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The Chestertown C

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Fall Goods!

Fall Goods!

JUST RECEIVED AT

H. Simpers'

Chestertown, Md.

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES, &c.,

Which he offers

At LOWEST PRICES.

Call and examine goods and prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

Sept. 23, 1886.

Dry Goods!

HAMLTON EASTER & SONS,

BALTIMORE STREET,

East of Charles St., White Marble Building,

BALTIMORE,

ARE

Large Importers, Jobbers & Retailers

—OF—

Dry Goods.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged, first-class Dry Goods House.

We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.

Our business reputation for the past 56 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.

In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.

We send Samples when we receive plain and explicit direction in regard to color, and about the price wanted. s.23-3m.

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If you do, go to Chapman & Lambert's. They will give you firstclass work and at a low figure. They have in their employ one of the best painters who has ever been in the State

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED

We would be pleased to call your atention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,

July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

THE CELEBRATED

FRANK B. CONVERSE

BANJO.

Manufactured by John F. Stratton, 49 Maiden Lane, New York.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

UNION HOTEL.

PRATT AND CHARLES STS., BALTIMORE

WM. J. LLOYD, Proprietor.

On the European Plan.

25, 50 and 75 cents. Table Board r week. Meals 25 cents, or $1 per day. t Board, $4 to $7 per week. Livery ched. Hacks and Express Wagons

March 18.

BOOKS.

handsomely gotten up. ch we

A Letter From Kris.

KRIS-KINGLE CASTLE, Nov. 24 1886.

Friend Cummings & Co.—We have had many a jolly good time together. I am bound to make all the people happy at the Holidays, and am never kept from making up my usual things, and visiting my favorite locatities and customers by any rumors of hard times or calamities that may reach me here. While you and the other good people of Chestertown have been enjoying the fruits of your beautiful country, and the sunshine and flowers, my workmen and myself have been as busy as bees here in our workshop amidst snow and ice, and have made and fashioned a great stock of new and handsome things for the little children and big folks, that all may have some sort of present for the Merry Christmas of 1886. I await an answer at your earliest convenience and can assure you that I shall make you and all your friends glad when you get the many elegant things which I have prepared for you upon your counters on Main street.

CUMMINGS & CO. ANSWER THE LETTER

Chestertown, Md., Nov. 25.

My Dear Friend Kris—We always read your annual letter with much pleasure and profit. It brings with it cheer, and leaves the impress of a merry heart which "doeth good like a medicine." We always enjoy our beautiful seasons, and the fruits and flowers you mention in your letter, but at the Merry Christmas tide we turn with equal zest to the enjoyment of all that you have prepared for us in the shape of articles, useful and ornamental. Your list of presents this year embraces an infinite variety, and you make your characteristic offer which we accept, because we know they have been made expressly for us, and with a fine appreciation of our wants which is begotten of long experience on your part. We have received from your agent an unusually large stock of Holiday Goods—the largest ever in Chestertown. We have Wagons, Doll Carriages, Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Carts, &c. We have the best selection of Dolls you ever saw; we have Mechanical Toys; also, a large variety of Toy Animals, such as Horses, Dogs, Cows, Goats and Pigs. In fact so many things that I cannot tell you all.

In Confections we do not carry anything but the very best articles, no second class or inferior goods can be found in our store. We have the Finest line of Confections ever offered in this town. We also have Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Dates, all kinds of Nuts, Walnuts, Pecans, Paper Shell Almonds, Cream Nuts, and all the good things you can possibly need at Christmas time. Besides, Kris, if you want a good Stew or Pan or Fry of Oysters, we can get it up for you, and if you like them raw we have the best that can be found; or, if you would like to take some home with you, we sell them by the quart or gallon. Ice Cream made to order during the winter.

Respectfully yours,

CUMMINGS & CO.

INFORMATION

VOLINA CORDIAL

MANY PERSONS at this season suffer from either Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Constipation & Kidney Troubles.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES RHEUMATISM, Bad Blood and Kidney Troubles, by cleansing the blood of all its impurities, strengthening all parts of the body.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES SICK-HEADACHE, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by toning the nerves and strengthening the muscles.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion and Constipation, by aiding the assimilating of the Food through the proper action of the stomach; it creates a healthy appetite.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES NERVOUSNESS, Depression of spirits and Weakness, by enlivening and toning the system.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES OVERWORKED and Delicate Women, Puny and Sickly Children. It is delightful and nutritious as a general Tonic.

Volina Almanac and Diary for 1887. A handsome, complete and useful Book, telling how to CURE DISEASES at HOME in a pleasant, natural way. Mailed on receipt of a 2c. postage stamp. Address

VOLINA DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Sept. 23, 1883.

DO YOU WANT

YOUR HORSE SHOD?

We have a First-Class professional Shoer. Mr. Lambert has recovered his health and will personally superintend the Shoeing Department.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Books for Children.

colcest selections from English and Ameris authors. The low prices will astonish you at

STAM'S DRUG STORE

JOHN D. UP

ATTORNEY

THE STORY OF A MINE.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER XII.

A RACE FOR IT.

ROYAL THATCHER worked hard. That the boyish little painter who shared his hospitality at the "Blue Mass" mine should afterward have little part in his active life seemed not inconsistent with his habits. At present the mine was his only mistress, claiming his entire time, exasperating him with fickleness, but still requiring that supreme devotion of which his nature was capable. It is possible that Miss Carmen saw this too, and so set about with feminine tact, if not to supplement, at least to make her rival less pertinacious and absorbing. Apart from this object, she zealously labored in her profession, yet with small pecuniary result, I fear. Local art was at a discount in California. The scenery of the country had not yet become famous; rather it was reserved for a certain eastern artist, already famous, to make it so; and people cared little for the reproduction, under their very noses, of that which they saw continually with their own eyes and valued not. So that little Mistress Carmen was fain to divert her artist soul to support her plump little material body; and made divers excursions into the regions of ceramic art, painting on velvet, illuminating missals, decorating china, and the like. I have in my possession some wax flowers—a startling fuchsia and a bewildering dahlia—sold for a mere pittance by this little lady, whose pictures lately took the prize at a foreign exhibition, shortly after she had been half starved by a California public, and claimed by a California press as its fostered child of genius.

Of these struggles and triumphs Thatcher had no knowledge; yet he was perhaps more startled than he would own to himself when, one December day, he received this dispatch: "Come to Washington at once.—Carmen De Haro."

"C[illegible] De Haro!" I grieve to state that [illegible] the preoccupation of this man, [illegible]ate to be the hero of the solitary [illegible]pisode of this story, that for a [illegible] could not recall her. When the [illegible]e figure that had so manfully stood [illegible] him, and had proved her sex by [illegible] running away from him, came ba[illegible] at last to his memory, he was at first m[illegible]led and then self reproachful. He had been, he felt vaguely, untrue to himself. He had been remiss to the self-confessed daughter of his enemy. Yet why should she telegraph to him, and what was she doing in Washington? To all these speculations it is to be said to his credit that he looked for no sentimental or romantic answer. Royal Thatcher was naturally modest and self-depreciating in his relations to the other sex, as indeed most men who are apt to be successful with women generally are, despite a vast degree of superannuated bosh to the contrary. To the half dozen women who are startled by sheer audacity into submission there are scores who are piqued by a self-respectful patience; and where a woman has to do half the wooing, she generally makes a pretty sure thing of it.

In his bewilderment Thatcher had overlooked a letter lying on his table. It was from his Washington lawyer. The concluding paragraph caught his eye—"Perhaps it would be well if you came here yourself. Roscommon is here; and they say there is a niece of Garcia's, lately appeared, who is likely to get up a strong social sympathy for the old Mexican. I don't know that they expect to prove anything by her; but I'm told she is attractive and clever, and has enlisted the sympathies of the delegation." Thatcher laid the letter down a little indignantly. Strong men are quite as liable as weak women are to sudden inconsistencies on any question they may have in common. What right had this poor little bud he had cherished—he was quite satisfied now that he had cherished her, and really had suffered from her absence—what right had she to suddenly blossom in the sunshine of power to be, perhaps, plucked and worn by one of his enemies. He did not agree with his lawyer that she was in any way connected with his enemies; he trusted to her masculine loyalty that far. But here was something vaguely dangerous to the feminine mind—position, flattery, power. He was almost as firmly satisfied now that he had been wronged and neglected as he had been positive a few moments before that he had been remiss in his attention. The irritation, although momentary, was enough to decide this strong man. He telegraphed to San Francisco; and, having missed the steamer, secured an overland passage to Washington; thought better of it, and partly changed his mind an hour after the ticket was purchased; but, manlike, once having made a practical step in a wrong direction, he kept on rather than admit an inconsistency to himself. Yet he was not entirely satisfied that his journey was a business one. The impulsive, weak little Mistress Carmen had prudently scored one against the strong man.

Only a small part of the present great transcontinental railway at this time had been built, and was but piers at either end of a desolate and wild expanse as yet unbridged. When the overland traveler left the rail at Reno, he left, as it were, civilization with it; and, until he reached the Nebraska frontier, the rest of his road was only the old emigrant trail traveled by coaches of the Overland company. Excepting a part of "Devil's Canyon," the way was unpicturesque and flat; and the passage of the Rocky mountains, far from suggesting the alleged poetry of that region, was only a reminder of those sterile distances of a level New England landscape. The journey was a dreary monotony that was scarcely enlivened by its discomforts, never amounting to actual accident or incident, but utterly destructive to all nervous tissue. Insanity often supervened. "On the third day out," said Hank Monk, driver, speaking casually but charitably of a "fare"—"on the third day out, after axing no end of questions and getting no answers, he took to chewing straws that he picked outer the cushion, and kussin' to hisself. From that very day I knew it was all over with him, and I handed him over to his friends at 'Shy Ann,' strapped to the back seat, and ravin' and cussin' at Ben Holliday, the gentlemanly proprietor." It is presumed that the unfortunate tourist's indignation was excited at the late Mr. Benjamin Holliday, then the proprietor of the line—an evidence of his insanity that no one who knew that large-hearted, fastidious and elegantly-cultured Californian, since allied to foreign nobility, will for a moment doubt.

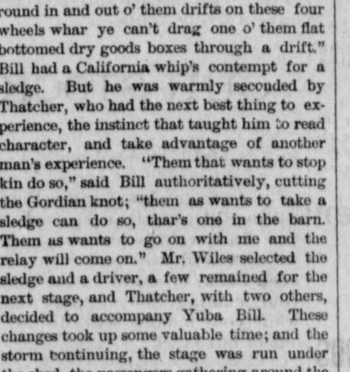
Mr. Royal Thatcher was too old and experienced a mountaineer to do aught but accept patiently and cynically his brother Californian's method of increasing his profits. As it was generally understood that any one who came from California by that route had some dark design, the victim received little sympathy. Thatcher's equable temperament and indomi[illegible] ing it," by the way, meant the ability of the passengers to accept the incompetency of the company. It is true there were times when he regretted that he had not taken the steamer, but then he reflected that he was one of a vigilance committee, sworn to hang that admirable man, the late Commodore Cornelius Vanderbi t, for certain practices and cruelties done upon the bodies of certain steerage passengers by his line, and for divers irregularities in their transportation. I mention this fact merely to show how so practical and stout a voyager as Thatcher might have confounded the perplexities attending the administration of a great steamship company with selfish greed and brutality; and that he, with other Californians, may not have known the fact, since recorded by the commodore's family clergyman, that the great millionaire was always true to the hymns of his childhood.

Nevertheless, Thatcher found time to be cheerful and helpful to his fellow passengers, and even to be so far interesting to "Yuba Bill," the driver, as to have the box seat placed at his disposal. "But," said Thatcher in some concern, "the box seat was purchased by that other gentleman in Sacramento. He paid extra for it, and his name's on your way bill!" "That," said Yuba Bill, scornfully, "don't fetch me, even if he chartered the whole shebang. Look yar, do you reckon I'm goin to spile my temper by setting next to a man with a game eye? And such an eye! Gewhillikins! Why, darn my skin, the other day when we were watering at Webster's, he got down and passed in front of the off leader—that yer pinto colt that's bin accustomed to Injins, grizzlies and buffalo—and I'm bless ef, when her eye tackled his, ef she didn't jist git up and rar round that I reckoned I'd hev to go down and take them blinders off from *her* eyes and clap on *his*." "But he paid his money, and is entitled to his seat," persisted Thatcher. "Mebbe he is—in the office of the kempeny," growled Yuba Bill; "but it's time some folks knowed that out in the plains I run this yer team myself." A fact which was self-evident to most of the passengers. "I suppose his authority is as absolute on this dreary waste as a ship captain's in mid ocean," exclaimed Thatcher to the baleful-eyed stranger. Mr. Wiles—whom the reader has recognized—assented with the public side of his face, but looked vengeance at Yuba Bill with the other, while Thatcher, innocent of the presence of one of his worst enemies, placated Bill so far as to restore Wiles to his rights. Wiles thanked him. "Shall I have the pleasure of your company far?" Wiles asked, insinuatingly. "To Washington," replied Thatcher, frankly. "Washington is a gay city during the session," again suggested the stranger. "I'm going on business, said Thatcher, bluntly.

A trifling incident occurred at Pine Tree Crossing which did not heighten Yuba Bill's admiration of the stranger. As Bill opened the double locked box in the "boot" of the coach—sacred to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express and the Overland company's treasures—Mr. Wiles perceived a small, black morocco portemanteau among the parcels. "Ah, you carry baggage there, too?" he said, sweetly. "Not often," responded Yuba Bill, shortly. "Ah, this then contains valuables?" "It belongs to that man whose seat you've got," said Yuba Bill, who, for insulting purposes of his own, preferred to establish the fiction that Wiles was an interloper, "and ef he reckons, in a sorter mixed kempeny like this, to lock up his portmantle, I don't know who's business it is. Who?" continued Bill, lashing himself into a simulated rage, "who in blank is running this yer team? Hey? Mebbe you think, sittin' up thar on the box seat, you are. Mebbe you think you kin see round corners with that thar eye and kin pull up for teams round corners on down grades a mile ahead?" But here Thatcher, who, with something of Laucelot's concern for Modred, had a noble pity for all infirmities, interfered so sternly that Yuba Bill stopped.

On the fourth day they struck a blinding snow storm while ascending the dreary plateau that henceforward for 600 miles was to be their roadbed. The horses, after floundering through the drift, gave out completely on reaching the next station and the prospects ahead, to all but the experienced eye, looked doubtful. A few passengers advised taking to sledges, others a postponement of the journey until the weather changed. Yuba Bill alone was for pressing forward as they were. "Two miles more and we're on the high grade, whar the wind is strong enough to blow you through the windy and jist peart enough to pack away over them cliffs every inch of snow that falls. I'll jist skirmish round in and out o' them drifts on these four wheels whar ye can't drag one o' them flat bottomed dry goods boxes through a drift." Bill had a California whip's contempt for a sledge. But he was warmly seconded by Thatcher, who had the next best thing to experience, the instinct that taught him to read character, and take advantage of another man's experience. "Them that wants to stop kin do so," said Bill authoritatively, cutting the Gordian knot; "them as wants to take a sledge can do so, thar's one in the barn. Them as wants to go on with me and the relay will come on." Mr. Wiles selected the sledge and a driver, a few remained for the next stage, and Thatcher, with two others, decided to accompany Yuba Bill. These changes took up some valuable time; and the storm continuing, the stage was run under the shed, the passengers gathering around the station fire; and not until after midnight did Yuba Bill put in the relays. "I wish you a good journey," said Wiles, as he drove from the shed as Bill entered. Bill vouchsafed no reply, but, addressing himself to the driver, said curtly, as if giving an order for the delivery of goods, "Shove him out at Rawlings," and passed contemptuously around to the tail board of the sled, and returned to the harnessing of his relay.

The moon came out and shone high as Yuba Bill once more took the reins in his hands. The wind, which instantly attacked them as they reached the level, seemed to make the driver's theory plausible, and for half a mile the road bed was swept clean, and frozen hard. Further on a tongue of snow, extending from a bowlder to the right, reached across their path to the height of two or three feet. But Yuba Bill dashed through a part of it, and by skillful maneuvering circumvented the rest. But even as the obstacle was passed, the coach dropped with an



Yuba Bill was on the road in an instant.

ominous lurch on one side, and the off fore wheel flew off in the darkness. Bill threw the horses back on their haunches; but before [illegible]tum could be checked, the near [illegible]lipped away, the vehicle rocked [illegible]nged backwards and forwards, [illegible] on the road in an instant with his lantern. Then followed an outbreak of profanity which I regret, for artistic purposes, exceeds that generous limit which a sympathizing public has already extended to me in the explication of character. Let me state, therefore, that in a very few moments he succeeded in disparaging the characters of his employers, their male and female relatives, the coach builder, the station keeper, the road on which he traveled, and the travelers themselves, with occasional broad expletives addressed to himself and his own relatives. For the spirit of this and a more cultivated poetry of expression, I beg to refer the temperate reader to the Third chapter of Job.

The passengers knew Bill, and sat, conservative, patient, and expectant. As yet the cause of the catastrophe was not known. At last Thatcher's voice came from the box seat:

"What's up, Bill?"

"Not a blank lynch pin in the whole blank coach," was the answer.

There was a dead silence. Yuba Bill executed a wild war dance of helpless rage.

"Blank the blank enchanted thing to blank!"

(I beg here to refer the fastidious and cultivated reader to the only adjective I have dared transcribe of this actual oath which I once had the honor of hearing. He will, I trust, not fail to recognize the old classic demon in this wild western abjurgation.)

"Who did it?" asked Thatcher.

Yuba Bill did not reply, but dashed up again to the box, unlocked the "boot" and screamed out:

"The man that stole your portmantle—Wiles!"

Thatcher laughed.

"Don't worry about that, Bill. A "biled" shirt, an extra collar and a few papers. Nothing more."

Yuba Bill slowly descended. When he reached the ground he plucked Thatcher aside by his coat sleeve:

"Ye don't mean to say ye had nothing in that bag ye was trying to get away with?"

"No," said the laughing Thatcher frankly.

"And that Wiles warn't one o' them detectives?"

"Not to my knowledge, certainly."

Yuba Bill sighed sadly, and returned to assist in the replacing of the coach on its wheels again.

"Never mind, Bill," said one of the passengers sympathizingly, "we'll catch that man Wiles at Rawlings sure;" and he looked around at the inchoate vigilance committee, already "rounding into form" about him.

"Ketch him!" returned Yuba Bill, derisively; "why we've got to go back to the station; and afore we're off agin he's pinted fur Clarmont on the relay we lose. Ketch him! H—ll's full of such ketches!"

There was clearly nothing to do but to go back to the station to await the repairing of the coach. While this was being done Yuba Bill again drew Thatcher aside:

"I allers suspected that chap's game eye, but I didn't somehow allow for anything like this. I reckoned it was only the square thing to look arter things gen'rally, and 'specially your traps. So, to purvent troubil, and keep things about ekal, ez he was goin' away, I sorter lifted this yer bag of biz outer the tail board of his sleigh. I don't know as it is any exchange or compensation, but it may give ye a chance to spot him agin, or him you. It strikes me as bein' far-minded and squar';" and with these words he deposited at the feet of the astonished Thatcher the black traveling bag of Mr. Wiles.

"But, Bill—see here! I can't take this!" interrupted Thatcher hastily. You can't swear that he's taken my bag—and—and—blank it, all—this won't do, you know. I've no right to this man's things, even if——"

"Hold your hosses," said Bill gravely; "I ondertook to take charge o' your traps. I didn't—at least that d—d wall-eyed—Thar's a portmantle! I don't know who's it is. Take it."

Half amused, half embarrassed, yet still protesting, Thatcher took the bag in his hands.

"Ye might open it in my presence," suggested Yuba Bill gravely.

Thatcher, half laughingly, did so. It was full of papers and semi-legal looking documents. Thatcher's own name on one of them caught his eye; he opened the paper hastily and perused it. The smile faded from his lips.

"Well," said Yuba Bill, "suppose we call it a fair exchange at present."

Thatcher was still examining the papers.

Suddenly this cautious, strong minded man looked up into Yuba Bill's waiting face and said quietly, in the despicable slang of the epoch and region:

"It's a go! Suppose we do."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW IT BECAME FAMOUS.

YUBA BILL.

YUBA BILL was right in believing that Wiles would lose no time at Rawlings. He left there on a fleet horse before Bill had returned with the broken down coach to the last station, and distanced the telegram sent to detain him two hours. Leaving the stage road and its dangerous telegraphic stations, he pushed southward to Denver over the army trail in company with a half-breed packer, crossing the Missouri before Thatcher had reached Julesburg. When Thatcher was at Omaha Wiles was already in St. Louis; and as the Pullman car containing the hero of the "Blue Mass" mine rolled into Chicago Wiles was already walking the streets of the national capital. Nevertheless he had time en route to sink in the waters of the North Platte, with many expressions of disgust, the little black portemanteau belonging to Thatcher, containing his dressing case, a few unimportant letters and an extra shirt, to wonder why simple men did not travel with their important documents and valuables and to set on foot some prudent and cautious inquiries regarding his own lost carpet bag and its important contents.

But for these trifles he had every reason to be satisfied with the progress of his plans. "It's all right," said Mrs. Hopkinson, merrily; "while you and Gashwiler have been working with your 'stock,' and treating the whole world as if it could be bribed, I've done more with that earnest, self-believing, self-deceiving and perfectly-pathetic Roscommon than all you fellows put together. Why, I've told his pitiful story, and drawn tears from the eyes of senators and cabinet ministers. More than that, I've introduced him into society, put him in a dress coat—such a figure!—and you know how the best folk worship everything that is outre as the sincere thing. I've made him a complete success. Why, only the other night, when Senator Misnancy and Judge Fitzwaddle were here, after making him tell his story—which you know, I think he really believes—I sang: 'There Came to the Beach a Poor Exile of Erin,' and my husband told me afterward it was worth, at least, a dozen votes."

"But about this rival of yours—this niece of Garcia's?"

"Another of your blunders; you men know nothing of women. Firstly, she's a swarthy little brunette, with dots for eyes; and strides like a man, dresses like a dowdy, don't wear stays, and has no style. Then, she's a single woman, and alone; and, although she affects to be an artist, and has Bohemian ways, don't you see she can't go into society without a chaperon or somebody to go with her. Nonsense."

"But," persisted Wiles, "she must have some power; there's Judge Maso[illegible] ator Peabody, who are constant[illegible] about her; and Dinwiddie, of Vir[illegible] corted her through the Capitol [illegible] day."

Mistress Hopkinson laughed.

"Mason and Peabody aspire to be thought literary and artistic, and Dinwiddie wanted to pique *me!*"

"But Thatcher is no fool——"

"Is Thatcher a lady's man?" queried the lady, suddenly.

"Hardly, I should say," responded Wiles. "He pretends to be absorbed in his swindle and devoted to his mine; and I don't think that even you—" he stopped with a slight sneer.

"There, you are misunderstanding me again, and, what is worse, you are misunderstanding your case. Thatcher is pleased with her because he has probably seen no one else. Wait till he comes to Washington and has an opportunity for comparison," and she cast a frank glance at her mirror, where Wiles, with a sardonic bow, left her standing.

Mr. Gashwiler was quite as confident of his own success with congress. "We are within a few days of the end of the session. We will manage to have it taken up and rushed through before that fellow Thatcher knows what he is about."

"If it could be done before he gets here," said Wiles, "it's a reasonably sure thing. He is delayed two days; he might have been delayed longer." Here Mr. Wiles sighed. If the accident had happened on a mountain road, and the stage had been precipitated over the abyss, what valuable time would have been saved, and success become a surety? But Mr. Wiles' functions as an advocate did not include murder; at least, he was doubtful if it could be taxed as costs.

"We need have no fears, sir," resumed Mr. Gashwiler; "the matter is now in the hands of the highest tribunal of appeal in the country. It will meet, sir, with inflexible justice. I have already prepared some remarks——"

"By the way," interrupted Wiles infelicitously, "where's your young man—your private secretary—Dobbs?"

The congressman for a moment looked confused. "He is not here. And I must correct your error in applying that term to him. I have never put my confidence in the hands of any one."

"But you introduced him to me as your secretary."

"A mere honorary title, sir. A brevet rank. I might, it is true, have thought to repose such a trust in him. But I was deceived, sir, as I fear I am too apt to be when I permit my feelings as a man to overcome my duty as an American legislator. Mr. Dobbs enjoyed my patronage and the opportunity it gave me to introduce him into public life only to abuse it. He became, I fear, deeply indebted. His extravagance was unlimited, his ambition unbounded, but without, sir, a cash basis. I advanced money to him from time to time upon the little property you so generously extended to him for his services. But it was quickly dissipated. Yet, sir, such is the ingratitude of man that his family lately appealed to me for assistance. I felt it was necessary to be stern, and I refused. I would not for the sake of his family say anything, but I have missed, sir, books from my library. On the day after he left two volumes of patent office reports and a Blue book of congress, purchased that day by me at a store on Pennsylvania avenue, were *missing*—missing! I had difficulty, sir, great difficulty in keeping it from the papers!"

As Mr. Wiles had heard the story already from Gashwiler's acquaintances, with more or less free comment on the gifted legislator's economy, he could not help thinking that the difficulty had been great indeed. But he only fixed his malevolent eye on Gashwiler and said:

"So he is gone, eh?"

"Yes."

"And you've made an enemy of him? That's bad."

Mr. Gashwiler tried to look dignifiedly unconcerned; but something in his visitor's manner made him uneasy.

"I say it is bad, if you have. Listen. Before I left here, I found at a boarding house where he had boarded, and still owed a bill, a trunk which the landlord retained. Opening it, I found some letters and papers of yours, with certain memoranda of his, which I thought ought to be in your possession. As an alleged friend of his, I redeemed the trunk by paying the amount of his bill, and secured the more valuable papers."

Gashwiler, whose face had grown apoplectically suffused as Wiles went on, at last gasped: "But you got the trunk, and have the papers?"

"Unfortunately, no, and that's why it's bad."

"But, good God! what have you done with them?"

"I've lost them somewhere on the Overland road."

Mr. Gashwiler sat for a few moments speechless, vacillating between a purple rage and a pallid fear. Then he said hoarsely:

"They are all blank forgeries—every one of them."

"Oh, no!" said Wiles, smiling blandly on his dexter side, and enjoying the whole scene malevolently with his sinister eye. "Your papers are all genuine, and I won't say are not all right, but unfortunately I had in the same bag some memoranda of my own for the use of my client, that, you understand, might be put to some bad use if found by a clever man."

The two rascals looked at each other. There is on the whole really very little honor among thieves—at least great ones—and the inferior rascal succumbed at the reflection of what he might do if he were in the other rascal's place. "See here, Wiles," he said, relaxing his dignity with the perspiration that oozed from every pore, and made the collar of his shirt a mere limp rag. "See here, we"—this first use of the plural was equivalent to a confession—"we must get them papers."

"Of course," said Wiles coolly, "if we can, and if Thatcher doesn't get wind of them."

"He cannot."

"He was on the coach when I lost them, coming east."

Mr. Gashwiler paled again. In the emergency he had recourse to the sideboard and a bottle, forgetting Wiles. Ten minutes before Wiles would have remained seated; but it is recorded that he rose, took the bottle from the gifted Gashwiler's fingers, helped himself first, and then sat down.

"Yes, but, my boy," said Gashwiler, now rapidly changing situations with the cool Wiles; "yes, but, old fellow," he added, poking Wiles with a fat forefinger, "don't y[illegible] the whole thing will be up before he get[illegible]

"Yes," said Wiles gloomily, "but th[illegible] easy, honest men have a way of pop[illegible] just at the nick of time. They ne[illegible] hurry; all things wait for them. W[illegible] you remember that on the very [illegible] Hopkinson and I and you got the [illegible] to sign that patent, that very day [illegible] d——n fellows turns up from San[illegible] or Australia, having taken his o[illegible] get here—gets here about half a[illegible] the president had signed the pate[illegible] it over to the office, finds the r[illegible] introduce him to the presiden[illegible] with him, makes him sign an o[illegible] manding its issuance, and un[illegible] been done in six years in one[illegible]

"Yes, but conc[illegible] not revoke it[illegible] return[illegible] added[illegible]

his [illegible]

Re[illegible]

A

For many [illegible] conscious [illegible] of other fo[illegible] years had l[illegible] seat by his[illegible] scious recti[illegible] skepticism r[illegible] his nature be[illegible] tations, and l[illegible] the knowledge [illegible] cal integrity w[illegible] practical debat[illegible] from personality, [illegible] of the complete u[illegible] and the magnitude [illegible] him from scurrility [illegible] never been appeal[illegible] rarely been appre[illegible]

A man of poli[illegible] ture, and possessi[illegible] his luxurious hom[illegible] he had himself col[illegible] by the stamp of hi[illegible] had not only the e[illegible] his wealth could b[illegible] but a certain refin[illegible] use and the easy di[illegible] shop. All this was [illegible] girl who stood on it[illegible] a dull January day.

The card that had [illegible] ator bore the nam[illegible] and modestly in the [illegible] most microscopic scr[illegible] tion of herself as "A[illegible] turesqueness of the n[illegible] gestion caught the s[illegible] to his request, throug[illegible] would be kind enoug[illegible] she replied as frankly [illegible] personal to himself, he [illegible] be admitted. Then in [illegible] hind his library table, [illegible] of books and a glacis of [illegible] and throwing into his [illegible] expression of utter disc[illegible] thing but the business [illegible] awaited the intruder.

She came, and for an [illegible] ingly, framing herself as [illegible] Mrs. Hopkinson was righ[illegible] unless an original and ha[illegible] could be called so. Ther[illegible] tempt visible to combine [illegible] with the habits of a man [illegible] ways slipping from one s[illegible] supple and vivacious as to [illegible] cies of an education in [illegible] cluster of black curls a[illegible] head, fitting her so close[illegible] part of the sealskin cap sh[illegible] the force of habit, she at[illegible] shawl over her head an[illegible] folds gathered under her [illegible] ished look from the se[illegible] Nevertheless he felt relieve[illegible] tioned her to a chair wi[illegible] would have scarcely shown [illegible] leta. And when, with tw[illegible] long steps she reached his [illegible] frank, innocent but stron[illegible] little face, feminine only [illegible] and beauty of lip and ch[illegible] down the pamphlet he ha[illegible] what ostentatiously and [illegible] know her business.

I think I have once befo[illegible] voice—an organ more often [illegible] fair countrywomen for [illegible] speaking, which, consideri[illegible] our practical relations [illegible] are carried on withou[illegible] an opera score, seems [illegible] tion of theirs—and of [illegible] gentle inflexion, and musica[illegible] had the advantage of havin[illegible] a musical language, and can [illegible] whom catarrhs and sore th[illegible] So that in a few brief phra[illegible] senator into acquiescence [illegible] the plain libretto of her bu[illegible] "desire to see some of his r[illegible]

Now the engravings in [illegible] tain etchings of the early [illegible] of the art, and were, I a[illegible] extremely rare. From [illegible] view they were exce[illegible] the mere genesis of som[illegible] but dear, of course, [illegible] soul; I don't believe [illegible] mired them either. [illegible] the senator prided [illegible] only 'pot hooks' of t[illegible] tistic efforts of 'B'[illegible] be filled in by [illegible] senator became [illegible] year, two or thre[illegible] been hanging in [illegible] the casual visit[illegible] tion! "She w[illegible] young artist, [illegible] ures, but equ[illegible] tunity afford[illegible] bold, or of [illegible] privacy," et[illegible]

This flatt[illegible] legal tende[illegible] looked up [illegible] a foreig[illegible] warmth [illegible] genuine [illegible] impulsi[illegible] for the [illegible] ard of [illegible] tiona[illegible] The [illegible] in o[illegible] me[illegible] ea[illegible] ta[illegible] r[illegible]