

Ladies will find the Handsomest Stock of

## SPRING GOODS

In the city at

## Boston Millinery

One Door East of Postoffice.

ANNA BANNING, Prop.

MRS. STRATTON, Trimmer.

## Stop Thief!

Any one whose Watch has a

## Knox Bull-Head

bow (ring), will never have occasion to use this time-honored cry. It is the only bow that cannot be twisted off the case, and is found only on Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.

Ask your jeweler for a pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

## Money to Loan!

—AT—

## 6 PER CENT.

—CALL ON—

## GEO. HATHAWAY

No. 22 South Jackson Street, GREENCASTLE, IND.

## Gas Fitting and Plumbing

I will attend to all orders for gas fitting and plumbing promptly. All work thoroughly tested and

Warranted to Give Satisfaction

And prices very low. Give me a call.

FRED. WEIK.

## SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS.

A troublesome skin disease caused me to scratch for ten months, and has been cured by a few days' use of S.S.S.

M. H. WOLFE, Upper Marlboro, Md.

## SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

I was cured several years ago of white swelling in my leg by using S.S.S. and have had no symptoms of return of the disease. Many prominent physicians attended me and all failed, but S. S. S. did the work.

PAUL W. KIRKPATRICK, Johnson City, Tenn.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## D. E. WILLIAMSON, Attorney at Law,

GREENCASTLE, IND.

Business in all courts attended to promptly.

## G. W. Bence, Physician.

Office and Residence, Washington Street, near Square east of National Bank, GREENCASTLE, IND. 384

## J. R. LEATHERMAN, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office over Allen's Drug Store, Washington Street.

## W. G. OVERSTREET, O. F. OVERSTREET, OVERSTREET & OVERSTREET, DENTISTS.

Special attention given to preserving the natural teeth. Office in Williamson Block, opposite First National Bank.

## DR. G. C. SMYTHE, Physician and Surgeon

Office and residence, Vine street, between Washington and Walnut streets.

## G. C. Neale, Veterinary Surgeon.

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, and member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. All diseases of domestic animals carefully treated. Office at Cooper Brothers' Livery Stable, Greencastle, Ind. All calls, day and night, promptly attended. Firing and Surgery a specialty.

For sale, a beautiful home on East Seminary street; house of eight rooms, large shade trees, large lot, choice fruit of all kinds. tf H. A. MILLS.

## Vandalia Line Excursions.

To South, Southeast and Southwest run various dates from now until June 5th, 1894, inclusive, one fare round trip. Call on or address any Vandalia Line Agent and ask for information contained in circular No. 327 of January 20th, 1894. 4m39

## LOVE OR MONEY;

OR,

## A PERILOUS SECRET.

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "Put Yourself in His Place," etc., etc., etc.

The first thing he did was to whip off his entire tweed suit and turn it inside out; he had had it made on purpose; it was a thin tweed, doubled with black kerseymer, so that this change was a downright transformation. Then he substituted a black tie for a colored one, whipped out a little mirror and his bare feet, etc., browned and colored his cheeks, put on an admirable gray wig, whiskers, mustache, and beard, and partly whitened his eyebrows, and hobbled feebly out of the little wood an infirm old man. Presently he caught sight of his gold ring. "Ah!" said he, "she is a sharp girl; perhaps she noticed that in the struggle." He took it off and was going to put it in his pocket, but thought better of that, and clucked it into a ditch. Then he made for the village. The pursuers hunted about the house, and, of course, didn't find him; but presently one of them saw him crossing a meadow not far off, so they ran toward him and hailed him.

"Hi! mister!" He went feebly on and did not seem to hear; then they hailed him again and ran toward him. Then he turned and stopped, and seeing men running toward him, took out a large pair of round spectacles, and put them on to look at them. By this artifice that which in reality completed his disguise seemed but a natural movement in an old man to see better who it was that wanted him.

"What be you doing here?" said the man. "Well, my good man," said Monckton, affecting surprise, "I have been visiting an old friend, and now I'm going home again. I hope I am not trespassing. Is not this the way to the village? They told me it was."

"That's right enough," said the deputy, "but by the way you come you must have seen him."

"No, sir," said Monckton, "I haven't seen anybody, except one gentleman that came through that wood there, as I passed it."

"What was he like, sir?"

"Well, I didn't take particular notice, and he passed me all in a hurry."

"That would be the man," said the deputy. "Had he a very pale face?"

"Not that I remarked; he seemed rather heated with running."

"How was he dressed, sir?"

"Oh, like many of the young people; all of one pattern."

"Light or dark?"

"Light, I think."

"Was it a tweed suit?"

"I almost think it was. What had he been doing? Anything wrong? He seemed to me to be rather scared like."

"Which way did he go, sir?"

"I think he made for that great house, sir."

"Come on," said the deputy, and he followed this treacherous indication, hot in pursuit.

Monckton lost no time. He took off twenty years, and reached the Dun Cow as an old acquaintance. He hired the one vehicle the establishment possessed, and was off like a shot to Derby; thence he despatched a note to his lodgings to say he was suddenly called to town, but should be back in a week. Not that he ever intended to show his face in that neighborhood again.

Nevertheless events occurred that stopped both his flight and Bartley's and broke up their unholy alliance. It was Hope's final inspection of the mine, and he took things in order. Months ago a second shaft had been sunk by his wise instructions, and but for Bartley's parsimony would have been now completed. Hope now ascertained how many feet it was short, and noted this down for Bartley.

Then, still inspecting, he went to the other extremity of the mine, and reached a sort of hall or amphitheatre much higher than the passages. This was a centre, with diverging passages on one side, but closed on the other. Two of these passages led by oblique routes to those old works the shoring of which had been reported unsafe.

This amphitheatre was now a busy scene, empty trucks being pushed off, full trucks being pushed on, all the men carrying lighted lanterns that wavered and glinted like "wills-of-the-wisp."

Presently a bell rang and a portion of the men, to whom this was a signal, left off work and began to put on their jackets and to await the descent of the cage to take them up in parties. At this moment Hope met, to his surprise, a figure that looked like Ben Burnley. He put up his lamp to see if he was right, and Ben Burnley it was. The ruffian had the audacity to put up his lamp, as if to scrutinize the person who examined him.

"Did I not discharge you?" said Hope.

"Ay, lad," said Ben; "but your master put me on again." With that he showed Bartley's order and signature.

Hope bit his lips, but merely said, "He will rue it." Burnley sidled away; but Hope cried to one of two men who were about:

"Keep a sharp lookout on him, my men; your lives are not safe whilst he's in the mine."

Burnley leaned insolently against a truck and gave the men nothing to observe; the next minute in bustled the honest miner at whose instance Hope had come down the mine, and begged him to come and visit the shoring at once.

Hope asked if there were any other men there; the miner replied in the negative.

"Very well, then," said Hope; "I'll just take one look at the water here, and I'll be at the shoring in five minutes."

Unfortunately this unwary statement let Burnley know exactly what to do; he had already concealed in the wood-work a canister of dynamite and a fuse to it last about five minutes. He now wriggled away under cover of Hope's dialogue and lighted the fuse, then he came flying back to get safe out of the mine, and leave Hope in his death-trap.

But in the mean time Grace Hope came down in the cage, and caught sight of her father, and came screaming to him, "Father! father!"

"You here, my child?"

"There's a plot to murder you! A man called Burnley is to cause an explosion at the old works just as you visit them."

"An explosion," cried Hope, "and fire-damp about! One explosion will cause fifty. Ring the bell here, men! danger!"

Then there was a rush of men.

"Ben Burnley is firing the mine,"

There was a yell of fury; but a distant explosion turned it to one of dismay. Hope caught his daughter up in

his arms and put her into a cavity.

"Fly, men, to the other part of the mine!" he cried.

There was a louder explosion. In ran Burnley terrified at his own work, and flying to escape. Hope sprang out upon him. "No, you don't; living or dead, you are the last to leave this mine."

Burnley struggled furiously, but Hope dashed him down at his feet. Just as a far more awful explosion than all took place, one side of that amphitheatre fell in, and the very earth heaved. The corner part of the shaft fell in upon the cage, and upon many poor miners who were hoping to escape by it; but those escaped for the present who had obeyed Hope's order and fled to another part of the mine, and when the stifling vapors drifted away there stood Hope, pale as death, but strong as iron, with the assassin at his feet, and poor Grace crouching and quivering in her recess. Their fate now awaited these three—a speedy death by choke-damp, or a slow death by starvation, or a rescue from the outside under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, since there was but one shaft completed, and that was now closed by a mountain of debris.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### BURIED ALIVE.

The explosions so tremendously loud below were but muffled sounds at the pit's mouth; but alas! these muffled sounds, and one flash of lurid flame that shot up into the air, told the tale of horror to every experienced pitman and his wife, and the cry of a whole village went up to heaven.

The calamity spread like wild-fire. It soon found its way to Clifford Hall, and the deputy ran himself with the news to Mr. Bartley. Bartley received it at first with a stony glare, and tremble all over; then the deputy, lowering his voice, said: "Sir, the worst of it is there is foul play in it. There is good authority to say that Ben Burnley fired the mine to destroy his betters, and he has done it; for Mr. Hope and Miss Hope—that is, Miss Bartley—that was—are both there." He added, in a broken voice: "And if they are not buried or stifled, it will be hard work to save them. The mine is a ruin."

Bartley delivered a wild scream, and dashed out of the house at once; he did not even take his hat; but the deputy, more self-possessed, took one out of the hall, and followed him.

Bartley hurried to the mine, and found that several stout fellows had gone down with their pickaxes and other tools to clear the shaft, but that it must be terribly slow work, so few men could work at a time in that narrow space. Bartley telegraphed to Derby for a more powerful steam-engine and experienced engineers, and set another gang to open the new shaft to the bottom, and see if any sufferers could be saved that way. Whatever he did was wise, but his manner was frenzied. None of his people thought he had so much feeling, and more than one of the quaking women gave him a kind word.

He made no reply; he did not even seem to hear. He wandered about the mine all night, wringing his hands, and at last he was taken home almost by force.

Humanity overpowered prejudice, and Colonel Clifford came to the mine to see if he could be of any use to the sufferers. He got hold of the deputy, and learned from him what Bartley was doing. He said he thought that was the best course, as there would be division of labor; but, said he: "I am an old campaigner, and I know that men cannot fight without food, and this work will be a fight. How will you house the men?"

"There are forty-seven men missing, and the new men can sleep in their cottages."

"That's so," said the Colonel; "but there are the wives and the children. I shall send sleeping tents, and eating tents, and provisions enough to feed a battalion. Forty-seven lives!" said he pityingly.

"Ah, sir," said the deputy, "and such lives, some of them; for Mr. Hope and Miss Mary Bartley—leastways that is not her name now; she's Mr. Hope's daughter."

"Why, what has she to do with it?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, she is down the mine."

"God forbid," said the Colonel, "that noble girl dead, or in mortal danger!"

"She is, sir, and—lowering his voice—by foul play." Then, seeing the Colonel greatly shocked and moved, he said: "And I don't want to keep it from you. You are our nearest magistrate. The young lady told me at the pit mouth she is Mr. Hope's daughter."

"And so she is."

"And she said there was a plot to destroy her father in the mine by exploding the old workings he was going to visit. One Ben Burnley was to do it—a blackguard that has a spite against Mr. Hope for discharging him. But there was money behind him, and a villain that she described to us—black eyebrows, a face like a corpse, and dressed in a suit of tweed once over. We hoped that she might have been mistaken, or she might have warned Mr. Hope in time; but now it is to be seen that there was no mistake, and she had not time to warn him. The deed is done; and a darker deed was never done, even in the dark."

Colonel Clifford groaned. After a while he said, "Seize that Ben Burnley at once, or he will soon leave this place behind him."

"No, he won't," said the deputy. "He is in the mine; that is one comfort; and if he comes out alive his life won't be worth much, with the law on one side of the blackguard, and Judge Lynch on the other."

"The first thing," said the Colonel, "is to save these precious lives. God help us and them!"

He then went to the railway, and wired certain leading tradesmen in Derby for provisions, salt and fresh, on a large scale, and for new tents. He had some old ones stored away in his own house. He also secured abundance of knives, forks, plates, buckets, pitchers, and jugs, and, in short, he opened a commissariat. He inquired for his son Walter, and why he was so late. He could learn nothing but that Walter had mounted a hunter, and left word with Baker that he should not be home till eight o'clock.

"John," said the Colonel, solemnly, "I am in great trouble; and Walter is in worse. I fear. Let nobody speak to him about this accident at the mine till he has seen me."

Walter Clifford rode to the Lake Hotel to inquire after the bracelet. The landlady told him she had sent her husband over with it that day.

"Confound it!" said Walter; "why he won't know whom to take it to."

"Oh, it's all right, sir," said she. "My Sam won't give it to the wrong person, you may be sure."

"How do I know that?" said Walter; "and pray, whom did you tell him to give it to?"

"Why, to the lady as was here with you."

"And how the deuce is he to find her? He does not know her name. It's a great pity you could not keep it till I came."

"Well, sir, you was so long coming." "That's true," said Walter; "let us make the best of it. I shall feed my horse, and get home as quickly as I can."

However, he knew he would be late, and thought he had better go straight home. He sent a telegram to Mary Bartley: "Landlord gone to you with bracelet," and this he signed with the name of the landlady, but no address. He was afraid to say more, though he would have liked to put his wife upon her guard; but he trusted to her natural shrewdness. He mounted his horse and set straight home, but he was late for dinner, and that vexed him a little, for it was a matter Colonel Clifford was particular about. He dashed up to his bedroom and began to dress all in a hurry.

John Baker came to him wearing a very extraordinary look, and after some hesitation said, "I would not change my clothes if I were you, Mr. Walter."

"Oh," said Walter, "I am too late, you know; in for a penny, in for a pound."

"But, sir," said old John, "the Colonel wants to speak to you in the drawing-room."

Now Walter was excited with the even's of the day, irritated by the affront his father had put upon him, and Mary, strung up by hard riding, etc.; he burst out, "Well, I shall not go to him; I have had enough of this—badgered and bullied, and my sweetheart affronted—and now I suppose I am to be lectured again. You say I am not well, and bring me dinner up here."

"No, Mr. Walter," said the old man, gravely; "I must not do that. Sir, don't you think as you are to be scolded, or the angel you love affronted; all that is over forever. There has been many a strange thing happened since you rode out of our stable last; but I wish you would go to the Colonel and let him tell you all; however, I suppose I may tell you so much as this, that your sweetheart is not Mary Bartley at all; she is Mr. Hope's daughter."

"What!" cried Walter, in utter amazement. "There is no doubt about it, sir," said the old man; "and I believe it is all out about you and her; but that would not matter, for the Colonel he takes it quite different from what you might think. He swears by her now. I don't know really how that came about, sir, for I was not there, but when I was dressing the Colonel he said to me, John, 'she's the grandest girl in England, and an honor to her sex, and there is not a drop of Bartley's blood in her.'"

"Oh, he has found that out," said Walter. "Then I'll go to him like a bird, dear old fellow. So that is what he wanted to tell me."

"No," said John Baker, gravely. "No," said Walter; "what then?" "It's trouble."

"Trouble," said Walter, puzzled. "Av, my poor young master," said Baker, tenderly; "sore trouble as a father's heart won't let me or any man break to you while he lives to do it. I know my master. Ever since that fellow Bartley came here we have seen the worst of him; now we shall see the best of him. Go to him, dear Master Walter. Don't waste time in talking to old John Baker. Go to your father and your friend."

Walter Clifford cast a look of wonder and alarm on the old man, and went down at once to the drawing-room. His father was standing by the fire. He came forward to him with both hands and said:

"My son!" "Father," said Walter, in a whisper, "what is it?"

"Have you heard nothing?" "Nothing but good news, father—that you approve my choice."

"Ah, John told you that."

"Yes, sir."

"And did he tell you anything else?" "No, sir; only that some great misfortune is upon me, and that I have my father's sympathy."

"You have," said the Colonel; "and would to God I had known the truth before! She is not Bartley's daughter at all; she is Hope's daughter. Her virtue shines in her face; she is noble, she is self-denying, she is just, she is brave; and no doubt she can account for her being at the Lake Hotel in company with some man or other. Whatever that lady says will be the truth. That's not the trouble, Walter; all that has become small by comparison. But shall we ever see her sweet face again, or hear her voice?"

"Father," said Walter, trembling, "you terrify me. This sudden change in your voice that I never heard falter before; some great calamity must have happened. Tell me the worst at once."

"Walter," said the old man, "stand firm; do not despair, for there is hope."

"Thank God for that, father; now tell me."

Walter, there has been an explosion in the mine—a fearful explosion; the shaft has fallen in; there is no getting access to the mine, and all the poor souls confined there are in mortal peril. Those who are best acquainted with the mine do not think that many of them have been destroyed by the ruin, but they tell me these explosions let loose poisonous gases, and so now those poor souls are all exposed to three deadly perils: choke-damp, fire-damp, and starvation."

"It's pitiable," said Walter; "but surely this is a calamity to Bartley, and to the poor miners, but not to any one that I love, and that you have learned to respect."

"My son," said the Colonel, solemnly, "the mine was fired by foul play."

"Is it possible?"

"It is believed that some rival owner, or else some personal enemy of William Hope, bribed a villain to fire some part of the mine that Hope was inspecting."

"Great heavens!" said Walter; "can such villains exist? Poor, poor Mr. Hope; who would think he had an enemy in the world?"

"Alas!" said the Colonel, "that is not all. His daughter, it seems, overheard the villain bribing the ruffian to commit this foul and terrible act, and she flew to the mine directly. She despatched some miners to seize that hellish villain, and she went down the mine to save her father."

"Ah!" said Walter, trembling all over. "She has never been seen since."

"The Colonel's head sank for a moment on his breast."

Walter groaned and turned pale. "She came too late to save him; she came in time to share his fate."

Walter sank into a chair, and a deadly pallor overspread his face, his forehead, and his very lips.

The Colonel rushed to the door and called for help, and in a moment John Baker and Mrs. Milton and Julia Clifford were round poor Walter's chair, with brandy and ether and salts, and every stimulant. He did not faint away; strong men very seldom do at any mere mental shock.

The color came slowly back to his cheeks and his pale lips, and his eyes began to fill with horror. The weeping women, and even the stout Colonel,

viewed with anxiety his return to the full consciousness of his calamity. "Be brave," cried Colonel Clifford; "be a soldier's son; don't despair; fight; nothing has been neglected. Even Bartley is playing the man; he has got another engine coming up, and another body of workmen to open the new shaft as well as the old one."

"God bless him!" said Walter.

"And I have an experienced engineer on the road, and the things civilians always forgot—tents and provisions of all sorts. We will set an army to work sooner than your sweetheart, poor girl, shall lose her life by any fault of ours."

"My sweetheart!" cried Walter, starting suddenly from his chair. "There, don't cling to me, women. No man shall head that army but me. My sweetheart! God help me—she's my wife."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### REMOUSE.

In a work of this kind not only the external incidents should be noticed, but also what may be called the mental events. We have seen a calamity produce a great revulsion in the feelings of Colonel Clifford; but as for Robert Bartley, his very character was shaken to the foundation by his crime and its terrible consequences. He was now like a man who had glided down a soft sunny slope, and was suddenly arrested at the brink of a fathomless precipice. Bartley was cunning, selfish, avaricious, unscrupulous in reality, so long as he could appear respectable; but he was not violent, nor physically reckless, still less cruel. A deed of blood shocked him as much as it would shock an honest man. Yet now, through following his natural bent too far, and yielding to the influence of a remorseless villain, he found his own hands stained with blood—the blood of a man who, after all, had been his best friend, and had led him to fortune; and the blood of an innocent girl who had not only been his pecuniary benefactress for a time, but had warmed and lighted his house with her beauty and affection.

Busy men, whose views are all external, are even more apt than others to miss the knowledge of their own minds. This man, to whom everything was business, had taken for granted he did not actually love Grace Hope. Why, she was another man's child. But now he had lost her forever, he found he had mistaken his own feelings. He looked round his gloomy horizon and realized too late that he did love her; it was not a great and penetrating love like William Hope's; he was incapable of such a sentiment; but what affection he had to bestow, he had given to this sweet creature. His house was dark without her; he was desolate and alone, and, horrible to think of, the instrument of her assassination. This drove him to frenzy, and his frenzy took two forms, furious excitement and gloomy despair; this was now his life by night and day, for sleep deserted him. At the mine his measures were all wise, but his manner very wild; the very miners whispered amongst themselves that he was going mad. At home, on the contrary, he was gloomy, with sullen despair. He was in this latter condition the evening after the explosion, when a visitor was announced. Thinking it was some one from the mine, he said, faintly, "Admit him," and then his despondent head dropped on his breast; indeed, he was in a sort of lethargy, worn out by his labors, his remorse, and his sleeplessness.

In that condition his ear was suddenly jarred by a hard, metallic voice whose tone was somehow opposed to all the voices with which goodness and humanity have ever spoken.

"Well, governor, here's a slice of luck."

Bartley shivered. "Is that the devil speaking to me?" he muttered, without looking up.

"No," said Monckton, jauntily; "only one of his servants, and your best friend."

"My friend?" said Bartley, turning his chair and looking at him with a sort of dumb wonder.

"Ay," said Monckton, "your friend; the man that found you brains and resolution, and took you out of the role, and put Hope and his daughter in it instead; no, not his daughter, she did that for us, she was so clever."

"Yes," said Bartley, wildly, "it was you who made me an assassin. But for you, I should only have been a knave; now I am a murderer—thanks to you."

"Come, governor," said Monckton, "no use looking at one side of the picture. You tried other things first. You made him liberal offers, you know; but he would have war to the knife, and he has got it. He is buried at the bottom of that shaft."

"God forbid!"

"And you are all right."

"I am in hell," shrieked Bartley.

"Well, come out of it," said Monckton, "and let's talk sense. I—I read the news at Derby, just as I was starting for London. I have been as near the mine as I thought safe. They seem to be very busy clearing out both shafts—two steam-engines, constant relays of workmen. Who has got the job in hand?"

"I have," said Bartley.

"Well, that's clever of you to throw dust in their eyes, and put our little game off your own shoulders. You want to save appearances? You know you cannot save William Hope."

"I can save him, and I will save him. God will have mercy on a penitent assassin, as he once had upon a penitent thief."

Monckton stared at him and smiled. "Who has been talking to you—the parson?"

"My own conscience. I abhor myself as much as I do you, you black villain."

"Ah!" said Monckton, with a wicked glance, "that's how a man patters before he splits upon his pals, to save his own skin. Now, look here, old man, before you split on meak yourself you had the greatest interest in this