



# THE TROUBLESOME LADY

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED

As she seemed to know, he said, abjectly: "I helped Mrs. de Restaud get to the railroad."

"I didn't need no telling," she answered, promptly. "I'm clean beat out. I never rode on an animal before of any sort or kind. I've got real rheumatic pains in my back and shoulders. It is hard for a woman at my age to have to gallop over an unsettled country hunting a connection."

"Here are some cushions," said Dr. John, coming out, his arms full. "Those chairs are uncomfortable. Now, isn't that better?"

"Yes, I suppose I'll eat my meals off the mantel piece for a week, now you being old and settled like, why couldn't you have helped Minny?"

"Because I was not here. Object to smoking?"

"No, land sakes, no; keep the skeletons off, if they're any that kin git a living up here."

"Now, this is cozy," continued the doctor, lighting his pipe. Oliver sat down near them. "You see, I was called off to a sick woman, and I died—poor soul."

"Of what?" asked the newcomer, eagerly, all curiosity.

"I should say homesickness if I told the truth, but I called it mountain fever. Well, she was dying, you know, and here, as Craig is sitting alone over the fire, comes a little lady in a yellow silk gown (Mike told me, Craig; you needn't think you've been talking in your sleep). On her white neck are big ugly bruises, welts from a whip on her arm, and the little dog, brought with her, has been brutally kicked. She throws herself at Craig's feet and begs him to save her."

"You don't never tell me that evil little foreigner dared strike Minny Patten?" cried the old lady. "Oh, I'd like to get my hands on him! All her mother's fault—always taking up with strangers."

"Any man would have helped her," said Oliver; "he went on and told what he did, and how he left her safely at the train, he omitted her economic farwell—possibly because he had forgotten it."

"The poor little bird," sobbed the old woman; "my dead brother's child; and what a man he was—master of a ship at nineteen; and here's his Minny he idolized living in nowhere-land with a crazy Frenchman! I put up with him for months when I visited here, for her sake; but one day—the Patten's all quick, on my mother's side I'm a Knox, and his try tells what he was—and I slapped Henry right in the face like he'd been a young one. He set me out the door, and his man drove my trunk after me. Back I had to ride in a springless wagon, and, gitting home, found things going to rack and ruin with the shiftless folks I left taking care of my house. I did advise Minny to stay, though, Mr. Oliver," she said, looking at him with her honest, kindly gaze. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, so, I loved it was her duty; she'd made her bed and had to lie on it. You can't never tell me a

"Oh, I'd like to get my hands on him!"

girl is made for get married in this country, whatever it may be in France; and Minny is awful frivolous. I don't like for them that sympathize with young wiles when they are young and pretty."

"I should have dragged her back, to be killed the next time," Craig said, coldly.

She rose and held out her hand, wrinkled hand. "I think you done noble by her, Mr. Oliver, and though by your looks you seem to be one of them city bachelors that ain't no good moral characters, I know her own dead father couldn't have done kinder by her. How you rid them miles in that time I can't see, for that Warn an' me set out afore sun-up an' got to the Frenchman's jet turned five o'clock. Now, how much money did you give Minny to travel away?"

She took out an old leather wallet and began unwinding a strap that held it tight.

"I have no account. Wait until you hear from her."

"I am well-to-do, and Minny's all I've got to leave my property to; so that, needn't worry you; and I don't like her being under obligations to strange men. How much did you loan her?"

Oliver looked confused. "I—I don't know; there might have been three hundred dollars in the roll—perhaps more."

"What!" almost screamed Aunt Hannah. "Heavens to Betsy! you and me won't never set eyes on Minny Patten till every cent of that money is gone. She don't know the value on't. She never had none of her own to spend afore."

"I think she will use it to good advantage," smiled Oliver. "Besides, it is better she has plenty, as she seems to have missed you. How did that happen?"

"I've been away six weeks, visiting connections by marriage in Iowa, and I was coming here to see how she was treated, for the ain't writ to me for 'most two months, an' he's mean enough to keep her from it. None of the neighbors, knowed where I'd went, on account of their curiosity; I told 'em mebbe Florida, an' boarded up the lower windows in my house."

"Well, the neighbors will take care of her," said the doctor, cheerily. "Here's Mike, so, Miss—"

"Patten—Hannah Patten."

"There is nothing for you to do but to accept our hospitality—city bachelors live well, you know—and to-mor-

row go down to Denver with us. Mr. Oliver probably has a letter from Mrs. Minny at his office waiting for him, as she promised to let him know if she got home safely."

"I believe I will, and thank you," said Miss Patten, beginning to smooth down her hair. "The sum of them fried onions struck me all in a heap, for I ain't eat since breakfast, my niece's husband not ever offering me a chair to set on, let alone something to eat, and I've got a feeling of homesickness that reminds me of one of Cap'n Sam's sea stories—Minny's father, you know—where a shipwrecked crew ate their boots and chewed sticks to keep 'em alive."

"You see," smiled Dr. John. "I was right about our humble vegetable. It appeals to every heart."

"And stomach," said Miss Patten, walking majestically to the house. "It mayn't be proper for me to stop here, but I guess our age protects us."

"Why, certainly," said Dr. John, meekly. "It's in the very air out here to derange things, but the neighbors in your town shall never know, I swear it."

CHAPTER V

A week later Oliver's office boy, a freckled and red-headed youngster by the name of Sam, changed to Sam by the much-tried clerks, knocked and announced hoarsely: "Lady to see you."

He threw three meaning in the words, his bearing and manner were so full of dark mystery, Oliver almost expected Mrs. de Restaud, instead of Aunt Hannah. No letter had come from the little lady of the Troublesome, and that discourtesy showed she might almost merit her connection's condemnation; it was certainly frivolous to neglect assuring her preserver of her safety. The doctor had been especially unpleasant about it. "You see," he would say, "I told you there were two sides to every story; the Frenchman may have been a much-entertaining man. The office boy dragged brings with her, has been brutally kicked. She throws herself at Craig's feet and begs him to save her."

"It's either breach or promise or some fellow wot's cheated her on a land deal," he said to the clerks as he put the door carefully. "I guess there's meat in it for the boss grained when he see her."

"I hope you have good news, Miss Patten," Oliver said, eagerly.

"If no news is good I have," she answered. "I've heard from Mr. Perkins that keeps the depot, and he says she ain't been there at all, nor no word come. There wasn't no mail for me, neither, I seen that woman at Colorado Springs. She says Minny got there all right, and she bought her a plaid ulster, a hat and some other things, and Minny and the dog went by train the next day, and Minny promised to write to her, but hadn't. The only one that knowed anything down here, was the ticket seller, who remembered her and said he sold her a ticket for Chicago. She must have been afraid her husband would ask. He said lots of the conductors were discharged about that time, and that was why, most like, I interviewed hadn't set eyes on her."

"Still, it is almost impossible for a girl to be lost traveling nowadays. She probably took elaborate precautions, for fear De Restaud would follow her; but if the dog went along she will be found in a moment."

"I am as you say, and to go back to her husband you should institute a suit to make him account for her property. They told me up in the mountains he was getting rid of it rapidly."

"I haint in general," sighed Miss Patten, "much liking for law; folks gits in jest as rats in a trap, and there ain't much of a property left when they get out—asking your pardon for being plain spoken, for I always speak my mind."

"You are a little severe on us," he laughed; "but I should be happy to find a young lawyer I know here who would do well for you. Of course under the circumstances I myself could do nothing."

"I understand, and Mr. Oliver, I'll apologize again. Till I see that woman to the springs I did half think you knowed where Minny was the doctor's joking and you being a city bachelor, you know, for me as in your but here's my hand in friendship, and I'll send you word if I find Minny."

"Thank you. I shall be glad to know she is safe, for sometimes I think I may have done wrong in helping her that night."

"You done right, Mr. Oliver; and if she should come to you again—as she might, having no sense of propriety—you telegraph me to Newcastle, Me., and send her straight home to me. I'm going to install a bit afore I go home. On account of taking care of pa and ma in their old age, I ain't seen much of the world, I callate even to stop awhile in New York, for there was a Blinn there that married at Blake, and I'll board with her. Now remember, Mr. Oliver, she's a little young thing; and you're old enough, I take it, to be her father, and the world is a censorious place. She shan't go back to him, I'm resolved on that; and being a divorced woman is bad enough in the world, without giving no other reasons for it."

"You can trust me," he said; soberly; and after she was gone he sat long in thought. He wanted the good opinion of that grim, honest old maid. She was as unbending as her own granite hills, as stern and bleak to a world of easy-goers. He imagined duty ruled her always; a wicked thought crept in then—how poorly duty had rewarded her! mentally and physically angular and hard, ruled with an iron rod of conscience. Yet the soft lines, creases of curves and beauty like her ungrateful niece, knew nothing of conscience or duty, and the world loved them and gave them its best.

Sam, after a discreet knock, put in his tousled head. "Perlice to see you, sir," he said, breathlessly.

"What?"

"Perlice from city hall."

Oliver went hastily to the outer office. Could she be in their hands? What new horror was the Troublesome lady to endure? Or was this some freak of the Frenchman? He was capable of any meanness. The two clerks were looking sideways at the

brawny man in blue, but Sam gazed in open-mouthed admiration. Going to fires, he felt some days he must be a fireman; the longing was intense as engines sped by at lightning speed; but in a row of a deed of mystery how necessary the police, how high their positions, what chances for seeing things and driving the crowd, principally small boys, away!

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the man, awkwardly, "but the old lady said you was to be sent for, as you could testify to the bad character of the man in charge."

"What old lady?" asked Oliver, sharply, much annoyed at the matter.

"Name Patten, I think—a big woman, considerable thin. She came from your office, she said, and had noticed for days a black looking man a-following her, and she sees him waiting for her in the street. So she strolls, careless like, towards the city hall, sir, right near she sees he's still after her, and she turns and grabs him and runs him in herself, as neat as any of the force could 'a' done."

"You don't know the man?"

"His face ain't in the gallery, sir," as if in apology, "but it's black and ugly enough to be, I'll say that for him. She tumbled the man down the steps right in the chief's room, and he sent me here. She wanted the man arrested for a suspicious character; so the chief sent me to get your testimony."

"I'll go down at once," said Oliver, picking up his hat. "I fancy I know the man."

"I'll walk behind, sir," said the policeman, politely, "for seeing me walking with you in the direction of the lock-up your friends might think you was being run in."

At the station, as he suspected, Oliver saw the main was Louis, De Restaud's servant, and black and ugly he was, swearing to himself in French, but refusing to answer any questions. Oliver had seen master and man the past few days in Denver, and knew he himself was under their surveillance. He told the chief that Miss Patten was justified in her proceeding; the man had a bad reputation in the North Park, and had certainly been acting in a suspicious manner; the past week he had seen him watching about the streets. The chief admitted the man was not handsome, might have acted oddly, but there must be some charge brought against him. Was the lady willing to go into court and swear she had fears of her life from this man Louis De Restaud?

"No," said Miss Patten, majestically, "afraid of that rascal! Not a mite, but I won't have him trailing of me around, and if the perlice can't stop it, my umbrella will; so there! I won't go into no court-room to sit, either."

"Suppose you search the man," said Oliver, smiling. "I will make a charge

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## A ROPE ENDS IT.

A Desperado's Career Brought to an Abrupt Close.

While Under Bonds for Murder He Wantonly Kills the Sheriff of Lee County, Ky., at Beattyville, and Is Lynched.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 15.—Oscar Morton was lynched at Beattyville Sunday morning. The particulars as related by an eye witness are as follows: Morton, who was a desperate young fellow about 23 years old, killed a man named Wilson in Breathitt county several months ago. He was out on bail and came to Beattyville Saturday, where he drank considerable liquor. He did a good deal of talking about having killed one man and said he intended to kill another before he left town. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he concluded he would go to the fair which was being held at Beattyville. He had no ticket and the gatekeeper refused to let him in. This made him very angry and he began talking loud, threatening to kill the keeper, when Sheriff William Simms stepped up and asked him to be quiet.

Without a word of warning Morton drew a big revolver with each hand and began firing at the sheriff. The first shot struck him in the heart. One went through his arm and the third lodged in his abdomen. The officer fell to the ground and expired. At this juncture Jailor Cort Jones rushed up with a drawn pistol and demanded the surrender of the murderer. Instead of surrendering he tried to shoot the jailor, but his pistol snapped twice and the jailor began shooting at him, one shot taking effect in the jaw, one in the side and one in the leg. By this time several persons had come to the jailer's assistance, and Morton was overpowered and taken to jail. The body of the murdered man was taken to his home and prepared for burial.

During the remainder of the evening threats of lynching were freely made, and when night came nearly every able-bodied man in town had decided to assist in avenging the murder of the sheriff. The news having spread of the surrounding country, a score or more of the friends of the dead man came into town to assist in the taking of Morton.

A little after midnight the mob gathered at a point not far from the jail, and after a quiet consultation the crowd, numbering about 150 persons, marched to the prison. The best of order was maintained. Not a loud word was spoken nor a firearm discharged. Arriving at the jail the avengers were met with a peremptory refusal on the part of the jailer to give up the keys, but he was quickly overpowered and the keys were taken away from him.

The doors were unlocked and Morton was told to come forth. He did not seem to be alarmed, but went with his captors without saying a word or uttering protests. He was taken to a bridge which spans a little creek not far from the jail and a rope was placed around his neck. The spokesman of the party asked him if he wished to pray and he said that he did. He knelt down and in a perfectly clear voice prayed to God to forgive him for the sins he had committed. The prayer was very brief and when he arose the spokesman asked him why he had killed Sheriff Simms. He replied that he had no reason to give for his murderous act and repeated that he hoped God would forgive him for his sin.

He was then taken out on the bridge, the rope tied to the end of the beam and the murderer of the sheriff was quickly launched into eternity. No shots were fired into his body and it was left for the rope alone to do its duty.

LOST IN THE HURRICANE.

Four Vessels Wrecked and Eleven Persons Perish Off San Domingo.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The hurricane that passed over the island of San Domingo on the night of September 21 did considerable damage, especially at the capital. Many houses were unroofed and the streets and cellars were flooded. The poor suffered greatly. The surrounding sugar estates were much injured by the storm, particularly the plantations La Fe and Francia. The former was damaged to the amount of \$25,000. Not a single sugar estate escaped. Several small coasting vessels suffered, four being being lost. On one vessel bound from San Domingo to Sanchez eleven persons lost their lives, including a German family of five, mother and four children.

STRUCK BY A TRAIN.

A Woman and Two Girls Killed at Elmira, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Dorothy, aged 11, and Emily, aged 5, daughters of John N. Seachard, president of the Bank of Buffalo and republican state committeeman from the Thirty-third district, and Miss Emily R. S. Woods, aged 30, sister-in-law of Mr. Seachard, were struck and killed Sunday by a freight engine on the New York Central Belt line at the Paradise crossing. The side curtains of the carriage were up, and it is probable that Miss Woods, who was an expert horsewoman, did not see or hear the approach of the train.

Convicted by His Son.

DIAMOND, La., Oct. 15.—Louis Dinet has been convicted of the murder of Adolph Clark, an old and wealthy orange grower of this parish who mysteriously disappeared recently and was found dead in the river. In the trial Dinet's son swore his father killed Clark with a club because the latter had accused Dinet of stealing a skiff. The verdict carries the death sentence.

Victoria Woodhull Sails for America.

LONDON, U. K., Oct. 15.—Mrs. Martin, formerly Victoria Woodhull, sailed Saturday for New York with the object of making a tour of the United States.

Trains Wrecked Found Guilty.

CHICAGO, U. K., Oct. 15.—In the district court the jury found De Camp, McConnell and King guilty of attempted train robbery during the A. R. U. strike. After a lecture by the judge they were sentenced as follows: King four years and De Camp and McConnell to twelve years each in the penitentiary.

Fielden Wants to Turn Farmer.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Oct. 15.—Samuel Fielden, the Chicago anarchist, has been looking at Starke county land with a view of buying a farm there and removing from Chicago.

## Nothing Worth Writing About.

Some days to the newspaper makers are kind—when sensations occur by the score. And the public is eagerly waiting to find out what happens by sea and by shore. Then the heart of the editor's happiness and glad.

For with news he is never without; But the world to his gaze is distressingly dull. A contented editor.

When there's nothing worth writing about. The people expect the poor newspaper man To fill his allotment of space; They're sure if he wants to be certain, can. Though there's nothing worth while taking facts.

So when news is dull he fancies must tax. And sometimes it happens, no doubt, That he has to imagine some things to be facts. When there's nothing worth writing about.

On days when there's nothing occurring there. Of the reader is likely to fall. On pieces so prosy he sends himself why They ever were printed at all. But they have to be used as the fillers of space. Although they'd be better left out. And flurries like this give a place. When there's nothing worth writing about.

A Century to Come. Who'll press for gold our crowded streets. A century to come? Who'll tread our churches with willing feet. A century to come? Pale trembling ages and their youth. And childhood with its brow of truth. The rich and poor on land and sea—Where will the mighty millions be. A century to come.

We all within our graves shall sleep. A century to come. No living soul for us will weep. A century to come. And other races our graves will fill. And others then our streets will fill. And others shall our graves will fill. And others shall our streets will fill. And others shall our graves will fill. And others shall our streets will fill.

The Cypher's Song. O, it's joy to leap in the morning when the dew is yet on the clover. And the air is full of a sweetness that makes it a draught divine. To mount one's wheel and go flying, away and away, a rover. In a wide, bright world of beauty; and all that world is mine!

There's a breath of balm on the breeze, a scent of the wild rose. A hint of the incense odors that blow through the hillside pine. And ever a shifting landscape that some new, bright, charm discloses. As I dash from the city shadow to plains where the sunlight shines.

I sing in my care-free gladness; I am kin to the wind that blows. I am thrilled with the bliss of motion like the bird that skims the down. I feel the blood of the gypsy in my pulses come and go. Give me my wheel for a comrade, and the time may keep his crown. —Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion.

Question and Answer. Where are the fairies in pink and white. Clustered close together. Where to dance on apple boughs in the beautiful May weather? They went away on a sunny day. And nothing was left, alas! I may shroud of apple robes. Flung upon the grass. Come to the orchard, and walk with me. The autumn sun shines bright. On many a heavy-laden tree. I will show you a wondrous sight. Each fairy, that to the orchard brought. Her love and her grace. When she went away on that sunny day. Let's see apple in her place. —Mary F. Butts, in The Markets.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

LIVE STOCK.—Cattle, 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2. Sheep, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Hogs, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Poultry, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Butter, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Eggs, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Corn, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Oats, 8 1/2 @ 9 1/2. Rye, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Barley, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

COFFEES.—Arabica, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Robusta, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Sugar, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Cocoa, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

TEA.—Assam, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Darjeeling, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Oolong, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Green, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

SPICES.—Pepper, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Cloves, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Nutmeg, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Cardamom, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

FRUITS.—Apples, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Oranges, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Lemons, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Grapes, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Onions, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Cabbage, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Carrots, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

MEATS.—Beef, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Pork, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Mutton, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Lamb, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

SEAFOOD.—Fish, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Shellfish, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Crustaceans, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Mollusks, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

WINE.—Wine, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Brandy, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Whisky, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Rum, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

LIQUORS.—Beer, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Soda, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2. Cola, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Fruit, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2.

TOBACCO.—Tobacco, 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2. Cigarettes