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MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

FOILED IN THE ATTEMPT

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd.)

About two o'clock, as Tillie and her guest reclined on the grass near the white logs, with Rock busying himself just beyond sight and hearing with some new contrivance, Mrs. Beevil said:

"Since you left us yesterday, Adde, I have been turning out some of my boxes and drawers, and have come across the picture of my runaway husband. As I have told you my story, I thought you might like to see it."

She handed it to Tillie, who examined it closely, being instantly struck by it more than she cared to confess.

The painting was coarse enough, being little more than a daub. There was not a great deal of expression on the pictured face, but what there was appeared sinister and wicked. The countenance was that of a young man, with long, fair hair, a low, retreating forehead, and a dimpled chin, from the under side of which projected a fringe of whiskers. The cheeks were white, lined too, and the eyes were small and light in color.

"I have seen that face somewhere," said Tillie, staring at the portrait as if fascinated. "Somehow it seems very familiar!"

Mrs. Beevil bent nearer with breathless interest.

"Perhaps you knew him as a school-teacher," she suggested. "Jerry had an education. Perhaps you've seen him as an agent—such as he was when I first met him. He was no hand to work, but he liked speculating and them kinds of business that come easy!"

Speculating! The word was enough! Tillie knew now why the picture had struck her with such haunting force. She muttered a low cry of astonishment.

"The man I refer to might have readily looked like this all these years ago," she declared. "He is the man I have told you about—the man who tried to be my lover and whom I rejected; the man who was the cause of all that horrible tragedy I left behind me! He owns a handsome estate near my father's on the lake-shore, not far from Cleveland. I have hesitated to mention his name, for obvious reasons, Mrs. Beevil, but I will hesitate no longer. It is the same as your runaway husband's; it is Jerry Beevil!"

Her companion became deathly pale at this intelligence, almost losing her senses, and Tillie continued her study of the picture. Its resemblance to her rejected wooer grew upon her.

"This neighbor of ours," resumed the girl, "is a dandy and dresses finely, and wears ruffles and diamonds, and carries a cane, and wears long side-whiskers, and has his hair parted in the middle just like a woman's—"

"Just like my Jerry?" almost shrieked Mrs. Beevil, finding her voice.

"And the more I look at this picture," pursued the girl, "the more I catch myself trying to see if that left hand, which is doubled up in the painting and covered with rings has not lost its little finger!"

Mrs. Beevil leaped to her feet, a swift flush replacing the pallor on her face, her eyes glistening.

"Has—the Jerry Beevil who has been trying to marry you lost the little finger of his left hand?" she gasped.

"He has," answered Tillie. "He told me he lost it in his boyhood by getting his hand in a hay-cut-ter."

Mrs. Beevil drew her breath hard. "Just like my Jerry?" she repeated, with forced calmness. "Is he double your age, my child?"

"Yes, fully forty!"

was a type of many that followed.

Tillie went to bed early, and arose with the first beams of day. She fed her chickens, and milked her goat, and amused herself with her rabbits, taming them until they would come for her caresses. She spent hours in her seat in the big pine. She took baths at sunrise in the little pebbly pool she had discovered in the brook. Now and then she went for a ramble entirely around the island, disturbing flocks of wild birds on the principal beaches. And every day she had a visit from one of the Beevils—sometimes the mother, often Floss, but oftener Rock alone—but all of them bringing eggs and milk, with game and fish and scores of other things, so that the larder in the hollow tree was never empty.

And thus ten sunny days wore away.

The eleventh day proved dark and gloomy, and a drizzling rain fell ceaselessly, while the wind blew keen and chilly and with a wailing cry through the pines. It was one of those days of all others when one appreciates warmth and comfort, and when a sympathetic companionship is the choicest of treasures.

Tillie arose late, shivering with the cold, which she found difficult to bear after the late sunny summer weather. No bath could be had that morning. She shuddered at the thought. She attired herself warmly, put on a pair of thick boots, and then, throwing her waterproof tweed cloak over her head, she opened her door, and made a sudden dash for her little wigwam, running through the rain. Of all mornings in the year, a cup of coffee would be most acceptable on this. So she took up her tea-kettle and ran to the spring. Having filled the kettle, and washed her hands and face, she ran back to the lodge. She then made a hurried journey to her larder in the hollow tree, bringing thence a plump spring chicken, a present on the previous day from the Beevil farm.

There was plenty of wood in the small lodge, and the girl Crusoe hastened to make a fire. By the time the rain was pouring and the smoke of the fire was much of it beaten back into the lodge. Nevertheless Tillie proceeded with her breakfast, leaving her door open, and was at length rewarded by a cup of steaming coffee, a tempting broiled chicken, and a slice of toast. Putting away half of the chicken for dinner, she ate the rest with a good appetite.

"It is going to rain all day," thought Tillie, standing in her doorway. "Somehow one feels one's griefs more on such a day as this than when the sun is shining. No one will be here to see me." Remembering her small dependants, she stirred up some corn meal for the chickens, and gathered up crumbs for the hen. Then she ran out with them. The nanny-goat was standing disconsolately under the tree to which she was usually tied from night till morning, and Tillie milked her and gave her a chance of finding shelter in some crevice or under some overhanging rock by turning her back.

Then she warmed and dried herself by the smoky fire, after which she ran to the large lodge, and, wrapping herself in one of her blankets, sat down in her rocking chair to read a book.

The next day, however, was as sunny as any of those which preceded it, and Rock arrived with an invitation to Tillie to the day with the Beevils, which she did, returning to her island the following morning.

The next two days passed all

incident. Rock came

ground when the gale burst upon her in all its fury, nearly bearing her away with it.

Then slowly, like a tortoise, the girl commenced her descent of the cone, clinging to every tree, and crouching now and then in some hollow rest.

The journey down to the plateau, as short as it was, proved a long one. Her hat was torn from her head by a gust of the gale. Her clothes were rent. Her hands were cut and bleeding. But at last, panting and exhausted, she gained the plateau, and sank down on the grass.

It was dark here, but the plateau was protected from the wind by the hill at its back, and by the great pines that enclosed it. Only the roar of the gale penetrated to this sheltered spot.

For an hour or more Tillie remained quiet in this retreat while the storm passed away as suddenly as it had arisen.

Then she gained her feet, with a sigh of relief, and turned toward the white lodge, to take refuge in it.

At that moment a heavy tread was heard ascending the path that led up the lower hill from the beach.

"Rock has come," thought Tillie. "He must have been out in that awful tempest!"

She waited expectantly, and the steps came nearer and nearer, a look of terror gathering in her eyes and on her face as she listened.

"No! it's not Rock!" she faltered.

She turned anew, with the instinct of flight, but at that instant a figure emerged from the shadows of the great pines shading the path, and a wild scream of terror escaped her at sight of it.

The newcomer was her rejected wooer—Jerry Beevil!

His garments were dripping with water—such of them as had not been stripped from him by the combined fury of the winds and waves. He stood reeling and bareheaded. His eyes stared wildly from his ghastly face. He was battered, and bleeding.

"Merciful heavens!" was all Tillie said at sight of him.

He staggered, his articulation

"A murderer?" echoed Beevil. "Yes, you are," affirmed Tillie. "Although it was my father's hand that struck the blow that killed Olin Bain, all the guilt of that awful murder rests upon you! It was you, Jerry Beevil, who fired my father's heart to anger and frenzy by your falsehoods! It was you who roused his passions, inciting him to murder by telling him that Olin and I were planning to elope that very night!"

(To be Continued.)

THE ELEVATOR BLEW UP.

Eleven Men and Two Women Killed at Richford, Vermont.

A despatch from Richford, Vt., says: With a concussion which shook the entire village, a large grain elevator having a capacity of 500,000 bushels, exploded late on Wednesday, causing the death of at least eleven workmen and two women who were walking in the immediate vicinity. It is possible that the death toll may be further increased when a careful search of the ruins can be made. The explosion blew off the entire roof of the big building, scattering timbers in all directions, and almost instantly flames burst out over the whole structure. Twenty-one men were employed in the building. The elevator was owned jointly by the Canadian Pacific and Boston & Maine Railroads, and was occupied by the Quaker Oats Company, of Chicago. It is thought the flames started by spontaneous combustion in the dry dust of the grain. The elevator was totally destroyed, the loss being estimated at \$400,000. The wreckage from the explosion and fire blocked the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railway completely for many hours, so that it was necessary for trains to make a detour by way of Sherbrooke, Que.

WITH TEARS IN THEIR EYES.

Strikers Appeal to Mayor Payette to Intercede with C. P. R.

A despatch from Montreal says: A large deputation of C.P.R. strikers called upon Mayor Payette on Wednesday, and told a pitiful tale.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Oct. 13—Flour—Ontario wheat, 90 per cent. patents, \$3.50, in buyers' sacks outside for export. Manitoba flour, first patents, \$5.80, on track, Toronto; second patents, \$5.30; and Spring bakers', \$5.10.

Wheat—Manitoba wheat, for prompt shipment, is quoted at \$1.61½ for No. 1 Northern, and \$1.62½ for No. 2 Northern, Georgian Bay ports. For October delivery, latter part of month, No. 1 new is quoted at \$1.02½; and No. 2 Northern at \$1.00½, Bay ports.

Ontario wheat—No. 2 white is quoted at 90c outside; No. 2 red Winter, 90c, and No. 2 mixed, 89½ to 90c outside.

Oats—Ontario No. 2 white, 35c outside; and 40½ to 41c on track, Toronto.

Rye—No. 2 quoted at 75 to 76c outside.

Buckwheat—60 to 61c outside.

Peas—Prices nominal.

Corn—No. 2 nominal at 82c.

and No. 3 56c, and No. 4 55c, outside.

Barley—No. 2 bulk outside to \$23 in 100.

Brans—No. 1 bulk outside to \$23 in 100.

COUNTY.

Apples—Winter \$2.50 per barrel for cooking at \$1.50 to \$1.75 for cooking.

Beans—Prime, \$1.90, and picked, \$2.00 per bushel.

Honey—Combs, No. 1, \$1.50; No. 2, \$1.75 per dozen, and No. 2, in pound tins, 9½c; No. 1 extracted 1½ to 1½c per pound.

Hay—No. 1 timothy quoted at \$17.50.

THE

Britain

A despatch from the dismembered on apace. The dismembered declared herself day night. Joseph of A practical an pieces of Bos the dual m nesday Cret Ottoman Er protection o the Govern France and bring order the virtual in treaty h virtually ag taking host Bulgaria an tion by the ever.