CHAPTER XXXII .- (Continued.) EXEUNT OMNES.

The subject of the sermon was the uses of pain; the argument, that all real good comes through pain. The speaker's voice was so clear and strong that it was heard without effort on his part or the listener's, his tone was conversational, and his illustrations came naturally from his sea life.

Real confidence in God can be shown, he said, only when we are blind, and cannot see how our sufferings are to lead to any good end. Then trust is possible, is deserving, is saving. Then we learnquickly the lesson that God would teach us, and take a higher place. Our Master does not put back any soul. If it remain long in the region of trouble, it must be through its own stubbornness.

"We all suffer too much, because we afflict ourselves in trying to escape pair, when we cannot escape it. The chalice of this bitter sacrament is never empty, and never set aside. Friends and foes alike give it into our hands; our dearest and kindest press it to our lips, unaware, or in their own despite; the messenger of God presents it. It is useless to struggle, for we cannot escape; it is foolish to struggle; for in the bottom of that oup of bitterness is a heavenly draught of sweetness.

"Lessons are on every side, the whole creation preaches to us. Even the building of a ship is like the building of a saint. The pine and cak grow in the forest, they grow in rain and sunshine, they swing their branches in the wind, and rock the birds to rest. What is their end? To grow, and then to decay, and feed the roots of succeeding trees with their crumbling remains. They grow only to decay, and wish no better, and know no better, if better come, it must come from some outside, wiser will.

"When the woodman appears, he is an object of terror fancy, the Manichee would tell you. At the blows of the axe, the whole tree shivers, it trembles in every leaf, it falls with a groan. But its tortures are not ended. The saw the plane, the shave, the auger, the adze, do each their work; and the mourning tree says, 'I was made to be tormented. I am covered with ruin, and good shall no more come to me.' Ab, then, how happy seem the far-away peaceful woods! how dear the little nests that have been clipped off, and the intertwining branches of neighboring trees! We know "But we are not like the tree.

what hand lays us low, and clips off the unruly wishes, the foolish, twittering hopes. "Look at the home of the iron! It lies in darkness and mystery underground, and hears the small streams trickle down or bubble up. It knows and wishes no better. The miner comes with his pick, the dark ore is dezzled with alien sunshine, is tortured by fire. In its agony it becomes more terrible than fire, and presses and glows to destroy. It replies with sparks to the blows of the

"Oh! for the cool dark, the whispering stream, the moveless rook and earth! Its pain is to no end but that it may suffer, and ruin has come. "But we are not like the senseless iron.

We know what Divine Miner digs us out of our abasement, shows us the light of truth, and moulds us into shaps.

"At last the ship is built; its different elements are united into one harmonious being; and then it fancies that it understands It exults over the dull tree standing with its roots in earth, over the brutish ore burled in the darkness. It stands in its stocks, and grows in beauty, looks at the shining river that flows and sings for ever, and sees the children play and the days go

THE END.

A WORLD OF GOOD.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tes, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters .- Nunda News.

The Iron Workers Convention at Philadelphia has resolved to send \$50,000 to the strik ing iron workers at Bethlehem, and has agreed to send them \$10,000 a week if ne,

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night-sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by M&T druggists.

The strike at the Woonsocket Company's mill, Providence, has ended, the weavers' demand being granted.

of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, &c., relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market. In vials at 25 cents.

Try Carter's Little Nerve Pills for any case

Troops have been sent to preserve order at Ekaterinslav, Russis, where the recent anti-Jewish riots took place.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence, Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by "Buchupaiba.

Gen. Manteuffel, Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine, has forbidden the publication of a newspaper at Metz by Deputy Auborne, a member of the Protest party.

Complaints of Chinese being smuggled from British Columbia into the United States on a large scale are made by the collector of customs at Tacomab, W.T.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. \_"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and yet by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of dlet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."-Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or

milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb and 1 lb) by grocers, labelled—"JAKES EPPS

& Co., Homocpathic Chemists, London, Eng.

land. Also makers of Epps's GHOCOLATE Es-

SENON.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BRET HARTES NEW ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unathomable depths or splintered their ineffectual lances on the enormous trunks of the red-woods. For a time the dull red of their vast columns and the dull red of their castoff bark which matted the echoless aisles still seemed to hold a faint glow of the dying day. But even this soon passed. Light and color fied upward. The dark interlaced treetops that had all day made an impenetrable shade broke into fire here and there; their lost spires glittered, faded, and went utterly out. A weird twilight that did not come from the outer world, but seemed born of the wood itself, slowly filled and possessed the aisles. The straight, tall, colossal trunks rose dimly like columns of upward smoke. The few fallen trees stretched their huge length into obsourity, and seemed to lie on shadowy trestles. The strange breath that filled these mysterious vaults had neither coldness nor moisture; a dry fragrant dust arose from the noiseless foot that trod their barkstrewn floor; the sisles might have been tombs; the fallen trees, enormous mummles; the silence the solitude of a forgotten past.

And yet this silence was presently broken by a recurring sound like breathing, interrupted occasionally by inarticulate and stertorous gasps. It was not the quick, panting, listening breath of some stealthy feline or canine animal but indicated a larger, slower, and more powerful organization, whose progress was less watchful and guarded, or as if a fragment of one of the fallen monsters had become animate. At times this life seemed to take visible form, but as vaguely, as misshapenly, as this phantom of a nightmare. Now it was a square object moving sideways, endways, with neither head nor tail and scarcely visible feet; then an arched bulk rolling against the trunks of the trees and recoiling again, or an upright cylindrical mass, but always oscillating and unsteady, and striking the trees on either hand. The frequent occurrence of the movement suggested the figures of some weird rhythmic dance to the music heard by the shape alone. Suddenly it either became motionless or faded away.

There was the frightened neighing of a horse, the sudden jingling of spurs, a shout and outcry, and the swift apparition of three dancing torches in one of the dark aisles; but so intense was the obscurity that they shed no light on surrounding objects, and seemed to advance of their own volition without human guidance, until they disappeared suddenly behind the interposing bulk of one of the largest trees. Beyond its eighty feet of circumference the light could not reach, and the gloom remained inscrutable. But the volces and jingling spurs were heard distinct-

"Blast the mare! She's shied off that cursed trail again.

"Ye sin't lost it agin, hev ye?" growled e second voice. "That's jist what I hev. And these blasted

pine knots don't give light an inch beyond There was a laugh—a woman's laugh—hys-

terical, bitter, sarcastic, exasperating. The second speaker, without heeding it, went on. "What in thunder skeert the horses? Did you see or hear anything ?"

"Nothin'. The wood is like a graveyard." The woman's voice again broke into a hoarse, contemptuous laugh. The man re-

sumed angrily : "If you know anything why don't you say so, instead of cackling like a d—d squaw there.

P'raps you reckon you kin find the trail "Take this rope off my waist," said the woman's voice, "untle my hands, let me down, and I'll find it." She spoke quickly

and with a Spanish accent. It was the men's turn to laugh. "And give you a show to snatch that six shooter and blow a hole through me as you did to the

Sheriff of Calaveras, eh? Not if this Court understands itself," said the first speaker "Go to the devil then," she said curtly.

" Not before a lady," responded the other. There was another laugh from the men, the

spurs lingled again, the three torches reappeared from behind the tree, and then passed away in the darkness.

For a time slience and immutability porsessed the woods; the great trunks loomed upward; their failen brothers stretched their slow length into obscurity. The sound of breathing again became audible; the shape reappeared in the sisle, and recommenced its mystic dance. Presently it was lost in the largest tree, and to the sound of breathing succeeded a grating and scratching of bark. Suddenly, as if riven by lightning, a flash broke from the centre of the tree trunk, lit up the woods, and a sharp report rang through it. After a pause the jingling of spurs and the dancing of torches were revived from the distance.

" Hallo ?'

No reply. " Who fired that shot?"

But there was no reply. A slight veil of smoke passed away to the right, there was had just quitted, and without further words the spice of gunpowder in the air but nothing more.

hands of two men and a woman. The wo ened by smoke as if it had served the purman's hands were tied at the wrist to the pose of a chimney. In one corner lay a bearhorse-hair reins of her mule, while a riata, passed around her waist and under the mule's both armed with rifles and revolvers. Their cupboard. In another hollow, near the en-frightened horses curavted, and it was with trance, lay a few small sacks of flour, coffee, frightened horses curavted, and it was with difficulty they could be made to advance. "Ho! stranger, what are you shooting

at?" The woman laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Look yonder at the roots of the tree. You're a d-d smart man for a Sheriff, ain't you?"

The man uttered an exclamation and spurred his horse forward, but the animal reared eyes, and she could not restrain the paroxyam in terror. He then sprang to the ground and approached the tree. The shape lay there, a scarcely distinguishable bulk. "A grizzly, by the living Jingo! Shot

through the heart." It was true. The strange shape, lit up by the flaring terches, seemed more vague, unearthly, and awkward in its dying threes, yet the small shut eyes, the feeble nose, the pon- disposed so as to completely hide the enderous shoulders, and half-human foot armed with powerful claws were unmistakable. The men turned by a common impulse and peered into the remote recesses of the wood again.

"Hi, mister! come and pick up your game. Hallo there!"

The challenge fell unheeded on the empty WOODB. "And yet," said he whom the woman had called the Sheriff, "he can't be far off. It was a close shot, and the bear hez dropped in

his tracks. Why, wot's this sticking in his claws?" The two men bent over the animal. "Why, it's sugar, brown sugar-look!". There was no mistake. The huge beast's fore paws and muzzle were streaked with the unromantic household provision, and heightened the ab-

surd contrast of its incongruous members. The woman, apparently indifferent, had taken that opportunity to partly free one of her wrists. "If we hadn't been cavorting round this

yer spot for the last half hour I'd swear there was a shanty not a hundred yards away," said

the Sheriff. The other man, without replying, remount

ed his horse instantly. "If there is, and it's inhabited by a gentleman that kin make contre shots like that in the dark, and don't care to explain how, I

reckon I won't disturb him." The Sheriff was apparently of the same opinion, for he tollowed his companion's example, and once more led the way. The spurs tinkied, the torches danced, and the cavalcade slowly re-entered the gloom. In

another moment it had disappeared. The wood sank again into repose, this time disturbed by neither shape nor sound. What lower forms of life might have kept close to its roots were hidden in the ferns or passed with deadened tread over the bark-strewn floor. Toward morning a coolness like dew fell from above, with here and there a dropping twig or nut, or the crepitant awakening and stretching out of cramped and weary branches. Later a dull, lurid dawn, not unlike the last evening's sunset, filled the aisles. This faded again, and a clear gray light, in which every object stood out in sharp distinctness, took its place. Morning was waiting outside in all its brilliant, youthful coloring, but only entered as the matured and sobered day.

Seen in that stronger light, the monstrous tree pear which the dead bear lay revealed its | pose. age in its denuded and scarred trunk, and showed in its base a deep cavity a foot or two from the ground, partly hidden by hanging strips of bark which had fallen across it. Suddenly one of these strips was pushed aside, and a young man leaped lightly down.

But for the rifle he carried and some modern peculiarities of dress, he was of a grace so unusual and unconventional that he might have passed for a faun who was quitting his ancestral home. He stepped to the side of the bear with a light, elastic movement that was as unlike customary progression as his face and figure were unlike the ordinary types of humanity. Even as he leaned upon his rifile, looking down at the prostrate animal, he unconsciously fell into an attitude that in any other mortal would have been a pose, but with him was the picturesque and unstudied relaxation of perfect symmetry.

" Hallo, Mister!" He raised his head so carelessly and listlessly that he did not otherwise change his attitude. Stepping from behind the tree, the woman of the preceding night stood before him. Her hands were free except for a thong of the riata, which was still knotted around one wrist, the end of the thong having been torn or burned away. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her hair hung over her shoulders in

one long black braid. "I reckoned all along it was you who shot the bear," she said; "at least some one hidin' yer," and she indicated the hollow tree with her hand. "It wasn't no chance shot." Observing that the young man, either from misconception or indifference, did not seem to comprehend her, she added, "We came by here, last night, a minute after you fired."

"Oh, that was you kicked up such a row, was it?" said the young man, with a shade of interest.

"I reckon," said the woman, nodding her head, "and them that was with me."

"And who are they?" "Sheriff Dunn of Yolo, and his deputy." " And where are they now?"

"The deputy—in h—ll, I reckon; I don't know about the Sheriff." "I see," said the young man, quietly, " and

"I-got away," she said savagely. But she was taken with a sudden nervous shiver, which she at once repressed by tightly dragging her shawl over her shoulders and elbows,

and folding her arms defiantly. "And you're going?" "To follow the deputy, maybe," she said gloomly. "But come, I say, ain't you going to treat? It's cursed cold here."

"Wait a moment." The young man was looking at her with arched brows slightly knit, and a half smile of ourlosity.

you Teresa?" She prepared for the question, but evident ly was not certain whether she would reply defiantly or confidently. After an exhaustive

scrutiny of his face she chose the latter, and said, "You can bet your life on it Johnny." "I don't bet and my name isn't Johnny. Then you're the woman who stabbed Dick Curson over at Lagrange's ?"

She became defiant again. "That's me, all the time. What are you going to do about

She whisked the shawl from her shoulders, held it up like a scarf, and made one or two steps of the sembi-cuacua. There was not the least gayety, recklessness, or spontaneity in the action; it was simply mechanical bravado. It was so ineffective, even upon her own feelings, that her arms presently dropped to her side and she coughed embarrassedly.

Where's that whiskey, parduer?" she asked.
The young man turned toward the tree he an irregular-shaped vaulted chamber, pierced The torches came forward again, but this fifty teet above by a shaft or cylindrical open-time it could be seen they were held in the ing in the decayed trunk, which was blackened by smoke as if it had served the purskin and blanket; at the side were two alcoves or indentations, one of which was girth, was held by one of the men, who were evidently used as a table, and the other as a and augar, the sticky contents of the latter still strewing the floor. From this storehouse the young man drew a wicker flask of whiskey and handed it, with a tin cup of water, to the woman. She waved the our aside, placed the flask to her lips, and drank the undiluted spirit. Yet even this was evidently bravado, for the water started to her

> of coughing that followed. "I reckon that's the kind that kills at forty rode," she said, with a bysterical laugh. "But I say, pardner, you look as if you were fixed here to stay," and she stared ostentatiously around the chamber. But she had already taken in its minutest details, even to observing that the hanging strips of bark could be

"Well, yer," he replied; "it wouldn't be very easy to pull up the stakes and move the sipate entirely before it reached the top of the her way toward the matches. Suddenly she shanty further on.

Seeing that either from indifference or cau- her eyes on the darkest corner of the cavern tion he had not accepted her meahing, she and became motionless. looked at him fixedly and said :

"What is your little game?" a Eh?

"What are you hiding for-here, in this tree?" "But I'm not hiding."

"Then why didn't you come out when they hailed you last night? "Because I didn't care to."

Teresa whistled incredulously. "All right -then if you're not hiding, I'm going too." As he did not reply, she went on: "If I can keep out of sight for a couple of weeks, this thing will blow over here, and I can get across into Yolo. I could get a fair show there, where the boys know me. Just now the trails are all watched, but no one would of her own voice, moved twice round the think of lookin' here."

"Then how did you come to think of it?"

he asked carelessly.
"Because I knew that bear hadn't gone far it from a cache—it was too fresh, and wo'd revenge against others; he who had taught have seen the torn-up earth; because we had her to strike when she was insulted: and it passed no camp, and because I knew there was only fit he should reap what he had vas no shanty here. And, besides," she added in a low voice, "may be I was huntin' a hole myself to die in, and spotted it by instinct."

There was something in this suggestion of hunted animal that, unlike anything she had previously said or suggested, was not exaggerated, and caused the young man to look at her again. She was standing under the chimney-like opening, and the light from above illuminated her head and shoulders. The pupils in her eyes had lost their feverish prominence, and were slightly suffused and ottened as she gazed abstractedly before her. The only vestige of their previous excitement was in her left-hand fingers, which were incessantly twisting and turning a diamond ring upon her right hand, but without imparting the least animation to her rigid attitude. Suddenly, as if conscious of his scrutiny, she stopped saids out of the revealing light, and by a swift feminine instinct raised her hand to her head as it to adjust her straggling hair. It was only for a moment, however, for, as if aware of the weakness, she struggled to resume her aggressive

"Well," she said. "Speak up. Am goin' to stop here, or have I to get up and get?"

"You can stay," said the young man, quietly; but as I've got my provisions and ammunition here, and haven't any other place to go to just now, I suppose we'll have to share it together." She glanced at him under her eyelids, and

a half-bitter, half-contemptuous smile passed across her face. "All right, old man," she said, holding out her hand, "it's a go. We'll start in housekeeping, at once, if you like." "I'll have to come here once or twice a day," he said, quite composedly, " to look af-

I'll be away most of the time, and what with camping out under the trees every night, I reckon my share won't incommode you." She opened her black eyes upon him at this original proposition. Then she looked down at her torn dress. "I suppose this

ter my things and get something to eat; but

style of thing ain't very fancy, is it?" she said with a forced laugh. "I think I know where to beg or borrow a change for you, if you can't get any," he re-

plied simply. She stared at him again. "Are you a family man?"

" No." She was silent for a moment. "Well," she said, "you can tell your girl I'm not particular about its being in the latest fashion."

There was a light flush on his forehead as he turned toward the little cupboard, but no tremor in his voice as he went on. "You'll find tea and coffee here, and, if you're bored, there's a book or two. You read don't you-I mean English?"

She nodded, but cast a look of undisguised contempt upon the two worn, coverless last week's Sacramento Union, have you? I hear they have my case all in; only them lying reporters made it out against me all the

"I don't see the papers," he replied curtly. "They say there's a picture of me in the Police Gazette, taken in the act," and she langhed.

He looked a little abstracted, and turned as if to go. "I think you'll do well to rest a while just now, and keep as close hid sa possable until this afternoon. The trail is a mile away at the nearest point, but some one might miss it and stay over here. You're quite safe if you're careful, and stand by the tree. You can build a fire here," he stepped under the chimney-like opening, "without its being noticed. Even the smoke is lost and cannot be seen so high."

The light from above was falling on his head and shoulders as it had on hers. She

looked at him intently. " You travel a good deal on your figure, pardner, don't you'' she said, with a certain admiration that was quite sexless in its quality; "but I don't see how you pick up a living by it in the Carquines woods. So you're going, are you? You might be more sociable. Good by."

"Good by!" He leaped from the open-

ing. . "I say, pardner!" He turned, a little impatiently. She had knelt down at the entrance so as to be nearer his level, and was holding out her hand. He did not notice it, and she quietly withdraw it.

"If anybody dropped in and asked for you, what name will they say?" He smiled. "Don't wait to hear."

"But suppose I wanted to sing out for you what will I call you?"

He hesitated. "Oall me—Lo."
"Lo, the poor Indian?" "Exactly."

it suddenly occurred to the woman Toresa that in the young man's height, supple yet erect carriage, color, and singular gravity of demeanor there was a refined aboriginal suggestion. He did not look like any Indian she had ever seen, but rather as a youthful chief might have looked. There was a further suggestion in his fringed buckskin shirt and moocasins, but before she could utter the halfsarcastic comment that rose to her lips he had glided noiselessly away, even as an Indian might have done.

She readjusted the slips of hanging bark with feminine ingenuity, dispersing them so as to completely hide the entrance. Yet this did not darken the chamber, which seemed to draw a purer and more vigorous light through the soaring shaft that pierced the roof than that which came from the dim woodland aisles below. Nevertheless she shivered, and drawing her shawl closely around her, began to collect some half-burnt fragments of wood in the chimney to make a fire. But the preoccupation of her thoughts rendered this a tedious process, as she would from time to time stop in the middle of an action, and fall into an attitude of rapt abstraction, with far-off eyes

What did she see through that shadow?" Nothing at first but a confused medley of figures and incidents of the preceding night; things that would not have happened but for another thing—the thing before which everything faded! A ball room, the sounds of music, the one man she had cared for insulting her with the flaunting ostentation of his unfaithfulness; herself despised, put aside, laughed at, or worse, illted. And then the moment of delirium, when the light danced; the one wild act that listed her—the despised one-above them and made her the supreme figure, to be glanced at by frightened women, stared at by half-startled, half-admiring men "Yes," she laughed; but, struck by the sound cavern nervously, and then dropped again into her old position.

As they carried him away he had laughed at her-like a hound that he was; he who for that sugar; because I knew he hadn't stole had praised her for her spirit, and incited her sown. She was what he, what other men, had made her. And what was she now? What had she been once?

She tried to recall her childhood. Th man and woman who might have been her father and mother; who fought and wrangled over her precoclous little life; abused or caressed her as she sided with either, and then left her with a circus troupe, where she first tasted the power of her courage, her beauty and her recklessness. She remembered those flashes of triumph that left a fever in her veins-a fever that when it failed must be stimulated by dissipation; by anything, by everything that would keep her name a wonder in men's mouths, an envious fear to women. She recalled her transfer to the strolling players; her cheap pleasures, and cheaper rivalries and hatred-but always Teresa! the daring Teresa! the reckless Teresa! audacious as a woman, invincible as a boy; dancing, flirting, fencing, shooting, swearing, drinking, smoking, fighting Teresa i "Oh yes; she had been loved, perhaps—who knows?-but slways feared. Why should she change now? Ha, he should see.'

She had lashed herself in a frenzy, as was her wont, with gestures, ejaculations, oaths, adjurations and passionate apostrophes, but with this strange and unexpected result. Heretofore she had always been sustained and kept up by an audience of some kind or quality, if only perhaps an humble companion; there had always been some one she could fascinate or horrify, and she could read her power mirrowed in their eyes. Even the half-abstracted indifference of her strange host had been something. But she was alone now. Her words fell on apathetic solltude; she was acting to viswless space. She rushed to the opening, dashed the hanging bark aside, and leaped to the ground.

She ran forward wildly a few steps and stopped

"Hallo!" she cried. "Look, 'tis I, Teresa !"

The profound silence remained unbroken. Her shrillest tones were lost in an echoless space, even as the smoke of her fire had faded into pure ether. She stretched out her clenched fists as if to dely the pillared austerities of the vaults around her.

"Come and take me if you dare!" The challenge was unheeded. If she had thrown herself violently against the nearest tree trunk, she could not have been stricken more breathless than she was by the compact, embattled solitude that encompassed her. The hopelssness of impressing these cold and passive vaults with her selfish passion filled her with a vague fear. In her rage of the previous night she had!not seen the wood in its profound immobility. Left alone with the majesty of those enormous columns, she trembled and turned faint. The silence of the hollow tree she had just quitted seemed to her less awful than the crushing presence of these mute and monstrous witnesses of her weakness. Like a wounded quall with lowered crest and trailing wing, she crept back to

her hiding place. Even then the influence of the wood was still upon her. She picked up the novel she had contemptuously thrown aside, only to let it fall again in utter weariness. For a moment her feminine curiosity was excited by the discovery of an old book, in whose blank leaves were pressed a variety of flowers and woodland grasses. As she could not conceive that these had been kept for any but a sentimental purpose, she was disappointed to find that underneath each was a sentence in an unknown tongue, that even to her untutored eye did not appear to be the language of passion. Finally, she re-arranged the couch of skins and blankets, and, imparting to it in three clever shakes an entirely different character, lay down to pursue her reveries. But nature asserted herself, and ere she knew it she was asleep.

So intense and prolonged had been her previous excitement that the tension once relieved she passed into a slumber of exhaustion so deep that she seemed scare to breathe. High noon succeeded morning, the central shaft received a single ray of upper sunlight, the afternoon came and went, the shadows gathered below, the sunset fires began to est their way through the groined roof, and she still slept. She slept even when the bark hangings of the chamber were put aside and

the young man re-entered. He laid down a bundle he was carrying, and softly approached the sleeper. For a moment he was startled from his indifference, she lay so still and motionless. But this was not all that struck him; the face before him was no longer the passionate, haggard visage that confronted him that morning; the feverish air, the burning color, the strained muscles of mouth and brow, and the staring eyes were gone, wiped away, perhaps, by the tears that still left their traces on cheek and dark eyelash. It was the face of a handsome woman of thirty, with even a suggestion of softness in the contour of the cheek and arching of her upper lip, no longer rigidly drawn down in anger, but relaxed by sleep on her white teeth.

With the lithe, soft tread that was habitual to him, the young man moved about, examining the condition of the little chamber and its stock of provisions and necessaries, and withdrew presently to reappear as noiselessly with a tin bucket of water. This done he replenished the little pile of fuel with an armful of bark and pine cones, cast an approving glance about him, which included the sleeper and silently departed.

It was night when she awoke. She was surrounded by a profound darkness, except where the shaft-like opening made a nebulous mist in the corner of her wooden cavern. Providentially she struggled back to consclousness slowly, so that the solltude and silence came upon her gradually with a growing realization of the events of the past twenty four hours, but without a shock. She was alone here, but safe still, and every hour and rigid mouth. When she had at last succeeded to her chances of ultimate escape. She ceeded in kindling a fire and raising a film of remembered to have seen a candle among the added to her chances of ultimate escape. She pale blue smoke that seemed to fade and dis. articles on the shelf, and she began to grope chimney shaft she crouched beside it, fixed stopped. What was that panting?

Was it her own breathing, quickened with a sudden nameless terror, or was there som thing outside. Her heart seemed to stop breathing while she listened. Yes! it was a panting outside—a panting now increased, multiplied, redoubled, mixed with the sounds of rustling, tearing, craunching and occasionally a quick, impatient snarl. She crept on her hands and knees to the opening and look out. At first the ground seemed to be undulating between her and the opposite tree. But a second glance showed her the black and gray, bristling, tossing backs of tumbling beasts of prey, charging the carcass of the bear that lay at its roots, or contesting for the prize with gluttonous choked breath, sidelong snarle, arched spines, and recurved tails. One of the boldest had leaped upon a buttressing root of her tree within a foot of the opening. The excitement, awe, and terror she had undergone culminated in one wild, maddening scream that seemed to pierce even the cold depths of the forest as she dropped on her face, with her hands clasped over her eyes in an agony of fear.

Her scream was answered, after a pause, by a sudden volley of firebands and sparks into the midst of the panting, crowding pack; a few smothered howls and snaps, and a sudden dispersion of the concourse. In another moment the young man, with a blezing brand in either hand, leaped upon the body of the bear.

Teresa raised her head, uttered a hysterical cry, slid down the tree, flew wildly to his side, caught convulsively at his sleeve, and fell on her knees beside him.

"Bave me! save me! she gasped in a voice broken by terror. "Save me from those hide ous creatures. No, no!" she implored, as he endeavored to lift her to her feet. "No-let me stay here close beside you. Se," clutch. ing the fringe of his leather hunting shirt, and dragging herself on her knees nearer him, so-don't leave me, for God's sake!"

"They are gone," he replied, gazing down curiously at her, as she wound the fringe around her hand to strengthen her hold; "they're only a lot of cowardly coyotes and wolves, that dare not attack anything that lives and can move."

The young woman responded with a nervous shudder. "Yes, that's it," she whisper ed, in a broken voice; "it's only the dead they want. Promise me-swear to me, if I am caught or hung or shot, you won't let me be left here to be torn and—ah! my God! what's that?"

She had thrown her arms around his knees, completely pinioning him to her frantic breast. Something like a smile of disdain passed across his face as he answered : " It's nothing. They will not return. Get up!"

Even in her terror she saw the change in his face. "I know, I know!" she cried. "I'm frightened—but I cannot bear it any longer. Hear me! Listen! Listen—but don't move! I didn't mean to kill Curson—no! I swear to God, no! I didn't mean to kill the sheriffand I didn't. I was only bragging—do you hear? I fied! I lied—don't move. I swear to God I lied. I've made myself out worse than I was. I have. Only don't leave me nowand if I die-and it's not far off, may beget me away from here-and from them. Swear it!"

"All right," said the young man, with a scarcely concealed movement of irritation. "But get up now, and go back to the cabin." "No; not there alone." Nevertheless he

quietly but firmly released himself. "I will stay here," he replied, "I would have been nearer to you, but I thought it better for your safety that my camp fire should be further off. But I can build it here, and that

will keep the coyotes off." "Let me stay with you-beside you"-she said imploringly.
She looked so broker, crushed and spiritless—so unlike the woman of the morning that, albeit with an ili grace, he tacitly consented and turned away to bring his blankets. But in the next moment she was at his side, following him like a dog, silent and wistini, and even offering to carry his burden. When he had built the fire, for which she had collected the pine-cones and broken branches near them, he sat down, folded his arms and leaned back against the tree in reserved and deliberate silence. Humble and submissive, she did not attempt to break in upon a reverie she could not help but feel had little kindli-

and lay still to watch it. it rose and fell, dying away at times to a mere lurid glow, and again, agitated by some breath scarcely perceptible to them, quickening into a roaring flame. When only the embers remained, a dead sllence filled the wood. Then the first breath of morning moved the tangled canopy above, and a dozen tily sprays and needles detached from the interlecked boughs winged their soft way noiselessly to the earth. A few fell upon the prostrate woman like a gentle berediction, and she slept. But even then, the young man, looking down, saw that the slender fingers were still almlessly bu: rigidly twisted in the leather fringe of his hunting shirt.

ness to herself. As the fire snapped and

sparkled she pillowed her head upon a root,

## UHAPTER II.

It was a peculiarity of the Carquinez Wood that it stood apart and distinct in its gigantic individuality. Even where the integrity of its own singular species was not entirely preserved, it admitted no inferior trees. No was there any diminishing fringe on its outskirts; the sentinels that guarded the few gateways of the dim trails were as monatrous as the serried ranks drawn up in the heart of the forest. Consequently the red highway that skirted the eastern angle was bare and shadeless, until it slipped a league off into a watered valley and refreshed itself under lesser sycamores and willows. It was here the newly born city of Excelsior, still in its oradle, had, like an infant Hercules, strangled the serpentine North Fork of the Ameri can Biver and turned its life current into the ditches and flumes of the Excelsior miners.

Newest of the new houses that seemed to have accidentally formed its single, straggling street was the residence of the Rev. Winslow Wynn, not unfrequently known as "Father Wynn," pastor of the First Baptist church. The "pastorage," as it was cheerfully called had the glaring distinction of being built of brick, and was, as had been wickedly pointed out by idle scoffers, the only "fireproof structure in town. This sarcasm was not however, supposed to be particularly distant ful to "Father Wynu," who enjoyed the repr tation of being "hall fellow—well met" with the rough mining element, who called then by their Christian names, had been known a drink at the bar of the Polka Saloon while en gaged in the conversion of a prominen oitizen, and was popularly said to have no "gospel starch" about him. Certain con solous outcasts and transgressors were touched at this apparent unbending of the spiritual at thority. The rigid tenets of Father Wynn's faith were lost in the supposed catholicity his humanity. "A prescher that can jine man when he's histin' liquor into him withou jawin' about it, ought to be allowed to wrest with sinners and splash about in as much cold water as he likes," was the criticism

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