

ADOPT GRAIN CHECKS

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN IOWA CITY AID CROP MOVING.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CASH

Banks in Portland, Ore., and Oakland, Cal., suspend temporarily—Recover for Motor Car Company.

SIOUX CITY.—In—Grain checks will be in circulation throughout the town and surrounding country and will be accepted as cash by jobbers as well as merchants and small business houses, beginning Thursday morning.

A committee of bankers and grain dealers, in session Tuesday at the Commercial club, completed the arrangements for this scheme for moving grain and grain checks. Those who purchased grain from a farmer will issue a ticket to him, indicating the number of bushels, the price paid and the face value of the ticket. These tickets will be stamped across the face: "Payable in Sioux City or Minneapolis exchange."

Bankers and grain dealers from Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota towns were present at the meeting. Thirty banks have agreed to support the plan.

Portland Bank Closes.

Portland, Ore.—The Merchants National bank of this city is for the time being in the hands of the comptroller of the currency. Its doors were not opened Tuesday morning because of idle and unfounded, but persistent, rumors which resulted in heavy withdrawals lately. Though said to be strict, it is said that the bank was obliged to close temporarily.

Oakland Bank Embarrassed.

Oakland, Cal.—At the earliest solicitation of the Oakland Closing House association, the California bank, D. Edward Collins president, did not open its doors Tuesday morning and will take advantage of the legal holidays. The closing of the bank of William Collins, president at Yerba Buena, of which D. Edward Collins is a co-partner, is what affected the California.

Recover for Automobile Company.

Cleveland, O.—The Superior Savings & Trust company was appointed receiver Tuesday for the Royal Motor Car company in the United States circuit court.

Wholesale Grocer Bankrupt.

Selma, Ala.—The Gandy grocery company on the largest wholesale firms in central Alabama, was declared bankrupt Tuesday afternoon and E. Lemar was appointed receiver. The liabilities are estimated at more than \$100,000. Assets as yet are unknown. Bad collections are given as the cause of the failure.

Small Bank Shut Down.

Chicago.—The doors of the Rainwood Exchange bank, 130 West Ravenswood Park, were closed for business Tuesday. The bank was of a local character doing business in the suburb of Ravenswood, and the event created no stir in down-town financial circles.

QUAKE'S VICTIMS ABOUT 14,000.

First Direct Reports Received from Karatagh, Turkish.

St. Petersburg.—The first direct reports from the scene of the great earthquake at Karatagh, Russian Turkestan, about three weeks ago, reached this city Sunday from a correspondent who accompanied the relief expedition sent from Jamaikan. Telegraphing under date of November 9 the correspondent says:

"The town of Karatagh was completely destroyed. The victims number 4,000 in Karatagh and about 16,000 in the adjoining district of Denauk. All the villages in the vicinity were wrecked. It is probable that there are hundreds more dead in these villages, but investigation is only now determining the approximate number."

Barcelona.—An earthquake Sunday caused a serious landslide close to the village of Valcomac, the people of which fled.

Fairbanks in a Train Wreck.

Baltimore, Md.—The engine and tender of a Baltimore & Ohio train to which was attached a private car bearing Vice President Fairbanks and a party returning from the funeral of Judge McCormas was derailed at Westover Junction Tuesday night. The train ran into a "switchback track," but as the train was running slowly the passengers were not injured.

Sabbath Breakers Indicted.

Kansas City, Mo.—The grand jury Tuesday night returned 110 additional indictments against persons charged with violating the state law which forbids labor on Sunday. The indictments are against 88 persons, 14 of whom are charged with selling intoxicants on Sunday. All the indicted persons will be arrested and compelled to give bond within 48 hours.

Snow Falls at Shreveport, La.

Shreveport, La.—Snow flurries occurred here Monday morning, being the earliest on record at the weather bureau. The earliest previous record was November 26, 1878. There has not yet been a killing frost here.

Father Under Train and Killed.—Milwaukee, Wis.—A man identified as James J. Johnson, 35, of 11th and J., is continuing to board a train at 7:15 a.m. He was on route east from

LABORITES IN CONVENTION

ANNUAL MEETING OF AMERICAN FEDERATION IS OPENED.

President Gompers Says Organization is Peaceful But is Ready for a Strike or a Fight.

Norfolk, Va.—The first session of the American Federation of Labor, which began its twenty-seventh annual convention at the Jamestown exposition Monday, was devoted to speechmaking and the reading of reports.

In response to the addresses of welcome by Gov. Swanson and Exposition President Tucker, Mr. Gompers paid a tribute to Virginia and to the exposition. He confined his remarks chiefly to general matters, but toward the end came down to labor principles, and said:

"I know of no organization that makes so little pretense of patriotism, but in which true patriotism prevails to such a large extent as in organized labor. We want peace; we love peace and are working for peace, and in the pursuit that our working people are better organized we are secure justice. We are not supine; we are not drowsing; we are symphatic; we know our rights— we think we do, and that is just as good—and we are going to stand for them."

"I do not want to discuss any military or naval affairs or the policies of our government, but we all know that the federal government authorities have decided that the navy of the United States is going to be trained to cross the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is a man chosen to boss the job of taking the entire fleet from one ocean to the other of whom I wish to speak. That is Fighting Bob Evans, who said in connection with transferring the fleet:

"I don't know what may be the result of this cruise. I have only one desire and that is to see the men of the fleet go to the Pacific coast, and whether it was to be for fun or frolic or a fight, we will be there."

"It is to that I want to refer and make the application to the labor movement. If it is to be peace, if it is to be fun, or if it is to be a fight, we'll all be there."

LIVED AS MAN SIXTY YEARS.

Catherine Voebsaugh Dies After Long Masquerade.

Trinidad, Col.—Catherine Voebsaugh, who for nearly 60 years passed as a man, died at a hospital in this city.

Miss Voebsaugh was born in France 83 years ago. When a young woman she was difficult to her sex, and adopting men's clothes, she obtained employment as a bookkeeper in Joplin, Mo. This position she held for nine years, and then accepted a position in a St. Joseph (Mo.) bank. While in St. Joseph she married a woman, with whom she lived for over 30 years. The woman was in trouble, and Charles Voebsaugh married her to protect her. The two women, still masquerading as man and wife, came to Trinidad a few years ago.

After the death of her "wife" Miss Voebsaugh worked here in various capacities until she became feeble, and last year was taken to the hospital. It was then that her sex was discovered, but even after her recovery she refused to change her clothing.

ILLINOIS PROPERTY VALUES.

Results of Work by State Board of Equalization.

Springfield, Ill.—The state board of equalization, which has been in session ten days after the limit allowed by law, adjourned Wednesday morning. The report of the railroad committee shows a total assessment of railroads in Illinois to be about \$100,000,000, an increase of \$5,000,000 over 1902. The total value of the land of corporations in the state is \$10,000,000, about \$5,000,000 less than the assessed valuation for 1904. This is explained by the fact that the tangible stock of Chicago corporations has been assessed at a much higher valuation by the local assessors than last year.

In 1907 the total equalized value of personal property in Illinois is \$246,195,650. The total equalized value of lands is \$37,194,586. The total assessed value of lands is \$199,595,642.

Confederation in Iquique.—Iquique, Chile.—This port has been visited by a fire, the biggest since 1882, which has entailed losses amounting to over \$1,000,000. It broke out Saturday and seven and a half blocks were burned over before it was under control. The property destroyed was mostly dwellings of the poor and no less than 2,000 people are homeless. The fire was about one mile distant from the commercial quarter of the city.

Alleged Lynchers Indicted.

Guthrie, Okla.—Mike White, C. A. Green and their two children and Mrs. Jennie Taylor, the mayor's sister, were overcome Monday night by gas from the hot-air furnace at their family home. All will recover.

Father Decorates Amader.

Paris.—President Amador, of Panama, who has been traveling in Europe for some months past, Tuesday paid his farewell visit to President Fulgencio, who made him a commander of the Legion of Honor.



\$22,000 IS LOST OR STOLEN

DISAPPEAR FROM STAGE IN TRANSIT TO MINERS' CAMP.

Large Sum for Payment of the Employees at Cokedale, Col., Is Mysteriously Missing.

Trinidad, Colo.—Checks and currency to the amount of \$22,000 intended to pay the wages of the Carbon Coal & Coke company's miners at Cokedale, were lost or stolen Monday afternoon while in transit in a stage from the Longsdale railroad station to the camp, a distance of only two miles.

Charles Macomber, driver of the stage, was unable to account for the loss, but he does not know nothing about the supposed theft. The money package had been carelessly thrown into other express matter into the stage.

Abraham Thompson, the paymaster, accompanied by Jim Williams, a guard, left here at dusk Monday night to drive to Cokedale, the biggest camp operated by the American Smelting & Refining Company. The money, which was contained in two canvas sacks, was placed under the seat.

According to the story of Thompson they encountered no one en route to their camp, but when they arrived at Cokedale and the miners had formed in line to receive their pay, it was discovered that the money was missing. Thompson and Williams immediately retraced their tracks for several miles, but could find no trace of the thief, and returned to Cokedale, where they notified the sheriff by telephone. Some of the miners obtained horses and rode over the surrounding country, but encountered no suspects.

FIVE DIE IN HOTEL FIRE.

Blaze in the Garde at New Haven Is Fatal.

New Haven, Conn.—Five persons, at least, lost their lives as a result of a fire in the Hotel Garde Tuesday morning, and several others were injured.

The fire broke out shortly after one o'clock in the rear wing of the fifth floor of the north wing and here four persons were suffocated to death. Another man lost his life by falling from a rope which was using as a fire escape.

The fire was confined to the fifth floor, where it started, and the one below. It was out shortly after two o'clock. The damage, it is thought, will be over \$15,000, although no estimate could be given.

BATTLE WITH UTES REPORTED.

Six Indians Said to Have Been Killed by Troops.

Durango, Colo.—A report reached here Tuesday that a battle occurred at McElmo canyon, between Ute Indians and United States troops, in which six Indians were killed. No soldiers were killed or wounded. McElmo canyon is in Montezuma county and close to the Navajo reservation. The Utes have been resisting the attempts of the soldiers to compel them to return to their reservation. The report of the battle has not been verified but is believed here.

D. M. Ferry, Seed Man, Is Dead.—Detroit, Mich.—Dexter M. Ferry, head of one of the greatest seed firms in the United States, which has 100 branches, and prominent in local business enterprises, was found dead in bed at his home here Monday. He died last night in apparently good health and died from heart disease during the night. He was born near Rochester, N. Y., in 1833. He came to Detroit when a young man and amassed a large fortune, being one of the wealthiest men in Detroit. He was a prominent Republican.

Mail Carrier Is Rail Passenger.

Springfield.—Judge Creighton, in the Sangamon circuit court, held in the trial of William Barker, a mail carrier, who was injured in a collision on the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis railroad, that a mail carrier is a passenger on the road in the sense that he can obtain damages from the company for injuries in an accident the same as any passenger.

Crazed and Killed by Peanuts.

Fremont, Neb.—Archie Peasuto, of Fremont, attempted to live by eating nothing but peanuts with the result that he died Monday after a week's peanut diet. At the end of four days Peasuto went completely crazy.

Tobacco Man Driven from Kentucky.

Clarke, Ky.—Four masked men held up J. M. Wade and his two sons near Guthrie, Ky., Monday night and ordered them to leave home with \$45 hours. Mr. Wade, with his sons, raised a crop of tobacco but had not joined the association.

Seller Explosives Kills Six.

Pine Bluff, Ark.—A boiler at the gin house on the Trulock plantation, near here, exploded Tuesday, killing the owner, J. B. Trulock, and five negroes and demolishing the gin.

Fatal Bazaar Fight in Iowa.

Boone, Ia.—George Antschup, learned for the season of 1905, embracing the cities of Moultrie, Galesburg, Macomb, Kewanee, Peoria, Peoria and Canton is being proposed by the fans of central Illinois.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

GETS HELEN CULVER MEDAL.

Illinois Women Honors Capt. Amundsen, the Great Explorer.

Lake Forest.—Capt. Ronald Amundsen, the only navigator who ever sailed through the "northwest passage" and the discoverer of the north magnetic pole, during his recent visit to Chicago was awarded the Helen Culver



medal of the Geographic Society of Chicago.

Miss Culver, of Lake Forest, has endowed the medal in perpetuity. It is to be given by the Geographic society to any woman deemed worthy of it by reason of their scientific achievements.

The committee which will determine awards will consist of Dr. J. Paul Goode and Prof. Zora Baker, of the University of Chicago, Dr. George A. Dorsey, of the Field Columbian museum, James H. Smith, of the Austin high school, and Charles Hult Tudden.

In the confession Adams is quoted, as saying that he met Morris Maynard, a gambler, at the Casino Club the summer following Arthur Collins' assassination at Telluride, "that they told him to go to Idaho and meet Simpkins in regard to Steenberg, whom they wanted to 'get,'" and gave him \$200. Adams then told how Ben New Glover and Alvan Mason went to Simpkins' claim and killed Tyler and Boule, who, Simpkins said, were jumping his claim.

TRACTION FRAUD SUIT FILED.

Sensational Charges Against Central Illinois Interurban Lines.

Mattoon.—Attorney Andrew L. Cooley, on behalf of three of his clients, claimants for damages against the Central Illinois Traction company and the Mattoon City Railway company, filed a suit in the circuit court in the Cole circuit, charging that the company's practice of raising funds for the construction and equipment of the company's interurban railway between Mattoon and Charleston, when, in fact, it had only a few days before that culminated here in the marriage of Miss Grace Seeger, a telephone operator of this city, and Samuel C. Wolf, caisher of a coal company. Miss Seeger was for a long time a telephone girl in the central office of the telephone company. When Mr. Wolf heard her voice over the wire a week ago he fell in love with her. Mr. Wolf, only to her voice until a few days ago, when he came to Mattoon and secured an introduction. The marriage was performed by Rev. John L. Due.

Fell in Love with Her Voice.

Greenvile.—A touching romance developed only a few days ago that just culminated here in the marriage of Miss Grace Seeger, a telephone operator of this city, and Samuel C. Wolf, caisher of a coal company. Miss Seeger was for a long time a telephone girl in the central office of the telephone company. When Mr. Wolf heard her voice over the wire a week ago he fell in love with her. Mr. Wolf, only to her voice until a few days ago, when he came to Mattoon and secured an introduction. The marriage was performed by Rev. John L. Due.

Pretty Girls Love Workshops.

Bloomington.—To attract the young men to clean up their act, the young people of the Congregational church at Ottawa, selected 20 of the prettiest girls in the congregation and placed them in the choir to succeed the previous organization. The young women are singing sweetly, and the novelty of a choir composed wholly of pretty girls is creating much admiring comment, and, it is claimed, has the effect anticipated, of attracting many young men.

Woodmen Purchase an Auto.

Streator.—The Modern Woodmen here have introduced a novelty in the shape of an automobile that cost \$3,500, which was purchased for the sole purpose of conveying the members of the camp to neighboring towns where they may attend the meetings of other camps. The auto has a seating capacity for 12 passengers, and bears the lettering, "Camp 1444, M. W. A. Streator."

Dedicate College Buildings.

Kankakee.—The two new buildings of St. Vincent's college, which were dedicated Saturday, were the largest ever held in this city. Father P. J. Cavanagh, Rev. Father T. J. Byrne, Rev. F. Cassidy and Rev. Father Shanahan.

\$6,340 for Saving Souls.

Galesburg.—The first week's revival service, Rev. William A. Sunday, with a 2,500 convert, which breaks the record for regulars here. A free will offering of \$6,340 was given on Mr. Sunday and his assistant, Clark E. Carr, ex-minister, to the lettering, "Camp 1444, M. W. A. Streator."

Christian Girls in Bloomington.

Erling.—The annual convention of the Erling Young Women's Christian association was held here. Two hundred delegates were

THE REVIEW

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M. T. LANEY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1901.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST CHURCH

First Tuesday evening of each month—Meeting Women's Foreign Missionary Society; Second Tuesday evening of each month—Methodist League, business, literary and social meeting.

Sunday morning, 10:30 a. m.
Sunday school, 11:15
Junior class, 12:30 p. m.
Supper, 1:45 p. m.
Sunday evening, 7:30
Wednesday Mid-Week Prayer Meeting, 7:30
Corner Cook and South Hawley street.
Telephone 251. Everybody is welcome.

O. P. MATTHEWS, Pastor.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Second Sunday evenings.

Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.

Preaching service (German) 10:30

Keystones League, 6:15 p. m.

Preaching service, 7:30

Wednesday Evening School.

Monday—Junior League, 7:15

Tuesday—English Prayingmeeting, 7:30

Wednesday—German " 7:30

Friday—Teachers meeting 7:30

Choir practice, 8:15 p. m.

Monthly meetings.

Mission Band—1st Sunday, 7:30 p. m.

Y. P. M.—3rd Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.

W. M. F.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.

Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.

Phone No. 361. A. HARPER, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Wednesday morning, 10:30

Wednesday evening will begin a month later.

Phone 274. Rev. G. H. Spangler, Pastor.

ST. ANTHONY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday Mass, 8 a. m.

Vesper and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.

Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hour subject to change.

St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.

Rev. Father E. J. Fox

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Saturday evenings, prayer and praise service, 7:30 p. m.

Sunday 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.

Sunday school and U. X. U. at 11:45 a. m.

Young People's Meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Daughters Society, Tuesday, 2 p. m.

You are all cordially invited to worship with us.

JAMES H. GARDNER.

ZION CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Morning service, 10:30

Evening service, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

Y. P. A. business meeting first Tuesday of each month, 7:30 p. m.

A cordial welcome for all.

J. W. WILMER, Pastor.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Ethel Wilmer has entered school after a long illness.

Fifteen members of the High school sang at the Lincoln concert Thursday evening.

Miss Hodgkins, teacher of the 7th and 8th grades, is assisting the pupils in making a collection of pieces of furs of all animals which will be mounted.

Six members of the zoology class went out to the Horace Church farm Tuesday afternoon with Miss Shipman to gather specimens of bugs and insects.

Teachers to the number of about 18 from the ungraded and semi-graded schools of Cook county were visitors at our school today with Assistant County Superintendent Farr. The school was inspected this morning and luncheon was served in the building at noon, the senior class waiting on the guests. A teachers' meeting was in session this afternoon.

CUBA TOWNSHIP

Miss Elsie Klein is in Chicago for two weeks.

Mrs. Charles Gruber is quite sick with catarrhal trouble.

Miss Mame Kuhlman has gone to Chicago to visit for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Custer and daughter of Jefferson Park are visiting at Fred Kiehn's.

Mrs. Levina Wagner Glen of Ellyn, Illinois, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edith Hardner.

The White school was closed Monday and Tuesday on account of the illness of the teacher, Miss Alta Powers.

Where Warm Clothing is Useless.

In a hospital for soldiers' wives in India a poor woman was about to be invalided home. A lady got her some warm clothing for the voyage. Unfortunately the patient died before she could get away. The matron, anxious to improve the occasion, said to the lady who had provided the clothes, "Ah, well, poor soul, she's gone where she won't never want no more warm clothing!"—Cernilli.

Schoolmaster—Who can tell me what a steward is?—Johnny, a steward is a man that does not mind his own business. Schoolmaster—Why, where did you get that?—I got it from a book. I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said, "A man who attends to the affairs of others."

Sells—How do you know she remembered your birthday?

Bells—By the ostentatious way she forgets it.—New York Sun.

"Our train struck a bear."

"What's on the track?"

"Not the train had to go into the woods after him."

The End of the Feud.

By Charles Sloan Reid.

Copyright, 1897, by Charles S. Reid.

WELL, I've got me, Tom, hard 'n' fast, an' that's a fact."

It was even difficult for the man to speak, so completely was he bound with ropes. Beginning at his shoulder, the ropes, by numerous tightly drawn coils, bound his arms fast against his body and held his feet and legs so close together that his knee joints worked as one. The man's captor sat opposite on the ground, dangling his hands over his knees and grinning.

"Yes, Joe, I've got you. You're slippery as a greased eel, but I've got you now."

"It's all on account of them dinging-urns. I eat this mornin'. Alfers would steer like a dead horse after eatin' 'em."

"I reckon so, Joe."

"I didn't think about anybody wanderin' into this place nohow."

They were sitting at the bottom of a deep gorge, with perpendicular walls of granite rising more than a thousand feet above them, and these walls almost surrounded the little basin in a small compass. There was only one way out of the gorge.

Tom began to feel about Joe's neck for the veins and presently pressed it outward with his thumb. Joe had thrown his head backward, and Tom was bending low and looking upward under his victim's chin. Presently the sting of the knife thrust started old Joe into madness. His head darted forward with the impetuosity of a mad bull, and his long, naked teeth snapped down upon the throat of his captor. There was a snarl in Tom's throat; then his windpipe closed, and as Joe's lifeblood, gushing from the wound in his neck, dyed the young ivy shoots and the green grass in the bottom of the gorge the death set of his jaws sealed the doom of his slayer. In a little while the quiver of the flesh was gone, and the only trace of the foul had left its story more plainly readable than words could make it.

The midday sun shone down into the chasm. A pheasant preened himself in the narrow trail among the laurel, while a woodcock ran up the tall, lank trunk of a dead spruce pine and after a shrill call that pierced the deep silence of the gorge, sent out the long roll of his drumming.

Ruth Wylie stood in the cabin doorway watching the trail that led down the ravine, winding from one side to the other as it sought the easier ascent or descent of the projecting ledges. Darkness was stealing slowly up from the depths of the hollow, and still no sign of old Tom gliding along up the path in his habitually stealthy manner.

"Dad's unconscious tonight, I reckon," said Ruth. "The last step he took was to the door. Her cheeks glowed like red ripe cherries in the sunshine, for she had been bending over the evening fire baking the corn pone and frying the bacon for the night's meal. From the table came the odor of the meat. It floated out through the doorway on the evening atmosphere and was appealing to the sense.

"If dad could smell the meat I reckon he'd be in home without waitin' in any longer. I wonder what he can be doin' anyhow."

A feeling of uneasiness darted through her as she thought of the feud; but suddenly rising, as if to escape some burden, she buried the thought from her. "Tain't that, Ruth?" she declared as she sat down again.

But the twilight deepened into darkness, and stars came out, the meat grew cold on the table, and old Tom no longer told of his dinner. Still old Tom had not come. Ruth peered into the darkness at every crackling of the twigs, but nothing materialized to her longing. It had been years since old Tom had spent a night away from home, not since the night when young Tom was shot down on the side of Little Craggy. The girl fell to counting the stars and saying to herself:

"Before I can count a hundred he will be home."

But the hundred grew to 200, then to 300. Then she began and counted them all over again. Hour after hour dragged away, and the moon had climbed to a position in the heavens whence its light shone down the cabin chimney. The occasional hoot of an owl, the cry of a catamount plored the silence and fell upon Ruth's ears with startling effect. Then there was the silence of the night, when the world which she knew was inevitable.

Occasionally Joe allowed his gaze to wander a slying corner along up the opposite wall of the gorge. It might be a chance that Jim would come out, in which case he would give a signal to his son, one that would of course seal his own doom quickly, but he did not put him on his guard, with a chance to get a speedy revenge.

"Joe, you're slippery—powerful slippery. It's a pity, I reckon, that a man like you has to die."

A leer of sinister admiration trailed from old Tom's eye, but he did not weaken from his purpose.

"You, I reckon so, Tom. Ding the impawn!"

Tom grunted. "There's just one more, Joe, an' the feed'll be ended. Have you thought about that since you woke?"

Joe gulped. Jim's big Tom—had Jim been the baby and had always been nearest to old Joe's heart. All the rest had gone the way of the feeders. A vision of Jim toppling from some high cliff with a bullet in his heart passed through his thoughts, and Joe's chin sank on his breast.

"Tom, you're countin' my party fast," he said presently, lifting his head again.

"Maybe the bullet will come the other way."

"May be so. Some have come that way in time."

It was Joe's turn to grin.

"Don't reckon you've got any talk ye want to make before I slit that vein in yer neck, Joe?" Tom had drawn a knife from his pocket and was whetting a portion of it on the heel of his shoe.

"Na, guess not, Tom, an' if ye're determined to do it that way there's no use wastin' any more time, though it ain't the clean thing, Tom, an' ye know it. Ain't nary a Dunston before that died any other way than by a long range bullet. That's all, Tom— I got to say."

Old Tom chuckled and continued to whet the blade of his knife. At length he tried the point of it with his thumb and was apparently satisfied with its keenness. Then he arose and went over to Joe, where he knelt by the latter's side.

"Look around, Joe," he said, "for where ye see all the sunlight now will be midnight to ye in a few minutes. Ye're a brave man, an' it's a pity for ye to die like this, but there's no use in talkin' in the feet of a dog."

Tom began to feel about Joe's neck for the veins and presently pressed it outward with his thumb. Joe had thrown his head backward, and Tom was bending low and looking upward under his victim's chin. Presently the sting of the knife thrust started old Joe into madness. His head darted forward with the impetuosity of a mad bull, and his long, naked teeth snapped down upon the throat of his captor. There was a snarl in Tom's throat; then his windpipe closed, and as Joe's lifeblood, gushing from the wound in his neck, dyed the young ivy shoots and the green grass in the bottom of the gorge the death set of his jaws sealed the doom of his slayer.

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The girl fell to counting the stars and again came the thought of the feud, but just as often as it came, shuddering, she cast it from her.

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But the hundred grew to 200, then to 300. Then she began and counted them all over again. Hour after hour dragged away, and the moon had climbed to a position in the heavens whence its light shone down the cabin chimney. The occasional hoot of an owl, the cry of a catamount plored the silence and fell upon Ruth's ears with startling effect.

"Joe, you're slippery—powerful slippery. It's a pity, I reckon, that a man like you has to die."

A leer of sinister admiration trailed from old Tom's eye, but he did not weaken from his purpose.

The moon slipped over the roof of the cabin, and Ruth watched the shadows away from the doorway, and she counted the points of its serrated edge.

Suddenly while thus engaged the shrill, ear splitting shriek of a mountain cat struck upon her ear with terrible distinctness and nearness, and at the same instant came the dash of a long, angular body, splitting the moonlight, from the high oak and terminating in a

mighty few yards away. There followed one answering squawk from an unfortunate pig, and Ruth, springing to her feet, ran inside the cabin and slammed the door shut behind her.

"I reckon ain't somethin' else, Ruth," Tom said. "I reckon it's a cat, but there's only Jim Dunston here."

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The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESSEY

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CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"Then where?" I demanded impatiently.

"I must be from one of the windows of the story below."

"Well, we shall soon see."

I pulled myself to clamber through the window on the broad stone gutter, along which Captain Forbes had made his way. The Countess Saraboff had made his way, too. The Countess Saraboff had made his way, too.

"What? You are afraid?" cried the woman fiercely. "If so, I will go myself."

"No, I am not afraid," I replied with deliberation. "I am wondering what they will think when they come from the oratory presently, to find me gone. She will think that I am your accomplice."

"I can easily tell the truth."

"They will scarcely believe you. Shall I or shall I not, tell them of Ferdinand's danger?"

"But will they believe you? While you hesitate Prince Ferdinand may be assassinated. Is this a time for explanations? Say that the fool persist in his misfortune, and then at the next before you can tell the truth, and I swear by the cause I hold sacred that if you save him the honor of Sir Mortimer Brett shall yet be saved."

"You have promised much already only to deceive me," I said gloomily.

"But I swear it! They are coming: I heard the door of the oratory open. I hesitated no longer.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I Escape from the Tower.

I clung to my life, forsooth, support, lying prostrate on the broad stone gutter. The roar of the swirling river beat at my senses confusedly; the giddy height made my head swim. Something of the horror I had felt in sounding the overhanging shoulder of the mountain with Willoughby that fatal day came to me now.

But presently that giddiness passed.

The extraordinary promise of Madame de Varner had been fulfilled. I could do nothing but explain away Sir Mortimer's damning words if the letters were genuine, I could not see. But this had been a day of miracles.

Slowly I made my way toward the first of the fanking towers. The wind struck me with redoubled force as I turned the corner. I heard the ensign above fluttering loudly in the gale.

I looked up. I could see it now. It floated brightly in the gloom of the night. The moon, silent, gazed upon it. It made it even possible for me to distinguish its design. It was the national flag of England, the royal arms in its center. Then I remembered the quotation from the Blue Book I had read early in the morning just before Captain Forbes had signaled to Helena:

"The flag to be used by His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants, whether on shore or embarked on boats, is the Union with the Royal Arms in the center thereof, surrounded by a green garland."

I had reached my goal now. For some minutes I was compelled to lie inactive; however, for the flag, bellying in the gale, made it impossible for me to grasp the cords.

As I lay there impatient, waiting my chance, I glanced below. I could see plainly the ladder-like structure of the garden, and the Countess Saraboff had called it. It was the angle of the granite spandrels brightly in the moonlight. I leaped over as far as I dared; they extended as far as I could see.

As my eye traveled the line to the terrace below, the door of the great hall opened. A flood of light irradiated a portion of the terrace. I saw distinctly two figures conversing a moment apart. One was the Countess Saraboff, entering the chesterfield sofa; but the other, and I had recognized Dr. Starva by his great bulk before the door was shut, stole across the terrace and entered a brougham that stood waiting.

As the carriage disappeared under the covered archway of the passage leading to the village street I made my way to the door to reach the cords. I could not find them. Dr. Starva, I suppose. He had gone, too. Prince Ferdinand at the station. Helena knows how easy I was to be one of the reception committee!

When at last I had caught one of the cords, I severed it thoughtlessly with my penknife. I had not counted on the strength necessary to hold a large flag. The cord slipped from my hand. I snatched the flag to fall and fastened it firmly to the angle of the other rope. But in some way the flag I had severed, and to which the flag was not fastened, became entangled in the pulley and the flag, falling half-way down the pole, remained at half-mast.

I now reached up as far as I could, standing on the stone gutter. I was about to sever the other cord, that to which the flag was fastened, when it occurred to me to attempt to damage the upper portion of the pulley at the window below. I was completely successful. I estimated that I had now a length of at least 50 feet.

When I had plaited the cords doubled, and knotted them at intervals to prevent them from slipping through my hand, I made a loophole to slip

shadow of an angle of the wall. We listened intently.

There was a heavy footfall on the terrace. It sounded nearly as if a man in military uniform came to the edge of the hand of moonlight. He also was listening. Presently he stole softly to the parapet, and looked down at the village. Neither of us spoke until he had resumed his beat before the great portal of the chateau.

"Who is he?" I whispered.

Locke led me out of hearing, hugging the wall.

"The boy, as well as I. Now, then, for our deferred talk. This morning I asked you for some explanation of your extraordinary conduct. You chose not to give it me. Well, I mean to have it now. Come, what is this errand that sends you flying through the air for a hundred feet at the risk of your neck? It appears to be pressing."

"The death-mask! I began, innocently. "Prince Ferdinand!"

His grasp tightened. He drew me roughly toward him in his surprise. "The death-mask! What of it?" Starva had lured Prince Ferdinand to the chateau. Already he had gone to meet him at the station. When he returns with him here—"

"Ferdinand comes to meet Sir Mortimer," I said.

"Sir Mortimer, man, is dead."

"Dead! And you have undertaken to fill his place? It is very considerate of you."

His voice vibrated with distrust.

"I fear the perspiration broke out on my forehead. I had felt for my next step, and it was missing."

Frantically my feet reached down for it. I lowered myself one more round; still I could not touch it. The ladder stood in the ecstasy of my relief. I had reached the last round of the ladder.

My arms ached. Merciful heavens, how they did ache! But I was full of courage in spite of my exhaustion. I lowered myself by my arms still another round, and slipped the nose over the last of the stones I could reach. Then I trusted myself to the rope.

"In the tower there. The four of us—Captain Forbes, Miss Brett, that

"Starva has turned traitor. Have I not told you that he was trapped Madame de Varner with the rest of us?"

"I am becoming desperate. The Countess Saraboff is so anxious to see him again that I have been more aggressive than when he had first surprised me. To reason with him was impossible unless I told him all. There was no time for that. Fortune alone could rescue me from my dilemma. If it was hopeless to disarm his suspicions, could I rob him of the revolver in his hip pocket? I made no further attempt to reason. I stood silent, waiting.

"Starva has turned traitor?" Locke questioned ironically. "But if the Countess Saraboff is so anxious to outwit her former confederate—if the life of Prince Ferdinand is actually in peril and she would save him, why does she not send a man for that desperate work? Why did she not let Captain Forbes escape instead of you? Would she not have been saving a king's life?"

"Even if you believe her silly yarn, she has tricked you. You are clay in her hands; her kisses have bewitched you."

I made no answer to his taunts. Unconsciously he had loosened his hold.

"You would penetrate the stronghold of a desperate band unarmed?"

"You only this morning saw a young girl's life threatened and raised no hand. If it was cowardice that made you do it, you are a coward; if it was a coward play the hero so bravely now?"

"Or was it that you are the silly of the very man whom you pretend you are anxious to confront empty-handed?"

"I have done my best to move you. What do you want? I am in your hands."

"I want the truth."

"I have told you the truth. If I lied it must have been for a good purpose."

"For the last time, I entreat you. You have been proved a coward—twice. But this was to be my chance. I hoped to retrieve myself. But fate blocks the way with a fool who cannot see when a man is desperately in earnest. Ferdinand's murder is certain if we lift no hand to save him. Listen: it is in my pocket is the key to the little door just beyond you. Take it; let your self out of the tower; take them and use the evidence of your own eyes."

"And let you slip from my hands? Not much! What is that?"

He turned abruptly. The accomplice of Dr. Starva who had been keeping guard before the door was running toward the passageway leading from the village street. I could hear distinctly the carriage wheel rumble over the cobblestones.

"For the last time," I begged.

"It is not an instant to lose."

Still he hesitated, looking cautiously around the angle of the wall at the approaching carriage. His curiosity made him negligent.

This was my chance. One arm caught him about the neck; the other reached for his weapon. Then I pushed him violently backward and covered him, retreating myself toward the little door with the key in my hand.

"The door! I am in your hands!"

"Now take you choice. Go to the village; you can't go too quickly, you stubborn idiot. Come back with guarantees; stub your toe down the door. Or else come with me. You have accused me of cowardice more than once. Show you are a man. Quickly, your choice!"

I heard him chuckling softly to himself in the darkness.

"Well, I'm damned!" he muttered, running toward me. "Lead on Macadam. As my key slipped into the lock he was at my side.

I pushed the little door open.

The hall was empty, but brilliant with the light of a hundred candles. No nook or cranny afforded us a safe hiding-place.

I leaped up the staircase with Locke at my heels. We had reached the gallery as the great door swang open.

Prince Ferdinand entered, Dr. Starva and his ally crowding him close on either side.

The prince stepped into the hall with a smile of confidence. But as he heard the door clang behind him he turned abruptly to Dr. Starva.

"Where is Madame de Varner?" he demanded in French.

"Madame's is unavoidably detained, your Majesty. She has done me a good service, too. Be assured, your Majesty's welcome shall not be lacking in warmth. Will your Majesty pray be seated? There are excellent matters of state to be discussed."

He pushed the prince brutally into a chair, and seated himself with a hideous smile that would have done credit to the devil himself.

Locke and I were crouching behind an antique rug that hung over the gallery rail. He grasped my hand and wrung it hard; it was an apology that he had doubted me, and an assurance that he was with me now heart and soul. He had seen enough already to prove to him that I had spoken the absolute truth.

We listened breathless; yes, and we waited breathless. But as he heard the door clang behind him he turned abruptly to Dr. Starva.

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"The prince stepped into the hall with a smile of confidence. But as he heard the door clang behind him he turned abruptly to Dr. Starva.

"Where is Madame's imagination?"

"It is with me."

