

# ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XXXV  
WITH THE DEAD.

"He's turned halfway over, Steve!"  
Silently the sexton crept along until he reached the door of the tomb. This stood open about an inch, and a voice within whispered:

"Can we ever carry the body, now that we have got it out?"

Another voice replied:  
"We must carry it. Old Higgins threatened to expose us if we failed to bring the body to him before tomorrow morning. Curse the old doctor! He might come here and rob the tomb for himself!"

"Let us leave, BILL. The State Prison is better than this job. Let's go."  
"But the old man! Shall we leave the body upon the floor? Somebody will track us!"

"No! by Heaven! we'll put this job through! Screw down the coffin lid as you found it, and then we'll get him into the sack."

While the old sexton had been listening to the voices in the tomb, a quick thought had come to him. Following it, he had silently crept behind the angle of the mason work, and waited the coming out of the resurrectionists.

They came panting heavily under the burden which they bore between them.

The tomb was relocked as silently as it had been opened, and then the men resumed their ghastly burden, and walked as rapidly as possible toward the great gates.

The old sexton followed cautiously, until he was assured of the direction in which they were going. Then, familiar with every path through the churchyard, he struck into a narrow footpath which led him to the gates in less than half the time it would have taken to go by the carriage path.

Springing over the wall near the gates, he listened upon the other side for the sound of their approaching footsteps. While he listened, he heard the quick stamping of a horse's hoof, as if some horse were near and impatient with standing still. Guided by the sound, the old man crossed the wide, gravelled road leading from the cemetery to the road beyond, and almost as soon as he had crossed to the rows of fir trees standing by the wall, he discovered a horse and wagon far in among the branches.

The steps of the approaching man with their heavy burden was now distinctly heard, and it was but the work of a moment to spring into the wagon and secret himself under the long seat. He had scarcely concealed himself when the men stood at the rear of the wagon with the terrible burden between them.

They lifted the sack containing the body, and with a great effort got the body into the wagon.

"That's a go!" said one of the men.

"Then let's get into the wagon, and we'll try another go, that is if the horse does his part," said the other.

Thereupon they both got into the wagon and drove rapidly down the road. From the direction the sexton judged that they would pass his

house in a few moments, and he was determined to try to stop them there, and just as he was about to cry out in a sepulchral voice, the swaying of the wagon rolled him down upon the body, and it moved in that sack.

Terrified, the sexton cried lustily:  
"Let me get out! For mercy's sake, good men, stop your horse and let me out!"

The villains, hearing the cry, thought only of the tomb they had desecrated, and speechless with terror, sprang from the wagon and ran for dear life.

A moment's reflection convinced the old sexton of his folly. He had been for twenty years familiar with the dead and dying. Should he fear the contact of the dead now?

Gaining the reins, he turned the horse into his own dooryard, and then hastened to call his son to his assistance, and get the body into the house.

This was accomplished after a while, and the good wife of the sexton applied all her skill to the resuscitation of the body, while the sexton drove over to the city after Doctor Higgins.

He found him awaiting the comb of the two villains, and when the wagon stopped before his door he came out and stood upon the sidewalk.

"Get in here! You're wanted!" said the sexton.

"Is it all right? Where's Steve?"

"I tell you to hop in here if you wish to save your neck from a halter! The game's up, and the men have cleared. The body has come to life, and the only chance for you to save yourself is to come along with me," said the sexton.

Without a word the doctor sprang into the wagon, and returned to the sexton's house with him. On the way he learned all the particulars of the robbery of the tomb, and the flight of the robbers. He was certain, in a bad place. If he refused to accompany the sexton he would surely be exposed, and if he went with him, would not he expose him after ward?

When they entered the room where Major Grant's body had been laid up on a bed, they saw him alive and able to speak. He refused to take anything offered by Doctor Higgins but assured that man that no action would be taken in the matter against him, and he went away relieved. A for the two villains, they escaped from the country.

When Major Grant found himself alone with the sexton, his wife, and son, he exacted a promise that his being there alive should be kept secret for a while.

He desired to see Lawyer Mellen at once, and the next evening the sexton set out for the residence of the lawyer. His arrival there was have seen.

Lawyer Mellen passed the night with Major Grant. Dr. Gladel had been sent for, and he was with them until morning.

"Draw up my will now, Lawyer Mellen. I have suffered more than death since I became a victim to this disease," said Major Grant.

Major Grant hesitated. He had been very near betraying Mrs. Whitney's share in his fate. But he checked himself, and continued:

"I was conscious all the time I lay in the coffin, and the bitterness of my regret that I had not provided for my wife, was worse than the bitterness of death. Draw up a will now, such as I will dictate."

For an hour no sound was heard from that room but the scratching of the pen upon the parchment, and the low voice of Major Grant as he gave his will in regard to the disposal of his wealth.

After the document was properly witnessed and signed, Major Grant fell into an uneasy slumber. Lawyer Mellen left him sleeping, and went home in the darkness before day.

He found Minnie still sleeping, and Jane was away in the spare room with the baby. Mrs. Grant was sitting by the fire in the sitting room, awaiting the return of her brother, with clasped hands and anxious heart. He entered noiselessly, and going first to his wife's chamber, found her sweetly sleeping. He next went into the sitting room, and aroused Mrs. Grant with a startling exclamation:

"Goldie, I've news for you. The dead is alive!"

"What do you mean?" she cried, growing pale with a nameless sensation.

"I mean that Major Grant was only in a trance state when he was put into the tomb. The sexton went there, and found him alive, and he lies at his house, weak and ill, but alive! Thank God, Goldie, he is alive, and you are not at the mercy of those bloodhounds at Laurel Glade! Laurel Glade is all your own now, and you are one of the richest women in the State! Hurrah for Major Grant!"

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cried Lawyer Mellen, with all the enthusiasm of a boy.

Mrs. Grant sat with white face and speechless lips. She had lived through sorrow and suffering, and she knew that she should live through this joy, even while it left her faint and weak with the first flooding light of its coming.

When she could speak, she said:  
"I must go to him."

"Not now," replied the brother.

"Has he asked for me?"

"Several times. His first inquiry was, 'How does my poor little wife get on all this trouble?' He has sent a messenger to the house for you and Mrs. Whitney, also for Frankie to come with you. But no mention was made of any particulars. He only wrote with a pencil:

"Dear wife: I am not dead. Come to me. Bring Belle and Frankie with you. Yours devotedly,  
"MAJOR GRANT."

"I will put my things on, and you must go with me. Hurry, Christopher!"

"Listen to me, Goldie. Wait until daylight. We must not leave Minnie agitated until she awakes. I will go with you as early as eight o'clock," said Lawyer Mellen.

Aroused by the voices in the sitting room, Minnie awoke at this moment and finding herself alone, rang the bell. Mrs. Grant went up to her room.

"Then it was not a dream? You are here, Sister Goldie. Where is 'baby'?" she asked, in a breath.

"Jane has the baby in bed with her. He awoke after you had fallen asleep and I told Jane that he would be more quiet if she went upstairs with him. Christy is down in the sitting room. Are you feeling better?"

"Oh, yes, I feel well. Tell Christy to come upstairs. It is bedtime, isn't it?"

"It is almost morning. Don't you remember how sick you were last night?"

"Oh, yes; and you made me drink bitter herb tea, and covered me with blankets until I thought I should melt. Have you been awake all night?"

"Yes."

"I should have thought that Christy would have known better than to let you sit up all night, and this your first visit to us. Christy is just as good as he can be, but he is just as less. You try to get a little sleep now while I get the breakfast," persisted the kind-hearted little sister-in-law.

"Lie still where you are. I shall be obliged to go away this morning, but I shall leave my maid here to keep house for you. She will take care of the baby, too."

"Must you go away? You will come back again?"

"Certainly. I must be away for a few days, but I shall come often to visit you now."

"Please do. I have seen so little of Christy's sister of late. I hope you will not forget to visit us often. We are not rich, but we get along quite comfortably," said Minnie.

She felt that her husband's sister would have known better than to let you sit up all night, and this your first visit to us. Christy is just as good as he can be, but he is just as less. You try to get a little sleep now while I get the breakfast," persisted the kind-hearted little sister-in-law.

were far above her in station, and desired to appear as well as she could in their eyes. Christopher had told her a part of Goldie's history, but left out everything that would tend to lower her in the eyes of his wife.

At seven o'clock this little family all met at the breakfast table, and at eight, Mrs. Grant and Lawyer Mellen started for the humble home of the old sexton, leaving Jane to be housekeeper for Mrs. Mellen, who felt greatly honored that her husband's stylish sister had been to visit them.

To be continued.

## Shot by Detective.

Evansville, Ind., November 6.—William J. Walters, aged 40, of Paducah, Ky., was shot and killed, and Robert Finley, aged 41, his companion, was shot three times and probably fatally wounded last evening by William Wilson, a detective on the Evansville police force. Wilson is held in jail without bail.

The detective was standing near a street corner when Walters and Finley came up. A quarrel followed, and according to Finley, Wilson pulled his revolver and began shooting. Finley says neither he nor Walters were armed. Walters is survived by a widow and two children, and Finley has a wife and five children.

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## Sidewalk Sketches.

By H. L. RANN.

### THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

The Ladies' Aid Society is the cyclone pillar of the church, and it entertains more company during the year than a winsome widow with fluttering eyelids and \$10,000 in life insurance.

Whenever a church wants to shingle the parsonage or have the pipe organ put in use with at least one member of the quartet, the Ladies' Aid has to go out and rent several robust oysters and hold a social. If there is a noisy and raptive deficit in the pastor's salary at the end of the year, it is up to the Ladies' Aid Society to wipe it out with a 15-cent supper which costs each member 50 cents net and a four-ply attack of slowly dissolving ennui. If it were not for the Ladies' Aid, the churches of this country would be loaded down with a hopeless ministry and first liens on the pulpit furniture. Whenever a low-spirited pastor wants a new water-back for the kitchen range or a set of chamber curtains or the study, he doesn't go to the official board or the finance committee. He heads straight for the Ladies' Aid, and is met with the glad hand and a rag-quilting bee. Many a man who had determined to quit the ministry and engage in plain and fancy plumbing has been deterred by the sight of a chicken-pie dinner which yielded a month's salary and a sprinkling of neat social converse. When the finances of a church have ebbed until they back up against an 8 per cent note at the bank, the Ladies' Aid comes to the rescue with well-filled baskets, which are auctioned off in the parlor of the church by some jocular brother with a string tie and a few well-chosen words. The Ladies' Aid is the life-saving station of the church, but the only praise it ever gets is in the form of kicks about the coffee and the soup.



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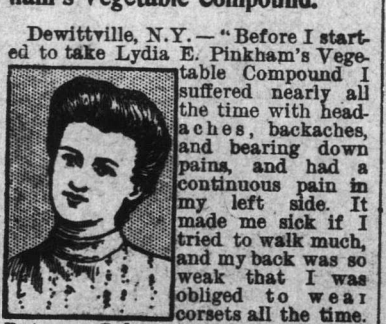
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