

When the War Was Over

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.

Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of Thornton Wetmore," etc.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chap. I—Love in the Adirondacks—Will Spencer and Elsie Warren meet. Elsie proposes and she accepts him. They see a couple of suspicious-looking men, one black—the Warrens Home—An uninvited visitor—Mr. Warren discovers a diamond in the mountain—Chap. II—Sam Springer's store—Golding says he has chased Freeman from Africa to America, and believes he is hiding in the mountain—Springer's place mysteriously burned down—Mysterious man rescues Elsie—Chap. III—The visitor is Freeman Dutton and Golding identifies him—Foul play suspected—Dutton taken to Warren's place—Chap. IV—Elsie contains diamonds once, but they are missing—Chap. V—Golding suspects Warren's side them—He and his wife much alarmed—Chap. VI—Golding claims Freeman Dutton's belongings and accuses Warren of stealing them and attempting to murder the man—Warren denies the charge—Mr. Nason arrives, and Golding picks up the man's hat—Chap. VII—The doctor examines the catch—Did Freeman Dutton kill the man? Warren discovered by Golding searching the Springer place for the missing precious stones—Chap. VIII—Warren and Golding fight with blades—Afterwards they discover they were in the Civil War, and that Golding, beyond the war, befriended him—Golding and Dutton were partners in a diamond mine—Chap. IX—Dutton's secret given to Golding, makes Golding suspicious of Warren—Where are the diamonds? Chap. X—Warren's search for the diamonds—Dr. Nason suspects Warren of the crime, after listening to Dutton's ravings, and informs Warren—Did Warren find the diamonds?—Golding takes Dutton's keys from his pocket—Chap. XI—Warren's alarm, when Golding intimates that he has found the diamonds and, holding some of them, threatens to reveal the secret—Chap. XII—Neighbors King, Turner and Alvah Newcombe come—Warren's indignity—Warren passionately denies their right to investigate—Golding proposes that Warren and he should search the mine together—Chap. XIII—Dr. Nason and Father Reardon see the wounded man—Golding sees him too—Chap. XIV—Dutton still refuses to speak to Warren—The diamond released in the patient's clothes by Warren—Wanga, the black man, carries off Elsie—Chap. XV—Will finds out that Elsie is missing—Wanga's capture—Wanga is arrested for murdering a man—Chap. XVI—Chief Wanga's trial—Warren is innocent—Holds secret on Wanga's trail—They fail to keep it—Chap. XVII—Searching for Elsie and Elsie—A mysterious snake found and lost—Chap. XVIII—Mrs. Warren tells of her discovery—Jim King gives himself up to an officer—An unknown man gives himself up to an officer—Chap. XIX—Warren before the magistrate on Golding's affidavit—Wanga's confession—Chap. XX—Wanga tells Warren he holds his daughter for as a ransom—Chap. XXI—Golding visits Warren—Golding starts for Warren's house to get the diamonds—Judge Drew sends the officers after him.

CHAPTER XXII.—ELSIE'S CAPTIVITY.

When Wanga took his piercing eyes from Elsie's face and looked up in his arms, the spell of terror that had partially paralyzed her will was broken, and she screamed. The black man said not a word, but he did not even command her to be silent. He knew perfectly well that only remotely improbable accident would bring any human being within sight of his cave, and she struggled to free herself, but his muscles were like cords of steel wire, and she was helpless.

From that moment, however, her memory of events was distinct. The uncanny spell that he had seemed to cast upon her had been due not more to his sudden appearance with the repulsive than to her long continued nervous excitement over the tangible evils with mysterious causes that had come upon the family. Since then, for a moment, she had been with this dark, evil-looking stranger, and it was inevitable, therefore, that she should readily become his captive and for a moment feel as if there were something superhuman in his nature. In colonial days Wanga would probably have been persecuted as a witch; in our time he would have been persecuted as a madman. The instincts of savagery had been no more than thinly veiled, and he had been schooled in civilized ways that he had received from white explorers, who had found him vastly superior in intelligence and strength, mental as well as physical, to others of his race. Wanga was born to be a king of some barbarous tribe in the wilds of the dark continent; circumstances had made him an unhomogeneous blot upon civilization, an element in the composition of our life that could not be assimilated.

Although Elsie had not a girl's horror of this man who could make a pet of a serpent, though the memory of that spectacle under the tree in the meadows filled her with shudders, she felt deep mortification that she should have been so frightened as to have no power of resistance when he approached her. The black man said not a word as he plunged into the stream with her, and while he effectually overcame her struggles, he held her high from the water so that even the fringe of her skirt was moistened.

John Martin had figured out Wanga's line of flight exactly. After he had reversed the stream above the falls, he had passed for breath, or until he was well within the forest he had pushed on at the greatest possible speed. He said, "The black man said not a word as he plunged into the stream with her, and while he effectually overcame her struggles, he held her high from the water so that even the fringe of her skirt was moistened."

"I am not going to hurt you, lady," he said; "and if you do as I tell you, you will not suffer more than a little inconvenience."

Seasonable Goods!

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She obeyed, and an instant later they were in darkness. "Did you hear that?" whispered Sam. "Yes," he replied Wanga in a low voice; "it's dogs."

"What does it mean, eh, Wanga?" "Don't be nervous, Sam. It means that this young lady's friends have been gun to hunt for her. They won't find us, even if they should come here."

"Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly. Don't stir for a few minutes."

Elsie felt him approaching, but she could not feel him until he had thrust her handkerchief again in her mouth. Then he bound her hands behind her back and wound a thong of some kind—she afterwards saw that it was a hardy, running vine—around her ankles.

Then he left her, and she could hear him creeping forward further into the cavern. He was gone for fully an hour, and during the interval she was very sure she had heard her own name called several times. It was at this time that King's party explored the mine, and, ignorant of the cave connected with it, went on further up the mountain.

When Wanga returned he was in a great hurry. "Don't stir, Sam," he whispered; "they are coming in the other way. I'll come after you in two minutes."

He felt along the rock for Elsie, picked her up, and stood along her cavern with her, taking great pains, as before, to prevent her from being injured. As he left the chamber she felt and heard him wrench the mine torch from the wall and throw it down.

Presently she was aware that he was wading in water, and a moment later they were in the comparatively clear light of the Wilkins mine.

Wanga deposited his burden upon a rock and hurried back. When he appeared again he had Sam in his arms. He carried him cross the mine, and was gone two or three minutes. Just as he was returning she heard a familiar voice saying something about a cold bath.

She recognized it as that of John Martin, and the response which she could not distinguish, was uttered by him. How she longed to cry out! How she struggled to free herself, and how vainly!

There was the perspiration of anxiety on Wanga's brow as he looked up again, but he smiled that cruel smile of his as he saw that she was struggling to get away.

"How is it?" asked Sam. "They've gone on," replied the black man. "I can come and see you, and we're as safe there now as if we were in the heart of Africa. Never fear, lady, they shall not take you away from me until I'm ready to let you go."

"Wanga," said Sam, "you'd better leave me here. If they've gone on to seek me, and if they should let me go, I wouldn't give you away."

"No, no, Sam," protested Wanga, leaning over his comrade. "I cannot let you stay here. They will surely take you."

"It wouldn't matter," declared the sick man; "I'm done for, I like the warmth of the open air better than this cold, driving rain. I'll stay here until I'm dead. I'll stay here until I'm dead."

"Sam," cried the black man in exultant distress, "you're not going to let me go. Think of the diamonds—the 'President'!"

Sam shook his head. "He said, 'Take the girl and hide her. Look out for yourself, boy.'"

Wanga, with a very troubled expression on his face, picked Elsie up and carried her back into the cavern, where he left her and returned to Sam. He was gone a long time, but when he returned he brought with him a good thing. "The revolver is loaded, Sam," said Wanga aloud after a time. "You'll not be so sick to use it as I am. You hear a noise of men coming in, shoot."

He groped around until he found the pine torch, which he lit. By its light he laid Sam in a comfortable position, and then he turned to Elsie. "There," he said, "you see where she sits. You've only to raise your hand and fire straight ahead. You can't miss her, even if the torch burns out and you are left in the dark."

"You'll give me your signal when you come," asked Sam, very feebly. "Of course. Now, if the torch burns out and you are left in the dark."

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Boys Leave the Farm

Because there Is No Profit in Wheat at Sixty Cents.

While the High Tax Policy of the Men in Power

Increases the Cost of Manufactured Goods.

(Hon. Mr. Laurier at Merrickville.)

Mr. Laurier entered upon a discussion of the trade question by recalling the promises laid down in the resolution moved by Sir John Macdonald in 1878, introducing the protective policy.

Upon this policy he arranged the Government. We have had this policy for sixteen or seventeen years, he said, and he asked, had one of its anticipations been realized? Had it developed the agricultural interests of the country, as the promoters promised that it should? Mr. Dawson had said that farm lands had increased in value 25 per cent in the Province of Ontario.

In the Province of Quebec, he thought he could say, they had decreased in value 40 per cent. As regards farm products remained as low in price as they were now farming would not pay, and the value of farm lands would come down accordingly.

Wheat was worth \$1 a bushel. The friends of Sir John Macdonald said, give the power to him. He had in his hand the magic wand, and by simply waving the arm, he could give the price of wheat. (Cheers and laughter.)

Would they not all be glad now to have the price of wheat at 60 cents a bushel, perhaps. So it was with oats, butter, cheese and all other farm products. They had decreased in price. In 1878 the great and good man, Alexander Mackenzie, would not stoop to the base policy of telling the people that he could, by legislation, increase the price of farm products.

Mr. Mackenzie told them in 1878 that it was not only a mistake, but a fallacy, and a wicked fallacy at that, to pretend that the price of farm products could increase the price of cereals and farm products, and he gave the reason, which was that Canadians are exporters of more than they could consume, and that in a country that produced more than it could consume it was impossible to expect that the price of farm products would increase.

Sir Charles Tupper and other leaders of the Conservative party told the people that Mr. Mackenzie was wrong. They produced more than they could consume, and that in a country that produced more than it could consume it was impossible to expect that the price of farm products would increase.

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CANADA'S FUTURE.

A Noted British Novelist on the Destiny of the Dominion.

Mr. Hall Caine, the distinguished English novelist, in his recent speech at Hamilton, said: You have better reasons for thinking Canada the fairest land the sun shines upon, but the beauty and grandeur of your natural scenes are not more to the novelist than the freshness of the youngest among the nations. There is a fascination about your youth. All the future is before you. God only knows what the next hundred years may bring to pass—what vast cities may spring up on your prairies, what part you may play in the life of this vast continent. It cannot be that it is a privilege to have been born in Canada. I trust your young men are alive to the advantage they have over their English cousins in being born here and now. The scene on which they are going to play their parts is tremendous. If they have greatness in them surely it must appear. Canada wants great men. I have seen no place in the world that has left so strong an impression on my mind that there high talents and strong character would carry everything before them. That is not to say that there is a lack of either, but only that your country is young and of immense resource, and that her possibilities are hardly touched as yet. If I had my life to begin over again, and could choose the scene of it, I do not know whether, considering the chances of success or the opportunities of usefulness, I should not begin it in Canada. Perhaps you want good lumbermen more than good novelists, but it is a vast advantage to be the first novelist of a new nation. You have already many able and most promising writers, both in prose and verse, but your Canadian Fielding, your Canadian Tolstoy, your Canadian Bjornson, has a mighty opportunity awaiting him. I envy him his chance. With your youth, your resources, your two nations, with the competition and rivalry of the great and striving American people on the south, and the sternest face of nature on the north, the novelist of Canada begins with a genuine supply of material, and elevation. May your great writer come soon! Among the proper foundations of your pride may there be that of having fostered and built up a great Canadian literature. And if I dare presume to say a word to the people of Canada, it will be this—Look forward to the good end of some day possessing a literature that will be yours only, and yet hold its own with the literatures of the world; prepare for it, legislate for it, and make it a reality. I am sure that when your Walter Scott comes, when your Robert Burns comes, he will be as proud of Canada as Canada must be proud of him.

He does the Work of a Two-Armed Typewriter and a Telegrapher

Also.

A man who can do with one hand work that ordinarily requires two well-trained hands deserves recognition.

There is in Kansas City a man with only one arm who uses a typewriter and makes a living with it. His name is John W. Nathan. He is the private secretary and stenographer for General Manager A. F. Nathan, of Schwarzschild & Salzberger's packing-house in Armourdale and also telegraph operator for the company. He has been in the employ of Mr. Nathan for four years. He came with a recommendation from a friend.

Mr. Nathan, seeing that Young's left sleeve hung empty at his side, said there must be a mistake, as he wanted a stenographer. "Try me," said Young, "and if I do not meet the requirements I will retire."

Mr. Nathan did try him, and was so pleased with Young's work that he made him his own private stenographer, which position he still holds, in connection with his position as telegrapher.

Young is very fond of hunting, and the loss of his arm does not bar him from his pleasures. He is an excellent shot. Two men are required to do his work while he is away. Young is 24 years old and unmarried.

EXTINGUISHING THE LAMP.

A Device Which Prevents Smoking and Charring of the Wick.

An ingenious mechanism has been devised by a Providence inventor, namely an attachment for extinguishing the light of a lamp by the action of a wick. In this arrangement the act of turning down the burning wick causes the device to swing across the upper end of the wick, automatically to extinguish the flame, and at the same time shut off the supply of oxygen of the air, and thus prevent the wick from smoking, as well as preventing it, to a great extent, from being charred or crusted over. It is, briefly, an extinguisher plate, consisting of a single piece of flat sheet metal having two shoulders, a tongue, and two projecting ears, the latter arranged at right angles with the extinguisher plate, and adapted to lie close to each edge of the blaze. The burner has the usual parts, a flat wick tube, a perforated base plate, through which the tube extends, means of raising and lowering the plate, a hinged top and spring clips for holding the chimney in position.—New York Sun.

WHEN THE LAMP IS RESTS.

No, he would not do that, because he stood there as an honest man, and he did not blame the Government if today or tomorrow the price of wheat went down to 60 cents a bushel. If the price of all farm products had gone down accordingly, he did not lay the blame upon the Government. He did lay blame upon the Government for the fact that, while the price of farm products had been reduced, farmers had to pay an increased price for everything they had to buy. This was the argument which he had to make to the people. Mr. Mackenzie's doctrine of 1878 had been fully vindicated by the fact that the price of farm products had been reduced, and that the price of everything they had to buy had increased.

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