

In Sheep's Clothing.



By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER XL
SOME REFERENCES TO THE PAST WHICH IT IS
NECESSARY TO RECALL.

Colonel Graham was a very weak man, and at best a very angry one, though it would not do for him to show it.

He played sick and he cursed—to himself—the doctor who had turned his mean pretense into a trifling reality. He was in a miserable mood when Othello came in on tip-toes, and in response to his master's demand to know "who was making that noise out there," made answer:

"It's my granny, sah."

"May the devil fly away with the black hag! Why he's not done so before is a mystery. What does she want?" The Colonel pushed himself higher up on the pillows and glared at the black man, as if ready to slay him if he did not at once give a satisfactory answer to the question.

"She wants foh to see yeh," said Othello, his tremulous voice indicating the fear he felt of his master.

"Yes, en I've got to see yeh. No use a tryin' to keep me out. Ef yer sick, I've got yeh to cure yeh, so en I comes—en 'ow does yeh do, me lord?"

The door was opened and closed with a sudden bang, and Dinah stood in the middle of the floor, bowing in a way that to any other man than that sitting bolt upright on the great four-poster bed would have been extremely ludicrous.

"I am sick, woman, and want to be alone," said Colonel Graham, but even Othello noticed that he did not speak with the premeditated voice that usually distinguished him.

"So yeh does," the old woman turned to her grandson, and enforcing her command by extending her lean, black arm in the direction of the door, she continued: "Get out, 'nello, me en. Yeh me'st wants to be alone. Don't yeh go foh to stan' dar grinnin' w'd yer mouth open, but go out. Tell 'im to go out to Othello."

Dinah turned to the bed, and the colonel, falling back on his pillows with a sigh of mingled wrath and pain, said: "Leave me alone for a little while, Othello."

Amazed at his grandmother's audacity, Othello went out, but he did not go out of hearing. His curiosity was aroused, and he made up his mind to learn, if possible, the secret of the old woman's power. So far it had been his firm belief that there was not in all the world a being who would dare to oppose the wishes of his fierce master.

Dinah had not been in town for some days, and though she had heard of the departure of the Wanderer, she as yet did not know that Capt. Denham had left on that ship.

"I have offered you gold to leave me alone and to keep your cursed tongue quiet," said the colonel. "Now, what do you want?"

Before replying to this the old woman drew back the bed curtain, so that she might get a better view of his face, and then, coming so near that gray eyes could look into his, she said, in a voice that was not a whisper, but which sounded far away and sepulchral:

"I want to keep leadin' of a bettah life, en I can't go foh to do it w'en yer round."

"Leave me alone, and I'll soon be away," the colonel threw a pillow under his shoulder, so that he could rest on his elbow, and returned the woman's look without flinching. Suddenly, as if he had decided on different tactics from those he would pursue if he continued acting in accordance with his feelings, he said:

"Sit down, Dinah, and let us have a chat; let us be friends, as we were in the old times. You must excuse me, but I have been a sick in mind and body for some time."

"I'd rather stan' up," replied Dinah, and she placed both hands on the top of her long staff, and, resting her chin thereon, she still watched him.

After a pause, she continued: "Yeh's sick in min' en body, en no won dah. W'y yeh alive arter all de min' en body sickness yeh's had yarsel en made odds foh to hab is de mos 'ep'risin' ting I've ever heard on, en I've been libbin' now high onto foh-ah score en ten."

"Never mind that," interrupted the colonel, restraining with a terrible effort his tendency to anger. "Let us talk about yourself and what you have been doing since last I saw you. Let me see, it must be one-and-twenty years ago."

"Jee! dat time. I couldn't fohgit it, en you couldn't fohgit it. We was bote in Bermuda den, en I was de slave of de Gov-nah. Does yer remembrance of that Gov-nah?"

The bag cocked her head to one side, and leaned forward on the staff for an answer.

Colonel Graham shot a glance at the door and saw it was closed, then he threw back the curtain still further and looked over the room before he said:

"The Governor of Bermuda, at that time, was my brother."

"En yeh called 'im Colonel Gra'am, too?"

"You know yeh dat, Dinah."

"En he'd libbed den dat Gov-nah'd been 'Lo'd Paltton?"

"What of it?"

"But dat Gov-nah didn't lib. Kaze w'y? Don't you know, sah?"

"He died," replied the colonel, with another impatient glance about the room.

"En w'y'd he die?"

It is so difficult to reproduce with accuracy the strange dialect of this woman, that for the present we shall discontinue it, and give a summary of the facts developed by her shrewd questions and her ready and frequently grotesquely humorous answers.

Twenty-one years before the date of our story, Colonel—his Right Honor—able Ralph Denham Graham, the eldest son of Lord Paltton of Ayr and Cumberland—was the Governor General of the Bermudas.

He lived at Hamilton, the capital, which was located on one of the Bermudas group, known as "Long Island," though it was much less in area than its namesake in New York. Col. Graham was a knightly man, greatly devoted to his wife and only child, a son, at that time aged between five and six years, and named after his father.

The climate not agreeing with Lady Denham, she went to England, but at the earnest request of her husband she left her little boy with him.

labor connected with it and considerable emoluments.

As the Governor was a man in good health and on the sunny side of forty, there was every reason to believe that he would survive his father, then an old man, and fall heir to his titles and the large estates thereunto belonging.

But should the governor die, his little son, Ralph, would, in the natural course of events, succeed to the rank of Lord Paltton, Earl of Ayr.

But should the governor and his son die, then Capt. George Graham would inherit the titles and estates.

Many thought it was a good thing that Capt. George Graham's chances were so small, for he was a harsh, cruel, domineering man, who seemed to regard his Creator because he was not born first.

Capt. George Graham was, however, an accomplished hypocrite, for he succeeded in making the Governor believe that he was the most devoted brother that the Governor had.

Bermuda does not bubble over with excitement even in these days of electricity and steam. It is a by-way off the great ocean routes. At this time the officers sent there on duty looked on it as a sort of exile, and did everything they could to get ordered home.

Yachting was a sport in which Col. Graham delighted at home, but here he found in it one source of amusement on which he could depend to break up the ennui.

His brother George was also fond of yachting, and the sloop in which they took their pleasure was commanded, or rather sailed, by a daring, handsome young Englishman of sixteen or seventeen named William Kidd.

Young Kidd was a great favorite with Capt. Graham.

He was a bold, ambitious youth, with a natural aptitude for his calling, and a mind far above the average.

Having acquired no principle of right, he was a thoroughly bad character by nature. William Kidd had no scruples that would lead him to resist the schemes of the Captain.

They held their consultations at the cabin of an old negro woman, the Captain's slave, named Dinah.

It was decided that the next time the Governor went out with them to sail that the boat should capsize, and that the father and his little boy should be drowned.

This programme was carried out. The Governor and his son, who had not had his unnatural brother leaped upon him and held him under water.

The little boy, Ralph, clung to the sailor, Kidd, but when the Captain motioned for him to drown the child, the latent spark of humanity in the fellow's breast awoke.

With a dangerous light in his fierce blue eyes and a savage oath on his beardless lips, he said:

"No, sir! We've done enough for one day. The youngster's arms are about my neck, and may I sink to the bottom with his father if I do not save his life. You can hide him away."

"But it was your bargain," urged the Captain.

"Men that bargain to murder cannot be held to account if they do not fill the contract. This boy must live, and I will turn Queen's evidence, and tell the truth," replied Kidd.

The result of this peculiar bargaining, under such circumstances, was that the child was carried ashore and given into the charge of the old negro woman, Dinah.

Here little Ralph was secreted until the story of his death was firmly believed on the islands and in England.

Then the Captain—now the Right Honorable George Graham—and William Kidd smuggled the child to Long Island, in the Province of New York, where he was disposed of, as has already been stated.

The loss of his son and grandson so grieved the old man that he did not long survive them, and so the Captain achieved the one great object of his ambition.

Soon after this, old Dinah disappeared, and it was generally believed that she had drowned, but, as she was old and not particularly fit for her lost son ceased to be a matter of speculation.

But Lord Paltton was not destined to enjoy his criminally procured future undisturbed.

A young sailor, Kidd, became a man, and with his increase of years there came an increase of ambition and a decrease of principle, if that were possible.

His old companion in crime was now a great personage in the world, and, having considerable power at court, Kidd was just the man to rise by clinging to his skirts, or, if need be, by placing his feet on his patron's shoulders.

Again and again, Colonel Graham—to give him the name he had assumed for use at Sag Harbor, had tried to put Kidd out of the way, but he was always foiled.

Lengthy Kidd, as a means of security, conceived a friend—Guy Frenaud, a young sailor of fortune—where he could hear himself and Colonel Graham discussing the awful plot. Then, with an eye to dramatic effect, Kidd saw Frenaud out, and the colonel saw he had two opposed to him, and, giving up the contest, entered into a compact with the young man.

It was through Col. Graham that Kidd got command of the Adventure Galleon, and it was partly through his influence in the event of detection that he became a pirate on the high seas, while bearing the Queen's commission.

It is useless further to disguise the fact that Fox and Kidd were one and the same person.

But there were some grounds for change of name in ship and captain.

Kidd, by an act of unparalleled treachery, had murdered a captain named Fox, and all his officers and crew were loyal to his murderer, appropriating the papers and such plunder as was valuable, he caused the ship to be scuttled, and sailed away to inaugurate a career of crime which, for successful audacity and heartless cruelty, has never been equaled in the annals of marine robbery.

All these facts were not brought out during the talk between Col. Graham and Dinah, but those with which she was better acquainted were elaborated with great attention to detail that placed Graham in a mental treadmill, and proved that age had not dimmed the old woman's memory, while time had made her regret the part she took in the cruel conspiracy.

Now, it took me long 'nuff time to fin' out dat long islan', but I did it, en I've staid her high dat b'y, never portendin' noffin' but jest a watchin'."

En now, I tell yeh de time hev come when jestis has got for to be did."

"Dinah, you are altogether wrong. But as I believe you mean to do right, I will tell you now that I came here to do justice. There is only one person who can prevent it, and I think she has got too much wisdom and too much love for Captain Denham, to balk me with her family, and acted as 'colonial secretary,' a position which had but little

"En yeh mean foh to say es I'm dat woman?"

"I do, Dinah."

"Den of I hole back, what's yeh gwine foh to do?"

"I intend meeting Captain Denham in New York in a few days, and I will make him independently rich."

"En w'y don't yeh tell 'im now?"

"He is not here."

"War's er gone?"

"To New York."

"W'en?"

"This morning, he sailed with Captain Fox on board the Wanderer."

"Wid Cap'n Debbell, yeh don't mean foh to go en say to me ez Ralph Den'm hez gone of wid dat red-headed m'd'r'r! Did you sen 'im? Hev yeh come 'oh dat?"

The hag reached out her long, black fingers, the mals of which were like claws, and gathered herself as if about to spring on the man in the bed, and read him in her fury.

"I tell the truth, woman!" cried the colonel, his anger making him desperate. "Make a disturbance here, and I will kill you and throw you out the window. You hag, you forget that you are my runaway slave, and that I hold your worthless life in my hands."

He sprang out of bed and began dressing, calling at the same time for Othello, who came in with an unusual display of white about his eyes, for he had been listening to the whole conversation, and was now in that condition which is frequently described as "thunder-struck."

The old woman did not move, did not manifest any fear, on the contrary, she bore herself like one who was conscious that she had proved herself to be the mistress of the situation, and was confident of her ability to maintain it against all comers, and more particularly against the opponent now in the field.

"Ef 'arm should come to Mass Ralph Den'm, en if so be it so, we'll soon know it, den dar'll be lots on de trouble to dem ez I 'as brought all dis on. Mark dem words ez I 'as jest spoke," said Dinah, moving in the direction of the door, but still keeping her wild, bearded eyes fixed on the colonel's face.

"Where is your home; where am I to speak to you without being disturbed?" asked the colonel, desperately, yet pleadingly.

"Ef so yeh wants foh to fin' me, ax any of de bukras at de inn; but den, yeh go foh to feah ez we won't meet agin. Yeh can't git away, en I yer know it. Ef so be I was to ax foh yer life, a 'nord Montauk men 'ed git dem dar baws and lie in de woods war yeh was gwine. Mass Ralph Den'm ez got to come back safe en soun'. You 'ears dat?"

"Go, Dinah, go, and I will come to see you."

The colonel looked as if he were going to faint, and the old woman went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pneumonia.

Very many of the cases of pneumonia which are constantly reported owe their existence to negligence. The disease, which consists in an inflammation of the proper substance of the lungs, is often brought on by prolonged exposure to cold; and it is always dangerous, as can be seen by the weekly records of mortality in this city, which shows that it destroys more lives here than any other disease.

The ordinary symptoms of it are coughing, pain in the side, feverishness, accelerated breathing; and just as soon as any one is affected by these symptoms a doctor should be sent for, while the sufferer must keep indoors. The doctor will at once order the patient to bed, if he be not there, and then try to give him relief by the administration of those drugs that have the approval of experience.

A cure can thus be effected in a good proportion of the cases of pneumonia. Many of the diseases that prove fatal can be successfully treated, if treated in time. Americans, when taken ill, are apt to postpone the duty of sending for a doctor, fancying that they will soon be well again; they dislike to be ordered to bed and kept away from their business, they can't bear to make a fuss over their ailments; they hate to take medicine; they would rather not run up doctor's bills. Lives are very often lost because of such foolishness. Innumerable people would live through diseases that prove fatal to them if they would act with judgment and prudence when first taken ill.

Better be particular about catching a cold at this season of the year, and in all the other seasons. If you catch it, better try to get rid of it as soon as you can. Many are the diseases to which it renders people liable.—New York Sun.

Don't Eat Potato Skins.

The skin of a nicely served baked potato is certainly a temptation to any who have tasted it, but it is just as well to resist the temptation. Quite a large percentage of potatoes are shipped in from a distance after having been preserved and packed away carefully to avoid sprouting, which quickly spoils a stack of potatoes and leaves them almost worthless. In some parts of the country sulphuric acid is used to make sprouting impossible. The potatoes are dipped into a bath with some of the acid dropped in, and as a result the little eyes are killed, and any intention of sprouting nipped in the bud. It is said that the acid cannot possibly penetrate the skin, and this is no doubt true. At the same time, enough of the poison may have been absorbed by the skin itself to make eating it, even after careful washing, decidedly dangerous.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Influence of the Table.

Nowhere is the family life so exhibited as at the table. Here the family is united; here one disposition is contrasted with another; selfishness and generosity, boorishness and thoughtfulness—all are more clearly observed against the background of their opposites.

Where the table is regarded as merely a feeding place, it is degraded to the same position as the trough among some lower animals. Three meals a day, a neatly kept and a well-spread table certainly form a delightful adjunct to enhance the pleasures of a home, but when the body craves all attention, at the expense of the intellectual and moral faculties, the daily meal is not elevating, though it may renew the body.

Figures on Coal.

The production of bituminous coal in the United States is now double that of anthracite. In 1892 there were 110,000,000 tons of bituminous coal mined, against 52,000,000 tons of anthracite. The area of production of soft coal is ten times greater than the area of production of hard coal. In the form of coke, bituminous coal is constantly encroaching upon the field of anthracite production.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

How to Handle Barbed Wire with Convenience—Saving Young Pigs in Winter—A Hatter for Cows—Fruits and Vegetables in Cellars.

Barbed Wire.

To take up barbed wire where a temporary fence has been thrown around a crop or a portion of a pasture or garden is a disagreeable task, but a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker has found an easy plan for handling the wire with the aid of the contrivance shown in the cuts. He gives the assurance that it is an easy matter to build the simple framework seen in the first cut and to screw it through the sills, A, A, to the bottom of a cart.

Put the spool on the crank, C, which lifts out of the slot, E, then one man pushes the cart and another turns the crank, and the taking up of any amount of wire is a pleasure and not a painful duty. The upright pieces, B, B, are framed to lean ahead, so that when the cart handles are raised for pushing the frame stands perpendicularly, and when at rest the weighted spool rests ahead of the center, so as not to upset the cart.

Not one owner in ten of a cross-cut saw has a proper clamp for firmly holding the saw while being filed. There are many forms of these clamps, but one of the best is shown in the illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, from sketches by L. D. Snook. The sides of the clamp should be as long as the saw, if patent handles are used, or

FIG. 1. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 2. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 3. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 4. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 5. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 6. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 7. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 8. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 9. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 10. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 11. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 12. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 13. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 14. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 15. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 16. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 17. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 18. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 19. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 20. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 21. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 22. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 23. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 24. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 25. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 26. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 27. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 28. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 29. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 30. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

STORIES OF HISTORIC DOGS.

Four-Footed Soldiers Which Fought in Many Old World Wars.

A French paper has published a roll of honor of celebrated dogs which have distinguished themselves in war. This is not inappropriate, considering that the dog has been pressed into military service. For instance, there was Bob, the mastiff of the Grenadier guards, which made the Crimean campaign with that gallant corps; and also Whitepaw, "Patte Blanche," a brave French ally of Bob, that made the same campaign with the One Hundred and Sixteenth of the line, and was wounded in defending the flag. Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a grenadier's rations. The barber of his company had orders to clip and comb him once a week. This gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo and recovered a flag at Austerlitz. Marshal Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck by a red ribbon. Corps de Garde, a Norval among dogs, followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Austerlitz and perished in the retreat from Russia. The Sixth of the guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair. We have also to name Pompon, of the Forty-eighth Bedouins, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loutoute, a Crimean heroine; Mittraill, killed at Inkerman by a shell; Moftho, that saved his master in Russia, and was lost or lost himself, but found his way going from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling place. The most remarkable, however, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and we are seriously told, "remained alone by a field piece of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon, and thus killed seventy soldiers," and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George III. and rewarded with a pension alimement.

Conditions for Honey Secretions.

The conditions necessary for the secretion of honey are peculiar, and not well understood. There have been days when we thought every thing was right, yet the bees were idle. The nights have been warm, followed by hot days and a moist, balmy atmosphere, with plenty of bloom in the field, yet there was no honey gathered. The why is a mystery. There must have been some element wanting, or nectar would have been secreted. And how do bees know when it is secreted? They may be at home one day with very few bees leaving the hive for water, or any other purpose, yet the following day by day-break they are leaving on double quick, and all is hurry and activity. Who told them there was honey? Do they scent it in the air?—Field and Farm.

Clamp for Filing Cross-Cut Saws.

Not one owner in ten of a cross-cut saw has a proper clamp for firmly holding the saw while being filed. There are many forms of these clamps, but one of the best is shown in the illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, from sketches by L. D. Snook. The sides of the clamp should be as long as the saw, if patent handles are used, or

FIG. 1. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 2. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 3. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 4. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 5. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 6. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 7. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 8. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 9. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 10. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 11. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 12. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 13. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 14. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 15. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 16. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 17. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 18. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 19. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 20. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 21. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 22. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 23. SIDE VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 24. TOP VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 25. BOTTOM VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 26. FRONT VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

FIG. 27. REAR VIEW OF SAW CLAMP.

HERE'S ALL THE NEWS

TO BE FOUND IN THE STATE OF INDIANA.

Giving a Detailed Account of the Numerous Crimes, Casualties, Fires, Suicides, Deaths, Etc., Etc.

John Graves in Luck.

After being thought dead for over twenty years a man turned up at Huntington, to claim a fortune that had been awaiting its owner. In 1872 John S. Graves went West. From the time of his departure nothing was heard of him. After he had been absent for twenty years relatives made an effort to locate him, but did not succeed. After several years had elapsed without any tidings Graves was given up for dead. Four years ago his uncle Jesse Griffith, died a bachelor, leaving \$800,000. One of the heirs was the missing John Graves. Attorneys started a new hunt for him, and newspapers the country over advertised for him. Over a hundred persons answered, claiming to be John Graves, but in each case the fraud was detected. Finally Graves was legally presumed to be dead, and his inheritance was placed in charge of the estate. The property was all turned into cash. The other day Graves appeared after an absence of twenty years, not having heard of his uncle's death. There was no trouble in proving his identity. He has been all over North and South America, in business, and as an Indian teacher. He is now located in Washington.

Minor State News.

Mrs. GEORGE BRISCOE was fatally hurt in a runaway at Greencastle.

CHARLES KNIER, hunting ducks near Martinsville, lost an eye by reason of his gun exploding.

JAMES HAGGARD of Morgantown, lost all the fingers on his left hand by sawing them off while at work on a fence.

THOMAS ELDREDGE, an old soldier, living near Delphi