# CLARENCE.

## By Bret Harte.

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#### PART L-Chapter III

Unsuspected and astounding as the revelaon was to Clarence, its strange reception by conspirators seemed to him as astound-He had started forward, half expecting that the complacent, self-confessed spy would immolated by his infuriated dupes. But his surprise the shock seemed to have changed their natures and given them the dignity they had lacked.

The excitability, irritation and recklessness which had previously characterized them had disappeared. The deputy and his posso. who had advanced to the assistance of their revealed chief, met with no resistance. They had evidently, as with one accord, drawn hand.

away from Judge Beeswinger, leaving a pleared space around him, and regarded their captors with sullen, contemptuous silence. It was only broken by Colonel Starbottle: t was only broken by Colonel Starbottle:

"Your duty commands, you, sir, to use all diligence in bringing us before the rederal judge of this district. Unless your master in Washington has violated the con-

stitution so far as to remove him, too!" "I understand you perfectly," returned Judge Beeswinger with unchanged compos-ure, "and as you know that Judge Wilson returned unfortunately cannot be removed except through regular cause of impeachment I supexcept through regular cause of impeachment I sup-pose you may still count upon his southern sympathies to befriend you. With that I have pothing to do; my duty is complete when my deputy has brought you before him and I have stated the circumstances of the ar-

"I congratulate you, sir," said Captain Pinckney, with an ironical salute, "in your prompt reward for your treachery to the gouth, and your equally prompt adoption of the peculiar tactics of your friends in the way in which you have entered this house." "I am sorry I cannot congratulate you. alr," returned Judge Beeswinger gravely, "on preaking your oath to the government that preaking your out to the given he been he been has educated and supported you, and given you the epaulets you disgrace. Nor shall I discuss 'treachery' with the man who has not only violated the trust of his country, but even the integrity of his friend's household. is for that reason that I withhold the the person of the master and mistress of this house. I am satisfied that Mr. Brant has been as ignorant of what has been done here as I am that his wife has been only the foolish dups of a double traitor."

The words broke simultaneously from the lips of Clarence and Captain Pinckney. They stood staring at each other-the one pale. the other crimson-as Mrs. Brant, apparthe other crimson—as Mrs. Brant, appar-ently oblivious of the significance of their united adjuration, turned to Judge Bees-winger in the fury of her still stifled rage and mortification. "Keep your mercy for your fellow spy," she said, with a contemptuous gesture to-ward her husband. "I go with these gen-tlemen."

tlemen." "You will not," said Charence, quietly, "mith I have said a word to you alone." He haid his hand firmly upon her wrist. The deputy and his prisoners filed along out of the court yard together, the latter courtecusiv saluting Mrs. Brant as they passed, but turning from Judge Beeswinger in contemptuous silence. The latter fol-lowed them to the gate, but there he paused. Turning to Mrs. Brant, who was still half strugging in the strong grip of her husband, he said: "Any compunction I may have had in misleading you by accepting your invitation

"Any computetion I may have had in misleading you by accepting your invitation here I dismissed after I had entered the house. And I trust," he added, turning to Clarence, sterniy, "I leave you master of it." As the gate closed behind him Clarence locked it. As his wife turned up-n him angrily he said, quietly: "I have no in-ferition of restraining your liberty a moment there in the said out of the there is a second after our interview is over. But until then do not intend to be distarbed." She threw herself disdainfully back in her

chair, har hands clasped in her lap, in half contemptuous resignation, with her eyes up n her long, slim, arched feet crossed before her. Even in her attitude there was something of her old fascination, which, however, now ing Clarence to the

'then that's why Captain Pinckney was lingering in the rear with the deputy." "Silence!" said Clarence sternly. "Go in there." there," pointing to the garden room below the balcony, "and wait until your husband

comes. He half led, half pushed her into the room which had been his business office, and returned to the patio. A hesitating voice from the balcony said, "Clarence."

It was his wife's voice, but modified and gentler-more like her voice as he had first heard it-or if it were chastened by some reminiscence of those days. It was his wife's face, too, that looked down on his, paler than he had seen it since he had eu-tered the house. She was shawled and hooded, carrying a traveling bag in her

tion," she smilled faintly, "dragged from me. I am going because I know that I have brought, and that while I am here I shall always be bringing upon you the imputation, and even the responsibility of my own faith! While I am proud to own it, and, if needs be, suffer for it, I

others may cast upon me. Let us part as friends, separated only by our different political faiths, but keeping all other faiths together until God shall settle the right of this struggle. Perhaps it may be soon-I sometimes think it may be years of agony for all-but until then, goodby." She had slowly descended the steps to the

turning angrily upon Clarence, "as soon as this farce-for which you and your friends are responsible-is over." He was furious at the reflection that Mrs. Brant had es-A different thought was in the husband's mind. "But what assurance have I that you are going on with the deputy?" he said. with purposely insulting deliberation. "My word, sir," said Captain Pinckney, sharply

sharply. "And if that ain't enuff, there's mine," said the deputy. "For if this gentleman sworves to the right or left betwixt this and Santa Inez, I'll blow a hole through him myself. "And that," he added deprecat-ingly, "is saying a good deal for a man who doesn't want to spoil sport, and, for the mat-ter of that, is willing to stand by and see fair play done at Santa Inez any time to-

fair play done at Santa Incz any time to-merrow before breakfast." "Then I can count on you?" said Clarence, with a sudden impulse, extending his hand. The man hesitated a moment and then

prasped it. "Well, I wann't expecting that," he said slowly: "but you look as if you meant business, and if you ain't got anybody else to see you through. I'm thar! I suppose this gentleman will have his friends." "I shall be there at 6 with my seconds,

The gate closed behind them. Clarence looked around the now empty patio and the silent house, from which he could now see that the servants had been withdrawn to insure the secrecy of the gathering. Cool and collected as he knew he was he stood still collected as he knew he was he stood still for a moment in hesitation. Then the sound of voices came to his ear from the garden room, the light frivolity of Susy's laugh, and Hooker's huskier accents. He had forgotten they were there—he had even forgotten their existence.

own it, and, if needs be, suffer for it, I have no right to ruin your prospects, or even make you the victim of the slura that others may cast upon me. Let us part as friends, separated only by our different political faiths, but keeping all other faiths ingether until God shall settle the right of Charence, with a faint smile. "and, how-Clarence, with a faint smile, "and.I must ask you and Susy to excuse me for a little while. She knows the house perfectly, and will call the servants from the annex to

seen her, and as if sustained and upheld by the enthusiasm of her cause. Her hand was outstretched toward his, his heart beat violation all and clasped her to his breast.
Suddenly she stopped, her outstretched arm stiffened, her finger pointed to the chair on which Susy's cloak was banging.
"What's that?" she said in a sharp, high, metallic voice. "Who is here? Speak!"
"Susy," said Clarenct.
She cast a scathing glance around the state as a scathing state as a scathing state around the st provide you both with refreshments. I will join you a little later." Satisfied from

"Susy," said Clarence. She cast a scathing glance around the patio, and then settled her piercing eyes upon Clarence with a bitter smile. What he had done and what he intended to do was quite clear; there was no alterna-tive suggested or to be even sought after. He had that sense of relief which comes with the climax of all great structure.

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"I LEAVE YOU THE MASTER OF IT."

since I left. And then I thought of you-perhaps worried and flustered yet over things and the change, and I just alipped into the kitchen, and I told old fat Conchita to make some of those tortillas, you khow-with sugar and einnamon sprinkled on top-and I tied on an apron and brought 'em up to you on a tray with a gless of that old Catalan wine that you used to like. Then I sorter felt frightened when I got here, and I didn't hear any noise, and I put the frag down in the hail and peeped in and found you asleep. Sit still, I'll fetch 'em.'' She tripped out into the passage, return-

She tripped out into the passage, return-ing with the tray, which she put on the table beside Clarence, and then, standing back a little with her hands tucked soubrette fashion in the tiny pockets of her apron, gazed at him with a mischievous smile. It was impossible not to smile back as he

It was impossible not to smile back as he nibbled the crisp Mexican cake and drank the old Mission wine. And Susy's tongue trilled an accompaniment to his thanks. "It seems so nice to be here—just you and me, Clarence—like in the old days—with nobody naggin' and snoopin' round after you. Don't be greedy, Clarence, but give me a cake." She took one and finished the dregs-of his slass.

cake." She took one and internet the merchange of his glass. He looked critically into the mischievous eyes, and said quietly: "Where is your husband?"

There was no trace of embarrassment, apology, or even of consciousness in her pretty face, as she replied, passing her hand lightly through his hair: "Oh, Jim! I've packed him off!" "Packed him off!" echoed Clarence, slightly astonished.

'Yes-to Fair Plains-full tilt after your wife's bugggy. You see, Clarence, after the old cat-that's your wife, please-left, I wanted to make sure she had gone, and want't hangin' round to lead you off again, with her leg tied to your apron string, like a chicken's! No! I said to Jim, 'just you ride after until you see she's safe and sound in the down coach from Fair Plains, without her knowin' it wand if she's inclined to hear her knowin' it, and if she's inclined to hang back or wobble any, you post back here and let me know!' I told him I would stay and lock after you, to see you didn't bolt too!" She laughed, and then added: "But I didn't think I should fall into the old ways so soon, and have such a nice time. Did you, Clar-ence?"

ence?" She looked so irresponsible sitting there, and so childishly or perhaps thoughtlessly happy, that he could only admire her levity, and even the slight shock that her flippant allu-sion to his wife had given him seemed to o him only a weakness of his own. After all, was not here the true philosophy? Why should not these bright eyes see things more clearly than his own? Nevertheless, with his eyes still fixed upon them, he continued: "And Jim was willing to go?" "Why, yes, you silly-why shouldn't he?

"Stop!" said Clarence, with a white face. "She came to tell me that Captain Pinckney was still lingering for you in the road." He threw open the gate to let her pass.

he was like her! "You know it as well as I-do, Clarence," "You know it as well as 12-do, Clarence," she said, with a pretty wrighting of her brows, which was her nearest approach to thoughtfulness. "You know you never really liked her, only you thought her ways wore grander and more proper than mine, and you know you were always a little bit of a snob, and a prig, too! And Mrs. Payton was -bless my scul!--a Benham, and a planter's daughter, and I-I was only a picked-up or-nhan! That's where Jim is better than you. observed and in the second sec cal about things that are just sentimental and romantic than to be so awfully possessed and romantic than to be so awfulty possessed and overcome about things that are only real! There, you needn't stare at me so. It's true! You've had your fill of grandeur and propriety, and—here you are! And," she added with a little chuckle, "here's

"You see, Clarence," she went on, ought never to have let me go-never. You ought to have kept me here, cr run away with me. And you oughtn't to have tried to make me proper. And you cupitn't to have driven me to flirt with that horrid Spanlard, and you oughtn't to have been so horribly cold and severe when I did. And you oughtn't to have made me take up with Jim, who was the only one who though me his equal. I might have been very silly and capricious, and I might have been very vain, but my vanity isn't a bit worse than his wife's bedroom, partly in the hope of disturbing his screnity by some memento of your pride-my love of praise and applaus in the theater isn't a bit more horrid than your fears of what people might think of the past. There was no disorder of flighteverything was in its place except the drawer of her desk, which was still open, as you or me. That's gospel truth, ien't it, Clarence? Tell me! Don't look that way if she had taken something from it as an afterthought. There were letters and papers there—some of his own, and some in Cap-tain Pinckney's handwriting. It did not ocand this-look at me! Isn't it true?" "I was thinking of you just now when fell asleep, Susy," he said. He did no He did no know why he said it; he had not intended cur to him to look at them-even to justify himself-or excuse her. He knew that his hatred of Captain Pinckney was not so much that he believed him her lover as his to tell her-he had only meant to avoid a direct answer to her question, yet even now be went on. "And I thought of you when I was cut there in the rose garden waiting sudden conviction "that they were alike. to come in here." "You did?" she said, drawing in her He was the male of her species-a being antagonistic to himself, whom he could fight and crush and revenge himself upon.

could

e, and

But most of all he loathed his past, not on

that had made him her dupe, and a mis-understood man to his friends. He had been dereliet of duty in his unselfish deve-

He started. He had been sleeping-but the

For with a flash of her old audacity, aided

the bunch of household keys she had found,

No matter-you've shows yourself a

by her perfect knowledge of the hor

unt of her, but of his own weakness

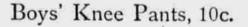
#### MAIL ORDERS FILLED,

# Our Boys—

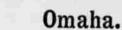
What would we do without them-we-us-we mean -for they are the life of our business-They make us friends-they make us give them bargains-and we always cheerfully give up. We expect six very busy days this week in our childrens' department-some tempting prices on some "taking" styles of suits for Boys-Many dainty patterns that we won't talk about here-come and see them-

> Boys' junior suits in blue and black tricot cloth, nobby and dressy. ages 3 to 7 years. The suit we've been selling for \$3.25special price.....

Elegant velvet and worsted reefer suits, 3 to 7 years, regular retail price \$4 to 5. They will go at this sale for. .....



The H. M. Cook Clothing Co., 13th and Farnam,





trol your political sympathies I shall not allow you to indulge them where in any way they seem to imply my sanction. But no little do I oppose your liberty that you are free to rejoin your political companions henevar you choose to do so on your own **ówn** urely political-net a name for something

she had alternately flushed and pared, it sugh still keeping her scorpful attitude as went on, but there was no mistaking the went on, but there was no mistaking the upon the chivalrous sympathies of the man upon the chivalrous sympathies of the man She had alternately flushed and paled, alwent on, but there was no mistaking the uineness of her vague wonderment at concluding words. "I don't understand i," she said. lifting her eyes to his in a post of cold curiosity. "What do you

"What do I mean? What did Judge Bee Bwinger mean when he called Captain Pinck-ney a double traitor?" he said roughly. She sprang to her feet with flashing eyes.

She sprang to her feet with flashing eyes. "And yeu-you-date to repeat the cowardly lie of a confessed spy. This, then, is what you wished to tell me-this, the insult for which you have kept me here, because you are incapable of understanding unselfish pairiotism or devotion-even to your own cause-you dare to judge me by your own Yes, it is worthy of you standards. She walked rapidly up and down, and then auddenly faced him. "I understand it all! I appreciate your

magnanimity now. You are willing I shall join the company of these chivalrous gentlemen in order to give color to your calumnies. Say at once that it was you who put up this a moment ago stood up for you before these bission of the store of the tlemen, and said you could not lie! the garden.

Struck only by the wild extravagance of speech and temper Clarence did not that when women are most illogical they are apt to be most sincere, and, from man's standpoint, her unreasoning deduc tions appeared to him only as an affectation to gain time for thought, or a theatrical dis-play to dazzle, like Susy's. And he was turning, half contemptuously, away when she

at once to join my own people, my own friends-those who understand me-put what friends-those who understand me-put what construction on it you choose. Do your worst! You cannot do more to separate us than you have done just now." han you have done just now." the clash of the gate, and then, She left him and ran up the steps, with an everything, he burst into the patio,

extravagant return of her old occasional Clarence was just turning from the gate nymph-like gracefulness-the movement of a with the marks of his wife's hand still red woman who has never borne children-and a switch of her long skirts that he remembered for many a day after as she disappeared in the corridor.

outraged, and unconvinced! Then there was a rattling at the gate. He rumembered he had locked it. He for recognizing the only thing that I now

n her shoulders.

'I know it all, all that's happened." sho burst out, with half girlish exuberance, and half the actress's declamation. "We met them all in the road, posse and prisoners." 'You will consider that I have accepted it them all in the road, posse and prisonera. Chief Thompson knew me, and told me all. 'And so you've done it—and you're master in your old house again. Charence, old boy, Jim said you wouldn't do it. Said you'd weaken on account of her! But I said 'No.' I knew you botter, old Clarence, and I saw it in your face, for all your stiffness! Het But fac all that I was might. But for all that I was mighty nervous and and just made Jim send an excuse to the theater, and we rushed it down here.

"I have nothing to say to you in regard to what has just passed in this house, ex-cept that as long as I remain nominally its master it shall no longer attempt to influence or con-shall no longer attempt to influence or con-

For once Susy had not exaggerated. Cap tain Pinckney was lingering with the deputy who had charge of him on the trail near the casa. It had already been pretty well understood by both captives and captors that the arrest was simply a legal demonstration, that the sympathizing federal judge would unty. But I must first know from lips that your sympathies are theal-not a name for something ers on their own recognizances, and it was probable that the deputy saw no harm in granting Pinckney's request," which was vir-

> at such a crisis, and it is to be feared, also, that Clarence, as a reputed lukewarm partihis own party. However, the deputy agreed to delay Pinckney's journey for a parting in-

terview with his fair hostess. How far this expressed the real sentiments ation. of Captain Pinckney was never known. Whether his political association with Mrs. The consciousness of superior virtue. He re-entered his own room and again threw himself in his chair. His caim was Brant had developed into a warmer solicitude understood or ignored by her, and what were his hopes and aspirations regarding his fu-ture, was by the course of fate nover dis-closed. A man of easy ethics but rigid artibeing succeeded by a physical weariness; he remembered he had not slept the night before, and he ought to take some rest to be fresh in the early morning. Yet he must also show himself before his self-invited ficialities of honor, flattered and pampered by class prejudice, a so-called "man of the with no experience beyond his own world. limited circle, yet brave and devoted to that, it were well perhaps to leave this last act of

guests, Susy and her husband, or their sus-picions would be aroused. He would try to his inefficient life to the simple record of the Dismounting, he approached the house from he garden. He was already familiar with the garden. He was already failular with the low-arched doorway which led to the business room, and from which he could gain admittance to the patio. But it so chanced hollow, where she had once given him a renthat he entered the dark passage at the mo-ment that Clarence had thrust Susy into the business room and heard its door shut sharply. For an instant he believed that Mrs. Brant had taken refuge there, but as he shut

roges.

old days!

"Clarence!"

again faced him with flashing eyes: "Well, hear me! I accept! I leave here further along the passage. Suddenly her voice seemed to change to angry denunciation, and

on his white cheek. He saw Captain Pinck-ney's eyes upon it, and a faint, half mallhe corridor. He remained looking after her-indignant, licked the gate, and turning to him said.

A ratiling at the gate. He remembered he had locked it. He opened it to the flushed, pink checks and for recognizing the only thing that I now require at your hands." But Captain Pinckney had recovered his supercilious ease with the significant de-

"You seem to have had something already

from another's hand, sir-but I am at your service," he said lightly. "You will consider that I have accepted it from you, sir," said Clarence, drawing closer to him with a rigid face. "I suppose it will not be necesary f.r me to return it— to make you understand me." "Go on," said Pinckney, flushing slightly. "Make your terms. I am ready." man at last!-and I'm proud of you." Half ashamed of the pleasure he felt, even n his embarrassment, Clarence stammered: 'But this change-this dress!''

to make you understand me. "Go on," said Pinckney, flushing alightly. "Make your terms. I am ready." "But I'm not," said the unexpected voice of the deputy at the grille of the gateway. "Excuse my interfering, gentlemen, but this "Excuse my interfering, gentlemen, but this sort o' thing ain't dawn in my schedule. "Twe let thiz gentleman," pointing to Cap-tain Pinckney, "off for a minit to say goodby to a lady, who, I reckon, has just rilden off in her buggy with her servant without say-ing by your leave—but I don't calkelate to let him inter another business which, like as not, may prevent me from delivering his body seef and senut into court. You hear

breath. A wave of delicate pink color came up to her very eyes-it seemed to him as quickly and as innocently as when she was "And what do you think, Klarus". girl she half whispered-"tell me!"

He did not speak. The dawn was breaking as Clarence and

tion to her; he had stifled his ambition and underrated his own possibilities-no wonder Jim Hooker emerged together from the gate of the casa. Mr. Hooker looked sleepy. He had found, after his return from Fair others had accepted him at his own valu-Clarence Brant was a modest man, but the egotism of modesty is more fatal than that of pretension, for it has the haunt-Plains, that his host had an early engage ment at Santa Inez, and he insisted upon rising to see him off. It was with difficulty,

indeed, that Clarence could prevent his ac companying him. Clarence had not the easy, supercillous smile as he threw away revealed to Susy, the night before, the real his cigar appeared to drop out of his face object of his journey, nor did Hooker evi- with a kind of vacant awe, as he faced him. object of his journey, nor did Hooker evidently suspect it, yet when he had mounted his horse he hesitated for an instant, but without extending his hand. his horse he hesitated for an instant, but without extending his hand.

"If I should happen to be detained," he began with a half smile. But Jim was struggling with a yawn.

sleep for a little while in the chair, before he went down stairs again. He closed his eyes oddly enough on a dim, dreamy recollection "Tha's all righ-don't mind us," he said, stretching his arms. Clarence's hesi-tating hand dropped to his side, and with a light, reckless laugh and a half sense of of Susy, of the old days in the little Madrono dezvous. He forgot the maturer and criti-cal uneasiness with which he had then reprovidential relief he galloped away. What happened immediately thereafter, during his solitary ride to Santa Inez, looking cal uncashes which he now knew was the effect of the back upon it in after years, secure which he now knew was the effect of the sortuged dominance of Mrs. Peyton over him. The faintness he had felt when awaiting in the old rose garden a few hours ago seemed ally opening clearer with the rising sun in an unclouded sky, the meeting with a few early unclouded sky, the meeting with a few early or belated travelers and his unconscious into a delicious drowsiness. He even seemed again to inhale the perfume of the

or belated travelers and his unconscious avoidance of them, as if they might know of his object, the black shadows of fore shortened cattle rising before him on the

voice sounded strangely real. A little girlish laugh followed. He sprang plain and arousing the same uneasy sensation of their being waylaying men; the wondering recognition of buses and land-marks he had long been, familiar with, his purposeless attempts to recall the circum-stances in which he had known them-all to his feet. It was Susy, standing beside him-and Susy even as she looked in the

which dangled from her girdle, as in the old fashion, she had disinterred one of her old frocks from a closet, slipped it on, and unways, however, abandoned with relief at the thought that the next few hours might make ossening her brown hair, had let it fall in lppling waves down her back. It was ippling waves down her back. It was susy in her old girlishness, with the instinct

them unnecessary. So, also, was the sud-den realization that Santa Inez was before Susy in her old girmanness, with the instinct of the grown actreas in the arrangement of her short skirft over her pretty ankles, and the half conscious poss she had taken. "Poor old Clarence," she said, with dancing eyes, "I might have won a dozen pairs of gloves from you while you slept there. But you're tired, and you've had a hard time of the same sense of unreality pervaded his

he was not yet quite prepared for it. This same sense of unreality pervaded his meeting with the deputy sheriff; the news arms?

that the federal judge had, as was expected, dismissed the prisoners on their own recog-nizance, and that Captain Pinckney was at "But this change—this dreas!" Susy chapped her hands like a child. "I knew it would surprise you! It's an old frock I wore the year I went away with aunty. I knew where it was hidden, and fished it out again with these keys. Clar-instant of the second so like old times. When I the hotel at breakfast. In the like ab-stracted manner he replied to the one or

threater, and guist made jim mend an excase work to do thing ain't diwn in my schedule. The lock matural to see the old house again. And she; you packed her off with the oth grant diwn in the schedule and its court is the oth grant diwn in the schedule and its court. You have the the oth dig you? Teller, 'off for a milit to say, and fuel it out again with these keys. Clar concerning the principal and his seconds were awaiting transmed fractions, and even returned his formal parting the second and the second were awaiting to the deputy, regained the hotel, ware the other second were awaiting to the deputy, regained the hotel, ware the away. And finterse to the the second and interse? The let this gaitmean, ''other the other second have off with the oth appealing voice, 'you shok her, too''' to have the the distribution apping the second and attended and the second and the second

out," followed by the more anxious aside of about this completing climax of his trouble. the other second, as the deputy turned away, "Yes, but I don't like his looks!" His senze conscientious, peaceful, sensitive man, tender of sight was also so acute that having lost the choice of position when the coin was tossed, and being turned with his face to the sun, even through its glare he saw with un-erring distinctness of outline the black coated by remorse for their first victim; who refigure of his opponent move into range, saw the perfect outline of his features, and how tained a terrible consciousness of the appearance of the dead man; he had no such feeling; he had only a grim contentment in the wiped out, inefficient life, and contempt for the limp and helpless body. He suddenly recalled the callousness as a boy, when face to face with the victims of the Indian knew he had fired by the recoil of the pistol in his levelled hand simultaneously with its utterance. And at the same moment, still standing like a rock, he saw his adversary miserably collapse, his legs grotesquely curv-miserably collapse, his legs grotesquely curv-the body of his father influencing him ever thus. miserably collapse, his legs groterquely curv-ing inward under him, without even the digdomestic happiness, with the ordinary am-bitions of man's life, whose blood was nity of death in his fall, and so sink help-lessly like a felled bull to the ground. Still bitions of man's life, whose blood was frozen at the source! Yet even with this erect, and lowering only the muzzle of his very thought came once more the old inconpiatol, as a thin feather of smoke curled up its shining side, he saw the doctor and secsistent tenderness he had as a boy lavished upon the almost unknown and fugitive father onds run quickly to the heap, try to lift its limp impotence into shape, and let it drop again with the words: "Right through the He remembered how he had worshipped him and remembered him only by secret gifts. He remembered how he had worshipped him

even while the pious padres at San Jose were endeavoring to eliminate this terrible forehead! "You've done for him," said the deputy turning to Clarence with a singular look of poison from his blood, and combat hereditary instinct in his conflicts with his schoolfellows. And it was, a part of this curiosity, "and I reckon you'd better get out of this mighty quick! They didn't expect it-they're just ragin', they may round on you-and," he added more slowly, "they seem to have just found out who you are!" inconsistency that, riding away from the scene of his first bloodshed, his eyes were dimmed with moisture, not for the victim

Even while he was speaking, Clarence with his guickened ears heard the words, "one of Hamilton Brant's pups. Just like his father," from the group around the dead man. He did these were like a dream. So, too, were the recollections of the night before, the episode with Susy, already mingled and blended with the memory of their previous past, his futile attempts to look forward to the future, al-

"Am I to understand from my gentlemen." he said, looking around the group, "that you are not satisfied?"

"The fight was square enough," said Pinckney's second in some embarrassment, "but I reckon that he"-pointing to the dead man-" did not know who you were?" "Do you mean that he did not know that I was the son of a man proficient in the use of

"I reckon that's about it," returned the second, glancing at the others.

"I am glad to say, air, that I have a better opinion of his courage." said Clarence, lifting his hat to the dead body as he turned away. Yet he was conscious of no remorae, concern, or even pity in his act. Perhaps this was visible in his face, for the group appeared awed by this perfection of the duelist's cool ness, and even returned his formal parting salutation with a vague and timid respect.

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treatment to all. The best work, always.

From every public building and hotel, from From every public building and hotel, from the roofs of private houses, and even the windows of lonely dwellings, flapped and waved the striped and starry banner. The steady breath of the sea carried it out from masts and yards of ships at their wharvesfrom the battlements of the forts at Alcatraz and Yerba Buena. He remembered that the ferrymen had told him that news from Fort Sumter had swept the city with a revulsion of patriotic sentiment, and that there was no doubt that the state was saved to the He looked down upon it with haggard and bewildered eyes-and then a strange gasp and fullness of the throat! For afar a solitary bugle had blown-the "reveille" at Fort Alcatraz!

(To be continued.)

### Not in that Way.

Texas Siftings: "Yes," said the lady lecturer, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways." "There is one way in which they never suffered," said a meek-looking man stand-

ing up. "What way is that?" demanded the lec-

"They have never suffered in silence." And then the lecturer demonstrated be-yond a doubt that he was right, in her case at least.

#### Discouraged Sheep Ranchers.

Sheep ranchers in many parts of Oregon and other northwestern regions are getting discouraged over the decreasing value of

This, and more, was in his mind during his sheep and the increasing value of long ride to Fair Plains, his journey by coach to Embascadero, his midnight passage land, and at a recent meeting of ranchers in Oregon it was suggested that they should across the dark waters of the bay, and his re-entrance to San Francisco-but what drop sheep and go in for raising coyotes. Coyotes scalps are worth \$6 each, while while should be his future was still unsettled. sheep are worth anywhere from \$2.50 down. As he wound around the crest of Russian Then a ewe will raise only one or two lambs

looked down again upon Hill and the in a season, but a covote will easily raise a awakened city he was startled to see that it family of five or zeven. The arithmetic was fluttering and streaming with bunting! and logic of the matter are easy.

his

but for the one being whom he believed had

