

JOHN WINTHROP'S DEFEAT.

A Novel. BY JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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CHAPTER IX. THE OUTCOME.

Alecia said that the Golden Gate might open to them pleasant lands; and, although she could not know what the future held in store, yet their friends, new and old, said that fate was specially good to Harold Graham, and that he was joint heir with Midas of old, for everything he touched seemed to turn to gold.

Certainly, in a worldly sense, he was wonderfully prosperous. Part of Alecia's diamonds had been advantageously disposed of, and their circumstances were comfortable from the start. Little of luxury, indeed—and Harold Graham demanded luxury for happiness—but they wanted for nothing really essential.

Nevertheless, Graham was not the man to be satisfied with this. He came to build up his fallen fortunes, and he had many times as excuse for his speculations; and build them he would. In that he was also prospected. They chose San Francisco as first in their journey, and reached a charming place on a quiet street, but as Harold grew more and more successful in his ventures he grew equally more restless and dissatisfied.

And after a residence of four months in the city they left their new home and a pleasant circle of friends which Alecia drew about her by her graciousness and beauty, and whose husband attracted by his brilliance and success.

From San Francisco they traveled through California, north and south, in places charming to see and good to live in; among stretches of almond and orange orchards and vineyards royal with wealth, and slopes alive with sheep; hospitable people everywhere, and wonderful life; even the few poor remnants of the old Mexican families left in the rich lands of the South, in their tiny homes among the hills, opened their doors to the beautiful American woman, though no well-to-do countrywomen were welcome, and it was a wonderful life to Alecia, and with the sorrow of a dying friend of a great race, but sweet to know that they cared to have her go among them, and would tell her stories of the old-day life before the Americans came and they were crushed or driven out.

Even her husband for a time regained his old spirit and geniality, but after the first, the old wound, unhealed, brought added restlessness and bitterness, and he would be satisfied with nothing; and from one place to another, from ranch to town and village and back to the city again; and still fortune smiled upon them, and still Harold Graham could not be at rest or find peace.

In their old home they had lived happily; there had been nothing wanting that a luxurious taste could demand; but in the new home money easily gained was as easily and recklessly spent, until it became a proverb among their friends that Graham's wealth ebbed and flowed like the ocean's tide.

He seemed never to think of the future or of the past. The wealth Alecia had hoped would be gained to meet the demand against her husband in the old home city he spent as quickly as it came to him, yet ever renewed. No wish of hers that she uttered ever so lightly but he granted—save her one great wish to return to New York and her friends there, and to clear every claim against her husband. This wish was shut in her heart and he heard no word of her desire, for she would not ever place her wishes before his.

low scarce whiter than the lighted face.

"It was cruel to keep you here," he added presently, his voice scarcely a whisper, with the fading life. "I knew that you—longed—for the old home faces, darling. Now—you will go to them. God bless you and be with you—always. And if—in that infinite world—"

And then came silence unbroken; and Alecia's heart was alone with a breaking beat, too stunned to realize what had fallen upon her.

CHAPTER X. "AND AFTER."

The light of life dying from Harold Graham's face as the Hloc sunset faded from the heavens, left upon the face of his wife the leaden pallor that is worse than death. For a half hour she remained kneeling beside the bed, unable to believe that never any more would her husband's voice or smile stir her heart; never any more would his eyes seek hers for comfort; never any more would he reach out weary arms to comfort her. Never any more!

She bent above her husband, standing at the bedside, and searched the still face. With one trembling, tender hand she brushed back the black hair from his forehead, still holding her breath as though she could not believe that he were dead.

"Harold!" she said steadily, scarcely above a whisper, "Harold, dearest!" But he did not answer—she knew now that he could not answer—and all the pent-up sorrow and pain were for one instant concentrated in her face, her self-command gone, a bitter cry upon her lips as she clasped her hands convulsively, driving herself away from him.

"Then," she cried, sobbingly, though there were no tears in the lifted eyes; "hear witness for me that it is John Winthrop, in his pride and arrogance, has brought this sorrow upon me!" Then, with a swift, bitter gesture of the hands, as though she would sweep away this weakness, and begin her lonely life with the old proud silence, she turned away steadily, her face calm and cold, and passed out at the door, the folds of her gown trailing about her, and the hovers at her heels crushed and falling like her hopes.

Perfectly self-contained, perfectly calm, steady of voice and manner as she rejoined her waiting friends in the rooms below—no tears upon her lashes, no grief upon her face.

"She does not care!" whispered some among her friends, eying her askance. "Perhaps it is true that her husband did not make her so happy as he should." But the physicians, wiser in their science than her friends in their love, said that this calm was worse than a storm of tears, and unless she were raised, she, too, would die.

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IS SETTLED AT LAST

After a Long and Bitter Struggle the Coal Miners Will Resume Work

MINERS VOTE FOR ARBITRATION

Official and Satisfactory Ending of the Greatest Battle Ever Waged Between Labor and Capital.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Special.—With a about that fairly shook the convention building the representatives of the 147,000 coal miners who have been on strike since last May, officially declared off at noon Tuesday the greatest contest ever waged between capital and labor, and placed all the questions involved in the struggle into the hands of the arbitration commission appointed by the President of the United States.

When the news was flashed to the towns and villages down in the valleys and on the mountains of the coal regions, the strike-affected inhabitants heaved a sigh of relief. Many days have gone by since more welcome news was received. Everybody there was rejoicing and in many places the end of the strike was the signal for impromptu celebrations. The anthracite coal regions from its largest city—Scranton—down to the lowliest coal patch, has suffered by the conflict, and every one now looks for better times.

While the large army of mine workers and their families, numbering approximately half-million persons, are grateful that work is to be resumed on Thursday, the strikers have still to learn what their reward will be. President Roosevelt having taken prompt action in calling the arbitrators together for their first meeting on Friday, the miners hope they will know by Thanksgiving Day what practical plan the vote to resume coal mining was a unanimous one, and was reached only after a warm debate. The principle adopted accepting the arbitration proposition was that no proposition was contained in the scheme to take care of those men who would fall to get back their old positions or would be unable to get any work at all.

The engineers and pumpmen get better pay than the miners have they will know they did not care to run the risk of losing altogether their old places and be compelled to dig coal for a living. The question came up yesterday and was argued right up to the time the vote was taken. On the arbitration plan to offer to overcome the objection and the report of the committee on resolutions, recommending that the strike be declared off and that all issues be placed in the hands of the arbitration commission, for decision, was adopted without the question being settled.

At a few moments before adjournment, however, a partial solution was reached when a delegate in the farther corner of the hall moved that the problem be left in the hands of the three executives of the industry for solution and his suggestion was adopted.

The principal speech of the day was made by National Secretary-Treasurer W. B. Wilson, who practically spoke for President Mitchell and the national organization. In a strong argument, he pointed out that arbitration, the plan of the strikers themselves, return to work and trust to the President's tribunal to do them justice.

The question of taking care of all men who will fail to get work immediately will be a serious one for the nation. There is no doubt the executive boards will take care of the engineers, firemen and pumpmen, but there are thousands of other classes of mine workers who will have to be looked after. In some places hundreds will be able to get work for weeks, and in other localities, where the mines are in very bad condition there will be no employment for many workmen for some months.

Hundreds of men, needed to repair the mines and otherwise, place them in condition for operation, will be at work tomorrow morning, the convention having decided that this was imperative in order to get the men at work quickly and satisfactorily and supply the country's demand for coal. All the "locals" will hold meetings tomorrow, at which instructions will be given the members regarding their application for work.

A MOB'S EXECUTION

Two Hanged After Having Been Pled on Trial

TAKEN FROM COURT AND STRUNG UP

After Trial, Conviction and Sentence Mob Takes Two Negroes From the Court and Hangs Them.

Hempstead, Tex., Special.—After being tried with legal form and procedure for criminal assault and murder, and given the death penalty in each case, Jim Wesley and Reddick Barton, negroes, were late Tuesday afternoon taken from the authorities and lynched in the public square by an infuriated mob.

The district judge asked the Governor for troops to accompany the negroes here from the jail at Houston, where they were safe. At the request of a large number of citizens of Hempstead, who signed a written promise to aid the authorities in preventing any mob law, it is said Judge Thompson countermanded his request, and the troops did not accompany the negroes. Barton was first tried. He pleaded guilty of criminal assault and then to the murder of Mrs. Susan Lewis, aged 63, Sunday, October 12. The jurists in each case, on which were several negroes, promptly returned verdicts assenting the death penalty. During the afternoon Wesley was put on trial. He pleaded guilty to both charges, and while the second trial was going on a mob broke into the court house and attempted to take him, learning that the sheriff had asked for troops. The mob was dispersed and the trial proceeded, the State putting through its testimony hurriedly in corroboration of the pleas of guilty. Both juries assessed the death penalty.

The officers of the court sat about the room awaiting the coming of the troops, when there was a movement on the part of several men in the room, the sheriff was overpowered and Wesley was taken possession of by the mob and hurried away. Another portion of the mob attacked the courtroom and was ordered to them without a struggle. The two prisoners were hustled to the public square and there executed by hanging.

Neither of them had been sentenced, and District Judge Thompson said he felt it his duty to waive the thirty days of grace allotted them by law. It was the general desire that they die quickly. They are hanging tonight to the arm of a telephone pole, where only last month a negro murderer had been strung up by a mob. The town is quiet. Sheriff Lipscomb was badly hurt about the neck by the rough treatment of the mob. During the first rush a shot was accidentally fired and Sheriff Sparks, of Lee county, was wounded in the arm, and another man was seriously hurt. The Governor was informed of the lynching, but has yet had nothing to say.

Mark Twain Wants Fuel. Washington, Special.—The following letter was received at the Treasury Department Tuesday: "New York City, Oct. 3. 'To the Honorable the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.: 'Sir: Prices for rube customary kinds of winter fuel having reached an altitude which puts them out of the reach of literary persons in straightened circumstances, I have the honor to place the following order: Forty-five tons best old dry government bonds, suitable for furnace, gold 7 per cent, 1864 preferred 12 tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking; eight barrels, standard No. 1, 1868, eligible for kindlings. Please deliver with all convenient dispatch at my house in Riverdale at lowest rates for spot cash and send bill to you. Your obliged servant, 'MARK TWAIN.

Burned to Death in Chicago. Chicago, Special.—By a fire which broke out shortly before midnight in the plant of the Glucose Sugar Refinery, situated at Taylor street and Chicago river, that factory men and firemen lost their lives. The number of dead has not been established as yet, but it is known that the men were in the building, and all were working on the seventh floor. The flames spread so rapidly that a man who was attempting to escape with his life, and it is not thought by the employees of the concern or by the firemen that those in the upper story could have avoided death. At midnight two men had been taken from the ruins, but the fire was burning so rapidly that it was impossible to make further search.

Denies Killing Relatives. Syracuse, N. Y., Special.—Maud Kiehl, the 13-year-old widow, who is in jail at Cortland, under suspicion of causing the death of her brother, William Kiehl, died today for the first time. She denied the charge, declared she was in love with her husband and cared nothing for Adam, and that she liked his brother, Henry, much better. The attorney then made her stop talking. Maud Kiehl's mother arrived at Cortland with the former's 15-months-old baby, which the mother will be permitted to keep with her in jail. Coroner Santee reported that he found Adam Kiehl's death due to strangling administered in tea by Mrs. Maud Kiehl.

Death of Prominent Tennessean. Dresden, Tenn., Special.—Emerson Etheridge died after a lingering illness. Mr. Etheridge had a long and honorable career. He was elected to Congress as a Whig in 1853 and again two years later. He served as clerk of the House from 1861 to 1863. He then returned to Tennessee, where he further distinguished himself in State affairs. He was the last Whig member of the House.

FIRE AT HAMLET

One Burned to Death—\$300,000 the Property Loss.

Hamlet, Special.—Fire which broke out at the cotton compress here at noon Sunday destroyed property valued at \$200,000 to \$250,000 and caused the death of Mr. J. M. Wilson, of Clarksville, Ga., book-keeper at the compress, and a nephew of Mr. Geo. E. Wilson, of Charlotte.

The cotton compress, which was the property of the Seaboard Air Line Railway and was located by C. E. Johnson, of Raleigh, together with the ice plant, one of the largest in the State, and 2,400 bales of cotton, a vast quantity of burlap and bagging, was entirely consumed.

The railroad authorities succeeded in saving the car-shed, a short distance away, with engines and a bucket brigade, and many cars on the side-tracks near the press were saved, but six empty cars alongside the press platform were burned.

When the fire started, from a cause as yet undetermined, Watchman Gibson, of Hamlet, was on duty in the middle of the building and says he threw on buckets of water, placed close by and all around the building for safety, while Mr. Wilson, the book-keeper, attached a hose and played on the fire, but so rapidly did the flames spread that the watchman cried: "We can do nothing; run for your life!"

The fire was coming on so fast that the watchman ran through the office and jumped through a raised window, but Wilson was caught in the flames and burned beyond recognition. His body was found in the afternoon about 5 o'clock within a few feet of the rear entrance to the building. His head, limbs and shoulders had been consumed and only a charred mass remained. He was identified by his watch, keys and his belt buckle.

Mr. Wilson was a son of the late James Wilson, of Clarksville, Ga., and was a grandson of the late Harvey Wilson, of Charlotte, and a nephew of Mr. Geo. E. Wilson, of Charlotte. He had only been in Hamlet this season, but in his short stay had by his quiet, dignified and gentle bearing endeared himself to the people. His uncle, Mr. Chas. E. Johnson, of Raleigh, will arrive tonight. Until then I do not know what disposition will be made of his remains.

The compress covered five acres of land and in season did a large business. It furnished employment to about 75 people, most of whom own homes here. It is not known whether the compress will be rebuilt.

Bad Wreck on Seaboard. Rockingham, Special.—This town was excited Sunday morning by a rumbling noise which was soon discovered to be a collision of three trains on the Seaboard Air Line, resulting in the death of Flagman Holland and the probable fatal injury of Engineer Jim Roberson and a colored brakeman named Crump. As the vestibule train came in from Hamlet it ran into an open switch and struck a freight engine and one car. This engine in turn struck another engine which had a number of freight cars behind it, and badly damaged it. The engine of the vestibule train was doubled back beyond repair while the first engine it struck is not quite so bad, but the tender is torn to pieces. The mail car on the vestibule was reduced to splinters. The white passenger car was not damaged very much. The mail clerk saw the danger and jumped, and only received a flesh wound. Herbert Holland, of Sanford, flagman on the extra freight, was killed, and Charley Crump, a colored brakeman on the same train, was dangerously hurt. These two men were asleep in their cab. Jim Roberson, engineer on the vestibule, was also badly hurt, and it is not thought either he or the negro will live. The freeman on the vestibule saw what was going to happen and climbed out the window, while the engine went down a space of 25 feet on a fall. No passenger on the vestibule was seriously hurt but several were bruised and badly shaken up. This was the worst wreck the people of this community ever witnessed and many have visited the scene.

German Catholics Protest. New York, Special.—Over 400 German Catholics, representing 50 German Catholic organizations in the German Catholic Statesverband of the State of New York met in the Church of our Lady of Sorrow, and endorsed resolutions of protest against the public exclusion of the friars from the Philippines.

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Negro Evangelization

Omaha, Neb., Special.—At Sunday's session of the national convention of the Disciples of Christ the report on negro evangelization and education was delivered by C. C. Sraith of Cincinnati, chairman for the woman's board in the south. His report showed that \$10,327 had been expended in this work during the year just ended and that the board now owned property valued at \$48,875, the result of the year's labor with the colored people.

An address on "The White Man's Burden" in America by Prof. R. Bourne of Kentucky university, also touched upon the subject of negro evangelization.

To Restrict Drunkenness. Vienna, by Cable.—The bill for the purpose of combating drunkenness, which is being prepared by the Austrian government is the first measure of its kind in the history of Austria. It is an outcome of the strong pressure of public opinion and efforts of the temperance party. It provides for the imprisonment of persons found intoxicated in a public place over a certain number of times within six months, and restricts the sale of bottled spirits.

Advertisement for eye care and ophthalmology services, including mentions of 'The Elm City Elevator' and 'The City of the Sun'.

Advertisement for various goods and services, including 'The City of the Sun' and 'The Elm City Elevator'.

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