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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, OCT. 7, INT.

JESS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARDS Author of "King Solomons Mines 36 The

mistake. I have 'smelt you out.' And he began to go through his catalogue-Tellow hair that curls," etc. -again. Then lieseis opened the letter. Inside was

an ordinary sheet of paper written over in a bold, firm, yet slightly unpracticed writing that itemie knew well enough, and the sight of which filled her with a presentiment of evil. It was Frank Muller's Whe turned sick and cold, but could not meons, and road as follows

"CAMP NEAR PRETORIAL Feb. 15. "DEAR MISS GESSIE-T am sorry to have to write to you; but though we have quarreled lately, and also your good uncle, I think it my duty to do so, and send this to your hand by special runner. Yesterlay was a sortis made by the poor folk in Pretoria, who are now as thin with hunger as the high veldt oxen just before spring. Our arms were again victorious; the redcoate ran away and left their ambulance in our hands, carry ing with them many dead and wounded Among the dead was the Capt. Niel"-Here liessie gave a sort of choked cry, and



let the letter fall over the veranda, to one of the posts of which she clung with both her

The ill favored native below grinned, and, picking the paper up, handed it to her.
She took it, feeling that she must know all, and read on like one reads in some ghastly

"who has been staying on your uncle's farm. I did not see him killed myself, but Jan Vanayl shot him, and Rol Dirk Oosthuisen and Carolus, a lineantot, saw them pick him up and carry him away. They say that he was quite dead. For this I fear you will be sorry, but it is the chance of war, and he died fighting bravely. Make my obedient compliments to your uncle. We parted in anger, but I hope in the new circumstances that have arisen in the land to show him that I, for one, bear no anger. Believe me, dear Mice Bessie, your humble and devoted servant,

"FRANK MULLINA" Bessiothment the letter into the pocket of her dress and then again caught hold of the verand nost and supported herself by it, while the light of the sun scemes to visibly face out of the day before her eyes and replace itself by a cold blackness in which there was no break. He was dead- her lover was dead! The glow had cone from her life as it seemed to be going from the day, and the was left desolate. The had no knowledge of how long she stood-thus, staring with wide eyes at the sunshine she could not see. She had lost her count of time; all things were phantamagorical and unreal; all that she could realize was this one

Overpowering, crushing fact John was dead!
"Missie," said the ill favored messenger below, fixing I come eye upon her poor serrow

There was no mover,
"Missio," he said again, "Is there ary assert? I must be going. I want to get been in time to so the Boers take Preferin." Beauty looked of him vaguety, "Yours is a security that needs no exercity she said."
What is, is."

"When is, in "The brute laughed." No, I can't take a latter to the captain," he said; "I saw Jan. Vanay! shoot him. He felf-so," and no said. Vannyl shoot him. He fell so," and ne und-denly collepsed all in a hosp on the path, in imitation of a man struck dead by a buller. "Lean's fake him a message, missie," he went on, rising, "but one day you will be able to go and look for him yourself. I did not mean that; what I means was that I could take a letter to Frank Muller. A live hour is better than a dead Englishman; and Frank Muller will make a fine bushand for any gist. If you duty four eyes you won't know the differ-

Mittig her hand formed the events.

and inciving armif of land

langh, "that I am a videw pater I am mirrod. John is dead?" "Dead! dead?" said the old man, putting his and to his forehead and turning round in-and sort of fashion—"John dead?"

The old man took it and read it. His hand shook so much that it took him a long while to come to the end of it. "Good God!" he said at last, "what a" ble

"Good God!" he same at last, "want at blow!

My poor Beaste," and he took her into his arms and kiesed her. Suddenty a thought struck him. "Perhaps it is all one of Frank Kuller! lies," he said, "or perhaps he made a mistake."

But Beeste made no answer. For the time at any rate, hope had left her.

CHAPTER XXVL

PRANT SULLENS PASSLIAS The study of the conflicting elements that go to make up a character like Frank Muller's, however facinating it might prove, is not one that can be attempted in detail here. Such a character in its developed form is fortunately practically impossible in a highly civilized country. The dead weight of the law would crush it back to the level of the human mass around it. But these who have lived in the wild places of the earth will be acquainted with its prototypes, more especially in these places where a handful of a superior race raise over the dense thousands of an inferior. Solitated are favorable to the production of strongly marked individualities. The com-

panionship of highly developed men, on the contrary, whittles individualities away, the difference between their growth being the difference between the growth of a tree on a plain and a tree in the forest. On the plain the tree takes the innate bent of its nature. It springs in majesty toward the skies; is spreads itself around or it slants along the earth just as nature intended that it should, and in accordance with the power of the providential breath that Bends it. In the forest it is different. There the tree grows toward the light wherever the light may be. Forced to modify its natural habit in obedience to the pressure of circumstances over which it has no control, it takes such formand height as its neighbors will allow to it, all its energies being directed to the preservation of life, in any shape and at any sacrifice. Thus it is with us all. Left to ourselves, or surrounded only by the serub of humanity, we become outwardly that which the spirit within would fashion us to, but placed among our fellows, shackled by custom, restrain by law, primed and bent by the force of publie opinion, we grow as like one to another as the fruit bushes on a garden wall. The sharp angles of our characters are fretted away by the friction of the wowd, and we become round and polished, and superficially, at any rate, identical. We no longer resemble a

solitary bowlder on a plain, but are as a stone built into the great edifice of civilized society. The place of a man like Frank Muller is at the junction of the waters of civilization and barbarism. Too civilized to possess those savage virtues which, such as they are, represent the quantum of innate good nature has thought fit to allow in the mixture man, and too barbarous to be subject to the tenderer restraints of cultivated society, he is at once strong in the strength of both and weak in their weaknesses. Animated by the spirit of barbarism, superstition and almost entirely destitute of the spirit of civilization, mercy, he stands on the edge of both and an affront to both, as terrific a moral spectacle as the world can afford.

Had he been a little more civilized, with his power of evil trained by education and cynical reflection to defy the attacks of those dwelling place in the raw, strong mind of uncultivated man, Frank Muller might have broken upon the world as a Napoleon. Had he been a little more savage, a little further influence of a progressive race, he might have ground his fellows down and ruthlessly destroyed them in the madness of his rage and lust, like an Attila of a TChaka. As it was, he was buffeted between two forces he did not realize, even when they swayed him, and thus at every step in his path toward a supremacy of evil an unseen power made stumbling blocks of weaknesses which, if that path had been laid along a little higher or alittle lower level in the scale of circumstance, would themselves have been deadly wespons of overmastering force.

See him, as with his dark beart filled up with fears, he thunders along from the scene of midnight death and murder his brain hadnot feared to plan and his hand to execute. Onward his black horse strides, companioned by the storm, like a dark thought traveling on the wings of Night. He does not believe in any God, and yet the terrible fears that spring up in his soul, born fungus like from a dew of blood, take shape and form, and seem to cry aloud, "We are the messengers of the avenging God." He giances up. High on the black bosom of the storm the finger of the lightning is writing that awful name, and again and again the voice of the thunder reads it out aloud in spirit shaking accents. He shufs his dazed eyes, and even the falling rhythm of his horse's hoofs beatout "Thore is a (lod! there is a God!" from the silent earth

And so on through the tempest and the night, flying from that which no man can

on which they strike.

It was near midnight when Frank Muller drew rein at a wretched mud hut perched by itself on the banks of the Vash and finned on its rear by an equally miserable shed. The place was as silent as the grave; not even s

"If that beast of a Kaffir is not here," he said aloud, "I will have him flogged to death.

Hendrik! Hendrik!" An he called, a form rose up at his very feet, causing the weary horse to start back so violently that he almost threw his rider to the

"I'hat in the name of the devil are your almost shricked Frank Muller, whose nerves, incient, were in no condition to stand freely

time throwing off a gray blanket in which is was enveloped, and revealing the villainous countenance of the one eyed witch doctor who had taken the letter to Bessie, and who had for years been Muller's body servant, and followed him about like a deg.

"Carres you, you dog! What do you means by hiding up like that? It is one of your infernal tricks; be careful"—tapping his pistol case—"or I shall one day put an end to you and your witcheraft tegether."

"I am very serry, bane," said the man, in a whine, "but haif an hour ago I heard you coming. I don't know what is the matter with the air tenight, but it sounded as though twenty people were galloging after you. I could hear them all quite clear; frust the big black heree, and then all those who arms after in the said those who came after, just as though they were hunding. Four and so I come out and lay down to lisfor, and is was not till you were quite close that one by one the others stopped. Firtupalis was the devils who galloped.

"Curve you, stop that winners talk," mid. Mailor, his teeth chattering with four and agitation. "Take the horse and clean, and feet him welf, he has galloped fax, and we start at down. Stop! talk me, where are the lights and the branchy? If you have draming the branty I will flog you."

"Pley are on the shelf or the left or you into the Vanfand upon the cost, and it was an end of it. He could are now here

attered the het, pushing open the crusty.

each off with his class imife, tried to eat.
But he could not eat much, and soon gave up
he attempt, consuling himself instead with

"Sah!" he said, "the stuff tastes like hell fire;" and he filled his pipe and sat smoking. Presently Hendrik came in to say that the horse was eating welf, and was about to go again, when his master beckoned him to stop. The man was surprised, for Muller was not generally fend of his society, except when he wanted to consuit him or get him to exercise his pretended ast of divination; but the fact was that at that moment Frank Muller wanted has a state of a consent with Muller would have been glad to consort with a dog. The events of the night had brought a dog. The events of the night had brought this terrible man, steeped in iniquity from his youth up, down to the level of a child frightened at the dark. For a while he sat in stience, the Kaffir squatted on the ground at his feet. Presently, however, the doses of powerful spirit took effect on him, and he began to talk more unguardedly than was his custom, even with his black "familiar," Hendrik.

"How long have you been here?" he asked of his reta

"About four days, beas." "Did you take my letter to Om Croff's!" "Yah, bass. I gave it to the missie."
"What did she do?"

"She read it and then stood like this, holding on to the veranda pole;" and he opened his mouth and one eye, and twisted up his of one of the posts that supported the hut to

"Well, we are going there to morrow."
"So, bass! I knew that before you told

"We are going there, and we are going to take the place; and we are going to try Uncle Silas by court martial for flying an English flag, and if he is found guilty we are going to shoot him, Handrik."

shoot him, Hendrik."

"So, bass," said the Easte, rubbing his hands in glee; "but will be be found guilty!"

"I don't know," murmured the white man, stroking his golden beard, "that will depend upon what missie has to say; and upon the verdict of the court," he added, by way of an

"On the verdict of the court, ha! ha!" huckled his wicked satellite. "On the verdict of the court, yes! yest and the bans will be president, ha! ha! One needs no witchcraft to guess the verdict. And if the court finds Uncle Silas guilty, who will do "I have not thought of that; the time has not come to think of it. It does not matter;

anylody can carry out the sentence of the "laas," said the Kaffir, "I have done much for you and had little pay. I have done ugly things. I have read omens and made medieines, and 'smelt out' your enemies. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me shoot Om Croft if the court finds him guilty? It is not much to ask, bass. I am a clever wiz-

and deserve my pay." "Why do you want to shoot him!" . "Because he flogged me once, years ago,

or being a witch doctor, and the other day nice to shoot a white man. I should like it leter," he went on, with a smack of the lips, "if it were missie, who set the dog on me. I rould" In a moment Frank Muller had the aston-

hed ruffian by the throat and was kicking and shaking him as though he were a toy. His brutal talk of Bessie had appealed to such inliness as he had in him, and, whatever his wn wickedness may have been, he was too nadly in love with the woman to let her name e taken in vain by a man whom, though he reld his "magic" in superstitious reverence, " yet ranked lower than a dog. With his erres strung to the highest possible state of tension, and half drunk as he was, Frank Mailer was no more a person to be played with or irritated than a mad bull.

"You black beast!" he yelled, "if you ever dare to mention her name again like that I will kill you, for all your witchcraft," and he hurled him with such force up against the wall of the hut that the whole place shook The man fell, lay for a moment groaning and then crept from the hut on his hands and

Muller sat scowling from under his bent grows and watched him go. When he was one he rose and fastened the door behind im, and then suddenly burst into tears; the sult, no doubt, of the mingled effects of the frink, mental and physical exhaustion and the never resting passion (one can scarcely call it love) that are away at his heart like the vorm that dieth not "()h, Bessie, Bessie!" he grouned, "I have

done it all for you. Surely you cannot be angry when I have killed them all for your Oh, my darling, my darling! If you only knew how I love you! Oh, my darling! my darling!" and in an agony of passion he flung himself down on the rough pallet in the corner of the hut and sobbed himself to sleep.
Somehow Frank Muller's evil doing did not make him sny the happier, the fact of the matter being that to enjoy wickedness a man must be not only without conscience, but also without passion. Now Frank Muller was ormented with a very effective substitute for the first, superstition, and his life was literally overshadowed by the last, for the beauty of a girl possessed the power to dominate his wildest moods and inflict upon him torments that she herself was incapable of even imagin-

At the first light of dawn Hendrik crept umbly into the but and woke his master, and within half an hour they were across the

As the light increased so did Muller's spirits rise, till at last, when the red sun came up in glory and swept away the shadows, he felt as though all the load of guilt and fear that lay at his heart had departed with them. He could see now that the two Beers being killed hy a flash of lightning was a more accident-a happy accident, indeed; for had it not been for that he himself would have had to kill them, if he could not by any other means have got the warrant from them. As it was have got the warrant from them. As it was
he had forgotten the warrant; but it did not
matter much, he reflected. Robody would
be likely to find the bodies of the two manand horses under the lonely bank there. Costainly they would not be found until the
anavogole had picked them clean. They
would be at work upon them by now, Amiif they were found it was published that the
many would have worked as blooms. paper would have rotted or blows away, or at the worst, he so discolared as to be unread shot them, and they si

Hendrik had read it in his omens long ago. in should be stormed on the row if that were necessary, and Om Siles Croft and Bessie should be taken prisoners; and then he knew how to put on the screw That talk about shooting on the previous night had been no idle threat. She yield herself to him or the old man sho and then he would take her. There could be no legal consequences from that now that the

British government was surrendering. It would be a meritorious act to shoot a rebel Yes, it was all plain sailing now. How long had it taken him to win her—three years? He had loved her for three years. Well, he would have his reward; and then, his mind at rest about his passion, he would turn it to those far reaching, ambitious schemes of which the end was something like a throne.

CHAPTER XXVII

SILAS IS CONVINCED At first Bessie was utterly prostrated by the blow that had fallen on her, but as time went on she revived a little, for hers was a sanguine nature with a great deal of elasticity about it. Troubles sink into the souls of some like water into a sponge, and weigh them down almost to the grave. From other they run off as the water would if poured upon marble, merely wetting the surface. She was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather of a substance between the two-a healthy, happy hearted woman, full of beauty and vigor, made to bloom in the sunshine, not to languish in the shadow of some old grief. Women of her stamp do not die of broken hearts or condemn the to lifelong celibacy as a sacrifice to the shade of the departed. If No. 1 is unfortunately removed, they, as a general rule, shed many a tear and suffer many a pang, and after a decent interval very sensibly turn their at-

Still it was a very pale faced, quiet Bessie who went to and fro about the place after the visit of the one eyed Kaffir. All her irritability had left her now; she no longer jumped down her uncle's

throat about his having dispatched John lo Pretoria. Indeed, on that very evenafter the evil tidings came, he began to reproach himself bitterly in her presence for aving sent her lover away, when she stopped

"It is God's will, uncle," she said, quietly. You only did what it was ordained that you should do." And then she came and laid her muny head upon the old man's shoulder and eriod a little, and said that they two were all lone in the world now; and he comforted her in the best fashion he could. It was a curious thing that they neither of them thought much of Jess when they talked thus about being alone. Jess was an enigma, a thing apart even from them. When the was there she was loved and allowed to go her own way; when she was not there she seemed to fade into outer darkness. A wall came down between her and her belongings. Of course they were both very fond of her, but simple natured people are upt to shrink involuntarily from what they cannot understand, and these two were no exception. For instance, Bessie's affection for her sister was a poor thing compared to the deep and self sacrificing, though ipon her. She loved her old uncle far more learly than she did Jess, and it must be wheel that he returned the compliment with interest, and in those days of heavy trouble

they drew nearer to each other even than be-But as time went on they both began to nope again. No further news of John's death reached them. Was it not possible, after all, that the whole story was an invention? They knew that Frank Muller was not a man to hesitate at a lie if he had a purpose to gain, and they could guess in this case what the purpose was. His furious passion for Bessie was no secret to either of them, and it struck them as at least possible that the tale John's death might have been invented to rward it. It was not probable, more esrecially as he was not present to urge his suit, out it was possible, and however cruel suspense may be, it is at least less absolutely rushing than the dead weight of certainty. On Sunday-it was just a week after the letter came—Bessie was sitting after dinner on the veranda, when her quick ears caught what she took to be the hooming of heavy guns far away on the Drakensberg. She rose, and, leaving the house, climbed the hill behind it. On reaching the top she stood and looked at the great solemn stretch of mountains. Away, alittle to her right, was

a square, precipitous peak called Majuba, which was generally clothed in clouds. Today, however, there was no mist, and it ned to her that it was from the direction of this peak that the faint rolling sounds came floating on the breeze. But she could se nothing; the mountain seemed as tenantless and devoid of life as the day when it first towered up upon the face of things created. Presently the sound died away, and she returned, thinking that she must have been deceived by the echoes of some distant thunder

Next day they learned from the natives that what she had heard was the sound of the big guns covering the flight of the British troops down the precipitous sides of Majuba mountain. After this old Silas Croft began to lose heart a little. The run of disaster was so unrelieved that even his robust faith in the invincibility of the English arms was

"It is very strange, Bessie," he said, "very strange; but never mind, it is bound to come right at last. Our government is not going to knock under because they have suffered a

Then came a long four weeks of uncerainty. The air was thick with rumors, most of them brought by natives, one or two by passing Boers, to which, however, Silas Croft declined to pay any attention. Soon it became abundantly clear, however, that an armistice was concluded between the English. and the Boers, but what were its terms or its object they were quite unable to decide. Silastroft thought that the Boers, overawed by he advance of an overwhelming force, meants to give in without further fighting; but Bessie.

One day—it was the same on which John and Jess had left Pretoris—a Kaffir brought news that the armistice was at an end, that the Higglish were advancing up to the Nek in thousands and were going to force it on the morrow and relieve the garrisons—a piece of tatelligence that brought some of the old light back to Basie's eyes. As for her uncle, he was inhibitat.

less and agony of mind we have gone through. Upon my word, for the last two months I have been ashamed to call mysalf ar Englishman. However, there is an end of it now. I knew that they would never give in and desert us," and the old man straightened his crossed back and slapped his chest and looked as proud and gallant as though he man displaced as proud and gallant as though he man displaced as proud and gallant as though he

The rest of that day passed without any further ment, and so did the following two list on the next, which was March 23, the

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