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## When the War Was Over

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.  
Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmut's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of Thornton Wetmore," etc.

(See issues prior to Nov. 5 for synopsis of previous chapters.)

## CHAPTER XXIX.—DUTTON'S WILL.

Mr. Warren had run across the road, heedless of his wife's protests, not so much in the hope of shooting Wanga, for the report of his rifle sobered him a bit, as of bringing the black man to bay.

Elsie was helpless with the excitement of Wanga's reappearance, Dutton's wound and his extraordinary attempts at self-mutilation.

"For heaven's sake, man, what would you do?" cried Will, springing upon him and wresting the knife from his hand.

Dutton was remarkably cool. He looked at his bleeding wrist and remarked:

"You're right. It was very foolish, but when a man faces death he's apt to lose his head."

Mrs. Warren was now on the spot and was opening a linen press to get bandages.

"Don't let any of that blood get on you," said Dutton sharply to Will, who still held the dripping carving knife.

The young man took the knife to the sink and dropped it in a pan of dishwater.

"Let out, Martha!" exclaimed Dutton, as Mrs. Warren approached him with bandages. "You may bind up the wrist, but keep your fingers free from blood, sure, or I won't let you touch me. Here, let me make a start for you."

He took the cloth from her and with his left hand covered his right wrist completely.

"Now, Martha," he said, "you may bind away and bind tight. Will, get a knife—not that carving—and cut off my right sleeve. Rip it clear down from the shoulder, if necessary, only get it off."

Dutton's manner was masterly. None of the three comprehended the situation, but there was no thought of doing aught except what he told them to.

Elsie herself, though half numb from fright, handed a pair of shears to Will, who promptly began to carry out Dutton's instructions.

Mr. Warren came in and replaced his rifle. Then he stepped into the kitchen.

"Hurt you much, Dutton?" he asked. "It has probably killed me," answered Dutton, calmly, keeping his eyes on Mrs. Warren's operations, in order that he might snatch away his hand should there seem to be any danger that she would get blood-stained.

For a second Mr. Warren stared. "You must be joking," he said.

"No, I'm not. Look out, Martha, and let the sleeve fall. That's right. Now, Nick, get a cord and bind it around my arm above the elbow as fast as you can do it, and pull until the bone cracks."

Stirred like the others by Dutton's calm mastery of the situation, Mr. Warren obeyed, and he and Will together pulled the cord so tightly about Dutton's wrist that the wounded man winced.

"That's all I can stand," he said; "it may save me, but it probably won't."

He looked around the group, his eyes resting regretfully upon pale Elsie.

"I'm so sorry, little one," he exclaimed, "that you should have had to bear another shock on my account. But you mustn't mind it. I think everybody will be the happier if I go."

Elsie burst into tears and Dutton shook his head gravely.

"Nick," he said, with some hesitation, "I suppose it would be a relief to Will and jerking his head significantly towards Elsie.

Will understood and gently led her from the room.

"Dut," said Mr. Warren, "don't finish what you were going to say. I don't understand what's the matter yet. Tell us what must be done to save you."

"Get a surgeon," replied Dutton. "I should probably bleed to death if my arm were improperly amputated. You see, Nick, I'm poisoned. Wanga could have shot me if he so desired. He prefers to torture me."

"Will you go with me to the doctor?" asked Mr. Warren quickly. "You might save valuable time."

"No, I know how this thing would work. I must be quiet. It is probably a useless errand, but—"

Mr. Warren was already out of the house, running to the farm.

Mrs. Warren was weeping silently.

"Martha," said Dutton, "I could wish for your sake that this might have happened in the wilderness of Africa instead of the Adirondacks."

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed, terribly agitated. "A thousand times better here."

"Well, perhaps 'tis; but 'tis strange." He walked into the spare chamber.

"I suppose this will be my room again?" he asked suggestively, and with a gloomy kind of cheerfulness.

Mrs. Warren controlled her emotion measurably, and full of him asking: "Is there nothing I can do, Freeman?"

"No," he replied; "I know that my one chance lies in keeping my blood as quiet as possible, so I'm going to

lie down and wait. Yes, there is one thing—send that young man to me."

He had lain down upon the bed. Mrs. Warren hesitated.

"You're not thinking—" she began.

"Tut, tut!" he interrupted. "Secrets are secrets. It understands that he's Elsie's intended. Isn't that enough?"

Will entered the room a moment later. Mr. Warren had but just saluted out of the yard, calling to him as he went not to leave the house.

Dutton looked suspiciously around the room.

"Shall I close the doors?" asked Will, and as proceeded to do so as Dutton nodded.

"Young man," said Dutton, "have you a revolver?"

"Not here," replied Will.

"There's one in the linen bag I brought with me, but I'm afraid if you get that that Martha and Elsie may see you. Is there one around the house somewhere?"

"I believe there's an old pistol, a muzzle-loader, in the barn," said Will, hesitatingly.

"You needn't fear anything, my boy," great deal better if I had a weapon at hand. There's no telling what might happen, you know, but I don't want to alarm the women needlessly. Can you get me that pistol?"

"Why, I guess so," said Will, still in doubt as to what he had better do.

"Then, as you love that beautiful girl and care for her safety, do it. If you don't I shall go and find it myself, and that might kill me outright. Wait. While you're gone, I'll try the cock once or twice to make sure it will work, load it heavy, put a cap on, and smuggle it to me."

While Will was hunting for the pistol several neighbors came running up to the house. They had been warned by shouts from Mr. Warren as he passed the store that Wanga had appeared again. They came around with guns, an angry, determined crowd. John Martin was among them.

"Where was he seen last?" asked Martin.

"I was in the spare room," said Elsie, "and saw him coming in at the gate. Fags seemed to see him on the knoll."

"We must rid the township of this reptile," declared Martin, savagely. "I suppose you're all in here hunting him down?"

The neighbors answered emphatically that they were.

"Going to join us, Will?" asked Martin, as the young man came to the door.

"No," he answered, "somebody's got to stay here."

"That's so," though I wish you could go along, too."

He turned then to the neighbors and proceeded to organize them for a persistent, systematic hunt. Others joined the party before a start was made.

During the preparations Will slipped into the spare room and nodded to Dutton.

"Tuck it under here," said the wounded man, raising the bed spread.

By what chance at the time to be great luck, Mr. Warren came upon Dr. Nason but a little way from the village. He briefly explained what had happened, and together they hurried back to the house.

The searching party had then just got under way.

"Well, doc," said Dutton, drowsily, as the physician entered the room, "I promise you no malingering this time, and if you find me through it will be a good job professionally speaking. In general terms, I guess the world won't suffer if I go."

The doctor made a cursory examination.

"It's blood poisoning," he said; and, as Dutton nodded, "I'm afraid it's pretty far advanced. However, we may arrest it."

"Going to saw off my arm, doctor?"

"We'll see a little later. I don't care to infect you with unnecessary suffering."

Dr. Nason worked over the patient, administered medicines, and sat down to wait. Dutton seemed to sleep, and the doctor went into the sitting room.

Mr. Warren looked at him inquiringly. "It's a very serious case," he said.

"I don't think he will recover."

"If it would be any help to you," said Mr. Warren, "the thing that made the wound is over in that corner. Dutton warned us not to touch it."

The doctor took a piece of cloth that had been torn off in making a bandage, and gingerly picked up the fragment of glass. He took it to the sink and spent some time examining it, using a microscope, and making such simple chemical tests as he could from the limited stock of drugs he carried with him.

At length he called Warren and Will.

"I heard something about this Wanga having a pet snake," he said, "and somebody killed it, eh?"

"Yes," replied Will, "it was the snake that made Martin's dogs turn tail."

"The keepers of the lookout at Denby," said Mr. Warren, "told me he had a dead snake in his pocket when they searched him."

"That settles it, then," declared the doctor. "Dutton cannot recover. The serpent was undoubtedly one of the most venomous reptiles of a southern climate, and the black man extracted from its dead body the poison with which this glass is thickly smeared. A scratch would have done the business in time, and Dutton had a small artery as well as a vein severed. You must look out and bury this glass deep."

He then went into the spare room and roused Dutton by shaking him.

"My friend," said the doctor, "it is best that I should tell you that I shall not amputate your arm."

Dutton was silent a moment.

"All right," he said presently; "I can stand it. Bring me pen, ink and paper, and stand around here, all of you three."

Mr. Warren brought the desired articles, and Dutton raised himself on the bed while the doctor placed the pillows at his back. With his left hand Dutton scrawled very slowly a few words upon the paper, and when he had finished he looked around with a quizzical smile.

"I guess, doc," he said, "that you're the only disinterested party here, and so you'll have to witness this document."

The doctor took the paper and read: "Granite, New York, August 29, 1895. My Will—I hereby give the 'President' and all I have to Elsie Warren, 'Freeman H. Dutton.'"

"If I could use my right hand, I'd make it longer," said Dutton; "but could I make it more emphatic or binding?"

"This would hold in any court of

law," replied the doctor gravely, as he affixed his signature.

"Better put on a postscript, 'Will Spencer, executor,'" added Dutton.

The doctor thought a moment and then made a memorandum on the paper expressing the substance of Dutton's request.

"Is there anything else you wish to say?" asked the doctor.

"No, it's all there."

Mr. Warren recalled how Dutton's narrative had been interrupted just as he seemed to be on the point of mentioning the whereabouts of the "President," but it seemed to him now as if he hardly cared to know. The diamond had been the source of so much that was evil, and in the very presence of death he could not bring himself to ask about it.

"Let me lie as I am," said Dutton. "I feel better this way. You might help me off with my collar and open my vest, for it's a hot, close day."

Mr. Warren made as comfortable as possible, and Mr. Warren sat with him when the others withdrew.

"No need of any long-winded explanation now, Nick," said the dying man after a time; "but I came back to America thinking that my immense wealth, and 'twas immense, might be a help to Martha."

"I wouldn't dwell on it, Dut," responded Mr. Warren, as he observed a tear glistening in Dutton's eye.

Under the leadership of Martin the villagers searched the woods until nightfall. They found no trace of Wanga, but they would not give up. They returned to their homes for supper, and at sundown again set forth. Martin was desperately angry with himself.

"To think!" he exclaimed, "that I should let a savage from Africa know that they had been hunting for him!"

"Tisn't to be helped, Jack," said Mr. Warren, who stood talking with the men at the gate. "I wish I could join you tonight, but I think I'd better not."

"How's the stranger, Nick?"

"Sinking. The doctor went away two hours ago, saying that there was nothing to be done. He'll be back again, though, about nine or half-past."

The villagers set out again on their search and Mr. Warren returned to the house. His wife had taken her place once more beside the bed on which Dutton lay, and Elsie sat with her. Dutton lay with his head on the pillow, propped up by the pillows, just as the doctor had left him. His face was slightly open at the neck, showing just a trace of his scapular. His face was very pale.

"I should almost think that he had passed away," whispered Mrs. Warren, "but that I can hear his heart faintly when I put my head close down."

"Probably shan't know when the end comes," responded her husband.

He went into the kitchen, moved about aimlessly a few minutes and then entered the sitting room. Granpa lay in his usual chair by the fireplace, and there was no relief to be found in his company, and Mr. Warren passed on. He stood in the front doorway, eagerly listening for the report of a gun that might announce the capture of the monster.

Will Spencer, who had gone home for a time after supper, came down the road, and Mr. Warren gladly went to the gate to meet him.

"Shouldn't you go and leave somebody to talk to," said Mr. Warren, "Martha and Elsie, of course, will stay in Dutton's room, and Granpa is asleep. Didn't hear anything as you passed the gate, did he?"

"No, he had not, and they remained at the gate chatting for several minutes."

Granpa Kirk was a remarkably sound sleeper when he got well started in his nap. He had sure there was nothing to disturb him this evening with the usually quiet house more than with the usually quiet house more still than ever with the hush of approaching death. And yet, even an old man might have waked when there was a distinct, scratching sound in the broad chimney at his side. It was more than a scratching—it was a rustling and a slipping; but Granpa snored lightly and did not open his eyes.

At last in speechless horror, when with a slight thud, the form of a man dropped from the vaulted opening and landed in the ashes of the fireplace.

Granpa's aged limbs were set to trembling, and he opened his eyes with an effort to speak, but articulation failed him, as Wanga, with a determined, desperate glitter in his savage eyes, ran noiselessly across the room and entered the spare chamber.

(To be concluded as soon as the guesses of readers as to the last chapter of the story are read and decided on.)

## A Key Found.

My neighbor B. has found a key—a key to health it is, says he. If he is troubled with lassitude, constipation, biliousness, sick or nervous headache, cold feet, chilly sensations, fullness at the stomach, or any other of a long array of complaints, he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are so small, really, that they can be taken at any time, and in any position, and are so thorough in their operation, and cost so little that they are sure to grow in favor with all who use them. In glass vials, 25 cents.

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## Obituary.

The Late Mr. Finlay McNeil, of This City.

The Catholic Record prints the following references to the late Finlay McNeil, who for 35 years was a resident of this city: Born in Scotland, he emigrated to this country at a very early age, and on the death of his mother, in Nova Scotia, he came to Ontario in charge of his uncle. Before coming to London he resided in Brantford for a short time. As a boy he was noted for many characteristics. Thrown on his own resources at an early age he made the best use of his opportunities. Every spare moment he devoted to study. Life's duties and obligations were opening out before him, and his purpose was to climb to a honored place amongst his fellow-men. In 1868 he married Miss Helen Gleason, of this city, sister of Mr. Thos. Gleason, publisher of the Daily News, of Kalamazoo, and niece of Mr. Thos. Coffey, publisher of the Catholic Record. Shortly afterwards he engaged in the grocery business on the corner of Maitland and Simcoe streets. Mr. McNeil's character and disposition were successful and estimable. He was a pioneer, who have left to their descendants as an heirloom a name deserving of honor. His industry, industry and perseverance, combined with a goodness and greatness of heart and mind, were the ruling traits of his character. From small beginnings his business flourished day after day and year after year. Fortune selected him as one of her favorites, and as he became possessed to a considerable extent of this world's goods, the less worldly did he become. To many and many a home in the district where he resided has he proven a father and a provider in time of need—to the sorrowing he was a kind counselor, and to all was his friendship sincere and abiding. His was a mind above the ordinary, for humanity's plea opened wide the portals of his great Catholic heart.

During Saturday and Sunday, while the remains were exposed to view at his beautiful home on Wellington street, hundreds, hour after hour, thronged to take a last loving look at one whose character would serve to convince one that life is worth the living. Catholic, true and tried as he was, in every sense of the word, yet the esteem in which he was held was not confined to people of his own faith—all classes and all creeds loved him for the good that was in him and for the greatness of soul that commanded their respect and love.

As a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, his purse was always open to the needy. As a member of the Board of Separate School Trustees, his best energies were directed toward the furtherance of Catholic education. As a member of the C. M. B. A., his efforts will be felt, more especially by members of Branch No. 105, which he helped to organize, and of which he was ever an active and most interested member. In all matters pertaining to the furtherance of the interests of the church, Finlay McNeil was always ready with means and mind to take a prominent part. More eloquent than words was the tribute to the deceased on Monday morning when the funeral procession took place from his residence to St. Peter's Cathedral, in which was represented all classes of the people of the city. The funeral procession reached the Cathedral the spacious building was already found to be completely filled. The altar was draped with emblems of mourning. Soloman high mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. T. Noonan, and Rev. Fathers McCormack and McKee acted as deacon and sub-deacon. The service was most impressive, and from the beginning to the end served to remind us that life is transient and that death will come to claim his own, no matter how great or how good. There were present from a distance at the funeral, Mr. Thomas Gleason, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and Mr. T. J. Finn, of Montreal, uncle of Mrs. McNeil.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. D. Regan, M. Massey, W. McPhillips, H. Dignan, J. Mattinson, Robt. Reid, Jun., Philip Pocock and John Forrestal. At the cemetery the last service for the dead was performed by Rev. Father McCormack, and thus was brought to a close the final marks of respect paid to a noble soul, whose memory will, as long as life endures, remain green in the hearts of thousands who had the privilege of knowing and who could not help loving the gentle and kindly Finlay McNeil.

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