

# LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY LOVERS

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

My hitherto matter-of-fact life had suddenly received its "baptism" of mystery and romance; and with it another initiation—that supreme revelation which comes but once in a man's life, and having come, leaves its mark upon it forever—the revelation of love.

"Your message, sir," said the telegraph clerk at my elbow. I tore open the yellow envelope, and read—

"Molton Junction—No Gladstone bag left here, or inquired for to-day."

Then Miss Branscombe had not discovered her mistake. Moreover, her destination was some point beyond Molton, or she would certainly have had time to detect the change of baggage.

I sent a message to Miss Elmslie at Forest Lea, announcing my return that night and requesting that if convenient a carriage might meet me at the station, and then I prepared to get through as best I might the hours of suspense which lay before me.

My heart beat faster as the evening express neared Molton Junction. I was on the platform almost as soon as the train stopped. The station was unusually quiet, and the platform clear from one end to the other; there was no sign of the slight, graceful figure for which I sought eagerly. I did not give up hope until the last moment. After a hurried inquiry at the cloak room I lingered by the carriage door until the train was absolutely in motion, and then resumed my seat with a blank chill of disappointment. Miss Branscombe was evidently not returning to Forest Lea that night.

The loss of the will—serious as such a loss would be to me both personally and professionally—occupied no place in my mind as I traveled on toward Forest Lea. I believe I had entirely forgotten the lesser misfortune in what seemed to me the greater—the disappearance of Miss Branscombe from her home. That she was the victim of some deeply laid plot on the part of her cousin I never doubted; the rector's precautions had been taken too late. Possibly had I spoken of last evening's discovery, Miss Branscombe's

can bear, she's dying. She was a very old lady, and she's been bad this six months or more. She was took worse tonight."

I groaned inwardly. Then the rector's help was lost at this critical juncture. It was a fatality; I must tell my story to Miss Elmslie, and that without a moment's loss of time. From her I might gain the information necessary to put me on the track of the misguided girl.

Miss Elmslie met me at the door of the little morning room devoted to her use and Miss Branscombe's; there was no sign of agitation or anxiety in her manner—nothing but cordiality and satisfaction at my appearance.

"So good of you, Mr. Fort, to come back so soon!" she exclaimed. "And how tired you must be after your two journeys! I am glad you were able to return to us at once, for we have had another shock tonight. The poor dear rector has been called away to—I fear—his mother's death bed. Ah, the world is full of sorrowful things! But come in, Mr. Fort—as I stood rooted to the threshold. "Come in to the fire. What—what is the matter?"

What, indeed? No wonder that I stared with dropped jaw and wonder-stricken eyes, for in an arm chair by the fire, which the chilly evening rendered comfortable, I beheld Nona Branscombe.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Yes, it was Nona Branscombe in the flesh, and not a spirit, as in my first utter bewilderment I had half imagined. She was wrapped in a light fleecy shawl; her face was pale as death, and her whole attitude full of listless weariness. She looked like one who had wept until she could weep no more, and had given up the struggle with grief out of sheer exhaustion. I fancied that a faint wave of color stole over the pale cheeks as she held out her hand to me, but she did not speak, and sank back again amongst her cushions.

Miss Elmslie pressed food and drink upon me with kindly hospitality, and talked in her purring cheery way,

whilst I listened and ate as in a dream.

"It has been a long day," Miss Elmslie said, "and there has been so much to do. I made Nona keep her room until dinner time, and then came the shock of the rector's summons. Dear, dear—to think that Mrs. Heathcote should follow the dear Colonel so soon!" She glanced at Nona, and changed the subject. "Had you a pleasant journey, Mr. Fort?"

"Yes," I answered, rousing myself with an effort, "it was very pleasing up to a certain point. Then a little adventure befell me." I had my eyes fixed upon Miss Branscombe as I spoke; there was no change in her attitude, no interest in her still, weary face.

"An adventure?" exclaimed Miss Elmslie. "What was it?"

I determined to make a bold stroke. "I lost my bag," I replied, watching the motionless figure in the arm chair.

"Lost your bag?" echoed Miss Elmslie. "Dear me—I hope you found it again."

"No, I have not found it up to this time," I answered. "I believe it was exchanged by a fellow passenger—a lady—still no sign from Nona—who left her own in its place."

"But the railway officials—the telegraph," said Miss Elmslie, who was always confused and helpless in emergencies—"they can get it back for you. Have you made inquiries?"

"Yes," I answered, steadily. "I have made inquiries, and—with emphasis—I think I have traced the lady."

Miss Branscombe lifted her hand at this moment and leaned her cheek upon it, shading her face from my view. My shot had told at last.

"You have traced her?" said Miss Elmslie. "Ah, then it will be all right!"

"Yes, I hope it will be all right," I echoed.



"IN AN ARMCHAIR NEAR THE FIRE I BEHELD NONA BRANSCOMBE."

guardians would have been on the alert and this evening's escapade would have been prevented. A girl, inexperienced, innocent, confiding—as, in spite of all, I could swear Nona was—might have been drawn into any step, however extreme—even into a hasty and secret marriage—by the fascinating and clever spendthrift to whom she had given her girlish affection, believing him to be unjustly disinherited—in her own favor.

Only a few hours had elapsed since her flight, however. Was it too late to save her? Hardly. There could be no marriage before the morning, if so soon. I would go at once to the rector and give him the clue I held. It was just possible—a dozen things were possible.

The cool night wind blowing upon my heated brow, as I sat once more behind the splendid chestnut, seemed to let light and air together in on the subject and to lift me out of the trough into which I had sunk. Hope came to my heart. I was impatient to confer with the rector. No, it was certainly not too late, I decided.

The rector was close to the gates of the Lea. I directed my Jehu to stop there first.

"I have to see the rector," I explained. "They have not gone to bed. I see lights!"

"The rector, sir?" said the man, pulling up, however. "Mr. Heathcote went to Howmere just as I started to fetch you. He was sent for, and he'll not be back yet, even if he comes tonight. It's a good ten mile to Howmere."

"Sent for!"—then it was all right. I breathed a devout thanksgiving. Her guardian had followed Nona—she was safe.

The man's next words demolished this hope.

"It's his mother, sir. From what I

can bear, she's dying. She was a very old lady, and she's been bad this six months or more. She was took worse tonight."

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"How very awkward," said Miss Elmslie, "for the lady as well as for you! Dear me, Mr. Fort, I hope you will soon get back your own property. Can we send to the station in the morning? Or is there now anything you want for tonight. Austin can attend to it if you will ask him."

"Thank you," I replied, "the bag contained nothing but papers."

"Papers!" exclaimed Miss Elmslie. "Then you must be very anxious, Mr. Fort. Do let us see—or had you not better go yourself?"

"Thank you," I responded; "I have no doubt I shall recover everything—in the morning."

"How cool you are!" said Miss Elmslie. "I should be in a fever."

"I think I will go to bed now," said Miss Branscombe, rising languidly from her chair.

"I will come up stairs with you," said Miss Elmslie, starting up and taking Nona's arm in her own. "I shall not say good-night, Mr. Fort; you have not finished your supper. Please don't hurry—I am coming back."

Miss Branscombe bowed and held out a limp, nerveless hand as I opened the door for her exit. She shivered just a little, too, and drew her shawl more closely about her, but there was neither guilt nor confusion—only weariness and sorrow—in the eyes which met mine for an instant. Then the two ladies crossed the hall and mounted the wide shallow stairs.

Miss Elmslie came down presently.

"Poor child," she said, "she is absolutely worn out! She has cried the whole day. I hope she will sleep now; that is the best restorer. She has had no sleep yet."

My first glance on gaining my bedroom was toward the Gladstone bag which stood beside my portmanteau. Nona had probably taken the opportunity of making the exchange quietly in my absence—she had shown herself a person of resources, and I had little doubt that this would be her line of action. It would involve no explanation of awkwardness. I lifted the bag almost with a smile—the adventure interested me. There at the bottom was still the half-effaced label—"Hotel—via, Venezia." Miss Branscombe then had in some way failed to be equal to the occasion; possibly she had been, as Miss Elmslie expressed it, too "worn-out" to attempt the transfer that night.

I opened my portmanteau, and there amongst my own possessions lay the large light gray dust cloak and the yellow paper-covered volume left behind by my traveling companion; there were the pencilled words, "Nona Branscombe"—tangible evidence that the day's adventure had been no illusion or case of mistaken identity, as I was half tempted at times to believe. I fell asleep, after much troubled tossing, and dream of Nona Branscombe, at the Colonel's funeral, wrapping in her gray dust cloak, and carrying in her hand my Gladstone bag, with "Venezia" in large letters on it.

(To be continued.)

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

Great Britain pays \$90,000,000 annually to America and the English colonies for butter. The people who buy high-price butter want it sweet and fresh, and this is possible only when the cows are eating spring grass. As it is not always spring in England it stands to reason that butter has to be brought from those places where spring is. First the Londoner gets his butter from west England, Normandy and Brittany. Then the butter of northern Denmark follows and Australian butter comes next—English winter is Australian spring.

In a recent lecture by Dr. Charles B. Dudley, chief chemist of a certain railroad, it is shown how the costs of the distinctively little things mount up in the offices of a large railway system. For instance, he shows that it costs the railroad each year about \$1,000 for pins, \$5,000 for rubber bands, \$5,000 for ink, \$7,000 for lead pencils, etc. The fact that it costs nearly as much for stationery with which to carry on the business as it does for iron, as Dr. Dudley asserts, is indeed startling. Some roads have realized the extent of waste in such directions and have, among other measures, ordered that a large part of the communications between their various officials shall be written on pads of manila paper instead of on regular letter heads.

There is no one from John O'Broat's to Land's End, England, who bestows more of his means to philanthropic causes than Lord Overton, to whom his father, James White, left a fortune, closely approaching \$10,000,000. Seventy-odd years ago the father of Lord Overton and his brother John took possession of an old soap and soda works near Rutherglen and converted it into a factory for the production of bichloride of potash. It is related of the founder of the business that he was wont to stand inside the gate of his works at night and if he found any particles of chrome—a chemical for which he received 20 cents a pound in those days—adhering to boots or clothes he would stop the man with the remark: "Hey, man! gang back and daud your shin. Div ye no see ye're catrin' awa' siller when ye carry crum on yer bits?" John Campbell White, the present owner of the chemical works at Rutherglen, was created first Baron Overton in 1893, taking the title from his estate in Dumbartonshire. He was born in 1843 and was educated at Glasgow university. He is certainly one of the busiest men in the country, and besides being a deputy lieutenant and convener of Dumbartonshire, is president of innumerable religious and philanthropic societies.

## BLACK JAKE, OUTLAW

### BIG REWARD FOR HIM DEAD OR ALIVE.

An Outlaw from Youth Who Has Terrorized Arizona and New Mexico—His Career of Crime in Arizona—Worth Five Thousand Dollars.

Black Jake, the Arizona desperado, is worth \$5,000 to the man who takes him either dead or alive. This outlaw, who has been terrorizing Arizona and New Mexico for several years, has successfully eluded the detectives and cowboys who have been on his trail. Black Jake has been a tough from boyhood and committed his first murder when but 20 years old. He was left \$1,500 by a relative in 1892, and spent all the money in a month in Phoenix and Yuma. Then he drifted down to Sonora, Mexico, and the few people who remember him thought he was probably dead down there until the news came that he was the head of a reckless gang of bandits who were after gold coin at the sacrifice of any life that baffled their efforts.

About August 8, 1896, several men employed in the general merchandise store of the Hualipi Mining Company, two miles north of Kingman, Arizona, were roused from their noonday siestas behind the counters one hot, blistering day, by four cowboys who walked in and asked to see some saddles. One of the store men started to go upstairs to show the strangers his stock of saddles. The others were too warm and sleepy to move, but the moment they saw each of the supposed purchasers whip out two long, murderous revolvers at full cock they were instantly very much awake.

When each of the store men looked into the muzzle of a pistol as if into the mouth of a railroad tunnel he saw that he and his store companions were in the hands of bandits. While one bandit, a tall, dark complexioned fellow, with deep-set eyes and mammoth tattooed stars on his hands, went about the store seeking money and transportable valuables, the store men were kept looking at very close range into the muzzles of cocked revolvers. In ten minutes, perhaps, some \$1,400 in coin was taken, for there is not the convenience of bank deposits in frontier settlements.

Then the storekeepers were bound and gagged. One of them, John A. Bishop, resisted, and in the scuffle was stabbed to death. The bandits bound the other men tighter, and, hastening out, were soon on their broncos outside. Before any of the men in the store could get loose and give the alarm the bandits were miles away on the alkali desert, where no one but a few poor, starved Hualipi Indians live in a territory of about 700 square miles.

The sheriff had no sooner set out to seek the bandits than the information came that the office force of the Resolute Mining Company, fifty miles over toward Ash Fork, had been held up, bound, and gagged by the same gang on the day previous to the robbery and murder at Kingman. Some thirty ounces of gold and coin to the amount of \$100 had been stolen from the safe.

In the latter part of the following month Black Jake and his gang robbed the bank at the rich cattle and mining town of Nogales, Arizona. It was a very bold deed. Three entered the bank. One covered the president, who was outside the railing; another stepped to the window and called the teller, who was sitting at some distance, and ordered him to hold up his hands. The teller promptly obeyed, and started to walk to the window, but was stopped before he could get there. The third man went down to the end of the railing to get behind it and at the cash. At the end he saw an open door leading into a room where several men were planning an irrigation



BLACK JAKE.

scheme. He promptly held them up. Each man was thus busy holding some person with his six-shooter, and there was no one left to shovel the money into the bag.

Realizing that something must be done to change the combination, the man who had the irrigation convention at bay promptly shut the door on the slammung of the door attracted the attention of the gentleman at the teller's window, and he turned to see what the trouble was. The instant the robber turned, the teller made a jump for his window, underneath which, on a shelf, reposed the bank six-shooter, which he grabbed and began shooting.

Over one hundred shots were fired inside of three minutes. Every man who could get a gun and a horse took the trail. A skirmish ensued among the rocks in the Los Antos canyon. Black Jake lost his horse, but got the

one ridden by the sheriff of Pima county and escaped into Sonora, Mexico.

Three months passed and the Arizona people began to hope and then to think that the Black Jake band had decided to remain permanently in the republic of Mexico. Late one night, in January, 1897, when the air was a little chilly in the semi-tropic regions, five men in masks walked in upon a faro game at Deming, N. M. Waive four of the masked men covered the eleven gamblers and kept their hands away above their heads, the tallest of the masked men gave his whole attention to the cashier of the layout. That official reached for his pistol, but he was too slow. He was shot in the face and he dropped forward on the green table. The robbers were gone in a twinkling.

Three murders were added in 1898 to the catalogue of crimes attributed to the notorious band. One was the shooting of a passenger on the stage from Tombstone to Grant Springs, in Arizona, when that vehicle was held up and the passengers plied their watches, purses and other valuables in a heap for the use of the bandits. Another murder was that of a switchman for the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company at Navajo, because, probably, he was suspected of having recognized the gang and of having plans for telling his suspicions to the sheriff.

The Santa Fe west-bound overland



MARSHAL HALL.

was held up by the gang west of Gallup in June, '98. The express messenger was shot, the safe was dynamited, and a sack of gold and currency was secured. Sheriff Lawrence and twenty carefully picked men chased the gang for two weeks. Heavy rains fell, and not the faintest clue remained for trailing the outlaws across hundreds of miles of sunbaked soil in an uninhabited region. The general merchandise store of the Phelps Mining Company, at Hueneme, in Yavapai county, A. T., was robbed one day last November, while two employes there were at dinner, and the two other men in the store were bound and gagged, but only a few dollars were had.

This gang is well acquainted with a large section of the country, and there are few men that will openly and single-handed do anything against them. In a posse it is different. A number of the men are their friends and help them with food, horses and information. Others are living on exposed ranches, where the robbers can come in, if they are revengeful, and kill the man who has helped an officer, or they can kill stock and run off horses. The gang is often seen by cowboys and men living on ranches, and to them the robbers have told their versions of their experiences.

The last congress overhauled the law regarding the emoluments of United States marshals, and now if a marshal sends out a man to make an arrest, and the deputy does not get the man he goes after, the government will not pay him anything. Under the provisions of this law it was impossible for United States Marshal Hall to get men to take the trail. Even a deputy marshal wants to know that he will be paid for his time from when he starts on a trail until he is killed. He objects more to working for nothing than he does to getting killed.

**A Unique Violin.**  
A unique violin has been made by a Missouri man. The back is of cherry from a table more than a century old, which formerly belonged to the Howard-Payne College. In the center of the back are inserted twenty-one pieces of wood from the Holy Land, one being from a grapevine that grew in the Garden of Gethsemane. Around the margin are set in a row small pieces of wood, diamond-shaped, gathered from all over the civilized world. In one end of the back is inserted a horseshoe made of castor wood, and in the other end is the image of a rabbit carved in cherry. There are in all over one hundred and fifty pieces of wood, and the only tools used in the manufacture of the instrument were a pocket knife and a half-inch chisel.—New York Tribune.

**Whipped by Whitecaps.**  
A mob of whitecaps near White Oak church, near Owingsville, Ky., the other night took Willis Manley from his home and gave him 100 lashes with hickory switches. Manley had been notified by the whitecaps to leave Bath county and had failed to observe the warning. The whitecaps also visited the house of Eliza Wright, near by, and razed it to the ground. The charge against Manley and the Wright woman was for keeping disorderly houses. The couple left the county at once.

**Cause of It.**  
Margery—They say he married that rich old maid out of pique. Lillie—Yes; he was plucked at his uncle for neglecting him in his will.

## TELL THE WEATHER.

HOW TO LEARN HOW HOT AND HUMID WE ARE.

The Sharps, Too, Are Able to Guess on the Prospects of Cool Waves and Their Duration—Peep at the United States Bureau.

All sorts of instruments and apparatus are used by the United States Weather Bureau to determine meteorological conditions and prospects. For measuring the exact temperature at its various stations are the thermograph and the maximum and minimum thermometers. The former gives a continuous record of the temperature; the latter two show respectively the highest and lowest for each twenty-four hours. For studying the pressure of the atmosphere, the stations of the weather bureau are equipped with self-registering aneroid, barographs and mercurial barometers. Readings from both are corrected for the altitudes of the station, and the latter for variations in temperature. The determination of humidity, or relative humidity, as it is called by the weather bureau, is accomplished by means of two thermometers, the so-called dry-bulb and the wet bulb. The first is the ordinary thermometer, by which the temperature is indicated. The second is similar, except that the mercury bulb is surrounded by a cloth, which may be saturated with water. When this is done, air is made artificially to pass over the saturated cloth, which causes the water to evaporate rapidly. The heat which is rendered latent by this process comes from the mercury of the thermometer, making it descend in the tube with a rapidity proportional to that of evaporation. In dry air the latter process is much more rapid than in damp air, and by noting the difference of the reading of the dry-bulb and wet-bulb instruments, and making a simple mathematical computation, the relative humidity is determined. It is read in hundredths, 100 meaning air saturated with moisture, and zero, air free from it. The former point is sometimes reached, though never the latter. The signal service makes use of two instruments in studying the wind—a vane with automatic electrical indicator for showing its direction and the anemometer for registering the velocity. Both of these are exposed to the unobstructed violence of the wind, though connected electrically with the indicators which are in the office below. Both the instruments register continually upon a drum revolved by clockwork, and at any time the direction and velocity of the wind can be seen at a glance. The apparatus used by the weather bureau for determining the character of the day is known as the "sunshine recorder." It consists of a thermometer, with its bulb blackened to increase the absorption of heat from direct sunlight, enclosed in a vacuum tube, to prevent as far as possible the direct influence of the temperature of the surrounding air. The piece of apparatus is in such a position as to receive the sun's rays the entire day. When the direct rays strike the blackened bulb the mercury suddenly rises and closes an electrical circuit, which causes a record to be made upon the revolving drum in the office below. When the sun is obscured the mercury drops again, and the circuit is broken. The computation in tenths of the possible sunshine hours is made by the weather official. The latest device used by the weather bureau for measuring the precipitation consists of a hopper or scale pan, which is constructed so as to tip and empty itself, and at the same time make an electrical indication of the fact in the office below for each one-hundredth of an inch precipitation. By counting these records upon the revolving drum the officers can tell the exact time the rapidly and the amount of precipitation for each shower or period of rain.

**Animals That Keep Guard.**  
It is well known that many animals appoint one or more of their number to act as sentinels to guard against surprise while the rest are asleep, or feeding, or at play. Among the animals—using the word in its widest sense—that are thus prudent may be named the following: Wasps, ants, chamois and other antelopes, prairie-dogs, wild horses, rooks, swans, Australian cockatoos, zebras, quails, certain monkeys, flamingoes, New Zealand silver eyes, shags and other birds, marmots, mouflon and other sheep, seals, African wild cattle, huacoes, elephants, etc.

**A Costly Bicycle.**  
The costliest bicycle in the world has just been finished at a gun factory in Vienna. It will cost 500,000 gulden, which is a little more than \$27,500. The owner is a rich South African diamond king and mine owner, who will present the machine to his wife on her next birthday. The frame alone cost 1,800 gulden, and at the last Vienna exposition it was admired by thousands. The South African millionaire was so struck with the exquisite beauty of the wheel that he bought it and had it inlaid with precious stones and diamonds on every possible part.

**Enough.**  
She—"You should read this article about the passing of the horse. It's really pathetic."  
He—"Don't want to read it. I know the whole 'tain, paths and all. I entered my trotter for the matinee races and every other horse on the track jessed him."—Detroit Free Press.