirt.

Had Fun With Mr. Shaw.

The other day a magician, who is astonishing Washington with exhibitions of the black art, paid a visit to Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, and turned a neat trick on the master of the nation's money chest.

"Now Mr. Secretary," said the magician, "please take this \$10 bill and see if it is all right."

"Yes, sir," said Secretary Shaw, "I stake my reputation that this is a genuine bill and give it official recognition."

"All right," said the magician, "please crush it up and hold it tightly in your hand." The secretary followed the directions and held on to the bill like a miser.

"You're quite sure it's there now, Mr. Secretary?"

"Sure, sure's your're born."

"Open your hand," said the magician. The bill had disappeared.

"Well, that beats all!" said the secretary very much mystified.

"And a nice man for secretary of the treasury of the United States, indeed," said Mrs. Shaw, who was standing by—Washington Star.

A Rainmaker.

A Colorado genius named Whitney has offered to cause one inch of rain to fall throughout the state of Nebraska for the small sum of \$1,000 and to repeat the operation whenever needed for \$1,000 per soak. Nebraska might except the offer without running much risk of a disastrous flood. But unless the state has money to throw away it would do wisely not to pay in advance.—Chicago Chronicle.

Traffic ready for it.

Eighty-two vessels are engaged in carrying wheat from an Oregon port to Europe, and this is but one item in hundreds that could be cited of business ready for an isthmian canal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The legislature of Newfoundland has provided liberally for the installation of a cold storage system for the fisheries of the colony. All the fish now caught there are cured and salted for the market, found principally in the Mediterranean ports and Brazil, and it is hoped to open up new markets for the codfish, salmon and other fish and lobsters in a fresh state.

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The Spade and the Shotgun; A True Story of Oklahoma.

When the territory of Oklahoma was opened to settlement in April, 1889, Henry McNeill of Kansas was one of the thousands who joined in the race for a claim. More fortunate than some, he secured a choice bit of land, and joyfully set to work to build his dug-out.

That necessary labor done, the question arose where he should conceal his provisions and other belongings while he took the unavoidable trip to the land office to get his "papers."

Neighbors, in the usual sense, he had none, the nearest settler being almost a mile away. The region was infested with straggling desperadoes—gamblers, claim-jumpers, horse thieves—and to leave his property exposed would be to invite any rascal to take it.

McNeill dug a sort of cave behind his sodhouse, making the pit deep enough so that some time in the future he could connect it with his cellar. In this hole he placed his few household goods. Then he boarded over the top, covered the boards with sod and brush, and started away feeling sure that all would be safe.

McNeill was but one of many settlers before he received his papers. Then, happy in their possession, he hurried back to his new house—only to find that it was occupied by two rough-looking men, who eyed him in a way that promised anything but a friendly reception.

"Where are claim-jumpers, or honest men who had been misled?" McNeill resolved to give them the benefit of the doubt.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I built this house and made these improvements. This is my claim. I have not abandoned it, and never thought of doing so."

The two men stared at him for a moment in silence. Then one of them laughed contemptuously.

"That won't go down, young feller!" he cried. "I don't believe you ever saw this claim 'fore today. And if you did, 'twas 'bandoned clear enough—no grub or tools in sight to show that who-ever'd been here meant ever to come back. Anyway, folks 'round about tell me the feller that was here was a 'sooner,' come into the country before the government give the word and if he hadn't got out the military would 'a run him out."

"But," McNeill protested, "I can prove that I am the rightful owner. See here is my receipt from the land office, and it describes this claim: 'The S. W. 1/4, sec. 17.'"

Here one of the intruders reached for the paper in McNeill's hand, as if to examine it; but no sooner had he secured possession than he threw it toward the other end of the room. In the next instant he leveled a revolver at the young man's head.

"Now you travel, sonny," the rascal roared, and don't you ever set foot on this claim again, unless you want the sun to shine clear through ye!"

McNeill traveled; but there was nothing else for him to do. But there was a gleam in his eyes which suggested that the matter would not end there.

Naturally he went for help first to the men who had taken up adjoining claims. They sympathized with him, yet they would not interfere. Their advice was that McNeill should begin legal proceedings to expel the intruders. But the young man objected that that would take time, and he wanted to be at work on his claim, since the season for planting would soon be past.

Finally, ending the wearisome and fruitless argument, McNeill resolved to try to regain possession single-handed.

He borrowed a spade and a shotgun from the nearest neighbor, and after darkness had fallen crept cautiously up the "draw" or ravine that crossed his claim. Undetected, he made his way to the pile of brush that marked the entrance to his underground storeroom, and cautiously, removing some of the sods and boards, dropped down into the hole.

But he did not dare to begin at once to dig. Not until he thought the rascals must be asleep did he start to burrow through the three or four feet of earth between his hiding-place and the room beyond.

Very slowly he worked, feeling with his hands for any stone that might fall and betray him and laying each carefully down. Hours he toiled, it seemed, much cramped for space and sometimes straightened for breath, before he felt sure that he was almost through the wall.

Then he took out his knife. Piece by piece, bit by bit, he snaved away the thin partition, directly under the bed. He could hear the deep breathing of his enemies as they slept.

It was no part of McNeill's design to assault the "jumpers," although he believed they would not hesitate to kill him. He hoped to dispossess them by strategy. He must wait patiently for an opening.

Hardly daring to stretch a muscle now that he was so near, afraid to move, lest he might dream and cry out, McNeill placed himself as restfully as he could, and prayed for the long night to wear away.

At last he heard sounds that told him the claim-jumpers were astray. One prepared breakfast, the other guarded the bed. McNeill, in his hiding-place, listened intently.

"Wonder if we're goin' to be bothered today with the youngster as claimed this yer place?" one of them growled.

"We'd ought to be a-movin' that ar team we picked up as soon's we can. If the feller that used to own it should come along jest now, lookin' for his horses, he'd be mighty apt to find 'em."

"That's so," responded the other, "guess you'd better take the horses and slope for the Panhandle today, hadn't ye?" If the little tenderfoot does come back I can manage him. Sorry I didn't fix him yesterday when I had the chance."

Well, McNeill reflected, if it must be "kill or be killed," he knew which would suit him better.

"Hadn't we ought to be goin' up the draw to water them ar horses before anybody does get around?" one of the ruffians said presently.

"Reckon we had, I'm ready."

"Better take the Winchester?"

"Oh, guess not. It's kind of onhandy, and we ain't likely to be bothered by anybody so early in the mornin'. Buckle on your six-shooter; that'll be enough."

As the sound of their footsteps died away McNeill jumped for his spade. With the desperate energy of an honest man who fights for his own he drove at the thin crust of earth overhead. Down it fell, up he clambered into the dugout.

He ran for the Winchester. Then on second thought he laid it aside and took up his shotgun, the surer weapon at close range. Swinging the door almost shut, but leaving a crack through which to watch the approach, he waited expectantly.

Twenty minutes later the claim-jumpers came back. They had started an argument while they had been gone. That was the only thing in their minds. Wrangling violently about the price they should ask for the stolen horses, they approached the dugout.

Then suddenly, in their very faces, the door flew open, they looked down the barrels of a shotgun, and heard a stern voice say:

"Throw up your hands—quick!"

Only an instant of hesitation—a beard 'round th world.

glance at the face of the speaker—and four brown hands went high in the air. "Now, about face! March! Side by side—six feet apart, there! Gang as I tell ye, an' 'dinna stop to look back, gin ye wad keep whole heids!"

Thus commanded McNeill, in his excitement dropping into the speech most familiar to his boyhood. And it was in the same tongue that the young man responded when, after they had covered half a mile, the rescals complained of the fatigue of holding up their hands so long, and begged most piteously to be allowed to let them down to rest.

"Ye can clasp them atop your heids an' ye'll do well enough," McNeill said, grimly. "Long will they rest, I'm thinkin', or e'er again ye lay them on another man's gear!"

The young man was a true prophet. When he and his next neighbor had disarmed and tied the desperadoes and taken them to Guthrie, it proved that they were "wanted," not only for the theft of the horses they had hidden in the ravine, but for various crimes committed in Kansas. In the Kansas penitentiary they remain to this day.

Thus well rid of the claim-jumpers, McNeill took part of the reward the state of Kansas paid for their capture, and—bought the spade and the shotgun. The rich farmer would be deeply offended if any one should call him a sentimental man; but he never allows the tool and the weapon to be misplaced. I have a notion that if his handsome house caught fire he would save the spade and the shotgun first—Youth's Companion.

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TO CURE HYDROPHOBIA.

A Kentuckian Freely Offers an Infallible Remedy.

In view of the general alarm felt from the hydrophobia fear of last week in this community, and the further fact that instances of mad-dog bites—already numerous—will increase as warm weather advances, the Times publishes what is declared to be an infallible cure for rabies. Judge R. J. Beck, a judge, the eminent lawyer of Danville, says:

"The time between the biting of an animal by a mad dog and the showing signs of hydrophobia is not less than nine days, but may be nine months. After the animal has become rabid, a scratch of the tooth upon a person, or slobber coming in contact with a sore or raw place, will produce hydrophobia just the same as if bitten by a mad dog. Hydrophobia can be prevented, and I will give what is well known to be an infallible remedy for man and beast if properly administered. A dose for a horse or a cow should be four times as much as for a person. It is not too late to give the medicine any time before the spasms come on. The dose for a person is one and one-half ounces of elecampane root bruised, put in a pint of new milk, reduced one-half by boiling; take all at once in the morning, fasting until the afternoon, or at least a very small diet until several hours are past. The second dose same as first except take two ounces of the root. Third, same as second. Three doses are all that are needed, and there need be no fear, as I know from my own experience, and know of a number of cases where it was entirely successful. This is no guess work. The persons alluded to had been bitten by their own dogs, which were then tied up to see if they were really mad, and the remedy was successful. A physician told me he knew of the use of this remedy for over 30 years, and never knew it to fail when properly administered. He related a case where a number of cows were bitten and penned half in one pen and half in another; to half the remedy was given and they were saved. The other half died from the dread hydrophobia."

This remedy is printed for what it is worth. But in every instance of mad-dog bite, a physician should be at once called and the patient sent as quickly as possible to a Pasteur institute. In meantime, as above prescription is entirely harmless and simple, it might be also tried. If a mad-dog is seen, who is apply that also. Leave no measure or preventive against this most horrible of all fates untied. But the Pasteur treatment has the endorsement of science that it is infallible.—Glasgow, Ky., Times.

A new and practical arrangement for providing masons and other building laborers, coachmen, errand boys, policemen and others with cheap food and non-alcoholic drinks has been called into being by the Berlin section of the German Society for Popular Hygiene. At stated hours special carts pass through the streets and dispense sandwiches, bread and butter, the sausages so dear to the German palate, tea, cocoa, coffee and soup, all at the lowest possible prices.

UNCLE BILL

AND The Editor

EDGAR BAKER



THE scientific fellers have been havin' an explanation uv late 'bout tears. Some think they are hypocritical in all cases, an' some are uv the opinion that they are all genuine," said Uncle Bill, as he wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"What is your opinion?" asked the editor.

"Tears in the human family are like the sap from the trees uv the forest. When tapped at the right time yer git a good flow," remarked Uncle Bill.

"Why do you liken the human family to trees?" inquired the editor.

"Guess I'll have ter modify my statement a little," said Uncle Bill. "A tree will weep when it's hurt, but sometimes the human tree will weep 'cause it wants ter hurt someone else."

"I don't quite catch your meaning," said the editor.

"Oh, I believe that tears are the dew drops uv the human soul, that are drawn by the buckets uv sorrow, an' sometimes, joy. Uv course there are people who can cry—at the drop uv the hat—ter their own convenience, but they make up a small portion uv the real genuine soul searchers. Mankind is like a bucket; when yer tips it ter one side it's apt ter slop over, if there's anything in it ter slop, and I've been observin' uv late, that it's hard ter spill anything out uv a bucket what 'ain't got nothing in, 'cause if it's done 'fore ter actin' what does it. Now there's Deacon Whipple; he's fixed himself up, so's he can cry every time he goes ter prayer meetin', an' talks 'bout salvation bein' free. He never gets beyond that, 'bout sheddin' tears. He pays for his 'pew' an' hates ter think 'nyone else is goin' ter git it free, an' I've seen him cry 'bout it a dozen times. Now, I believe that his tears are genuine, 'cause he's so gosh darn selfish that it breaks him all up when he thinks anyone is gittin' a bargain on salvation while he's payin' for his. Now there's Lem Lewis; he's different. He always gits up an' talks 'bout the street bein' paved with gold an' smiles an' laughs 'bout it, an' acts as though he wanted ter grub stake everybody ter help 'em git there."

"Everyone does not see things alike," suggested the editor.

"Course they don't, but when these scientists argue that tears are hypocritical it makes me sweat 'cause they cite a few actor folks, as proof. When people cry genuine tears it's like a river washin' over it's banks; it affects adjacent territory," said Uncle Bill.

"Now I was in Chicago some years ago an' a young lady come up ter me an' said she had missed her train an' commenced ter cry. She leaned her head over my shoulder an' wept profusely. I tried ter pacify her an' finally quited her down an' when the flood was over I found that my watch had been washed away. That's what I call havin' time ter git away with."

"Did you shed any tears over the loss of your watch?" asked the editor.

"No, I jest let ole Shakespeare have his way, 'cause that lady must uv been one uv his scholars. She was takin' the nich uv time, that leads ter fortune. I'll bet she wept real tears when she found it was a