

Shining Mark

CHAPTER IX.

Desmond Carr-Lyon stalked on, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, and his thoughts divided between Kate Meddon and Jessie Playford. He had seen them both for the last time, he thought; the lovely girl who had stolen his heart away, and the poor woman, Jessie, in pursuit of the scoundrel who had ruined the life he remembered so bright and happy. Poor Jessie! But the thoughts of Kate Meddon drove her from his mind, sincerely as he pitied her, and all the way along the cliff he recalled the lovely face, with its gentle eyes and sweet, tender smile. Yes, he had seen the last of her; it had been indeed a farewell that he wished each other; for Desmond intended walking along the coast to the next seaport, and from there working his passage to America, never to come back.

It was a lovely morning, and the day seemed to grow brighter as it advanced. The sea was like an emerald in the sun, and the sky overhead was as blue as he had seen it in San Francisco, and that is saying much.

Desmond was very hungry, but he managed to enjoy the scenery; and as he walked, he thought of the girl who had been his life, and of the path, after he had gone a couple of miles from Sandford, grew narrower and more rugged, until, at last, it dwindled away into a mere sheep track; at the same time the scenery became more wild and sternerly beautiful. Cliff rose upon cliff to a dizzy height, as if bidding defiance to the sea that raged at their feet, and the gulls on the rocks seemed to Desmond, looking over, a little white specks, dotted here and there.

It was too beautiful and grand to be passed by without a pause, and he threw himself upon the grass, and smoked and gazed and thought of Kate Meddon!

Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud report, a dull, smothered sound, as of distant thunder. But it was not thunder, and Desmond had spent too many years in a miner's camp not to know what it was.

With a touch of interest he rose to his feet, and walked in the direction of the sound, and suddenly—so suddenly that he was startled—he came upon the edge of a stone quarry. But for the rough, piling rock it anyone might easily have walked over and reached the bottom with a broken neck.

Desmond looked upon the wooden fence and looked over. It was a picturesque sight. Far down, so far down that they looked like a flock of sheep, quarrymen; some picking at the rugged surface of the rock, others pushing the trucks along the metal lines that led to a small hoist at the top, where lay a rough-looking smelter.

Under the edge of the quarry, opposite him, and sheltered from the wind, was a small cottage, and he saw that it looked disused, and the ivy that climbed over its walls had a neglected and untended appearance.

But it just put the finishing touch to the picture; and Desmond, keenly attracted by the sight of something that recalled his mining days, looked for a while at the old building, and then, slowly and not too carefully descended.

As he drew near the bottom he could see the men out at work. The noise he had heard was the sound of blasting, and the men were hard at work clearing out the broken rock from the main part of the quarry.

Desmond watched them with keen and pleasant interest for some few minutes, then remembering that this was scarcely the way to reach the seaport, he was about to climb up to the top again, when suddenly two figures came from under the rock where he was sitting, and so into his view. They were an old man, or a man of late middle age, and a young girl. The man had a wild, unkempt figure and a red face; but it was not an unkempt nor was the voice, though that was rough, as a harsh or unpleasant one.

The girl by his side was young—17 or 18—and slightly built, with a childish face, in which a pair of blue eyes shone like turquoise one moment, then grew as dark as the night the next. It was a pretty face, and the eyes were remarkable. Desmond stood or half-kneeling for the path was steep and watched them, and he saw that the man was the master of the quarry and the girl his daughter.

After a moment or two he was about to resume his climb, when he saw another report and a puff of smoke from the side of the quarry.

The old man had drawn the girl under shelter of a projecting rock, but the instant after, she emerged with a little laugh, as if she were too accustomed to the blasting to feel any danger. It was a musical laugh, and fell pleasantly upon the wanderer's ears.

"Like a young bear," he murmured; "all her troubles to come. Perhaps she may have none! Let's hope so."

Even as he expressed this charitable wish, as a kind of farewell to the girl who had not yet even seen him, his quick, hawklike eyes saw something moving just above her head.

He looked at her, at the old man, all round—a swift look of scrutiny. Then his heart seemed to stand still; for that which he had seen no one else had seen, it was an immense slab of rock which, unnoticed, had become loosened by the blasting in the other part of the quarry; and it fell, another moment came rolling down upon that bright-faced, blue-eyed girl! It was certain, a horrible death!

Most men would have yelled, and shouted; but Desmond knew better. His experienced eyes showed him that it would be impossible for the startled girl to recover from the shock of the sudden shout and spring away from the awful mass that was gliding down upon her like an engine of death.

For a moment, while she could count five, he stood, his heart seeming to cease beating, then, without a word, he sprang sheer from the narrow ledge, and alighting before the girl, caught her in his arms, and hurled himself and her from the spot.

The next instant—almost in the next half-second, so closely as to seem simultaneous—the mass fell with a crash upon the spot where she stood. She was saved!

CHAPTER X.

Desmond Carr-Lyon's leap had been so sudden, the terrible fall of the immense piece of rock on the very spot from which he had carried the girl so appalling, that for a moment or two no man could move. Desmond, when he recovered consciousness for a fragment of the mass and struck him on the head—found himself lying on his back, with his eyes fixed upon the blue patch of sky which, in the shape of a

round, showed above the quarry's mouth.

He contemplated this in the absurdly satisfied manner peculiar to individuals just returning from dreamland; then a voice—a very soft and pleasant voice—smote on his ear.

"Father!" it said, in a tone of great relief and joy. "He is coming to—see, he is coming to!" and Desmond, turning his eyes from the spot of blue made by the opening of the quarry, saw a girl's face, full of sweet concern, bending over him.

"That's right! So he is! How are you now, sir? Stand back, lady, and give him some air; don't crowd 'im so!" Desmond felt something soft and warm under his neck, and his head raised, and found that the pleasant lever was the girl's arm.

Then he remembered what had happened, and with the smile which haunted Kate Meddon so persistently, he said:

"You are not hurt? That's all right!" The girl blushed crimson at the sound of his voice and his words, but did not relinquish her supporting attitude.

"Yes, sir, a right, thanks to you, sir," said her father, "if it hadn't been for you, Nellie would have been—"

He stopped short, and the dozen or two of men, exclaiming in a kind of chorus:

"That's gospel truth, that is!" and looked at the heap of rocks lying on the spot from which he had literally hurled himself and her.

Desmond pulled himself together and struggled to his feet, the girl, Nellie, drawing back almost behind her father as he did so.

"That was nothing," he said, lightly, "but I was very lucky to be with-in sight of the starting rock and clear enough to the young lady to—well, I think I ought to apologize for my seeming rudeness. I'm not usually in the habit of rushing at young ladies like a bull in a china shop," and he tried to smile with a light laugh.

The girl didn't smile even—which was ungrateful—but raised her deep blue eyes from the ground, and glanced at him for a moment, then let them drop again.

"That's all very well as a way of passing it off, but it's not easy, so to speak," said her father, with that dogged insistence peculiar to his class. "But we owe you what's what, know as you saved my girl's life at the risk of your own, sir; and—there's my hand upon it!"

And he swore a round but quite harmless oath.

"Oh! you make too much of it," said Desmond, as he took the huge hand and shook it. "Anyone would have done the same, and I'm very glad that the man was lucky enough to happen to be the man who was standing by, by the way, you won't mind my mentioning it?—you won't?"

"The girl touched his elbow as Desmond was about to reply, and whispered:

"Father, his head is bleeding!"

"So it is!" he said. "Look at that, now. It seems almost as if he'd no sense at all. Here, sir, you're hurt, you know. Your head's bleeding! Hi, one of you chaps! Bring a pail of water!"

"The cottage, father," said the girl in the same low voice.

"Of course! That's the place; more comfortable than the quarry," he assented, and drawing Desmond's arm within his own, he said: "Come to the cottage and rest awhile, sir; we'll see what damage is done. I'll come on you, that, at least."

"I'm sure it's nothing," said Desmond, smiling, "or I should have cried 'I'm hurt'."

"I don't know so much about that," said the old man, with a grunt.

They walked to the hut, and the girl, unlocking the door, ushered them into the front one of the two rooms.

It was plainly furnished; a rough table, couple of chairs, a kind of sideboard, cooking utensils of the rough and ready order, and one or two colored illustrations from the Illustrated London News, as ornaments for the walls.

"And I look here, Nell, your eyes are better, and your hands smaller and tender than mine, do 'ee see what's made for us, we 'put' for dear life, and were finally rescued by running plucked into the arms of old Constable Hobbs, as we turned at the cottage. The girl unlocked the door, ushered them into the front one of the two rooms.

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JOHN BULL AND PAT FOUGHT; THEN BECAME FAST FRIENDS

How Mischievous "Billy" Wilson Stirred Up Fight That Had Good Ending.

[Written for The Advertiser by John Cousins, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

The year 1854 was remarkable for at least three (if not more) significant happenings: The Crimean war, the passage of the first railroad train through London, and the birth of the individual pointing these remarks. The significance of the first is in the fact that the great Russian Bear was not "such a much," as he had been thought to be, when confronted by an enemy unwilling to be subdued by bluff and bravado. What the second signified

the London Old Boys of that day, now living, has rejoined by the growth to its present proportions of the (then) little old Forest City. As the records of history have seemingly disdained to emphasize, or even to recognize, the significance of the third of these happenings, and as no one has yet shown any intense desire to see it otherwise,

as a penalty for such ingratitude, I refuse to enlighten so apathetic a public. When one reads himself, addressing people whose only interest in the discussion of such subjects as the "Darwinian Theory," "Lawson's Attack on the System," "The Autonomy Question," "Apostrophe Succession" or whether the London Baseball Club has been "laying down" to the other team, totally ignoring so significant a thing as the third of the aforementioned happenings, why then I say "go to," and find out all about such grandeur for yourselves.

"But we are not alone," I remember the time, on a Saturday afternoon, when my father and I wandered away from our home on Wellington street, near York street, and finally got "lost" far away out King street, somewhere in the neighborhood of the old "Black Bear" tavern, then almost on the corner of the city. We sat down at the side of the street and were crying over our misadventure, when an old man, Ann O'Brien, a very "strong" character in

can army (as the war was on then), and who was noted for his belligerent spirit (a strange trait for an Irishman), stirred up Billy's scent for fun. He immediately left the office and as soon as Bullock got at a distance from Brady, he told Bullock that he had heard Brady say that there never yet was an Englishman who wasn't a "bluff" that it wasn't England's policy to put the Irish, on whom she knew she could depend, when there was genuine fighting to be done, in the front rank of battle, while the English, on account of the "yellow" in their makeup were relegated to the rear.

Of course this made Bullock's blood fairly boil, and he asked "Billy" Wilson to show him "the low-bred Irish pup," and he would soon fix him so that his rotten opinion would have no more weight with others than with the speaker (Bullock). Wilson then hunted up Brady who, like Bullock himself, was a good tempered, jolly, pleasant man, except that it had been said of him he knew how to hold his own when once he got into a scrimmage. To him "Bill" remarked (as is well known) and not worth noticing) that Bullock was over near the hay scales looking for any Irishman who thought that Ireland was anything but a dorm for August Englishmen to write their feet on, Brady at first said Bullock probably was drunk and not worth notice, but as Wilson "worked it up" and finally convinced Brady that Bullock meant it, all he told Wilson the best thing to do would be to go to and inform his English dog friend to keep out of his (Brady's) way, as his health would surely suffer unless he knew enough to keep his misguided opinion to himself. The two men met in front of George Grey's tavern and just at that moment Billy Wilson visited them to take a drink with him.

As he had just made a bet on Bullock's weight and wanted Brady to make a guess, Brady said he didn't care a cuss what his weight was, as he was "good" any way. Then Bullock aimed a blow at Brady which, had it landed, would have put Brady out of the horse.

But the man who, quite suddenly, became a flash, stooped down and grabbed Bullock's legs, whereat the Englishman "sat down" so hard he left a big dent in the pavement. The two men, which quickly gathered separated the combatants and not long after a fight sprang up between these two men that became very serious.

Wilson unconsciously did them both a good turn, though I doubt the goodness of his intention toward either of them.

"Just about this period of London's history her streets always presented a friendly effect, produced by the sight of little groups of two or three ragged soldiers of her majesty's imperial army. No matter where one might go on the market square, along the river bank, at the city hall, the courthouse, even in church, these ubiquitous heroes might be seen. What-ever proved they certainly carried devastation through the city's streets. I don't mean that they ever got into fights with the civilians (as the English call them), but they would condescend to such paltriness, but they always succeeded in capturing the hearts and turning the heads of the lassies—winners of the day, and this, just naturally, riled up said lassies' civilian sweethearts. The soldiers and civilians didn't seem to care any too well. This was a prosperous time for London, for not only did it have from 1,000 to 1,500 immigrants, but it had a new palace, some (some in the old Crystal Palace, some in the old Royal Exchange, on Talbot street and many more quartered elsewhere, but the great war of the Union was then running its course, and there came numbers of gentlemen of means from the United States into Canada, and there seemed to be a deeply-rooted idea in the minds of the latter that the United States was a more healthy place than the old world, and they were finally rescued by running plucked into the arms of old Constable Hobbs, as we turned at the cottage. The girl unlocked the door, ushered them into the front one of the two rooms.

It was plainly furnished; a rough table, couple of chairs, a kind of sideboard, cooking utensils of the rough and ready order, and one or two colored illustrations from the Illustrated London News, as ornaments for the walls.

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"And I look here, Nell, your eyes are better, and your hands smaller and tender than mine, do 'ee see what's made for us, we 'put' for