WIZARD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SEE," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

swiftly as the bane."

up, and spoke

Hokosa, who are skilled in medicines, may

know that this antidote does not work so

The seconds passed on as the minute hand

vain imagining, and was all his faith nothing but a dream, Owen wondered? Well, it

he did not believe that it was so; he believed

that the power above him would intervene

to save not him, indeed, but all this people. "Let us make an end," said Hokosa, "the

'What has chanced to me?" he said.

terrified and amazed at the Messenger-the white wizard to whom had been given power

to bring men back from the gate of death.

At length Owen said:
"This has chanced to you, King. That evil

which I prophesied to you if you refused to listen to the voice of mercy has fallen upon

ou. By now you would have been dead id it not pleased Him whom I serve, work-

is Master of the earth," and he held the

The humbled monarch lifted his hand-

to none-and saluted the symbol, saying:

who for many years had made obeisance

crucifix before his eyes.

Yos," said Owen, "the time is done-and

shot was a random one, but it told

CHAPTER VII

THE RECOVERY OF THE KING. For a moment there was silence, then a great cry arose-a cry of "Our father is for Hokosa fell back and was silent. Presently with it were mingled other and angrier shouts of "The King is of the watch went round from ten to twenty murdered!" and "He is bewitched, the from twenty to thirty, and from thirty to white wizard has bewitched the king! He prophesied evil upon him, and now he has bewitched him!"

Meanwhile the captains and councillors so, it would be best that he should die formed a ring about Umsuka, and Hokosa, bending over him, examined him.

"Princes and councillors," he said presently, "your father yet lives, but his life is like the life of a dying fire, and soon he must be dead. This is sure, that one the King lives."

Let two things has befallen him: Either Even as he spoke the pulses in the old two things has befallen him: the heat has caused the blood to boil in his veins and he is smitten with a stroke from heaven, such as men who are fat and heavy sometimes die of, or he has been bewitched by a wicked wizard. Yonder stands one," and he pointed to Owen, "who not an hour ago prophesied that before the sun was down great evil should overtake the King. The sun is not yet down, and great evil has overtaken him. Perchance. Princes and councillors, this white prophet can tell us of the matter."

"Perchance I can," answered Owen calmly "He admits it!" cried some. "Away with "Peace!" said Owen, holding the crucifix

toward those whose spears threatened his They shrank back, for this symbol of a dying man terrified them who could not guess its significance.

"Peace," went on Owen, "and listen. Be King will die; whereas, if I live, your King will die; whereas, if I live, your King may live. You ask me of this matter. Where shall I begin? Shall I begin with the tale of two men seated together three nights ago in a hut so dark that no eyes could see in it, save, perchance, the eyes of a wizard? What did they talk of in that hut, and who were those men? They talked, I think, of the death of a King and the crowning of a King; they talked of a price to be paid for a certain medicine; and one of them had a royal air, and one—"

"Will ye harken to this wild babbler while your King lies dying before your eyes?" broke in Hokosa, in a shrill, unnatural voice; for, almost palsied with fear as he was at Owen's mysterious words, he still retained his presence of mind. "Listen now; what is he, and what did he say? He is one who comes hither to preach a new faith to us; he comes, he says, on an em-bassy from the King in Heaven, who has power over all things, and who, so these white men preach, can give power to his servants. Well, let this one cease prating and show us his strength, as he has been warned he would be called upon to do. Let him give us a sign. There before you lies your King, and he is past the help of man; even I cannot help him. Therefore let this messenger cure him, or call upon his God to cure him; that seeing we may know him to be a true messenger, and one sent by that King of whom he speaks. Let him do this now before our eyes or let him perish as a wizard who has bewitched the King. Do you hear my words, Messenger, and can you draw this one back from the

gates of death?"
"I hear them," answered Owen quietly, "and I can or if I cannot, then I am willing to pay the penalty with my life. You, who are a doctor, say that your King is as one who is already dead, so that whatever I may do I cannot hurt him further. Therefore, do I cannot hurt him further. I ask this of you, that you stand round and watch, but molest me neither by word nor deed while I attempt his cure. Do you

'It is just; we consent," said the Coun cillors. "Let us see what the white mar can do, and by the issue let him be judged." But Hokosa stared at Owen, wondering, and made no answer. "Bring some clean water to me in

It was brought and given to him. looked round, searching the faces of those about him. Presently his eye fell upon the Prince Nodwengo, and he beckened to

him, saying: "Come hither, Prince, for you are honest, and I would have you help me, and no other man.

The Prince stepped forward and Owen gave him the gourd of water. Then he drew out the little bottle wherein he had stored the juice of the creeper, and, uncorking it he bade Nodwengo fill it up with water. This done, he clasped his bands, and, lifting

his eyes to heaven, he prayed aloud in the language of the Amasuka. "O God," he prayed, "upon whose business I am here, grant. I beseech The, that by Thy grace power may be given to me to work in the face of these people, to the end that I may win them to cease from their iniquities, to believe upon Thee, the only true God, and to save their souls

Having finished his prayer, he took the bottle and shook it; then he commanded Nodwengo to sit upon the ground and hold his father's head upon his knee.



BEHOLD THE GOD.

all might see by many signs, the King was upon the verge of death, for his face was purple, his breathing rare and stertorous and his heart well-nigh still. "Open his mouth and hold down the

tongue" said Owen.

The Prince obeyed, pressing down the tongue with a snuff spoon. Then, placing the neck of the bottle as far into the throat as it would reach, Owen poured the fluid it contained into the body of the King, who made a convulsive movement and instantly

"He is dead," said one; "away with the false prophet!"

"It may be so, or it may not be so," answered Owen. "Wait for the half of an hour: then if he shows no sign of life, do what you will with me.' "It is well," they said; "so be it." Slowly the minutes slipped by, while the

King lay like a corpse before them, and outside of that silent ring the soldiers murmured as the wind. The sun was sinking fast, and Hokosa watched it, counting the seconds. At length he spoke:

"The half of the hour that you demanded is dead, White Man, as dead as the King,

and now the time has come for you to dialso," and he stretched out his hand to take

Owen looked at his watch and replied: There is still another minute, and you, King's guest!'

"White Man," whispered Hokosa, "how can these things be? I was alone in the hut with the Prince; I was alone beneath the Tree of Doom, and you, as I know well. navond the river. Your spies must be good, "My spirit is my only spy, Hokosa. My

spirit watched you, and from your own lips he learned the secret of the bane and of the antidote. Hafela mixed the pulson as you taught him; I gave the remedy and

saved the King alive." Now the knees of Hokosa grew weak beneath him, and he leaned against the fence of the kraal for support. "I have skill in the art," he said hearsely. "but, Messenger, your magic is more than

mine, and my life is ferfeit to you. To-morrow morning you will tell the King all, and tomorrow night I shall hang upon the Dreadful Tree. Well, so be it; I am over-matched at my own trade, and it is best that I should die. You have plotted well, and you have conquered, and to you belong forty. A few more instants and the game was played. Had that dream of his been my place and power."

"It was you who plotted, and not I. Hokesa. Did you not contrive that I should reach the Great Place but a little before the where is he that dwells in it?" poison was given to the King, so that upon e might be laid the crime of bewitching Did you not plan also that I should be called upon to cure him—a thing you deemed impossible—and when I failed that I should be straightway butchered?"

"Sceing that it is uscless to lie to you, confers that it was so," answered Hokosa, man's forehead were seen to throb and the veins of his neck to swell as they had swollen after he had swallowed the poison; "It was so," repeated Owen, "therefore according to your law your life is forfeit, seeing that you dug a pit to snare the feet then once more they shrank to their natural size. Umsuka stirred a hand, groaned, sat of the innocent. But I come to tell you of a new law, and that which I preach and practice. Hokesa, I pardon you, I promise you that no word of all your wickedness Hokesa I parden you I promise have descended into deep darkness, now once again I see light."

No one answered, for all were staring,

shall pass my lipa.' "It has not been my fashion to take a boon at the hand of any man, save of the King only," said the wizard, in a humble voice, "but now it seems that I am come to it. Tell me, White Man, what is the payment that you seek of me?"

"None, Hokosa, except that you cease from evil and listen with an open heart to that message which I am come to deliver to ing through me, his Messenger, to bring you and to all your nation. Also, you would back to look upon the sun. Thank Him, do well to put away that fair woman whose therefore, and worship Him, for He alone price was the murder of him that fed you." price was the murder of him that fed you. "I cannot do it," answered the wizard. will listen to your teachings, but I will not rob my heart of her it craves alone. Man. I am not like the rest of my nation I have not sought after women; I have bu



OWEN AND HOROSA.

me sick to death and to recover me?" take her, and "By the hand of man, King, and by the my children." virtues that lie hid in nature. Did you not drink of a cup, and were not many things mixed in the draught? Was it not will learn to hate you who have robbed her should bring down the head of pride and and your gray hairs in place of them. evil and lift up the head of truth and goodness?

"O. White Man, how know you these things?" gasped the King. "I know them; it is enough. was it that stirred the bowl, King, and gave you to drink of it?"

Now Umsuka staggered to his feet and cried aloud, in a voice that was thick with By my head and the heads of my fathers

I smell the plot! My son, the Prince Hafela, had learned my counsel and would have slain me before I said words that should set him beneath the fest of Nodwengo Seize him, Captains, and let him be brought before me for judgment!"

Men looked this way and that to carry out the command of the King, but Hafela was gone. Already he was upon the hill-side, running as a man has rarely run beforc his face set toward his fastness in the mountains, where he could find shelter among his mother's tribesmen and the army which he commanded, which of late had been sent thither by the King that they might be far from the great place when the prince was disinherited.

"He is fled," said one. "I saw him go." Pursue him and bring him back, dead or alive!" thundered the King. A hundred head of cattle to the man who lays hands upon him before he reaches the impi of the north, for they will fight for him!"
"Stay!" broke in Owen. "Once before this y I prayed of you, King, to show mercy, d you refused it. Will you refuse me a cond time? Leave him his life who has and you refused it.

"That he may rebel against me? Well White Man, I owe you much, and for this time your wisdom shall be my guide, though my heart speaks against this gentleness. Hearken, councillors and people, this is my decree; that Hafela, my son, who would have murdered me, be deposed from his place as heir to my throne, and that Nodwengo, his brother, he set in that place, to ule the People of Fire after me when I

"It is good, it is just!" said the council Let the King's word be done.

"Hearken again," said Umsuka. "Let this white man, who is named Messenger, be placed in the house of guests and treated with all honor; let oxen be given him from the royal herds and corn from the granaries and girls of noble blood for wives if he wills them. Hokesa, into your hand I deliver him, and, great though you are, know this, that if but a hair of his head is barmed with your goods and your life you shall answer for it, you and all your house." Councillors again.

leralds," went on Umsuka, "proclaim the feast of the first fruits is ended "Heralds." and my command is that every regiment should seek its quarters, taking with it a double gift of cattle from the King, who has been saved alive by the magic of the white man. And now, Messenger, farewell. for my head grows heavy. Tomorrow I will

house, and, save those who were quartered in it, the regiments passed one by one through the gates of the kraal, singing their war songs as they went. Darkness fell upon the Great Place, and through it parties of men might be seen dragging away the corpses of those who had fallen in the fight with sticks, or been put to death thereafter by order of the King.

"Messenger," said Hokosa, howing before Owen, "will you be pleased to follow me?" and he led him to a little kraal numbering five or six large and beautifully made huts, which stood by itself, within its own fence, at the north end of the Great Place, not far from the house of the King. In front of the center hut a fire was burning and by its light women appeared, cleaning out the huts and bringing food and water.

and bringing food and water.
"Here you may rest in safety, Messenger," said Hokosa. "seeing that night and day a guard from the King's own regiment will stand before your doors."
"I do not need them." answered Owen, "for none can harm me till my hour comes.

how did His magic work upon me to make girl-ah, you know not how!-and I will take her, and she shall be the mother o

And thus for that night they parted.

CHAPTER VIII. THE FIRST TRIAL BY FIRE.

On the following day, while Owen sate heart a messenger arrived saving that the King would receive him whenever it pleased him to come. He answered that he would be with him before noon, for already he had learned that with natives one loses little by delay. A great man, they think, is rich in time and burries only to wait on his superiors. At the appointed hour a guard came to lead him to the royal house, and thither he went followed by John, bearing : Umsuka was seated beneath a ree roof supported by poles and open on al sides; behind him stood councillors and at tendants, and by him were Nodwengo, the Prince, and Hokosa, his Mouth and Prophet Although the day was hot he wore a kaross or rug of catskins, and his face showed that the effects of the poisoned draught were still upon him. At the approach of Owen he rose with something of an effort, and, shak ing him by the hand, thanked him for his

e, calling him "Doctor of Doctors."
"Tell me, Messenger," he added, "how it was that you were able to cure me and who were in the plot to kill me? There must have been more than one," and he rolled his eyes round with angry suspicion

"King," answered Owen, "if I knew any-thing of this matter, the power that wrote it on my mind has wiped it out again, or, at the least, has forbidden me to speak of it I saved you, it is enough; for the rest, the past is the past, and I come to deal with the present and the future." "This white man keeps his word," thought Hokosa to himself, and he looked at him,

thanking him with his eyes.
"So be it," answered the King; "after all. it is wise not to stir a dungheap, for there we find little besides evil odors and nests of snakes. Now, what is your business with me and why do you come from the white man's countries to visit me? I have heard of those countries; they are great and far away. I have heard of the white men also -wonderful men, who have all knowledge; but I do not desire to have anything to do with them, for whenever they meet black people they eat them up, taking their lands and making them slaves. Once, some years two of your white people visited us here; but perhaps you know that story." "I know it," answered Owen; "one of those men you murdered, and the other you sent back with a message which he lelivered into my ears across the waters,

thousands of miles away. "Nay," answered the King, "we did not murder him; he came to us with the story of n new God who could raise the dead and work other mitacles and gave such powers to His servants. So a man was slain and we begged of him to bring him back to life; and since he could not, we killed him

"He was no llar," said Owen, "since he never told you that he had power to open the mouth of the grave. Still, heaven is the mouth of the grave. Still, heaven is mereiful, and, although you murdered him that was sent to you, his Master has chosen me to follow in his footsteps. Me also you may murder if you will, and then another and another, but still the messengers shall come, till at last your cars are opened and you listen. Only for such deeds your punish-

you listen. Only for such deeds your punishment must be heavy."

"What is the message, White Man?"

"A message of peace, of forgiveness and of life beyond the grave, of life everlasting. Listen, King. Yesterday you were near to death; say now, had you stepped over the edge of it, where would you be this day?"

Unsuka shrugged his shoulders. "With my fathers. White Man."

my fathers. White Man."
"And where are your fathers?"
"Nay, I know not—nowhere, everywhere; the night is full of them; in the night we hear the echo of their voices. When they are angry they haunt the thunder cloud and guard from the King's own regiment will stand before your doors."

"I do not need them," answered Owen, "for none can harm me till my hour comes, I am a stranger here and you are a great man; yet, Hokosa, which of us is the safest this night?"

"Your meaning?" said Hokosa, sharply, "O, man!" answered Owen, "when in a certain hour you crept up the valley yonder, and, climbing the Tree of Death, gathered its polson, went I not with you? When, before that hour, you sat in yonder hut bargaining with the Prince Hafels—the death standard of they are pleased they smile in the sunshine. Sometimes also they appear in the shape of snakes or visit us in dreams and then we offer them sacrifice. Yonder on the hillside is a haunted wood. It is full of their spirits. White Man, but they cannot talk, they only mutter, and their footfalls sound like the dropping of heavy rain, for they are pleased they smile in the sunshine. Sometimes also they appear in the shape of snakes or visit us in dreams and then we offer them sacrifice. Yonder on the hillside is a haunted wood. It is full of their spirits. White Man, but they cannot talk, they only mutter, and their soitalls sound like the dropping of heavy rain, for they are pleased they smile in the sunshine. Sometimes also they appear in the shape of snakes or visit us in dreams and then we offer them sacrifice. Yonder on the hillside is a haunted wood. It is full of their spirits. White Man, but they cannot talk, they only mutter, and their soitalls sound like the dropping of heavy rain, for they are strengthless and unhappy, and in the end they fade away."

"So you say." answered Owen, "who are not altogether without understanding, yet know little, never having been taught. Now

listen to me," and very earnestly he preached to him and those about him of peace, of forgiveness and of life everlastof a king for the price of a girl-was I not or a king for the price of a girl-was I not with you? Nay, threaten me not—in your own words I say it—'lay aside that spear or your body shall be thrown to the kites,' as one who would murder the King and the

"Why should a God die miserand cross?" asked the King at length.
"That through His sacrifice men might be-come as gods," answered Owen. "Belleve in Him and He will save you." Why should a God die miserably upon a

"How can we do that," asked the again, "when already we have a god? re desert one god and set up another? "What god, King?"

"What god, King?"
"I will show him to you, White Man.
Let my litter be brought."
The litter was brought and the King entered it. Passing through the north gate of the Great Palace, the party ascended the slope of the hill that lay beyond it till they reached a flat plain some hundreds of yards in width. On this plain vegetation grew scantily, for here the bed-rock of ironstone, denuded by frequent and heavy rains, was scarcely hidden by a this crust of earth. On the further side of the crust of earth. On the further side of the plain, however, and separated from it by a little stream, was a green bank of deep, soft soil, beyond which lay a gloomy val-ley, full of great trees, that for many gencrations had been the burying place of the the Amasuka.

This is the house of the god," said the King, "A strange house," answered Owen, "and

"Follow me and I will show you, Messen-ger; but be swift, for already the sky grows dark with the coming tempest."
Now at the King's command the bearers bore him across the sere plateau toward an object that lay almost in its center. Presently they halted, and, pointing to this

object, the King said:
"Behold the god!"
Owen advanced and examined it. A glance told him that this god of the Amasuka war a meteoric stone of unusual size. Most such stones are mere shapeless lumpo t this one bore a peculiar resemblance to a seated human being, holding up one arm toward the sty. So strange was this re-semblance that, other reasons apart, it was ot wonderful that savages should regard the object with awe and veneration; rather would it have been wonderful had they not done so

now," said Owen to the King, when he had examined the stone, "what is the history of this dumb god of yours, and why lo you worship him?"

"Follow me across the stream and I will tell you. Messenger," answered the King, again glancing at the sky. "The storm gathers, and when it breaks none are safe upon this plain except the heaven doctors such as Hokosa and his companions, who can bind the lightning."

(To be Continued.)

CONNUBIALITIES.

Mustapha Mussa Ben Yessuf Abu Heona has been arrested in London for bigamy. A man with such a name ought to be alowed to divide it between at least two helpmeets.

A Denver paper records the marriage of man only three feet high. He will feel a good deal smaller than that when his wife begins to ask him where he has been at this hour of the night.

The engagement is announced of Mis Eleanor Spurrier Alexander, daughter of the United States minister to Greece, Servia and Rumania, Eben Alexander, to Andrev Henry Patterson of Georgia.

Tandem clopements are becoming popular in Ohio. "A young couple rode from Medina o Sandusky and a justice of the peace did the rest. They couldn't afford a carriage but they looked swet on the street with a bicycle built for two.

Princess Maud of Wales came near not setting married on her wedding day. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Winchester, two of the five prelates needed to tie the knot, had sent their state robes to Buckingham palace in the early morning. The robes were mislaid by a stupid servant, and the whole palace was turned opsy-turvey till they were found, just in ime for the service.

Rev. Dr. A. D. Wilbor and bis wife ochester celebrated the fiftleth anniversary f their wedding last week. Dr. Wilbor, the is a Methodist minister, has held many charges in western New York. He was for ten years treasurer of Genesee Wesleyan seminary, Lima, N. Y. and for five years was superintendent of the Baavia Institution for the Plind

The young woman of Nashua, Ia., who started the Boies stampede in the Chicago convention, tells a Chicago paper about her post-convention fame. It seems that the people of Nashua haven't made much of her, because they are "gold bugs." But she gets a heavy mail, many of the letters containing offers of marriage. One clergy-man in Canada, "with dark brown hair and dark slumbering eyes," wrote her that he was willing to crawl twenty miles "on his hands and knees" to see her.

The proposed marriage between the Hereditary Prince of Coburg and one of the twin laughters of the Grand Duchess Vera of Wurtemberg (each of whom will have a fortune of twelve million of marks) appears to have fallen through, and it is runnored that Prince Alfred will shortly be betrothed mly child of the Hereditary Prince Bernard while her mother is the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, eldest daughter of the Emperor Frederick Princess Feedore was born at May 12, 1879, so she is four years and a half younger than Prince Alfred, In Killingly, Conn., there lives a French Canadian, named Levi Bradshaw. He has been a resident of that town about thirteen years, and is now 69 years and 4 months He has been married three times, and e father of forty-one children. Forty is the father of forty-one children. of these are now living. The last died shortly after its birth, three The last child His first wife fore him six children three being twins in that family. The second wife was the mother of twenty-four children, of whom twelve are twins and his present consort has presented him with eleven children. Bradshaw was firs married when under 14 years of age. His

eldest son is now 54 years of age, and has several children and granchildren. Twenty nine of his sons and daughters are married, all having children. This man does not know just how large his family of grandchildren and great-grandchildren has be come, as the sons and daughters have scat tered, but he can count up more than 15 descendants that he is certain about. Mr Bradshaw married his last wife in Daniel-son about thirteen years ago, and the last child born to them is the only one dead.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church and he felt that he had a right to criticise, relates the Chicago

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "If suggest that your sermons are—ah—"
"Too prosy, I suppose,," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no not that. But too long, "But you mustn't blame me for that," re-turned the miffister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell

On a recent Sunday evening in Belfast Me, a young man in church looked frequently at his watch during the sermon.

Just as he was doing so for the fourth or fifth time the pastor, with great earnestness, was 'nrging the truth upon the con-science of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is 'it, with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater brawled out, in the hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "a guarter past eight."

"Sharpson, I don't believe you have been side a church for six months."
"Phlatz, that's unjust! Only three Sundays ago I spent an hour and a half in the vestibule of one of the finest churches on the south side when I was out riding on my wheel and got caught in a shower, blame

"That minister is the most absent-minded I took him through a hospital ward yesterday where all the patients happened to be asleep."
"What did he do?" "Forgot himself and began to deliver a

The Cheerful Idiot. Indianapolis Journal: "Did you ever hear of green apples being used as beautifiers?" asked the Cheerful Idiot, as soon as the fat boarder had ceased eating peaches

"I never did," said the typewriter boarder. "Strange," continued the Cheerful Idiot, "when all the funny men have been telling for years how they make the hair curl."

MARCUS WHITMAN'S RIDE.

The Hero Who Saved the Great Northwest. BY GEORGE M. BAXTER.

To one man are the people of the United hero-although you may be sure his deter-mination was not prompted by any selfish States indebted for the possession of the rich region which now comprises the states of Oregon, Idaho and Washington and part

of Wyoming. That man was Marcus Whitman, who, carly sixty years ago, went as a volunteer missionary to the Indians of the far northwest. By daring and perilous journey 4,000 miles across the continent to the city of Washington, in the midst of a severe winter, through primeval forests, across high mountains and over untraveled plains, filled with wild beasts and wilder men, he saved to the nation the vast territory then known | terred. under the generous name of Oregon.

One hot, sultry day in the latter part of the 30's, there arrived in St. Louis-then a border city, marking the last considerable acttlement toward the Rocky mountainsfour Flathead Indians. They were all chiefs men of great importance in their tribe, and

the setting stall, exclaimed the spaceshall through heat and hardships such as few men have known. We have come to see the White Man's Book of Life and to hear from he lips of the pale face the story of his God. Our people are in darkness, and they would know the truth. Where shall we find the book that tells of the white man's This pathetic appeal went out all over

and to attempt a passage through their land meant certain destruction. Uaptain Grant and the soldiers at the fort urged him the country WHITMAN AS A VOLUNTEER those who quickly responded was to turn back, as any attempt to cut a new Whitman, a man of sincere con-Among those who quickly responded was victions and indomitable spirit, then resicent near the village of Elmira, N. Y. In company with his young wife and a handful

motive. When the feast was over, young Whitman made his excuses, and, filled with the enthusiasm of his idea, hastened back to Walliatpui. A winter of unusual severity had already set in, and when he reached his home, declaring his intention of settin forth across the continent at once in orde to reach Washington in time to prevent the sacrifice of Oregino. Whitman was told that such a journey alone and at that scason of the year could have but one ending fail re and death to the man who undertook it. But notwithstanding the pleading of his family and the gloomy forebodings of friends terred. "Though there is only one chance in ten thousand." he declared, "I will take that chance. My life is but of little worth if I can save this country to the American

course of action which was to make him

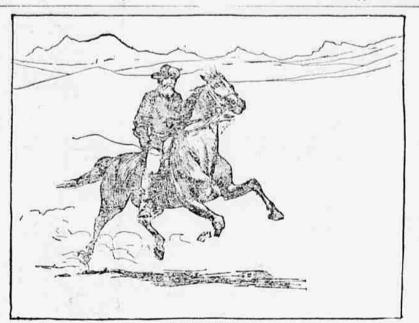
So on October 3, 1842, three days after his return to Waiilatpul, he set forth on his re-markable journey. With him went General A. L. Lovejoy, a guide, and three pack-mules. men of great importance in their tribe, and were worn and outwearied with their march of thousands of miles in order to reach the who finally bade him farewell and rechode of the whites.

"We have come from our homes toward the setting sun," exclaimed the spokesman.

THE RIDE. ned, after telling him that they never ex THE RIDE.

For the first eleven days of the journey the road was plainly marked, though be-set with danger from the Blackfoot Indians who were then beginning to be very hostile to white men. At the end of this period the little band reached its first post, Fort Hall, which was commanded by Captain Grant. He said Sloux and Pawnees were at war

and in dispater But to all such warnings the young mis longry gave no heed. The next morning of hardy pioneers. Whitman sailed down the he set out toward the southeast to discover Chio, and up the Mississippi and Missouri a new route to the Mississippi settlements.



THE DOCTOR.

the bordermen told him would be impossi-Let to get across the mountains. But he to meet did get it across, and a few years later we weather. gether of fur traders and trappers. At this time (1842) the boundary line between the British and United States pos-

1828 it was commonly held that this country was open for settlement to the first people went thither in sufficient numbers to hold and organize a government. entire region was claimed by England be Columbia river, and the fact that English

the wealth of the section. The United States on the other hand claimed that Captain Robert Gray, a Bostonian, was the first to discover the Columbian river, in 1792; and, further, that the immense tract belonged to them by subsequent purchase and treatles with Spain. Notwithstanding the validity of our claims American statesmen did not believe the re tion was of the slightest value, and took gion was of the singlified value, and took no pains to secure it. Daniel Webster de-clared that it was a bleak and barren waste, unfit for the habitation of man or beast, and not worth the ownership of any nation. Other leading statesmen agreed with him, and Senator Benton said in a speech that the Rocky mountains formed the "natural western boundary of the United States, and upon their highest peak should be set the statue of the fabled god, Termi-Meanwhile, however, the impression nus. still prevailed among both English and Americans that under the terms of the treaty of 1818-1828 the region would belong

numbers. A BRITISH BOAST.

This was the condition of affairs when in 1842 the missionary, Whitman, rode from his home at Walilatpui to Fort Walla Walla



. OVER THE FIRE

minent English traders were present on this occasion, and the talk as to the owner ship of the country ran high-the English men tausting Dr. Whitman about the igno-rance of American statesmen concerning the rance of American statesmen concerning the natural wealth of the region and making bold to declare that a movement was on foot to bring a large British colony thither and to settle the dispute as to the country's ownership by raising the English flag. In the midst of the argument a Canadian run-ner broke in upon the festivities to announce that an expedition of 150 Englishmen was then about 300 miles up the river, in-tent upon finding homes in the disputed region, and that these would immediately be followed by more colonists.

Dr. Whitman saw there was no time to lose if Oregon was to be saved to the United States. The young man's missionary duties had not kept him from making observations as to the vast wealth of the region where Providence had sent him, and he realized that through the short-sightedness of the people at Washington, a country worth in natural resources several ordinary worth, in natural resources, several ordinary ms, was about to slip from the na

tion's grasp. WHITMAN'S RESOLVE.

rivers on a rait, carrying with him, besides In due time the party reached Fort Mintah, other necessities, a four-wheel wagon, which where the guide left it, saying he refused to go any further into an unexplored land certain death in such severe Nothing daunted, Dr. Whitman him at Waillatpui, a settlement near hired another man who had some familiarity Walla Walla, composed nearly alto- with the region and pressed on through with the region and pressed on through At this time (1842) the boundary line companies in the northwest was still an uncettled question. Under the treaty of 1818blizzards and many hardships to Fort Unof the big mountains, bent on discovering a way to the ancient Spanish settlement of Taos, northwest of Santa Fe.

THE STORM

When about one-third of the distance was was accomplished the party entered a deep canon of the Rockies in the hope of finding a pass that would take them through to the esstern side of the immense barrier of rock middle of the canon the light falls of snow which they had encountered all the way from Waiilatpui here broke into a blizzare of awful severity and they found themselves hemmed in on all sides by snowdrifts im-possible to overcome. For ten days they en-dured this, during which time the provisions occame scarce, and the animals unmanageand the snows gave way sufficiently to mit the voyagers to get out of the canon and to the top of the mountain. Here another storm broke upon them with even more fury than the first, and they attempted to get back down the slope in order to take

cfuge in the canon again. The guide, however, after repeated efforts o locate the trail back to the camping camping place, acknowledged himself completely Here death indeed was close at hand. Whitman saw that they were beyond the help of man and, true to his teachings, knelt in the snow on the bleak top of the mountain peak and asked God for guidance. Then he turned one of the pack mules loose, and with its usual unerring instinct the animal led the party back over the trail

to their former camping place.

When the storm had finally abated, the guide deserted the party and Dr. Whitman was forced to return alone to Uncompanyra to procure a new one, leaving General Lovejoy in camp in the canon. Obtaining a new guide, however, was no easy task, and the missionary was detained several days in Uncompangra, but finally returned with a Mexican who had promised to accompany him to Santa Fe. After still further hard-ships and deprivations, the little band reached Taos, where they found provisions scarce that they could add none to the already much depleted stores. But with brave hearts they pushed on, crossin streams filled with broken ice, and suffer ing pangs of hunger, until they had traversed about half the distanced between Taos and Santa Fe. Here the last of the stores was consumed and death by starva-tion was close at hand. In that country there was no game for the hunter's gun, an before Dr. Whitman and his associates reached Santa Fe they were compelled to eat the doctor's dog and one of the mules From the old Spanish town they struck off to the northeast, bound for Bent's Fort, at the head of the Arkansas river. were now on the plains and grass and food were plentiful. A few days out from the fort they met a caravan going to Taos and Dr. Whitman was informed that a body of plainsmen were about to leave the fort for St. Louis. Desiring to catch this party and hurry on to Washington, Whitman dropped all impediments, and leaving his compan-ions pushed on alone. A few days later General Lovejoy and the guide reached the fort and the doctor had not yet arrived. They knew, of course, that he had lost ils way, and fearing the worst from the savage men and beasts of that region, at once began search for him. Four days later he was discovered by the general and brought into the fort completely exhausted. A rest of a few hours, however, and he was again on his way, alone, attempting to catch up with the caravan, which he eventually succeeded in doing, about 100 miles away.

WHITMAN'S RETURN. The trip thence to St. Louis was unevent-ful. In this city, however, he learned that the Oregon question was still open, and with renewed hope, he hastened on to Washing-Once in the capital city he found it

comparatively easy task to convince President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster dent Tyler and Secretary of State Webster of the desirability of the Oregon country. His frozen hands and feet bore witness to the truth of his long journey and the president promised him all the aid in his power. A year later saw him at the head of a caravan of 1,000 people, bound for Walla Walla. The journey of this caravan—the one of consequence that ever crossed the continent—is a story by itself. Suffice it to say here that they reached the promised to say here that they reached the promised land in safety and organized a government in accordance with their country's laws. Then and there he determined upon the Shortly after a treaty was entered into with

England recognizing the ownership of United States to all that vast area.
And that is how Marcus Whitman say

9+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0 A TRUE CHOST STORY

BY E. W. S. *0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0

Written for The Bee. Cold, cold blew the wind one winter light, and fast fell the snow, but what cared the merry party gathered around the blazing fire in the old oak dining 100m at

Ardly. As the flerce gusts swept by, rattling the windows with their ley fingers, grandpapa remarked: "How thankful we should be, children, to be so safely sheltered to-night. And now, what shall we do "t amuse ourselves-games or stories? Charie can choose."

The old man's eyes rested lovingly on a fine boy of 9 or 10 who nestled at his side. "Oh, grandpapa, let us have a ghost tory," exclaimed Charlie; "this is just the night for one," and, as all seemed agreed,

old man began: "It is now many, many years since I was visiting in the county Tyrone, Ireland, with my friends, the St. Clairs. One morning at the breakfast table Henry St. Clair remarked that he had heard a strange story the day before. 'Do you remember,' said he to his father, 'the old manor house purchased last year by Colonel Eversham? 'Yes. I remember it well. The colone has two daughters-the youngest as lovely a girl as I have ever seen."

"'Well,' continued Henry, 'you will be orry to hear that she is dead. Last year, it seems, the two girls, Elsie and Marie, were left £2,000 each on the death of their grandmother. Poor Marie did not long en-joy her good fortune. While out riding ot long ago she was thrown from her orse and almost instantly killed. You may imagine what a blow it was to her parents, Her father seemed quite heartbroken when I met him shortly after, and, as if to make matters worse, rumor has it her ghost can-not rest easy in the grave unless her fortune is given to her sister Elise. Strange of night. Boxes are moved and the ghost s heard to walk from room to room. Not The family does not know what to do.
The colonel says he is afraid he will have The colonel says he is alraid ne will have to sell out, and he cannot bear to do that. He sat up two or three nights, but the ghost could not be heard while he was there. It seemed to have taken those nights

'Do you really believe in ghosts,' said I, speaking for the first time.
"I can't say that I do,' said he, 'but there is something very strange about all this, and I hardly know what to say. I only wish I could help the colonel in any way and I would do it."

'Well,' said I, 'l'll tell you what we do. I don't believe in ghosts, so if you

will help me I think we can manage lay this one. What I want you to do to get Colonel Eversham's permission enter the house after dark. No one el enter the house after dark. No one else is to be told of our intention, and the family are to retire at their usual hour.

"'Done,' said Henry; 'I will speak
to him this very day, Why, there he is
passing this moment,' and dashing out of
the house he was just in time to hail a fine looking old gentleman, mounted on a splendid gray horse. In a few minutes he returned in great glee, saying 'It is all

settled. The servants will all go away for the night and the family will retire at the usual hour. No one but the colonel know-ing anything of our intended visit and the dining room window will be left open for 'Splendid,' said I; 'Now we will have chance to cover ourselves with glory."
"About half past 10 o'clock we set out for the manor house. The night was dark and moonless, so that we found it rather hard work to steer our way through the thick trees which surrounded the house. At last we came out on a broad path and saw in front of us an open window through which shone a faint light. Entering as allent as any professional burglar, we found our selves in a large diving room. A bright fir burned on the hearth and cast a cheerfu glow around. On the table were glasses, decanters and refreshments, so that we

spent the time quite pleasantly till the clock on the mantel piece warned us that the ghostly hour drew nigh. My plan was that one of us should stay in the dining room while the other would stand on the stairs in the dark, down which the ghost was wont t Which will you do,' said I to my companion with a laugh. With a shrug of his shoulders he said he thought he had better wait in the dining room ready oring a light if I required it. 'Very well said I. Taking off my boots I went quietl out. Two or three steps up the stairs took my stand, one hand grasping the railing and the other resting against the wall so that nothing could slip by with-out my knowledge. All was still as death and I startled as midnight chimed out from the clock which stood at the head of the stairway. All was still again and re mained so for some time and I began to fear the ghost would not put in an appearance. It was chilly, too, in the cold hall. Suddenly the stillness was broken and I heard a far away rustle. and I heard a far away rustle. I did not believe in ghosts, but certainly something was coming. I could hear a noise as of heavy boxes being moved down the hall above; I felt something was coming and I could dimly see a tall, white figure

suddenly plump into my arms came sor thing. I grasped it tightly and in truggle we both rolled to the foot of the I called loudly for a light. 'Oh! please, please, let me go,' whispered a voice.
At this moment Henry appeared with a light and what was his surprise to find my prisoner was Miss Ellse, who had

out against the window above. A deep groan seemed to fill the air as the spirit came onward. Down the stair it glided and

money.
"I saw an agony of shame on her face. She begged us not to let is be known, promising never to play the ghost again.
"We promised and it is needless to say

thought in this way to get her sister's

the ghost was never heard again in 'Eversham mansion.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. "You are a pretty bright boy," said the new senator to the page. "Yes," said the boy; "I am not a page of the Congressional Record, you know

Auntie—Do you like Uncle Harry to ride you on his back? Tommy—O, right well, but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday. but I had a ride on a real donkey yeaterday,
"What bird has the best means of attack
and defense?" asked the teacher. "The hornet," answered the lyax-eyed boy at the
foot of the class.

When the minister caught the little boy
fishing instead of being at school the parson
asked the lad what his mother did when ho
ran away like that and gave her the slip,
"Gives me the slipper."
"Now Billy, tell us how you know when

"Now, Billy, tell us how you know when Sunday comes." Yes'm I allus knows it is Sunday coz grandpa won't lemme sing 'Henrietter, she's a corker.'

Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built? Tommy—In the night. Teacher—How came you to make such a mistake? Tommy—You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day.

"If you don't give me a quarter," said little Willie, "I'm going to tell about you kissing sister." "But I hadn't even thought of kissing your sister," protested the young man. "You ain't?" said Willie, puzzled. "Then I wonder what she told me to say that to you for?"

The king of pills is Beecham's-Beecham's

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