

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA KRINKER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO" AND "CHAPTER XXVII."

We took the long journey to North Carolina by easy stages, stopping a few days in Cincinnati and Washington on the way. The time passing slowly for me, who was as impatient a lover as ever sighed for his wedding-day. Dido, my queenly Dido, loved me, and had changed the face of the world for me, and in return I loved her with a tenderness and devotion that surprised even myself. I could smile now to think I had ever feared my love for her lacking in earnestness. I laughed scornfully at the recollection.

At Richmond I purchased the New York papers of the previous day, and, leaving my grandfather to himself for a time, went to the smoking compartment, and, finding it empty, had stretched myself comfortably on the lounge to read the first sheet: "Was it murder? Tragedy on an ocean steamer! Well-known New York millionaire struggles with a retired British officer and is fatally stabbed. The latter falls from the deck and is killed. Was the wound inflicted in self-defence? Theory of the quarrel..."

I had no need to read what followed. I saw it all plainly enough beforehand, though I forced myself to go through the sensational account, word by word. The Cunard steamer Russia had sailed from New York for Liverpool via Halifax, having on board, among other passengers, Mr. Montgomery Moir, a well-known financier, with his wife, valet, and maid. Mrs. Moir's father, Dr. Chabert, of Detroit, and another physician, Dr. Traver, of New York, were of the party. The first two days of the voyage were uneventful, although Mr. Moir was observed to be in a somewhat nervous and depressed condition, owing to news received from Cuba previous to sailing that his extensive sugar plantation on that island had been burned by incendiaries during insurrectionary troubles there. At Halifax a number of passengers were taken on board, among them a Captain Larpert, formerly of the Royal Engineers, now retired, on his way to join his children in England. Larpert was a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man, of pleasing address, and retiring, unobtrusive manner. Moir greeted him as an old friend whom he had not seen for many years, and at once introduced him to his wife and her father. Larpert's manner towards Moir was stiff and reserved, and that he avoided shaking hands with him. Towards evening the sea grew rough and stormy, and there were few passengers on deck save Moir and Larpert, who were conversing in low tones, when suddenly they were seen to grapple with each other. For a moment it was supposed that they had lost their footing as the vessel shipped a heavy sea, and were merely clinging to each other for support, but it soon became evident that the struggle was in deadly earnest.

Dr. Chabert tried to separate the two, but, being an elderly man, was powerless to do so, and before the first officer and two sailors had sprung to his assistance Larpert had tripped up Moir, throwing the unfortunate man against the low rail that guards the upper deck. Larpert fell completely over the rail and plunged backwards down to the lower deck, striking his head on the iron railing. He was broken by the fall and death must have been instantaneous. Moir, in the meanwhile, was found to be bleeding profusely from a knife-wound in the throat which had completely severed the jugular vein. Everything that surgical skill could accomplish was done to revive him, but he was unable to articulate and soon fainted away from loss of blood, and after lingering through the night in an unconscious condition, expired in the early hours of the morning. Mrs. Moir was a witness of the whole tragedy,—indeed, it was her screams that first called attention to the struggle.

She sought help, however, but was forcibly restrained by friends. The testimony is conflicting as to the commencement of the trouble. It will probably never be known who attacked the other first, and there is absolutely no clue to the cause of their quarrel. The most plausible theory is that Larpert struck Moir in self-defence. It had been known for some time to Moir's friends that he was mentally unbalanced from business worries. It is said that he attacked and struggled with another friend about a week before sailing, without, however, any serious consequences. Larpert had behaved so pleasantly towards Moir in his nervous condition, and it is probable that Larpert was prepared to defend himself in case of extremity, and did so with the above fatal results to both.

I laid down the paper, too stunned by the news for a while to take it all in clearly. Then, little by little, I could see the wheels of justice rolling relentlessly on to overtake her victim and crushing the innocent with the guilty. I could have told the cause of the quarrel, but I should never pass my lips, and I could only hope, for Larpert's sake, that he was indeed in self-defence that he had struck. I might reasonably hope, for had he not written me so short a while before that he was at peace with all men? Perhaps this was the fulfilment of the Spectator's warning, and it was over the Chabert's house and not ours that he had guided the phantom canoe! The time of the double death corresponded closely with the ghostly visitation. It was nine nights ago that the Phantom Huntsman had crossed over la Côte du Nord; the dates showed that it was eight days ago that the fatality had occurred. A week had passed before the Russia completed her stormy voyage, and in twenty-four hours the full account had reached us over this marvel of the century—the new Atlantic cable. For eight days, then, Etienne had been a widow! For eight days she had been free, and I, knowing, was

on my way this morning to become the husband of another woman!

With a start I became conscious of the direction my thoughts were taking. I sprang up, and, drawing myself to my full height and strength, I lifted my clasped hands to heaven and exclaimed fervently:

"Oneida! Oneida! I am happy, thrice happy, blessedly happy that I have won you, that you will be mine, my darling, my treasure, my heaven-sent wife!"

Then I sank back in my seat, and, covering my face with my hands, determinedly drove away all thoughts of what I had read. I forced myself to recall, one by one, all the tender memories of my courtship, my first meeting with Dido, her humble, pathetic declaration of love, the sweet hours of our first engagement, her strong, elastic figure and high-bred bearing, her exquisite beauty of feature and coloring, her dark-blue Irish eyes with their deep, shy, earnest gaze, and above all, her enduring beauty of spirit, the goodness, the sweetness, the fidelity and truth that I could worship when the earthly beauty it illumined was faded or marred. A deep peace settled on my heart. I loved her tenderly, she loved me devotedly, she should never shed a tear through me if I could help it. I was very, very thankful I had not known too late for any friend to be possible. Oh Etienne! Etienne! my passionately loved little friend of the past, God keep you and comfort you! I could never bring happiness to your generous spirit by breaking another woman's loving heart for your sake!

Towards evening we arrived at a little country town about twenty miles from Raleigh. On the rough platform of the wayside station stood the tall, gaunt figure of the major, and beside him the gracious form of Oneida, smiling radiantly happy in expectation of greeting us. I think she saw a troubled look in my eyes, though she asked me no question, and as we were driving over rough, clay roads, through pine woods and fields of late wild-flowers to the old-time mansion which the major had purchased of a ruined planter, I thought it best to tell her a part of the truth.

"I cannot get out my thoughts something that I have seen in the papers. Some one has passed away, dear, who came for a while into both of our lives. Dido, you have not forgotten Captain Larpert?"

She started a little. "Is he dead?" she asked under her breath.

"Yes, dear. He was killed on his way to join his children, after a few years of separation. Did you know how much he admired you?"

She looked embarrassed and spoke hesitatingly: "I am afraid I did not like him very much. I ought not to say anything unkind as he is dead, but I thought he ought not, as a married man, to let me see that he, that he—" She turned scarlet and could not finish.

"That he was so much in love with you, poor fellow?" I asked, smiling.

"He never told me so," she said, hastily.

"Of course not. Moreover he did not dream that you suspected it, but I would understand a man's manner instinctively."

"Not always," she corrected, with a near approach to archness as I ever saw in her.

"Oh, it is very well for you to pretend that you did not dream I love you, and yet you were hiding behind doors rear over my exclamation—'I should like to know?' I asked, teasingly."

At the door of the mansion was Miss Sophy, beaming joyously on us all, gorgeous in a new brown silk gown, with pink bows at her throat and in her cap. Dido confidentially whispered to me that Aunt Sophy had been growing young and coquettish ever since the visit to the bachelor uncle had been planned, and we had a sly laugh together over the marvellous cap and kerchief.

Poor Larpert was already forgotten! The major insisted that my grandfather should be under his roof, while I was comfortably installed in a cottage a stone-throw from the gate of the avenue. Christmas was now close upon us and our wedding was to be on the morrow of that feast. The few intervening days of courtship were spent chiefly in riding through the picturesque wooded country surrounding Major Halburton's plantation, viewing scenes of Southern life, as new to me as to Oneida. The whole country filled me with sadness. It was the first time in my life I had visited the South, the land of my American forefathers, and I was overflowing with sentimental regrets and commiseration, roused by the sight of the scars of war, which four years of peace could not obliterate, the ruined homesteads and desolate plantations of the upper classes, the abject helplessness and shiftlessness of the emancipated negro, and the insolence and unscrupulousness of the "carpet-bag" demagogues, who insulted the one and intimidated the other. It did not need much of the major's eloquence to convince me of the magnitude of the task of reconstruction and the ominous failure of its commencement.

"I wasn't no Copperhead, and I ain't no now," he said, "but if there could a been any other way of doing the reconstruction, than the way we done, it's safe to say it would a' been better. Up North, Robert, a young man of twenty years and eleven months and twenty-nine days may have had the finest college education and the best home and civic training possible, but he can't vote, not until he's full twenty-one year. But they air givin' the ballot to poor, ignorant black children here who'll never be twenty-one if they live a hundred year—never—and they have taken it away from the educated whites. What is it all going to come to? If he don't need to have no qualification of property or learning, the nigger won't have no improvement himself. He don't need no shelter in this climate, or no clothes worth mentioning, and he can get along with mighty little food, and if he can vote and feel him-

self a big man without havin' no hold property or pay a tax or learn how to read, then why in thunder should he over bother himself with those things? To give a nigger a vote for nothin' is takin' away every motive for him to improve himself, while it is aggravatin' the better class of whites who don't have no vote at all, and givin' the carpet-bagger every incentive to cheat and intimidate the niggers worse as I'd be better for niggers and whites alike if they had to attain some standard of citizenship besides age before they could exercise the franchise."

"I don't see what use the franchise is to anybody, anyhow," I said, despondently. "This talk about being a nation of freemen, governing with the consent of the governed, is all rot. Look at this letter I received this morning, Uncle Lee, and tell me what rights a free, intelligent citizen has in his own property, or how he is to defend his home and his privacy against a lot of ignorant, ambitious, thieving city politicians. Oh, it's enough to make a man a murderer or an anarchist!"

The major took the letter I held out to him, adjusted a pair of spectacles, and read it slowly amid sundry exclamations of "Sho! I declare to reason that's hard! Well, now, ain't there no way out of it? Cuss 'em all, anyhow, for a lot of unpripled black devils! It's enough to rile a Quaker!"

"Go on," I said, grimly. "It does me good to see some one else mad! Why am I any better off than a nigger? What's the use of having education and property and paying my taxes promptly, if I am to be coerced and cheated and driven out of my home?"

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I resolved, however, to leave no stone unturned to prevent, or, at least delay until our return, the construction of the new road, and the next day, the eve of Christmas, I started for Raleigh with the major to despatch telegrams of remonstrance and petition. We were both well armed, for, though we apprehended no special danger, the country was none too quiet or orderly. Dido, who walked down as far as the avenue gate with us, trembled a little at the sight of the fire-arms.

"Do be careful," she pleaded. "I don't know why I am always so terrified at the sight of a pistol. I have tried to overcome the feeling, but I have a sort of superstitious dread that I shall meet my death from one, and I cannot see one without feeling faint and wanting to run away."

"Robert nor I ain't goin' to use a pistol while there is any other argument to try; but it's just this way—nobody'll touch us if they know we air armed, but if we air not they won't have much respect for us. I been here nigh three year, and I ain't never used a pistol yet, but I ain't been without one, neither."

"Why does Uncle Lee always call you 'Robert'?" she asked me, with curiosity.

"Oh, that is a little joke of ours," I replied, laughing. "When I first told him my name was Roderic he thought I said 'Robert Kidd', and, as we had met on a sort of piratical expedition, it seemed very appropriate. Now, my darling, promise me that you will not walk out of sight of the house, that you will not stir a step without Natty Bumpo at your side, or without letting Pope know just where you are going."

She stooped and caressed the great hound by her side as she promised all that I asked, then she went over to her uncle and kissed him good-bye with unusual warmth. I knew she wished her last embrace to be for me, and was prepared to have her cross back to my side, clasp her arms about my neck and raise her lips shyly to mine.

"I love you so!" she murmured, "I love you so!"

"I know it," I said, which was perhaps not quite the answer she expected, so I explained quickly, "I mean it as a compliment, dear, as a compliment to your goodness and sweetness to me. I could say nothing that would show better how happy you make me. I wish you could say the same of me."

"I do," she murmured. "You love me, and I know it!"

I am glad that we were so fond and foolish that we had a last embrace at the gate till we were out of sight. I am glad that I looked back every moment to kiss her hand or wave my hat to her till the turning in the road hid her from my view. Through all these years I have been glad, even when the tears felt thick and fastest as I recalled the scene!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"My name is Robert Kidd As I sailed."

I sang gaily as we trudged along towards the loose-jointed shanty that served as a railroad station.

"My name is Robert Kidd. As I sailed. And many a crime I did. As I sailed."

"I'd a Bible in my hand As I sailed in my hand. 'Twas my mother's last command— But I left it in his hand. As I sailed."

"I murdered Thomas More As I sailed. I murdered Thomas More, Not twenty leagues from shore. As I sailed."

But the name More suggested too ominously that of Moir, so lately murdered and lying in his gore, not twenty leagues from us, that I could not sing further as I thought of this. God alone knew whether I was not distantly responsible for that man's death, not willfully, of course, for as Heaven is my witness, hating Moir as I did, I would yet have risked my life to save his, and had he ever regretted his misdeeds far enough to seek forgiveness, and I would have forgiven him. But I could not forget that I had been the one to first plant in Larpert's mind the suspicion of his friend's honor which probably led to their fatal quarrel.

As the pulling, ramshackle train rolled leisurely into Raleigh, all thoughts of the past were ruthlessly distanced to give place to an angry, restless, threatening mob of low whites, pushing and fighting their way towards the court-house. The colored population seemed to be in hiding, while the mob was being held back by a mere handful of deputies and civilians volunteering for the defence.

What can it be?—this is not election time," I exclaimed.

The major looked grave. "I gather from what I hear of the talk, Robert, that there has been one of those nameless crimes committed by an ignorant nigger brute that shock the whole community and rouse them as one man to deeds of blood revenge—that is, when a black man does it, though the black man has seen it done against his own race for generations unavenged. There's little doubt the euss is guilty, but the law has him and is dealin' with him, and these people are attackin' the dignity and the authority of the law."

Robert, you must keep out of this; you have other dependents on you, but as for me, I come to this country a purpose to see that black gets equal justice before the law with white, and my duty is beside them that air upholdin' the law."

I must say that my first impulse was one of sympathy with the mob, but a man's reflection made me feel differently. These were critical days in the South, when the very existence of law and order was threatened, and justice was struggling for recognition. Let the guilty man be hanged, but by a discriminating, dispassionate, lawful power, and not by a furious, blinded, irresponsible mob, ready for every excess of bloodthirstiness.

"Robert," said the major, turning round, "I told you to go home. This is no business of yours."

"I heard you, Uncle Lee," I said, recklessly. "You may talk until you are black in the face, but I don't go home till you do. There are times when humanity and our country need us more than our homes. Can I stand here, armed, and see justice and government defied, while I do nothing? Oh, go ahead! Don't waste time talking!"

The tumult increased as we neared the court-house, the shouts and oaths of the enraged multitude mingling in one indistinguishable roar as they fought and cursed, cursed and fought, with the ferocity of beasts. It made me shudder to think of the fate of the poor wretch whom these human lions were seeking to devour. They surged up against the steps and walls, they threw heavy stones against the doors and windows, they attacked the guards with clubs and bricks, and through it all the horrible swelling shouts of uncontrolled passion, the angry roar of a tumultuous sea of vengeance-maddened brutes—what sound can be more awful?"

So far no shots had been exchanged. The volunteer guard held the gates with bayonets, or beat back the crowd with the butt-ends of their muskets, and the deputies wielded their clubs effectually, but the defenders were few in number, and it was evident that they could not hold out many hours without mistaking my eagerness for that of a sympathizer for the mob. Major Halburton endeavored to create a diversion by haranguing those on the outskirts. He waved his long, lean arms, gesticulated vigorously, and vainly tried to make himself heard above the uproar.

A few of the better class of citizens, hiding within their houses, recognized him from their windows. One of them, an ex-Confederate officer, came and stood by him.

"This is what comes of your carpet-bag government," he said, bitterly. "We Confederates have submitted to the Federal government; we know our duty and we would do it, but you have disfranchised us and given the ballot to ignorant black brutes and to lawless adventurers who have settled here to prey on us. Can you expect law or order, morality or justice, from such a state of affairs?"

"I ain't sayin' it's the best that could be done," replied Major Halburton, heartily. "Araham, Lincoln, He'd 'a' gived you yo' rights, and put you on yo' honor to use them loyally. But this government air all the government there is, and, as I'm a carpet-bagger myself, I'm bound to see that law and justice are upheld so far as one man's life can do it. Can you oblige me, colonel, by tellin' me whether it's the United States troops?"

"I do not know, Major Halburton. The wires were cut and the telegraph office wrecked early in the day, but there are three troops of United States cavalry encamped nine miles out on the Raleigh and Gaston road. Whether they have been notified by messenger or not I am unable to say."

"We must make sure of that, Robert," said the major, turning to me. "I'm a friend of the commanding officer's; I know him, and he knows me. Take him this message. Send it by telegraph, if you can manage to tap the wires anywhere, or take it personally, if you can't do it quicker. That's yo' duty. Mine lies yonder."

I saw his object, which was to gather a few of the cooler heads around him, attack the mob in the rear, and fight his way through to the court-house to the relief garrison. I gripped his long, lean hand and started off without a word. A light road-wagon was hitched near by, with a pair of restless, frightened young colts plunging and tugging at their halter. I cut the traces, and, loosing one of the animals, vaulted on his back. He took the bit in his teeth and ran as if possessed by the fiends, but he was headed in the right direction, and I made no effort to control him. The faster he ran the better I was pleased, so long as I could keep my slippery seat. His frantic hoof-beats drowned all other sounds, and out on the rough, travel-worn road we flew, leaving the last of the outlying shanties far behind us. We had gone nearly four miles at this rate, when he began to slacken perceptibly his furious speed.

We were passing through a low, swampy woodland district, and the road was rudely built up with logs, many of which had loosened and made dangerous ruts. I tried to guide the panting, trembling beast, but his hoof caught in one of these nasty crevices, and I was thrown violently over his head. For a moment I was stunned, and as I recovered my senses it was with the consciousness that some creature in pain was near me. It was the poor colt, as I saw when I, at last, could raise myself on my elbow and look round. I struggled to my feet, and was glad to find that I could walk, and my worst injuries were a bruised shoulder and a giddy head, but the poor beast lay on his side with both fore-legs broken. There was nothing for it but to put him out of his misery, so I aimed my pistol, and, shutting my eyes, drew the trigger.

As the shot rang through the woods a man sprang out on the road a few rods ahead of me.

"A horse!" I cried to him. "Get me a horse as quickly as possible; it is a matter of life and death for many. I will pay you well."

"I haven't a horse to give ye, stranger," he said. "My partner took the only one we got to ride into Raleigh a couple of hours ago. The wires are down between here and there, and he started in to find out what was the trouble."

"The wires?" I exclaimed. "Is there a telegraph station here?"

He raised his hand and pointed through the trees. There I could see a way-side shanty and a long line of blessed poles.

"And are the wires all right beyond here?" I asked.

"So far as I know," was the reply. "With a murmured thanksgiving I stumbled towards the shanty as fast as my dizzy, aching head would allow me. Thank God! the line was connected with the camp, and it was not many minutes before we were in communication, and my message delivered. I calculated that it would be full two hours before the troops would be mounted and have covered the nine miles of rough corduroy road to the capital. I was

still half stunned and giddy, but I gathered my senses together as well as I could and started to walk back to Raleigh. In spite of my determined efforts, I was forced to stop and rest many times, and nearly an hour and a half had passed before I found myself in Union Square, the central point of the city, where four wide avenues meet at the foot of the State House steps. I turned down towards the court-house with hurried, anxious footsteps, guided by the hoarse, sullen roar of the infuriated mob. The little body of deputies and volunteer defenders were still holding their ground, and among them I could see the tall, lean form of Major Halburton cheering them on, but it was easy to tell at a glance that the defence was weakening, while the attacking crowd was gathering in strength and ferocity with the hope of success. They were hurling bricks and flaming knots of pitch-tin into the windows, and every few moments they gathered themselves together for a determined rush; the leaders were beaten back, but those behind still pressed forward, and many were crushed and bleeding in the confusion that ensued. I pushed my way to the front with all the strength I could gather, and apparently the mob mistook my eagerness for that of a sympathizer, for they let me force my way through their closely surried ranks until I was within fifty feet of the beleaguered building, when, clinging about a lamp-post, I drew myself up above the heads of the crowd, and waving my hat violently to and fro, I pointed down the Gaston road.

Major Halburton saw me and understood, and a cheer went up from the weary, long-haired guard. "The troopers are coming!" I shouted. "Hold out! hold out! they are almost here!"

With a yell of execration those about me sprang at me and pulled me down as if they would have torn me limb from limb.

"Curses on him!" they cried. "He is defencing the criminal! He is bringing the soldiers to trample us down, when we are only seeking to give justice to a wretch!"

"Ay, curses on him!" shrieked a female voice. "May the erions we are seeking to punish desolate his own home! Ruin be to his sweethearth, his sister, his wife, and vengeance fall on him for the vengeance he has balked us of."

"Lynch him!" roared the crowd. "If we can't have him, we'll have another. Swing him from the gallows, you men! Approach me with a bludgeon. Held on every side as I was by a score of fierce, strong hands, I was powerless to defend myself, and the heavy weapon was fast descending on my head, when a well-directed shot from the court-house struck my assailant, and, throwing out his arms, he staggered and fell back.

The shot stilled the crowd for an instant, there was a strange, momentary lull, and the hands that gripped me half loosened their hold; but it was only the lull before the bursting of the storm's fullest fury, and before the smoke had cleared away from the Gaston road, and demonic yell of concentrated rage, dashed themselves once more in a solid mass against the little garrison, and a hail of shots rattled on roof and pavement. But in that moment's lull my straining ears had caught the sound they were waiting for, the tramp and clatter of hoofs on the Gaston road, and with one superhuman effort I wrenched myself loose from my captors, dashed wildly up a flight of steps near by, and, waving my arms frantically, I shouted like one possessed, "The cavalry! the cavalry! They are here! they are here! Long live our country and its laws! The cavalry is here!" Three cheers for the boys in blue!"

With a shout that rent the sky the wearied garrison once more repelled the onslaught. Again there was a lull in the tempest, as all ears were bent to listen to the sound, ever clearer, ever nearer, of ringing hoof-beats and jangling sword, and then the troopers rode in, sweeping through the square and helmets flashing in the sunlight, and the mob scattering before them as chaff before the breeze.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Sunday Newspaper.

From the New York Evening Post. Waiving for the moment all issues of taste and morality, there is no greater better calculated to soften the brain of a people than indiscriminately to pore over that mass of miscellaneous news, scandals, gossip and illustration which makes up the Sunday newspaper of today. To devour this mass, amanda-like, leaves a man, as Cardinal Gibbons aptly remarks, fit neither for worship nor for rational recreation.

Thought For To-day.

No one ever despises his own work. An author loves his book, an artist his picture. God is our Author, our Artist, and He cannot bear to see anything done to spoil us. If we realized how sensitive He is about us, how great would be our confidence in Him! Like children, we should place our hand in His, and walk forward where he leads.—Father Dignam, S.J.

THE LIQUOR HABIT.

Rev. J. A. McCallen's Lecture. On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S. of St. Patrick's Church, and President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. Dixon's new discovery for the cure of alcohol and drug habits.

Referring to the physical danger engendered by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself there is no escape unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately, and if I am Judge of the value of the Dixon remedy by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes, I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman."

Full particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. Dixon, No. 38 W. Locks Street, Toronto, Canada.

AND A LITTLE CHIL'D "AND A LITTLE THEM."