rayer is a weapon of defense The Christian uses on life's way efore it all hell's host shrinks ba

THE DOCTOR'S WARD;

PLOTTING FOR A FORTUNE.

CHAPTER 1. Quick, Miss Helen! Come quick,

or you'll be too late!' It was a boy who spoke-a rough againly, coarsely-dressed boy of teen, who ran down the gravelled walk and met the girl as she opene

She was a bright faced beauty twelve, with dark hair and eyes, and cheeks full of roses. She was nearly dressed in her Sunday attire, and a book and a paper under her arm show. ed that she had just returned from the Sabbath-school.

Come quick, I say, or you'll be too "What do you mean, Silas?" asked the girl. 'You frighten me. What

do you mean? Your mother has gone and p'soned berself, and she's dyin'.'

paper. All the color fled from her cheeks and the light died out of her eyes. Her lips were as bloodless as if they were frozen together, and she uttered no sound. She clutched the gate with himhands and turned her face away While Mrs. Waring, the boys mother, who had followed him. came running to her. Before the good woman could reach her, Helen calm picked up her book and quitted her so flustered.'

Miss Helen!' exclaimed the boy, stand-

not gone to fetch the doctor, and took Helen in her arms. But the child put she went directly up stairs to her avoid an inquest.

mother's room, where Nathan Waring was standing near t e bed, upon which 'It is all over,' said Nathan Waring.

'Come to me, Helen." The child went to him, and stood by

upon the bed.

over thirty years old, who had once been beautiful, and who was still hand-Its appearance showed that the some. Its appearance showed that the death had been comparatively painless were shut, and the lipe were closed, gently and without contortion. The warmth of life had not entirely left the body, and the checks had not lost their natural form and color. The hands were folded on the breast, and the woman lay as if she were sleeping. Ou a table at the beda vial labelled 'Laudanum.' 'Is she really dead?' asked Helen.

who was still unnaturally calm.

- She is really dead, my child,' replied Nathan Waring. Did she poison herself / '. I'm afraid she did.'

Then I know whose fault it is, and

I hate him for it. Of whom are you speaking, Helen? Of my father lifI hope you don't mean to say

you hate your father? Helen did not answer, but sinking on

her knees at the side of the bed, burst The tramping of heavy boots were

leard on the stairs, and Silas Waring entered the room, followed by the phy-sician whom he had been sent to sum-

Dr. Toba Debner was a stately, well-appearing man, with the gravity of countenance and steadiness of de-meanor that belitted his profession. Mey but his brown and silken hair was plentifully sprinkled with silver hends, and his features were marked in his presence.

The many lines that ware not entirely. So Dr. Dourer's fine mansion, instead to work of time. He was a man of of being valed by a wife, was overseen earning and eminence in his profes-tion, having an extensive practice, not only in the town of Marden, but a woman of persevering industry and A few words from Mrs. Waring ex-

lained the matter to him.

sister more deeply,' replied Mr. War-ing; ' and Helen is as dear to me as if s my own child. And my young friend Sillas-

and boisterous—I believe that he would not do or say anything, intentionally, that could harm this gentle playmate of his,' A big tear on the boy's check, and s sob that was only half suppressed.

gave the physician his answer.
The little one is dear to me said Dr. Dohrer, with a sigh. 'The nemory of her mother is dear to me If I can do anything to keep that mem ory bright and pure, and to guard that child from the stings of thoughtless or malicious tongues, it seems to me

that I ought to do it.' The others expressed their assent by inaudible murmurs, and looked at him earnestly

. As we are all agreed on this point. ne continued, 'it appears to me to be entirely unnecessary that anyone outside of this circle should be made ac-The child dropped her book and quainted with the cause of this poor adv's death.' 'I am so glad to hear you say that,

Dr. Dohrer!' exclaimed Mrs Waring. I was wanting to ask you whether we couldn't get around it, or smooth it over in some way, without doing

has not spoken of it to any one but criminal. ing with his hands to his pockets, and Helen and myself, and he is a truthful His mother pushed him out of the understood that Mrs. Field died suddenly of heart disease. Heaven knows that she must know what she already denly of heart disease. Heaven knows that she must feel what she must feel what she already feels, and nothing shall be said har aside with a self-possession not to for there can be no worse disease of or done by me that will increase her be looked for in one so young, and led the heart than that which impelled her burden. the way to the house with a firm step to take her own life. My statement

wrong. 'I am willing to take the burden

upon my own conscience, so I will doctor took a sheet of paper and wrote leave you to tutor Silas in the matter, the following: his side, and looked at the lifeless form and to console this dear child, though

through her

tor, in a tone of mild reproof. That is a hard word to use—hate; but I am mother was boarding. If you desire to in using it. I happen to know, Mr. Waring, that Mrs Field lately receiv-

from which the last drop had been ed a letter from California, that caused tier a great deal of trouble. She show-ed it to me, and it is now in my postil then I leave everything in your hands.

The next day there was a quiet fun-Mrs. Field to the burying-ground, where it was deposited in Dr. Dohrer's family vanit.

CHAPTER II. THE DOCTOR AND HES LETTERS.

Doctor Dohrer was seated in his State of California, at the banking tudy, alone, the day after Mrs. Field's house of Field & Sorranzo.

The doctor had never married. The Marden gossips binted at a disappoint-ment in love, in which had figured beautiful Alice Tarleton, who had eloped with a wild, passion ste, headstrong pointment and it was never mentioned

absolute integrity. She was, also, a model of peatness and a patron of pro-petery. She believed implicitly in Dr. Botters, and respected him above all men.

Her husband, in passing Mrs. Field's room, had beard some strange noises. He backed, but received to assert to his mocking, is opened the door, and found airs. Field lying on the unity amplifies. The vial on the lable explained the rest.

The portrait was that of a young lady, bearing a striking resemblance to be who had been recently buried. It

If you and your wife will be seated life you said the doctor, and it was professionally and the professional that you said the doctor, and it was written. As for lighting the your said the doctor, and it was written. As for lighting the your said the doctor, and it was written. As for lighting the your said the seatest said the your said to the your said to the your said to the your said to do the your said to do the your said to the your said to do the your said to the your said to the your said to the your said to love her, and f believe that you contain degree of the your said to do the your said to do the your said the your said the your said the your said to do the your said to do the your said the y

len to me, let me know of your de mination, and I will send for her.' A cold-blooded, cruel, heartless, brutal letter, such as could have been written only by one of the basest o

brain had been terribly warped. Doctor Dobrer's face grew dark as he read it and the lines in his features feepened, and he hissed some strange words through his clenched teeth. Then he turned it over with the writing lown, and rested his head on his hand After a few moments ne opened the ther letter, and read as follows:

other letter, and read as follows:

'I received this letter yesterday. I entrust it to you, John Dohrer, because I believe you to be a true friend, and because I have entire confidence, not only in your good will, but in your discretion. What my busband says is true. He hates me utterly; but I have done him no wrong. I have been a done him no wrong. I have been a I wish he had lived a little longer pure and true wife, and he has no right. There has been foul play somewhere t) hate me. This last blow is too much, and it has broken my heart. I leave it to you to say whether Helen

not forget my Helen. ALICE FIELD. 'I wonder,' thought the doctor, 'if wrong. I was so afraid that Silas Robert Field spoke the truth when he might let it out when he went after told Alice that he was married when you, and I would have gone myself, in- he met her, and that his wife was living stead of sending him, if I hadn't been when he married her. If it was not truth, it was a terrible thing to tell; if For ouce, madam, Silas has shown it was truth, it was a ferrible thing to his discretion. He tells me that he do. In any event his action must be

if you please, and I will cause it to be -not yet, at least. It is hard enough go. You can get along with those 'I must write to Field to inform him do me good.'

will be sufficient, and we will thus of what has taken place. I will tell him that Helen is here, alone. If he 'I agree to your plan gladly,' said desires her to be sent to him, he will Mr. Waring. 'I am sure that you be obliged to write to me, and then— can stand those roads. Part of the would propose nothing that was really but it is idle to try to anticipate what journey I may have to make on foot, he may say or do.' After a little perplexed thought, the perhaps!

I believe that time is the only medicine that can help her.'

Helen lifted up her tearful; face, and clenched her little fist as she looked at clenched her little fist as she looked at the doctor.

I know whose fault it is, she said, through her clenched teeth, and I hate him.'

My dear child! protested the doc
My dear child are peaceable enough deared that she nowadays, I believe; but you will go armed of course. Had you not better poisoned herself with laudanum. She had just received a letter from you, and you can judge whether that pempted her to the deed.

My dear child! protested the doc
My dear child are peaceable enough ownadays, I believe; but you will go armed of course. Had you not better speak to a lawyer before you start?

I'm lawyer enough to manage that business. But I believe I will go and make my will.

in using the I happen to know. Mr. will see that they are faithfully carried Tou have enough, and you may be sure

The doctor made a copy of the letter and get ready to start in the mor session. But I will speak of that at that he had written to Field, and de-another time. I will call in this even-posited it in the safe, together with ing, to consult with you concerning the other two letters filing them and expression of Sorrango's face changed the arrangements for the funeral. Unjugg them in a package with his acthe arrangements for the funeral. Un- tying them in a Package with his ac-

'I will drive down town and post this lett r, he said, and I will call at eral at farmer Waring's. A few friends and neighbors followed the body of on.'

CHAPTER III. FIELD AND SORRANZO.

It is shout a month after the death of Mes. Field. The seene is in the

Robert Field, an American, had begun to purchase gold-dust in the early days of the mining excitement, and found the business so profitable that nection with Joaquin Sorranzo, a native young man, named Robert Field. But Californian. Having the confidence of he doctor never spoke of such a disart the miners and the old Californians,

> private office, writing letters.
>
> He was a man of fifty or thereabouts, tall and thin, with b'ack hair, streaked with gray, small, dark eyes, and a my blow, he will be welcome to do hi

red face. As he was thus engaged, Robert red—a man in the prime of

What is the matter this morning, saked Sorranzo, as he looked up from

After reconnoitering the premises a few

is writing. and I don't really know whether it is

welly extinct.

In a low and dirty room was seated a man whose appearance well suited his surroundings. He was dressed in a lower potter matter that bear as follows:

Sacramery, Onl., Fully 8, 1862.

Mrs. Alter Field: As you continue to called the matter that the closed lips.

Mrs. Alter Field: As you continue to called the matter that the closed lips.

Mrs. Alter Field: As you continue to called the matter that the closed lips.

Mrs. Alter Field: As you continue to called the continue to called the closed lips.

Mrs. Alter Field: As you continue to called the continue to called the closed lips.

Mrs. Alter Field: As you continue to called the called the continue to called the ca Did you collect the balance due

would give him absolution. He had nothing to confess. 'You surprise me.'

Sorranzo's face was turned away from his partner now, and his hand and his double eye-glass." 'Nothing to confess, but everythis

to deny,' continued Field. He denied that he had ever gone to San Francis had ever met her at Vallego. All the here and doin' nothin but drink whischarges that had been openly made or covertly insinuated against him he denied. All that he had ever confess he declared to have been utterly false

Why then did he confess it? indeed. Why did he? As I 'Ab. thar often enough. Reckon I kown all said before, Sorrango, I hardly know whether the news is good or bad I wish he had lived a little longer I suppose you will want to send for much, and it has broken my heart. I leave it to you to say whether Helen ought to know the truth; if so, when it should be broken to her, and how much should be told.

'I can say nothing more. Will my death really be a blessing to my child? I hardly know what to think or what to death the should be seen foul play in that matter, be said, 'aid I will get to the root of it yet. I don't mean to hurry your wife now, and beg her pardon, and

matter,' he said, 'and I will get to the for it. Bob Field will start for Bucker's root of it yet. I don't mean to hurry to do and I cannot even pray. root of it yet. I don't mean to hurry
Forgive me, and forget me, but do myself, but I will find the trail some Camp to-morrow morning. day, and will follow it to -"To the death?" · Very likely. Whoever is at the other end of that trail is in a dangerous

place. But we will drop this subject now. I think, Sorrango, that I had better go up to Rucker's Camp to secure our claim on the machinery of that disbanded company.' 'A very good idea. We would have 'Helen must not hear of this. It is to send some one, oth rwise, and it

> miners far easier than I can. But it is 'Hard enough, to be sure; but it and need to rough it a little. It will have. What's the figger?'

How will you go?' 'On horseback, of course, or m back. No team that I would travel in 'Through the San Miguel canon

'You know that country, do you! Yes; the San Miguel canon may bother ne a little; but this will not be the of the firm of Field & Sorranzo.

'To whom will you leave your pro

'Mr. Robert Field, earn of Field & will leave you nothing. If you will arrange the papers in the matter of that disbanded company I will a state of the sta

When Field had left the office th impassive calmness gave place to a look of settled malignity, the fires of passion burned in his dark eyes, and his yellow face was rendered more yellow than ever by the jaundice of hatred for the man who had just left

'This must be his last journey,' h muttered. 'I can no longer endure his airs of superiority, his insolent manner of setting me aside. He shall pay well for the many slights he has put u pon me. Besides the devil might put it into his heart to examine the books, and his Yankee acuteness might discover too much in them. He has ready to admit to me, and be suspects me strongly. It is more than sus-picion; he knows the part I took in that business, or can guess it rather too well. Lavielle confessed that he the firm prospered, and the two part-Josquin Sorranzo was seated in the it. Field can't deceive me, He mean to hold back until he can get some cer

telu and living proof against me. But I will strike first. If he recovers from field entered—a man in the prime of life, with dark hair and complexion, brilliant black eyes, full of vitality, energy, and impulsiveness.

On this occasion he was quiet enough. He then took his hat and his revolves and went out. He walked up the threw himself into a chair, leaned his head on his hand, and said nothing. other papers relating to the business that his partner was to attend to in the north, and exceluly laid them aside.

> After reconnoisering the premises a few noments, he knocked at the door 'Come in,' said a rough voice, and Sorrange opened the door and entered In a low and dirty room was seated a

> > WORM POWDERS.
> > WOTSTTON HO HE IN THE AMPLIANCE OF A CONTROL OF STREET OF A CONTROL O

as soon as I set up the pins, som knocks 'em down ag'in. I was doin'

good o' business, up to the flat, and my pile was growin' fast; when that pardner o' yourn pitched in, and got the all to flinders. But I'll git even with him, if he was a dozen pardners." You ought to get away from here Bracket.'

key. I might do better up in the hills, even at trappin' beaver.' · Do you know the route to Bucker's Ot course Ldo. Reckon I've beer

this kentry? You know the San Miguel canon Bet your pile on that What are you tryin' to git at now? Thar must be

one devilment on foot, or you wouldn't be here.' ' This getting even is generally, but every man's time will come sooner or later, if he will wait any

· Hossback? 'Yes; and he will go through the

'And you tell me this and the man your own pardner?" 'If you think that I have any love for him you are much mistaken. him? He built up the business.

lieve that. Do you think I am nothboy. We will throw away that vial, not necessary that she should know it would be much better for one of us to ing? The business might get along rithout him very well. What is my sheer to be ? 'Isn't it enough to get even?' · Sca'cely. You've got a bigger

will suit me. I want some excitement, stake in this game, I reckon, than I Two thousand.' 'All correct, Now I know that you

> When will you start? 'To-night, so's to git ahead of him. That is right. If you find any apers on the way, bring them to me d your money will be ready for you. So the bargain was struck-the bargain that was to produce a dissolution

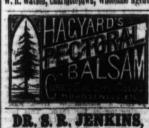
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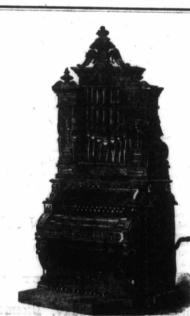
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