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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Whether the young man in the ulster had come there with the intention of watching Barney Hughes—having some knowledge of that individual's evil designs—or whether he had come there merely prompted by a sentimental desire to be near, and perchance to see, one of more of the inmates of that car, will never be known.

It was a sharp, chilly night, but Hughes deliberately removed his shoes and stealthily walked around the side-tracked car, listening and endeavoring to peer through the windows and doors. When he returned to his hiding place and, striking a noiseless sulphur match, proceeded to light a cigar, which he smoked until the ashes on the end were so long as to entirely hide the red light of the burning tobacco.

The detective, who noted his man's every movement, was somewhat puzzled at Barney's actions, his wonder being in no wise lessened when Hughes drew on his shoes and laced them carefully.

Again, with his shoes on the ex-convict walked over to the car and back down. What he did when he stooped Mr. Sharp could not see, or even guess. But when Barney Hughes started to run like the wind along the track the Chesden fellow officer evidently thought it about time to act. So he quickly emerged from his hiding place, and, by an adroit movement of his foot in the very nick of time tripped Barney Hughes, and in less than two seconds had that worthy's wrists securely fastened in a very neat pair of handcuffs. At that same moment the giant hills reverberated with the roll and of a deafening crash.

The young man in the ulster had seen what had been beyond the line of vision of Detective Sharp. He had seen, when Barney Hughes—bent and on a private car of President Handford, a vicious fellow took his cigar from his mouth, knocked off the white ashes, and held the burning end closely to a certain object which he had laid underneath the car.

The young man noticed, too, that Hughes tossed the cigar into the grass at the side of the track, but left a brilliant spark smoldering under the car of the big people. As Hughes started to run the young man also darted forward, not in pursuit of Hughes. He grasped the small metallic object to which the spark was attached and sped with amazing rapidity in the exactly opposite direction to that taken by Hughes.

But he had gone no more than a dozen yards when the fuse burned away, and the deadly explosive shell burst with a loud crash into a hundred fragments, thus forming into a hideous, shapeless mass the plucky but unfortunate Harry Spencer.

CHAPTER XX.

It is a crisp, bracing day in December. The huntsman's horn, the clatter of horses' feet, the merry voices of men and women, as they follow the pack over hill and dale, are to be heard all around Chesden; but Chesden itself never changes its dull routine of daily life.

Particularly so is this true of the institution now well known to the reader as the Sayre Arms. Three years previously in the last had chucked himself under his well-protected ribs when he was called upon to entertain a visitor from "Amerikey." On this cheery December day he sat in front of a blazing log fire, endeavoring to comprehend what brought so many Americans at this wintry season to see the squire.

The reader may learn what remained an unanswered conundrum to the landlord of the Arms. Soon after Max Brett met Harry Spencer in Chicago he received a letter from his uncle, John Satterthwaite, requesting him to travel to Chesden Hall at his earliest convenience. Max was somewhat surprised, but he concluded to go and to take with him his wife—not forgetting every document that would aid in demonstrating De Waltis' guilt and general rascality. But it was late in November before Brett's business affairs finally permitted him to sail from New York.

Handford had also gone to Chesden. Emily had, of course, heard the explosion on the night that Barney Hughes had attempted to wreck the private car. By that time her health was vastly improved, so when she asked for particulars of the explosion and of the brave fellow who had saved them from a horrible death, Handford had deemed it desirable to tell her everything that he knew about Harry Spencer. He felt that he owed to Spencer his own life twice over, as well as the life of his wife. So he told Emily, in glowing terms, the story of the Pacific Mail—of her of Spencer's visit to him in his office, and then handed to her all the papers and trinkets which Spencer had entrusted him. But Handford lost nothing by generosity, for he knew then and there that Emily's love had been and was still for him alone.

Of course, the shock was a severe one to Emily, and Handford resolved upon postponing his honeymoon to the extent of a voyage to Chesden, especially as Emily expressed a desire to spend Christmas with her father at his Buckinghamshire home.

De Waltis appeared to have lost some of his old-time activity. He played a waiting game both before and after his partner, Mr. Hughes, found himself in the toils. After the night of the sleeping car tragedy he hastily departed from the vicinity of Riverdale, exchanging Colorado for Illinois. But he stayed in Chicago no longer than was necessary to gather up his belongings and imagining that his chattel mortgages on Rudolphs were secure and he could safely do so, he went to Chesden Hall.

Max Brett and his wife were the first to arrive at Chesden Hall, but as the days went on it became a very happy party. Meanwhile Mr. Satterthwaite never informed Mrs. Brett De Waltis was at the Hall, and vice versa. The squire's plans were not yet ripe.

Miss Brett at the Arms awoke with a scare. She rubbed her eyes and looked about her rather sheepishly. What he saw was a stranger, staid and slim with sharp and sodden features, leaning in a chair.

"Are you asleep?" said the landlord, under his breath, meaning Americans in general and American visitors at Chesden in particular.

"Hardly, sir. Sit down, now, and warm yourself," said the landlord aloud.

The dipper was duly complied, and proved that he was not asleep, for a decanter of brandy seemed to be taken by at once making himself at home.

"Any friends coming, sir," Mr. Sayre ventured, as he asked in a casual way.

"A lot of them, sir."

"Other Yankees?" Well, I do say they are—English lords, or Yankee snallyers?"

"Can't just tell you that, sir. Seen one or two of 'em before, but I think they are of 'em be from Amerikey."

"Don't know their names?"

"Well, there's Mr. Handford, but I don't know no more of 'em."

"Oh, you don't eh? Well, give me some smokes; there's a good fellow."

It was along towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Emily and Annette were in one of the parlors, talking as cheerily and confidentially as though nothing had ever happened to blight their happiness. In the library the men were following their example, only that they supplemented their conversation with fumes puffed from fragrant Havanas. Upstairs, by a window, sat De Waltis, who was now well aware that Max Brett was in the house, as uncle's guest.

Now, De Waltis knew that he had every opportunity to escape without being brought face to face with the one man who knew of the full extent of his villainy and guilt. And yet, by some strange perversity, she fellow felt impelled to meet Brett. It seemed to him as though he must fight for his life, for he was a stubborn fellow, and in his then state of mind preferred being captured and beaten to slinking off unheard and unseen to remain unknown forever. Besides, and his vanity by recently eyes brightened with a wild glow as he thought it, he might win! He felt almost sure that he could with legerdemain deal Satterthwaite a blow. For the moment De Waltis believed the chances to be about evenly balanced, and if Brett should defeat him, he knew one way out of possible danger.

He went to a drawer in the table and took a revolver out of one of the drawers. He saw that it was fully loaded, slipped it into his pocket and walked out into the broad and heavily carpeted corridor.

"Pretty sure to meet death just there," said he to himself, "and, if my senses begin to panic, Messrs. Brett and De Waltis will reach that interesting point this afternoon. Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said, very blandly, as he opened the door of the library.

The three occupants of the room all rose as they saw the tall form of the

extended a word of welcome to the newcomer.

The silence was very awkward, and it was not much improved when De Waltis, turning to Max, said:

"I would like a word or two with you, Brett."

"All right," said Max, with an eagerness prompted by the pending anger and disgust of years. "All right, and I with you. Perhaps we might, right here, find it convenient to go over some old accounts, eh?"

De Waltis had expected this—he realized less he winced a little.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you do me a grave injustice, indeed. You know that when I'm Rosendale I——"

"You'll not me at my inheritance and murdered poor Sarah Bryant, a woman too good for such De Waltis and who died here, as Sarah Bryant, for the other here was than to be her and your equals."

"You lie!" hissed De Waltis.

John Satterthwaite and Handford were silent spectators, but the squire motioned Handford not to interfere just yet.

"No," said Brett, "I do not lie. My word is better than yours, anyhow—but I have the books which you forged, and other documents to prove you guilty of embezzlement and forgery. As to the murder [illegible] evidence will be in the proper time."

"You are very free with your accusations," said De Waltis, now fully with rage, as many a foolish man had done before him, and clenched his hands behind his back. "Where are your proofs?"

"Never mind those documents," said the stern, hard voiced [illegible]. "These will answer the purpose."

The guest at the hotel, the little man with the stubby moustache, had arrived. Like a flash he clapped the handcuffs, the same that had fitted Barney Hughes so well, upon De Waltis' wrists, and then drew from his coat pocket the documents signed and sealed.

"This," said he, "is a warrant for the arrest of Charles De Waltis on the charge of murder. It is signed by the Governor of Colorado. Read it, gentlemen." And as he spoke Mr. Sharp handed the paper to the squire. "The other document is from the State Department at Washington; it is a request on the English Government for the extradition of the same De Waltis." Turning to his prisoner, Detective Sharp added, "Mr. De Waltis, as soon as you are ready we will [illegible] Mr. Satterthwaite and his guests of your presence."

P. S.—Unfortunately for criminals and old-time romance, Providence and miracles seldom interfere in behalf of a prisoner when he is once arrested by an officer of the law in the United States.

About eight months after the events recorded, the newspapers in Denver, Leadville and Pueblo—and even in Chicago—carried a few extra editions. The sensation of the hour was the account of a double hanging in Colorado, the victims of the rope being Charles De Waltis and Barney Hughes. There were two full columns of information, but the item which would have proven fresh news to the reader was the fact that De Waltis' wife, Sarah Bryant, was John Satterthwaite's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Handford now divide their time each year between Chesden Hall and Chicago, and a little fellow, whom they call Spencer, helps them to think often and kindly of one whose memory has a warm place in both their hearts.

Max Brett and his wife are living in Chicago, where the name of Brett is a power in [illegible] circles. Max and Annette also occasionally [illegible] an old lady who is a frequent visitor at their home, but not more so than the visits of three little toddlers who, as soon as may be, undertake foraging expeditions for candy and small change into the capacious pocketses of Aunty Dupont's dresses.

(The end.)

Different Forms of Swords.

The rapier was in general use on the continent some years before it made its appearance in England, where, it must be said, it was received with scorn and ridicule, as being much too effeminate a weapon for any self-respecting son of Mars to trifle with. The cavaliers of France, Spain, and Italy, however, were adepts in the intricate science of swordplay, and used it with a fatal subtlety. The cutlass, which we read about in Captain Marryatt's stirring tales of the [illegible] ling exploits of the pirates on the Spanish Main, was short, and rather broad and flat in the blade, which had an exceedingly sharp double edge. The yataghan and similar bear the evidence of their Oriental origin in their curved blades, and suggest the ancestry of the saber. The saber is the most important cutting implement of modern armies. It is distinguished from the sword proper by the single-edged blade, which attains its greatest thickness at the back, and is grimly suggestive of the dire effects of a swinging cavalry charge. The scimitar—a notable sword of the Italian soldiery—carried a conspicuous guard extending from the quillons to the pommel, formed of a lattice work of metal bands that resembled the plaiting of reeds in a basket. This basket-hilted sword, as it was called, was so closely allied to the claymore of the Scotch Highlanders that they have frequently been mistaken, one for the other.—St. Nicholas.

"Quoted.

Cowper is comparatively little read; one may therefore be forgiven as regards quotations if the source of "Hard and glove" or "Her dear five hundred friends" has slipped our memories. The same may be said of Rogers' "To know her was to love her." Congreve's "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," Farquhar's "Over the hills and far away," and Southey's "March of intellect." Sir Philip Sidney, who was poet, philosopher, and best of all, hero, should share a better fate. How many can tell us, or care to, who first said in English, "Heaven helps those who help themselves?"

"Say, Jack Perkins has asked me to lend him $10." "Well, do it. As a personal favor to me let him have it." "Personal favor to you?" "Yes. If you don't let him have it, he'll come to me for it."—Harper's Bazar.

Christmas seems to be popular because everyone seems to think that maybe he will get more than he gives.

National Prosperity as dGood Roads.

Otto Dorner, of the League of American Wheelmen, makes the following interesting remarks on the good roads movement:

"The country road is the neglected stepchild of the Legislatures. Railroads, canals, rivers and harbors and steamship lines have been encouraged and lavishly subsidized with bounties, but practically nothing is done to help the farmer in building his county roads. Yet these are equally important with railroads.

"We are preeminently an exporting agricultural nation, and whatever benefits the farmer benefits the whole country. Our grain products must compete in European markets with the crops of Russia, South America and India, raised on cheap lands with cheap labor. We can meet this competition only with invention and enterprise, the liberal use of machinery and the reduction of the cost of transportation to a minimum.

"The cost of shipping grain from Chicago to New York has dropped to one-fifth of what it was at the close of the Civil War; we can ship it from there to Liverpool for four cents, where we formerly paid ten and a half cents. But the cost in time and effort of man and beast in hauling wheat from the farm to the railroad can still be reduced by two-thirds through good roads. That this should be done is essential to the continued success of American agriculture as the reduction in railroad rates.

"Some of the older Eastern States, recognizing the logic of the situation, are encouraging country road building by paying part of the cost out of the State treasury, provided the improvements are substantial. New Jersey, Massachusetts and New York are the leaders in this policy of State aid, which is being actively promoted by the League of American Wheelmen. Efforts in the West have resulted in the adoption of a constitutional amendment in Minnesota by a vote of almost two to one, authorizing the introduction of State aid, and in the passage of a similar amendment by the Wisconsin Legislature. But these are isolated instances.

"The great grain growing States of the West, where roads have hardly passed the pioneer stage, should adopt the State aid system as the solution of their good roads problem. It is the only plan by which the great West can be made to share in the cost of road building."

Making the Best of It.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Everybody knows that the well made macadam road is "a thing of beauty" and likewise "a joy for ever." On the main highways and principal thoroughfares of the land no other kind of material should be considered, unless something better shall be discovered. At the present time macadam is the best, and the best is none too good.

But there are miles and miles of highways that no one can hope will be macadamized for—who can say how many years? They are the quiet, the frequented roads which lead off the main highways and happily meander through ideal pastoral neighborhoods. Their charm lies in the fact that they are not big, noisy thoroughfares. Such as there are are ideal parks until it happens to rain or they become filled with a superfluity of dust.

About half the time these wonderful country ways are not fit to be traveled. And yet during all their seasons of disagreeableness there are hills of gravel lying within easy reach of their worst spots. Or there are banks of clay, which when burned would make excellent ballast.

The point is that people in rural localities where the building of macadam roads is a remote possibility should at once make the very best use of the means and materials at hand. Town meetings should be called, committees appointed to study the best and most available materials to use, and some substantial roadwork should be done this year.

Don't let good gravel banks stand untouched when there are multitudes of distempers within a stone's throw of them. A well drained road and a well dressed road will bring joy to the heart of the many who may use it.—New York Tribune.

Novel Road Improvement.

The most novel road improvement work yet recorded is in Walla Walla County, Washington. There the residents strengthen the weak spots in the roads with straw. Where tried experimentally the plan resulted in a welcome decrease of the dust in summer and is a marked improvement from the mud in winter. This year, on petition of the residents the county commissioners designated a day in August as "Straw Day," on which everyone and all comers were expected to aid in the work. Both the straw and the labor were to be donated and the work was to be done under the supervision of "captains" [illegible] The discouraging feature of the interesting affair is a proposition to make an annual "Straw Day" in Walla Walla. It is an unfavorable commentary on the Walla Walla farmers that, having recognized the need of better roads, they should annually waste their straw and then [illegible] instead of devoting their time to the creation of permanent highways.

THE FIRE ENGINE HORSE.

In Many Respects It Is the Most Interesting of Its Breed.

"Men may talk about the splendid equipment of police in the round in the market-cart, or the good trotter of pacer, and a horse of horse flesh yesterday. But when it comes down to dignity of bearing and a certain unmistakable magnificentness, you may give me the plain old fire horse. I am naturally fond of race horses and have a special liking for the racers that can gallop in a little above 2:10 flat. When they are really blooded they are, many, dignified fellows. But the fire horse I call fully to speak of the equals the stands the stress of the city in which place in danger of destruction by the flames is simply a dream in which I may call a charmed life of self-sufficiency. I have been watching this point for a number of years, and I do not believe that he has a very doubtful member of the position he is doing in the community. He seems to understand his importance. He knows, in fact, that unless dispatch in speed is displayed in getting out of the engine house and to the point from which the alarm was sent in, I have had reason to fear that these animals are [illegible] the name of [illegible] the same minute, and I have no reason to doubt that they are [illegible] they have learned the number of strokes for the various runs, and there is no [illegible] why long practice should not [illegible] the number and location of the different engine houses, and the alarm boxes which are most frequently used. But I had in mind the splendid training of these animals after they have made a forced run to a fire. Watch them when they are going back to the engine house. Why, they seem to know that the men, women and children along the streets are looking upon them with a feeling of admiration that almost amounts to worship. They hold their heads high in air and seem to think as they fly along that they have done the old world from go-ing up in smoke. Well, they have a right to feel that way, and, while the overworked men to whom electricity is being put may finally run them out of business, I say that those men notwithstanding it is [illegible] has been a useful member, and he may even feel an inordinate pride in a pleasure him to do so."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

[illegible]

Fools dress [illegible] more on Wednesdays than [illegible]

[illegible] generally in small bills.

Idleness is sunshine for robbery and [illegible]

Men value [illegible] only where they are [illegible]

Between [illegible] and [illegible] there is [illegible]

[illegible] unemployed. Very [illegible] [illegible]

A [illegible] fools for [illegible] through life.

Many [illegible] only [illegible] and loud.

We [illegible] sometimes assumed deceitfully [illegible] supposed.

A [illegible] is a rose, the odor of which is [illegible] through life.

A [illegible] is [illegible] more subtle than [illegible] of Wisdom.

Sentiment [illegible] when it is used to [illegible] others from you.

There are [illegible] both realize [illegible] and [illegible] the fool are [illegible] wise.

Rare [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] than [illegible]

[illegible] thousand [illegible] right when [illegible] and are [illegible]

To be [illegible] is [illegible] but to [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

Through [illegible] and keeping [illegible] many [illegible] have acquired reputations for cleverness.

Until you have seen a [illegible] man at a loss to talk instead of going to the front to talk, you have not seen humanity.

There are too women who are [illegible] [illegible] Men are not given to [illegible] Work demands their [illegible] as well as hands.—Philadelphia Record.

Destructive Influence of Lightning.

It follows the destructive influence of lightning is surprisingly small although exceptional fires are caused by its escape. Where gas prices are [illegible] electric [illegible] lightning has been an [illegible] subject [illegible] for a number of years, and several highly educated surveys have been constructed for the purpose. Today lightning is little feared by gas [illegible] [illegible] little treated by gas men. The [illegible] rule that it is safer to [illegible] in open and not seek the shelter of a tree is one which [illegible] [illegible] Recourse to the fields [illegible] amongst [illegible] [illegible] necessary except to offer the [illegible] dangerous persons, while the [illegible] regarding [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] may be [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]