

CHRISTMAS DAY



For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—a tiny din!
Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can they be saying?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout:
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes clatter—clatter—
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hall-way to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle—day!
Make such a sight and sound and racket—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once scream with delight,
And ask them what's the matter—
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter,
What the bustle and the din.
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout
Then,
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas Day?"
—Nora Perry, in St. Nicholas.

FILEY



RECKON this is
"gold" for the water-
"er," said old Uncle
Billy Botsworth as he
came into the
family sitting-room
this morning. "I'd far
more than a load of
wood on his shoulders.
With a crash
he deposited his burden on the spacious
hearth, where a huge fire was already
blazing, and began to pile on the long,
dry sticks of hickory and hickory until in
a few moments a perfect sheet of flame
was rearing up the wide-throated chimney.

Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her
accustomed corner by the "lamb," busy
with her knitting, made no reply, while
Uncle Billy proceeded to remove his coat,
hat and boots, and, having finished and
lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy him-
self. Outside a furious snow storm was
raging, and already the streets were
heavily carpeted with white. Presently
his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in
from doing up the chores, and like their
father, were soon divested of caps, coats
and boots, and seated before the roasting
fire talking over the events of the day.

A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined
them, and then the family circle was
complete. No, not complete, either; a
daughter was missing. Three years ago
this Christmas eve she had gone out from
the parental roof, and never returned.
But Mary had gone; and she and her
husband, a poor mechanic, went out
West to build up for themselves a home
and fortune. After they were married
a day or two before they were to start
for Dakota, Mary and her husband drove
to the old home, where she got out of
the buggy and started to go into the
house to say good-by. She did not ask
her father for anything, and then she
for what she had done; but she knew her
mother and her brothers still loved her,
and would gladly have her come to see
them. So she just had her hand on the
latch, and, with a tear-filled eye, was
taking in the dear and familiar sur-
roundings, when her father, coming
round the corner of the house, saw her.

"Don't yer come in here," he yelled,
hoarsely. "Don't step your foot inside
'o that gate, Mary Ellen Botsworth.
You're no darter 'o mine. Take yer
hatchet faced paint-slinger an' git."

For a moment she stood as if stunned
at his words; then, without a word,
turned and went to the buggy. Her
husband helped her in, and then she
went up and shaking his whip at Uncle
Billy, said: "Bill Botsworth, if you
wasn't my wife's father, I'd thrash you
till you couldn't walk for a week. You
obeyed me for a son-in-law only be-
cause I am poor; now I'm rich, and I
can buy an' sell you 's if you was a back,
darn you."

Here Mary laid her hand on his arm
and said, "Stop, Will; it won't help
things any to quarrel 's 'go." It was
well that Uncle Billy had started for
the buggy with murder in his eye; and
there is no telling what might have
happened had not Mr. and Mrs. Jacob
at this juncture made their appearance
and urged him to quit.

So Mary went from home an outcast;
and as the buggy disappeared around
the bend in the road, Milton turned to
his father, and, with tears in his eyes,
said, reproachfully:

"Pap, you oughter have done it."

And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come
to the door just in time to take in the
affair, echoed her son's words:

"No, pap, you was too hasty," she
said. "Mary Ellen was alius a mighty
good girl; an' though I'd rather she'd
not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope
the Lord will prosper them both."

"You are right, mother," said Jacob,
the elder of her sons, "you are right,
mother. 'Filey' the old man and the
boys had bestowed upon Mary when she
was a toddler) was the best girl in In-
dian; kind an' lovin', an' a sister worth
the havin'!"

As for Uncle Billy, seeing his whole
family up in arms against him, he vouch-
safed no reply, but turning, strode rap-
idly in the direction of the barn.

From that time on he had never
spoken his daughter's name. And al-
though he knew that mother and the
boys got occasional letters from her, yet
he never by sign or inquiry showed that
he ever thought of her, or had the
slightest interest in knowing whether
she was dead or alive.

But on the Christmas eve that I have
introduced into your notice, he sat by
the fire thinking; and his thoughts were
of her. He had long ago admitted to
himself that he was too hasty when he
drove his only daughter away from his
home, but he never remained silent. At
each family reunion, when he held on
Christmas day, he had missed her. And

as the coming one was to be held at his
house, and his brothers and sisters,
with their families, would be there, he,
with some bitterness of feeling, was
brooding over the fact that, through no
fault of his, he reasoned, the pleasures
of the day would be marred. Every-
body missed Mary; the children of his
nephews and nieces would ask for her
and talk about her, despite the admoni-
tions they had received to the con-
trary. As he was busy with his thoughts,
gazing the while moodily into the fire,
and now and then punching up the fore-
sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grand-
ma Botsworth suddenly spoke up and
said:

"Tomorrow'll be another white Christ-
mas. This makes two on 'em right hand
runnin'. Three years ago was a mighty
mild winter, and we had a green Christ-
mas that year."

Here the old lady paused and heaved a
sigh. No one said anything and she
continued: "I recollect now there was
more buryin's that year in the Bald Hill
buryin' groun' than there has been since
all put together."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, re-
fectively, "a green Christmas alters
makes a fat graveyard, they say, an' I
never knowed it to fail."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' to-
morrow," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all
the folks'll come over in the bobs. Eh,
what's that?"

The exclamation with which he con-
cluded his remark was caused by the
furious bark of old "Major," the watch-
dog, the sound of voices in the yard,
and what seemed to be the cry of a
child in fear.

The two boys started for the front
door, while the remainder of the family
sat intently listening and wondering who
could be their visitors. They had not
long to wait; for a minute later the
sitting-room door was flung open and
Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a
bright and lusty 2-year-old boy. Almost
snatching the wraps from about it, and
holding the little fellow up, he shouted:
"Look at your grandson; Hilsey's
come, an' this is her boy."

"The devil it is," roared Uncle Billy,
springing to his feet, with a face as
black as a thundercloud. "Take him
away; I don't wantter see him."

"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear,
strong voice in the doorway. It was the
son-in-law who had spoken, and who
stepped into the room, his figure erect
and eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on
a minute, I say," he continued; "I want
a word with you, Uncle Billy. I can buy
and sell you. I am a rich man, but you
don't have to own me for a son-in-law
at that account. As for me, I can get
along without you. But Mary here
wanted to come back and see her mother
and all of you once more, and I said she
should; and more than that, I said you
should treat her and baby right, or I'd
make you; and, by thunder, I'll do it!
Understand me, I ask no favors for my-
self; but for this poor girl here, that
and loves you, and who wants to come
home only for a little while, I'll speak
for, and fight for, too, if necessary." Even
while he was talking, mother and
daughter were weeping in each other's
embrace, and Grandma Botsworth,
rising with difficulty from her seat, laid
her hand on her son's shoulder. "Will-
iam," she said, "now's as good a time to
give in as y'll ever have. If Mary an'
Will can afford to forgive you, I don't
see how you can help forgivin' them."

For an instant he stood struggling
with his passion, then love conquered,
extending his hand to his son-in-law, he
said: "Billy, I knook under; I've made
a mistake an' am sorry for it. Daughter,
come here."

With a glad cry Mary put her arms
around his neck and kissed him again
and again.

"There, there, child," the old fellow
murmured, in a voice husky with emo-
tion, "it's all forgot now, an' so is
I. But he did not finish the sentence.
And, while Mary was kissing grandpa,
and all were silently crying for joy, he



begin to hustle round and get on his
boots to go out and "see about the
horses." But, as Will and Mary had
come to the station, only two miles dis-
tant, by rail, and had there hired a man
and team to bring them over, his ser-
vices were no longer needed.

He did, however, build up such a fire
in the old fireplace as it had not seen for
many a day, and, as they all sat around
it, and talked until long after the stroke
of twelve, it was, indeed, to them a
happy Christmas.—Arkansas Traveler.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

It Was a Sad One and Cost a Brave En-
gineer His Life.

We were coming up through Mis-
souri on the afternoon before Christmas last
year. It was terribly cold and bitter,
and the snow lay deep on the tracks.
There were dozens of men on the train
with Christmas bundles, dozens of
women with Christmas packages, and as
the afternoon wore on, and we passed sta-
tion after station, the people dropped off
one by one until only a dozen of us were
left. Soon after leaving a small station
we all noticed the singular action of the
train.

For a mile or two we would be
hauled along like lightning, and then the
speed would slow down to fifteen miles
an hour without apparent reason.

One of the passengers who lived in a
town fifteen or twenty miles ahead of
us, and who had a dozen or more parcels
piled up on the seat, soon began to fret
and fume.

"Isn't he going to get us there before
midnight?" he growled as the train
slowed up. Then, as the speed in-
creased until we seemed to be flying, he
continued:

"He'll have us off the track! That en-
gineer is surely drunk! Some one ought
to hunt up the conductor!"

When we had run ten or twelve miles
in the manner described the conductor
came through our car and asked us to
ward. He had an anxious look on his
face, and did not stop to answer ques-
tions. Before he was out of the coach,
however, there was a terrific crash, the
forward ends of the coaches were
smashed and splintered, and then we
rolled down an embankment and brought
up in a field.

It was God's mercy that every man
and woman was not killed outright, but,
strangely enough, none of the passen-
gers were hurt badly. But for the fact
we had extricated ourselves from the
wreck we went forward to the engine.
It was off the track, on its back, and
under the broken wheels and twisted
and bent machinery lay the engineer and
fireman, both of them dead.

Some one crept into the broken window

of the cab to shut off the steam, and
when he reappeared he had a package
with the engineer's name on it. Inside
was a toy horse, three or four wooden
soldiers, a whistle, and other childish
playthings. He, as well as others, had
some one who was eagerly expecting Santa
Claus.

We had run into the rear of a freight
train which was taking a siding to let us
pass. We were just fifty seconds on the
time. As the trainmen gathered to re-
scue the bodies from the wreck one of
them took a paper from the dead en-
gineer's hand. It was a telegram received
at the last station and read as follows:

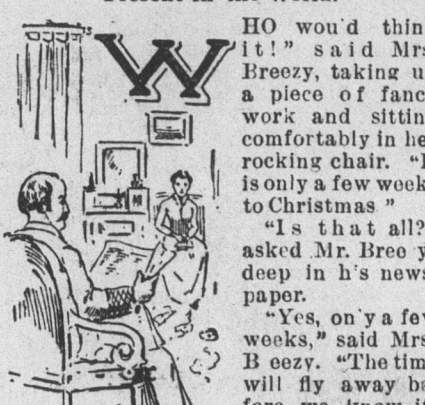
"Fred was burned to death this noon!
Mary."

Then we accounted for the wild run-
ning of the train—for what had before
been a mystery. There was the Santa
Claus gift for the dear boy at home;
there was the telegram bearing all
hopes—destroying all visions of happi-
ness—shattering in one moment a thou-
sand plans for the future. And men
gathered closer and wiped away tears
and whispered:

"And who now can comfort the moth-
erless widow! What a Christmas the
morrow will bring her!"

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Mr. Brezy Gets Just the Sweetest, Nicest
Present in the World.



HO would think
it," said Mrs.
Brezy, taking up
a piece of fancy
work and sitting
comfortably in her
rocking chair. "It
is only a few weeks
to Christmas."

"Is that all?"
asked Mr. Brezy,
looking at his wife's
newspaper.

"Yes, on 's a few
weeks," said Mrs.
Brezy. "The time
will fly away be-
fore we know it,
and I have hardly
thought of presents."

"I have so much to
make, too. Now you are elected, I sup-
pose you won't grumble, as you usually
do at this season of the year. There
isn't any excuse for your saying that
you can't afford to give me a few dollars
for presents this year. It's high time I
had a little money to commence with,
too. Suppose you let me have a check
for a hundred dollars in the morning,
and—"

"A check for what?" asked Mr. Brezy,
looking up suddenly.

"Only a hundred dollars to start with,"
said Mrs. Brezy, putting her thread a
little through her work.

"A hundred dollars to start with?"
 ejaculated Mr. Brezy. "Start what?"

"That's all the attention you ever pay
to anything I say," said Mrs. Brezy.
"I suppose you haven't heard a word
I've been saying. Do put down that
everlasting newspaper and pay a little
attention to your wife for once in your
life. I say you may give me a check for
a hundred—a hundred and fifty dollars
in the morning for Christmas!"

"You just said a hundred," said Mr.
Brezy.

"I knew you'd notice that," said Mrs.
Brezy. "I know I said a hundred a
moment ago, but I've changed my mind.
The fact is, I should really have two
hundred dollars."

"My dear, if you keep raising the limit
at this rate I shall have to draw out of
the game."

"I don't understand your horrid gam-
bling terms, and I wish you would con-
fine yourself to respectable language,"
said Mrs. Brezy, fumbling around in
her work-basket for a particular shade
of silk. "Two hundred and fifty dollars
won't be any too much for?"

"I call," cried Mr. Brezy.

"There you go again," said Mrs.
Brezy. "For heaven's sake drop on—
stop that slang you know you can't
speak. I want to give you a few hundred
dollars for Christmas presents, and the
man who has met with the luck you
have this year, and who should not
kick—object to giving his wife a little
Christmas money. You wouldn't think
anything of spending three or four hun-
dred dollars on vile liquors and cigars
for your—your constituents, as you call
them, but when your wife asks you for
half that sum—"

"Suppose we return to the original
estimate and call it an even hundred?"
said Mr. Brezy, pulling out his check-
book.

"Do you suppose I can get along with
a miserable hundred dollars?" cried Mrs.
Brezy. "Why, your present alone will
cost nearly that. Yes, I expected to
give you a real handsome present this
year, but if you are going to be so
stingy of courtesy, I shall have to take
what I can afford to give you. Then
think of the children, and of dear
mother, and of grandamma, and my
dear sister-in-law, to say nothing of
brother Jack and cousin Harry and
your own mother, who don't want me
to forget your own mother—"

"You hold over me," said Mr. Brezy.
"Scotch the pot," and he threw down a
check. "I'll be out to suit yourself."

"You really mean it?" asked Mrs.
Brezy.

"Yes."

"Well, you shall have just the sweet-
est, nicest present in the world." And
Mrs. Brezy gave her husband a tremen-
dous kiss upon the lips, and flitted
out of the room with the check.

"The first time in this year," gasped
Mr. Brezy, as he slowly recovered from
his astonishment.

Jimmy Surprised Them.

A few years back, when the large
cathedral that adorns Brisbane was
in course of construction, the collector
for the building fund called upon a
well-known mercantile firm for a
subscription, and he was politely told
that he should go to the rich people,
who might be in a better position to
help along the work.

"Up to that time," Jimmy's name was
never seen on any list for more than
one pound." "Well," said the col-
lector, "as Tyson is a rich man, I will
go to him for a donation." "Do,"
said the head of the firm, "and what-
ever he gives you we will guarantee
you the same amount." The col-
lector, a few days later, meeting Mr.
Tyson, related to him what had taken
place, and concluded by saying: "So,
Mr. Tyson, I do not know what
amount the firm is going to give until
I have your name on my list." "Well,"
said Mr. Tyson, in a gruff voice, "give
me yer pen and ink and I'll give yees
a bob or two." "Jimmy" wrote out
a check for five thousand pounds and
gave it to the astonished collector.

Easy or Impossible.

A remark imputed to Victor Hugo
in reply to a young man, who asked
him if it was difficult to write poetry,
is both witty and true, but it is more
witty than true.

"My dear sir," the poet is said to
have replied, "it is either easy or im-
possible!"

But it is not always easy for true
poets to write poetry. Homer, for
example, was a poet, and some other
great poets have put forth most prosy
poetry.

Lions and leopards are very fond of
perfumes.

ROYAL RANGER RALPH; The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER XIV.

RANGER RALPH'S ADVENTURES.

We left Ranger Ralph in a very pecu-
liar position of peril and excitement, an
occupant of one of the wagons the out-
laws had secured from the attacked
emigrant train.

As has been stated, the scout believed
that his presence in the vehicle was not
known or even suspected.

He had crept thither, desperately
wounded as he supposed, and while un-
conscious the wagon had started on its
journey.

From what he saw and heard, the
scout reasoned that Danton had met a
new section of Despard's outlaw band
near the emigrant train, and they were
all now returning to the bandit's head-
quarters at Lone Canyon.

The plight was not a pleasant one to
the ranger. He discerned great peril
and trouble should Despard carry once
to his mountain home. More than once
the old scout had led the vigilantes to
the place, only to suffer defeat. The
canyon was nearly impassable when
guarded by the outlaws.

Even were the girl rescued, it would
be difficult to pass through the country
infested by the outlaws. Still, the
scout was glad the plot now centered at
Lone Canyon. Here he knew the her-
mit Walford lived.

The scout found that his wound, re-
ceived at the onslaught on the emigrant
train, was over a painful interspersed
with the pain of the wound he had re-
ceived at the onslaught on the emigrant
train. He lay securely hidden by the
hay and straw in the bottom of the
wagon, yet he could see his enemies on
the seat and behind the wagon.

The course of the outlaws during the
last night's attack was a mystery inter-
persed with the pain of the wound he
had received at the onslaught on the emi-
grant train. Toward evening they di-
verted to the mountains, entered Lone
Canyon, and then followed the Pueblo
River through the hills. It was just
about dusk when the cavalcade halted at
a place which the scout ascertained as
he peered from his covert he knew that he
was in the vicinity of one of the hardest
taverns in the territory. It was known
as "Lone Canyon Tavern," and was kept
by a man named Dittmar, who, surround-
ed by fugitives from justice and crim-
inals, had defied the law in this isolated
place.

The entire party had stopped here,
and their noisy tones and clinking glass-
es could be heard from the bar-room a
few minutes later.

The scout was about to shift his
pained cramped position, and even med-
itated taking advantage of the gather-
ing dusk to escape from the wagon, when
he paused and listened.

Two men were passing the wagon and
going toward the saloon. They were
talking, and he heard one of them say:

"I understand Despard is going to di-
vide and leave the business."

"Yes, when we get up to the den," re-
sponded the other.

"There's considerable plunder to di-
vide."

"I should say so. He got a lot from
the emigrant wagons."

"In gold?"

"Clear money; yes."

"Maybe it's in this wagon."

"Not likely."

"Why not?"

"They don't leave gold lying around
loose."

One of the men, as if impelled by
some whimsical curiosity, had placed his
hand over the backboard of the wagon.
Grooping among the hay, he uttered a
startled ejaculation.

"Hello!"

"What is it?" asked his companion.

"There's some one in here."

"In the wagon?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Dunno, but it's some one."

"Where you got that?"

"No. That's Danton's business. I
wonder if he knows who it is?"

"Maybe he's a friend of his. We'll
tell him about it, anyway."

The man pulled vigorously at the
cover of the wagon, and gave utter-
ance to a series of incoherent mutter-
ings.

"Drunk!" commented one of the men.
They walked away toward the tavern.

The scout foresaw that his discovery
was only a question of time. He glanced
toward the tavern and observed that
several of the outlaws were hanging
outside the place in full sight of the
wagon.

"If I could only start up the horses
around the ledge of rocks there, I would
be out of range and could escape," he
thought.

Ranger Ralph chirruped to the horses,
and they instantly started. He had
miscalculated what would occur, how-
ever.

The moment they turned the ledge of
rocks the road lay a steep descent to
the river. Unhindered, and borne for-
ward by the impetus of the wagon, the
horses dashed down this declivity
pathway.

The scout sprang to his feet and started
for the edge of the ledge, but he was
dashed him against its sides, and he
gave up all for lost; for the wagon
pitched from side to side, lurched for-
ward, fell over the side of the cliff, and
tumbled into the rocky bed of the
river, where it was lost sight of.

The startled outlaws hurried after the
wagon as they started forward. They
saw the catastrophe, and heard the
horses neigh wildly in terror as they
struggled in midair. Then the traces
were severed, the steeds disappeared
under the waters of the river.

The wagon struck the water, was sub-
merged, and then with its living freight
was borne from sight into the shadows
of the canyon, down the swift current
of the Pueblo River.

Undoubtedly, he reasoned, the man
with the lantern had disappeared by this
egress.

He crept along a narrow passage-way,
and saw, some distance ahead, a glim-
mer of light. Darrel paused, as against
his reason, he made out a large, cave-
like apartment. Two men were stand-
ing within it.

One was Dyke Despard. The other
was a man bearing a lantern in his
hand.

"Well," the former asked, "is every-
thing all right?"

"No, Captain."

"No spies or visitors since we left?"

"None."

"And the way of escape by the pit?"

"Is closed up until we need to use it."

"Very well. Now, then, as to your
expedition down the canyon?"

"In search of the old hermit?"

"Walford—yes."

Darrel started. He remembered that
this was the name of the man to whom
Tracy had left the fortune for Inez.

"I have located him."

"Good."

"It is about ten miles from here."

"Could you guide me there?"

"Readily."

"Is he alone?"

"Always."

"And not prepared for visitors?"

"He imagines no one knows the way
to his abode."

"Then we will make a visit."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

The two men left the place. Darrel
followed them at a distance. Suddenly
the light was shut out from his vision.
A large stone seemed rolled into an
aperture leading from the cave.

He pressed his hand against the wall
and slipped. A cry of delight escaped
his lips. In an underground apart-
ment stood the object of his quest.

It was Inez Tracey, the girl he so de-
votedly loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

his own, a pair of mournful eyes met
his glance.

"White Fawn!" ejaculated Darrel, in
bewilderment.

It was indeed the Indian maiden.

"Yes, it is White Fawn."

"And here? You rescued me. Ah,
how can I thank you?"

"Eagle Eye forgets."

"Forgets what?"

"That he saved the life of White
Fawn."

"But how came you here?"

"Because here was the Black Crow."

"Despard!" exclaimed Darrel.

"Yes, so the paleface calls him."

"Forgets what?"

"The eyes of the Indian princess
flashed fiercely."

"He is, my most cruel enemy."

"Speak! What wrong has he done
you?"

"Why would Eagle Eye know?"

"To avenge White Fawn's wrongs."

"You would do that?"

"Yes, for he has persecuted the friends
of Eagle Eye."

"Come!"

The Indian maiden led Darrel to a
spot near the river where they would
not be discovered by the savages re-
turning. Then she told her simple, fateful
story.

It seemed that a month previous she
had been wedded at the camp of her
father to the Jaguar, a chief of the peace-
ful Nez Perces.

The latter was to convey her to the
reservation of his tribe, and left the wig-
wam of Shadow Snake loaded down with
gold and jewels.

Dyke Despard and his men were to
convey them to their destination.

Instead, he robbed them, killed the
Jaguar, as White Fawn believed, and
imprisoned her in the cave whence Dar-
rel had rescued her.

Here she had been guarded by one of
Despard's men until the return of the
latter from Ten Spot. Then he had at-
tempted to kill her, as has been seen.

Darrel asked the Indian girl why she
did not go to her father with her story.

"Not till White Fawn is certain the
Jaguar is dead, and until she has killed
Black Crow," she replied, firmly.

She listened intently as Darrel related
his own adventures with the bandit.

Then she said: "White Fawn knows
where Black Crow has gone."

"You do?"

"Where?"

"To Lone Canyon."

"Is it far from here?"

"A night's journey."

"And you will guide me thither?"

"Yes."

Before an hour had passed Darrel
knew that the intrepid White Fawn was
a valuable and dauntless ally to his
cause.

She seemed inspired with but one idea,
and that was to confront the man who
had wronged her so terribly.

White Fawn understood the country
thoroughly, but they may slow progress.
Many times they concealed themselves
to avoid passing savages, and it was
night when they came to the canyon
where the stronghold of the bandits was
located.

They skirted the gulch where the Lone
Canyon tavern was situated, and de-
scended into the wild gully beyond, that
was desolate and isolated in the ex-
treme.

The moonlight showed the river with
its winding hills on either side.

"Look!" said White Fawn. "Yonder
is one of the hiding places of the pale-
faced renegades."

Darrel saw a dilapidated log structure
which seemed to be built out from an
immense cave in the mountain side.

"You think Despard is there?" he
asked.

"Yes."

"And the girl?"

"Is his prisoner there, or near by. Re-
member here. White Fawn will soon re-
turn."

She was gone like a flash. The mo-
ments sped by and Darrel anxiously
awaited her return.

He was standing on a ledge of rocks
which jutted out over the river, and
vainly scanned the scene for some indi-
cation of the presence of his foes.

Suddenly, to his right and inland, he
saw a light flash.

He began walking toward it, clam-
bered over a huge boulder, and was
amazed to view a natural basin in the
landscape which resembled an immense
pit.

Its sides were almost perpendicular,
and were overtopped with vines and
bushes.

The light moved across the open
space at the bottom of this indentation.
Apparently, it was a lantern carried
by some person.

Darrel observed that the place was
directly below the elevation in which
the log cabin was located. It was evi-
dently a part of the abode of the bandits.
As he stood regarding the lantern curi-
ously it suddenly disappeared.

At the same moment, in leaping to
the far edge of the pit, he lost his
balance and fell forward. Down, down
he went, slightly breaking a very heavy
fall by clutching at the vines and shrubs.
He landed at the bottom of the pit,
bruised and half stunned.

There was no way of climbing out of
the place, and as he recovered his senses
he endeavored to find some other out-
let from his strange place of imprisonment.
He finally groped his way to an opening
that seemed to lead into the mountain
side.

Undoubtedly, he reasoned, the man
with the lantern had disappeared by this
egress.

He crept along a narrow passage-way,
and saw, some distance ahead, a glim-
mer of light. Darrel paused, as against
his reason, he made out a large, cave-
like apartment. Two men were stand-
ing within it.

One was Dyke Despard. The other
was a man bearing a lantern in his
hand.

"Well," the former asked, "is every-
thing all right?"

"No, Captain."

"No spies or visitors since we left?"

"None."

"And the way of escape by the pit?"

"Is closed up until we need to use it."

"Very well. Now, then, as to your
expedition down the canyon?"

"In search of the old hermit?"

"Walford—yes."

Darrel started. He remembered that
this was the name of the man to whom
Tracy had left the fortune for Inez.

"I have located him."

"Good."

"It is about ten miles from here."

"Could you guide me there?"

"Readily."

"Is he alone?"

"Always."

"And not prepared for visitors?"

"He imagines no one knows the way
to his abode."

"Then we will make a visit."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

The two men left the place. Darrel
followed them at a distance. Suddenly
the light was shut out from his vision.
A large stone seemed rolled into an
aperture leading from the cave.

He pressed his hand against the wall
and slipped. A cry of delight escaped
his lips. In an underground apart-
ment stood the object of his quest.

It was Inez Tracey, the girl he so de-
votedly loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POSITIVE TRUTH

THAT ALL THE HOOSIER NEWS
IS HERE.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters
of General and Local Interest—Acci-
dents, Crimes, Suicide, Etc.

Minor State Items.

MOONSHINERS are said to be working
in Dubois County.

COLUMBUS' electric light system has
proved a failure and a new one will be
introduced.

JOHN JEWELL, of Greenfork, an old
soldier, was run over by a buggy and
seriously injured.

THAT POSTER, at Mount Etna, in
Hamilton County, was robbed of \$100
in cash and stamps.

It is estimated that the apple crop of
Jefferson County will furnish 50,000
bushels for shipment.

THE Lafontaine Natural-gas Company
struck a new gusher, at a depth of twenty
feet in Trenton rock.

A LARGE barn on Shirk's farm, near
Perry, was destroyed, together with val-
uable contents and two horses.

JOHN LILLY, of Connersville, was
badly hurt internally at Shelbyville
while attempting to board a J. M. & J.
train.

ON Frank Bowen's place, near Fern
Grove, Clark County, a forty-foot strata
of cement rock is said to have been dis-
covered.

A GAS explosion took place at the
Shelbyville Water-works building, which
damaged the boilers and furnaces at
least \$1,000.

HENRY SHERMAN, a section hand on
the Lake Shore road, was struck by a
train near Rolling Prairie and killed.
He lived near New Castle.

ASBURY McWILLIAMS, colored, was
jailed at Muncie for forging his mother's
name to notes, which he disposed of to
Thomas Snell and Vernon Davis.

A YOUNG woman claiming to come
from Marion, was found dying from ex-
posure in a box-car at Tipton. She had
a fast life, and refused to give her
name.

F. P. SMITH has furnished Columbus
with another sensation. He has been
married twice and can't decide which
wife he prefers. At least, that is the
way the story goes.

SAMUEL HONTER, a prominent miner
and resident of Newburg, was carried
home from Ehrlich & Co.'s mines seriously
injured. He was caught by falling slate
while at work in his mine.

WILLIAM MASON and Laura Crawley,
of Muncie, were to have been married,
but Mason got the young woman's watch
and suddenly departed. She followed
him as far as Anderson, and then gave
up the chase.

A NEW national bank, with \$100,000
stock, has been organized at Anderson
with the following directors: John L.
Forkner, Thomas J. McMahon, James
Samsbury, Jr., James Samsbury, Sr., B.
W. Scott and C. W. Prather.

THERE is an old farm-house near Wash-
ington visited by ghosts in a singular
fashion. Every night a huge log is
heard to roll along the roof and fall to
the ground with a heavy bump, but in-
vestigation shows that there is nothing
to make the strange noise.