

HIS OWN NEMESIS.

They were walking homeward along the rutted lane that led from the sleepy market-town to the snug farmstead in the valley—“they” being the burly farmer himself, Andrew Holroyd, and his winsome daughter Mercy.

“Now you know the worst,” the farmer said, his voice little above a whisper. “I’m well-nigh beggared. If Mr. Greely lives, I’m sure he won’t press hardly on an old tenant; but he may die at any moment, the doctors say, and then—well, then his nephews become my landlord, and Mercy, I’m afraid of what he may do. I’ve been in the farm all my life, and I’d be loth to leave it.”

“I understand, father,” was the faint reply. “I am to be the price at which you buy young Mr. Kane’s leniency. If I accept him as my husband, you think you may safely dismiss all anxiety from your mind. You know I am not free,” she added, after a pause. “I have given my word to Herbert.”

“Y—e—s,” replied the farmer falteringly. “I’ve nothing to say against Herbert Parry. He’s a likely enough young fellow; but a doctor, just beginning to practice, doesn’t stand in the same position as Mr. Greely’s nephew, ‘Seamus.’”

The farmer’s words were cut short by a dull, meaning sound, that apparently proceeded from the dry water-course bordering the lane. Crossing over, Mercy’s father gasped into it. At the bottom, in a huddled heap, lay the body of a man, his grey beard and hair dabbled and matted with blood. Great clots, too, bespattered the green bank, and the dust in the roadway was caked black with the life fluid.

“It’s an accident, this,” exclaimed the farmer. “Look! Here’s where he was struck down; the grass is all reddened and he turned and fled away.”

“You inhuman brute!” shouted Herbert, in two minds whether to follow him or not. His solicitude for the stricken man, however, soon overcame his first impulses. Kneeling down in the roadway, he saw on Ditcher’s head had been reopened. None knew better than Herbert that if speedy and efficient surgical aid was not at once forthcoming, the laborer’s last hour was near.

Fortunately, at this juncture, the sound of wheels was heard, and presently a carrier’s cart hove into view. Herbert hailed the vehicle, into which the unconscious man was lifted and driven off to the Welpho Hospital.

“Well, well, it’s a bad case undoubtedly,” said the senior surgeon, who Herbert is absolutely necessary. The former injury seems to have been unskillfully attended to, for I see that a portion of the bone of the skull presses upon the brain substance. If we are successful in our undertaking, I’ve no doubt his memory will be restored.”

“And will he remember who he was—I mean, who he is?” put in Farmer Holroyd. “So I trust,” was the reply. “His first thoughts will travel back to the precise moment when he was struck down, twelve months ago, so that—‘Hush, he stirs!’”

Herbert, planting himself in the way. “Your conduct is that of a man devoid of principle, of honor—”

“Bah, man! Out of my way, or—”

Ralph ended his sentences by lifting his oak walking-stick threateningly, the light of passion leaping to his eyes. The set with an angry cry he sprang forward, and dashed the stick to the ground. Next moment the two men, locked in each other’s arms, was swaying to and fro in fierce struggles.

“Objections of all else but the hatred that blazed within them, neither had noticed the appearance of old Ditcher at the gate of the adjoining pasture. “Dear, dear!” he said, in tones of surprise. “Gentlemen fighting like common folk!”

The sound of his voice caused the combatants to loosen their hold; but when Ralph saw that the intruder was only “an old Ditcher,” he seized his stick, and, with an oath, rushed anew upon his opponent.

Meanwhile, the farm-laborer had hobbled across the road and stationed himself between the irate men. His interposition cost him dearly, for the stick which he held aloft, and the blow meant for Herbert fell with a sickening thwack upon the old man’s head. Ditcher staggered back, dropped limply to the earth, and lay there motionless.

For an instant Ralph gasped aghast upon his knees, then, a gurgle in his throat, he turned and fled away.

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pende for the kindness you bestowed upon me while I was yet friendless and a stranger. But I make one condition—that your daughter and Dr. Barry are married within three months.”

And the compact was clenched on the spot in a hearty hand-shake.

DERRICKS WALKING. A Greek Sailor’s Feast on a Building Derrick in Omaha.

Recently Omaha people passing in the vicinity of where the new Federal building is being erected, at Sixth and Dodge street, have been treated to an exhibition of nerve and daring seldom witnessed in the saddest arena.

From the halt completed walls rise a dozen tall derricks, which, with their network of stays and supports, resemble the rigging of a monster ship. A single steel wire binds the top of the derricks together and is stretched tightly nearly 100 feet above the street.

Occasionally a man of less than medium stature has been seen to clamber to the top of one of the derricks and sit for a moment on the extreme end of the vertical timber. Then he would carefully put one foot out on the wire that stretched away on a horizontal line.

Drawing his feet close up to his body he gathered himself together, and with a single effort was balancing himself upon the naked wire without even removing his shoes. Then slowly, but without any apparent effort, he would walk the wire at that dizzy height to the next derrick, where he would climb down and go to work as though he had not compassed a feat from which the most daring gymnast would shrink in terror.

This was all done simply to save the time which it would require to climb from one derrick and make his way across the iron beams to another. At first his fellow workmen watched his progress along the uncertain pathway with much apprehension, and it was remarked that he would take the chance once too often and be precipitated to a sudden death on the timbers below. But the nervy gymnast never seemed to think of any peril in connection with his daring feat, and after awhile but little attention was paid to his aerial exploits.

Finally the matter was brought to the attention of the supervising architect, who issued peremptory orders that the performance should not be repeated.

The workman whose daring occasioned so much comment is a Greek sailor who has taken to the derrick business and is employed by the Denver contractors to assist in placing and removing the big derricks, as is required by the progress of the construction. None of the workmen know his last name, and he is only known as Charley. He is a little gingerly fellow, rather slight in build, but full of pluck. Finally the matter was brought to the attention of the supervising architect, who issued peremptory orders that the performance should not be repeated.

Many stories are told by the other workmen of the feats which the Greek has accomplished. Before he went to Omaha, he was employed on the new State House at Denver, and while there his nerve was the means of saving life to his employer. As a farmer Holroyd was the only person who could be regarded as a friend of Ditcher’s, information was sent off to him at once; but it was not till next day, some half-hour after the operation had been performed, that the farmer put in an appearance at the hospital. Ditcher still lay in a comatose state, but his breathing was now calm and regular.

“We may congratulate ourselves, Perry,” said the senior surgeon. “He will regain consciousness in a few minutes, and then I hope to find him in his right mind again.”

to be improved for getting across. Villages were situated a little distance off, and a careful hunt secured a number of unused coffins. These were hauled down to the river, and with the assistance of a few commissariat sarks, made most excellent portmanteaus, the scaffolding forming the roadway. Thus, over a bridge of coffins passed a considerable number of the troops to which Peking, the capital of China, on the 17th of October, 1860, surrendered.

A Chinese coffin is a solid well-made, close-jointed chest. The seams or joints are made air and water-proof by a resinous kind of cement, melted and run well into the cracks. Those who can afford it provide a coffin long before it is wanted, and take the utmost care of it, and this habit provokes of great service to the British forces on the occasion referred to.

TWO GREAT HUMORISTS. How Mark Twain Told Bret Harte the “Jumping Frog” Story.

“Some months before the Overland Monthly appeared,” said Bret Harte, “George Barnes, a well-known journalist and an intimate friend of mine, walked into my office one morning with a young man whose appearance was unmistakably interesting. His head was striking. He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline eye—an eye so eagle-like that a second lid would not have surprised me—of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances. Barnes introduced him as Mr. Sam Clemens, and remarked that he had shown a very original talent in a number of newspaper contributions over the signature of ‘Mark Twain.’

We talked on different topics, and about a month afterwards Clemens dropped in upon me again. “He had been away in the mining district on some newspaper assignment in the meantime. In the course of conversation he remarked that the unearthly likeness that prevailed in the town he had been visiting was beyond anything in his previous experience. He said the men did nothing all day long but sit around the bar-room stove, spit, and ‘swop lies.’ He spoke in a slow, rather satirical, drawl which was itself irresistible. He went on to tell one of those extravagant stories, and he unconsciously dropped into the lazy tone and manner of the original narrator. It was as graphic as it was delicious. I asked him to tell it again to a friend who came in, and then asked him to write it out for The Californian. He did so, and when published it was an emphatic success. It was the best work of his that I had ever read, and it crossed the Sierras for an eastern hearing. From that point his success was steady. The story was ‘The Jumping Frog of Calaveras.’ It is now known and laughed over, I suppose, wherever the English language is spoken; but it will never be so funny to anybody in print as it was to me, told for the first time by the unknown Twain himself, at that morning in the San Francisco Mint.”

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RAILWAYS. Dominion Atlantic R'y. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. On and after MONDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (subject to exceptions) as follows: EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY: Leave Yarmouth, 8:10 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 6:25 p.m. Leave Halifax, 6:40 a.m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4:40 p.m. Leave Kentville, 5:30 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 8:45 a.m. Leave Halifax, 3:10 p.m. Arrive Kentville, 6:15 p.m. ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:50 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 4:30 p.m. Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6:40 a.m. Arrive Annapolis, 4:50 p.m. Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8:45 a.m. Arrive Halifax, 1:20 p.m. Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6:00 a.m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6:05 p.m. Leave Kentville Daily, 6:00 a.m. Arrive Richmond, 11:15 a.m. Leave Richmond Daily, 2:30 p.m. Arrive Kentville, 8:10 p.m. Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company, at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston, at Middleton with the train of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Cambridge and Kentville, and with the S. S. Evangeline for Yarmouth and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at Yarmouth with the Halifax and Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West. For full details, times of departure, apply to Station Agents, 115 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. W. R. Campbell, General Manager. K. Ruberland, Superintendent.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (subject to exceptions) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, 7:00 Express for Halifax, 7:30 Express for Quebec and Montreal, 10:30 Express for Sussex, 10:40 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 and 10:30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal through Sleeping Cars Montreal at 10:30 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex, 6:30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted), 10:30 Express from Montreal, 10:30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 11:30 Accommodation from Montreal, 24:40 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, and vice versa, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTE, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TOURIST SLEEPERS FOR Seattle, Wash. aid points on coast will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, at 9:30 a.m., every Tuesday and Friday. Holders of second class passage tickets to Pacific Coast points will be accommodated in these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Further information, ticket rates, &c., on application to Ticket Agent.

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