Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.

was lifting. His glance, scanning the room, set itself on a shabby, clear background apologetic, yet keenly and pridefully interested. A whimsical light was in his eye. He crossed to him, and reaching out his arm, drew the violin from under his arm.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," he said, and, opening the door, he tucked the instrument under his chin and began to play.

What absolute contempt of danger, what insane prompting possed, can scarcely be imagined. Fielder looked for a quick end to the folly, but he saw the men on the street, even as they moved forward, waver and pause. With almost the first note it had come to them that they were hearing music such as the squeaking fiddles of the dance halls never knew. Those on the opposite pavement crossed over, and men far down the street stood still to listen.

More than the adept's cunning that had at first tingled his fingers at sight of the instrument was in Harry Sanderson's playing. The violin had been the single passion which the old Satan Sanderson had carried with him into the new career. The impulse to soothe the savage breast had been a flare of the old character he had been relieving, but the music, begun in bravado swept him almost instantly beyond its bounds. He had never been an indifferent performer. Now he was playing as he had never played in his life, with inspiration and abandon. There was a diabolism in it. He had forgotten the fight, the crowd, his own mocking mood. He had forgotten where he was. He was afloat on a fluctuant tide of melody that was carrying him back, back, into the far away past, towards all that he had loved and lost.

"It's 'Home Sweet Home,'" said Barney McGinn; "No, it's 'Annie Laurie,' No, it's—hanged if I know what it is!"

The player himself could not have told him. He was in a kind of a tranced dream. The self made music was calling with a sweet insistence to buried things that were stirring from a long sleep. It send a gulp into the throat of more than one left standing, moveless in the street. It brought a suspicious moisture to Tom Fielder's eyes. It drew Mrs. Halloran from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. It called to a girl who crouched in the upper hall, with her miserable face buried in her hands, drew her down the stairs, to the office door, her eyes wide with a breathless wonder, her face glistening with feeling.

From the balcony Jessica had witnessed the fight without understanding its meaning. A fascination she could not gainsay had glued her eyes to the struggle. It was he—it was the face she knew, seen but once for a single moment in the hour of her marriage, but stamped indelibly upon her memory. It was no longer the smooth shaven, and it was changed, evilly changed, but it was the same. There was recklessness and mockery in it, and yet strength, not weakness. Shunned and despised as he might be—the chief actor, as it seemed to her, in a desperate barroom affair, a coarse affair of fisticuffs in the public street—yet there was something splendid in his victory.

To Jessica, standing with hands close clapsed, the music seemed the agony of remorse for a past fall, the cry of a forlorn soul, knowing itself cast out, appealing to its good angel for pity and pardon. High had often played to her lightly, carelessly, as he did all things. She had deemed it only one of his many clever amateurish accomplishments. Now it struck her with a pang that there had been in her a deeper side that had not touched. Since her wedding day she thought of her wedding day she thought of her marriage as a loathed bond, from which his false pretense had absolved her. Now a doubt of her own position assailed her. Had loneliness and outlawry driven him into the career that had made him shunned even in this rough town, a course which she, had she been faithful to her vow, for better or for worse, might have turned to his redemption? God forgave, but she had not forgiven. Smarting tears started to her eyelids

For Harry Sanderson the music was the imprisoned memory, crying out strongly in the first tongue it had found. The slumbering qualities that had stirred uneasily at sight of the face on the balcony awoke. Who he was and what he had been he knew no more than before, but the new writhing self consciousness, starting from its sleep with almost a sense of shock, became conscious of the gaping crowd, the dusty street, the red sunset, and of himself at the end of a vulgar brawl sawing a violin in silly braggadocio in a hotel doorway.

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The music faltered and broke off. The bow dropped at his feet. He picked it up fumblingly and turned back into the office as a man entered from a rear door. The newcomer was Michael Halloran, the hotel's proprietor of the hotel, short, thickset and surly. Asleep in his room, he had neither seen the fracas nor heard the playing. He saw instantly, however, that something unusual was forward, and blinking on the threshold, caught sight of the man who was handing back the violin to its owner. He clinched his fist with a scowl, and started toward him.

His wife caught his arm.

"Oh, Michael, Michael!" she cried. "Say nothing, lad! Ye should have heard him play!"

"Play!" he exclaimed. "Let him go fiddle to his side partner, Prendergast, and the other riffraff he's run with the year past!" He turned blankly to Harry. "Take yourself from this house, Hugh Stires!" he said. "Whether all's true that's said of you I don't say, but you'll not come here!"

Harry had turned very white, With the spoken name—a name how familiar!—his eyes had fallen to the ring on his finger—the ring with the initials, H.S. A sudden comprehension had darted to his mind. A core of circumstances that seemed odd now stood out in a baleful light. The looks of dislike in the barroom, the attitude of the street, this angry diatribe, all smacked of acquaintance and not alone acquaintance, but obloquy. His name was Hugh Stires! He belonged to this very town!' He was a man hated despised, forbidden entrance to an uncouth hostelry, an unwelcome visitant even in a barroom. He turned to Fielder, and said in a low voice to him, not to the hotel keeper or to the roomful.

"When I entered this town to-day I did not know my name or that I had ever set foot in it before. I was struck by a train a month ago and remember nothing beyond that time. It seems that the town knows me better than I know myself."

He turned quietly and walked out of the door. Pavement and street were a hubbub of excited talk. The groups parted as he came out and he passed between them with eyes straight forward.

As he turned down the street a frament of quartz, thrown with deliberate and venomous aim flew from the saloon doorway. It grazed his head,k nocking iff his hat.

Tom Fileder had seen the flying missile, and he leaped to the centre of the street with rage in his heart. "If I find out who threw that I'll send him up for it, so help me God," he cried.

Harry stooped and picked up his hat and as he put it on again, turned a moment toward the crowd. Then he walked on down the middle of the street, his eyes glaring, his face white into the dusky blue of the falling twilight.

CHAPTER 14.

The scene in the hotel office had left Jessica in a state of mental distraction, in which reason was in abeyance, In the confusion she had elipped into the sitting room unnoticed, feeling a sense of almost physical weakness, to sit in the half light listening to the diminishing noises of the spilling crowd. She was wind swept, storm tossed in the grip of primal emotions. The surprise had shocked her, and the strange appeal of the violin had disturbed her equipoise.

The significant words of awakening spoken in the office, had come to her distinctly. In their light she had read the piteous appeal of that gaze that had held her motionless on the balcony. Hugh had forgotten the past—all of it, its crime, its penalty. In forgetting the past he had forgotten even her, his wife. Yet in some mysterious way her face had been familiar to him. It had touched for an instant the spring of the befoggled memory.

As she spurred through the transient twi-light, past the selvage of the town, and into the somber mountain slope, she struck her horse sharply with her crop. He who had entrapped her, who had married her under the shadow of a criminal act, who had broken her future with his, when his whole bright life was crushed down in black ruin—could such a one look as he had looked at her? Could he make such music that wrung her heart?

All at once the horse shied violently, almost unseating her. A man was lying by the side of the road and tossing and muttering to himself. She forced the unwilling animal closer, and leaning from the saddle, saw who it was. In a moment she was off and beside the prostrate form, a spasm of dread clutching at her throat at sight of the nerveless limbs, the chalky palor of the brow, the fever spots in the cheeks.

A wave of pity swept over her. He was ill and alone. He could not be left there. He must have shelter. She looked fearfully about her. What could she do? In that town, whose tolerance and dislike she had seen so actively demonstrated, was there no one who would care for him? She turned her head, listened to a nearing sound—footsteps were plodding up the road. She called, and presently a pedestrian emerged from the half dark and came towards her.

He bent over the form she showed him.

"It's Stires," he said, with a chuckle. "I heard he'd come back." The chuckle turned to a cough, and he shook his head. "This is sad. You never could believe how I have labored with the boy, but"—he turned out his hands—"you see, there is the temptation. It is his unhappy weakness."

Jessica remembered the yellow, smirky face now. She had passed him on the day that Tom Fielder had walked with her from the Mountain Valley house, and the lawyer had told her that he lived in the cabin just below the knob. where she so often sat. She felt a quiver of repulsion.

"He is not intoxicated," she said, coldly, "he is ill. You know him, then?"

"Know him!" he echoed, and then laughed—a dry, cackling laugh. "I ought to. And I guess he knows me. He shook the inert arm "Get up, Hugh!" he said, "it's Prendergast."

There flashed through her mind the phrase of the surly hotelkeeper, "His side partner, Prendergast!" Could it be? Had Hugh really lived in the cabin on which she had so often peered down during those past weeks? And with this chosen crony?

She touched Prendergast's arm. He is ill, I say," she repeated. "He must be cared for at once. Your cabin is on the hillsdie, isn't it?"

"His cabin," he corrected. "A very rough place, but it has sheltered us both. I am but guide, philosopher, and friend."

"Lift him on my horse," she said. She stooped and put her hands under the twitching shoulders. "I will help you. I am quite strong."

With her aid, he lifted the swaying figure on to the saddle, and supported it while Jessica led the way.

"Here is the cutoff," he said presently. "Ah, you know it," for she had turned into the side path that led alang the hill, under the gray, snake like flume—the shortest route to the grassy shelf on Uhich the cabin stood.

The by-way was steep and rugged. and rhododendron clumps caught at her ankles, and once she heard a snake slip over the dry rustle of leaves, but she went on rapidly, turning back now and then anxiously to urge the horse to greater speed. She scarcely heard the offensively honeyed compliments which Prendergast offered to her courage.

It seemed an eternity they climbed. In reality it was scarcely twenty minutes before they reached the grassy knoll and the cabin, whose crazy, swinging door stood wide to the night air. She tied the horse, went in, and at Prendergast's directions found matches and a candle. The bare- two roomed interior it revealed was unkempt and disordered. Rough bunks, a table, and a couple of hewn chairs were almost its only furniture. The window was broken, and the roof admitted sun and rain. Prendergast laid the man they had brought on one of the bunks, and threw over him a shabby blanket.

"My, dear young lady," he said, "you are a good Samaritan. How shall we thank you, my poor friend here and I?"

Jessica had taken money from her pocket, and now she held it out to him. "He must have a doctor," she said. "You must fetch one." K

The yellow eyes fastened on the bill, even while his gesture protested. "You shame me!" he exclaimed. "And yet you are right. It is for him." he folded it and put it into his pocket. "As soon as I have built a fire I will go for the local medico. He will not always come at the call of the luckless miner. All are not so charitable as you."

He untied her horse and extended a hand, but she mounted without his help. "He will thank you one day, this friend of mine," he said, "far better than I can do."

"It is not at all necessary to tell him," she replied frigidly. "The sick are always to be helped in every circumstance."

She gave the horse the rein as she spoke and turned him up the steep path that climbed back ol the cabin, past the knob, and so by a narrow trail to the mountain road.

August Prendergast stood listening to the dulling hoof beats a moment, then re-entered the cabin. The man on the bunk had lifted to a sitting position. His eyes were open, dazed and staring.

"That's right," the older man said. "You're coming round. How does it feel to be back in the old shebang? Can't guess how you got here, can you? You were towed on horseback by a beauty, Hughie, my boy—a rip, staving beauty! I'll tell you about it in the morning if you're good."

The man addressed made no answer. His eyes were on the other, industrious and bewildered.

"I heard about the row," went on Prendergast. "They didn't think it was in you, and neither did I." He looked at him cunningly. "Neither did Moreau, eh, eh? You're a clever one, Hugh, but the lost memory racket won't stand you in anything. You hadn't any call to get scared in the first place. I don't tell all I know."

He shoved the candle nearer on the table. "There's a queer look in your face, Hugh," ne said, with a clumsy attempt at kindness. "That rock they threw must have hurt you. Feel sort of dizzy, eh? Never mind. I'll show you a sight for sore eyes. You went off without your share of the last swag, but I've saved it for you. Prendergast wouldn't cheat a pal."

From a crany in the clay chinked wall he took a chamois skin bag. It contained a quantity of gold dust, and small nuggets, which he poured into a miner's scales on the table, and proceeded to divide into two portions. This accomplished, he emptied one of the portions on to a paper and pushed it out.

"That's yours," he said.

Harry's eyes were on his with a piercing intensity now. as though they looked through him to a vast distance beyond. He was staring through a gray mist at something far off, but significant, that eluded his direct vision. The board table, the yellow gold, the flickering candlelight, recalling something horrifying, in some other world, in some other life, millions of ages ago.

He lurched to his feet, overturning the table. The gold dust rattled to the floor.

"Your deal," he said. Then, with a vague laugh, he fell sidewaise upon the bunk.

August Prendergast stared at him with a look of amazement on his yellow face. "He's crazy as a chicken," he said.

"I guess you'll do without any pain killer" he said to himself. "The doctors are expensive. Anyway, I'll be back by midnight."

He threw more wood on the fire, blew out the candle, and closing the door behind him, set off down the trail to the town, where a faro bank soon acquired the bill Jessica had given him.

To be continued.

DIED

BELL—At Fenelon Falls, on Friday Jan. 14th, 1910, John Bell, aged 83 years and 10 months.

St. Andrew's Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of St. Andrew's church was held in the school room on Wednesday evening and was largely attended. At the meeting the board of managers elected were: — Mrs. A. McNabb, Jas. W. Anderson, J. D. Smith, J. A. Williamson, J. P. Donald, A. B. McIntyre and W. G. Dunoon.

The financial statement was read by Mr. J. P. Donald and adopted.

Mr. J. A. Williamson presented the report of the managing committee, and Mr. J. D. Smith read the reports of the different societies in connection with the church.

Obituary

RANDOLPH MACDONALD

Randolph Macdonald, well known in railroad and financial circles in Toronto, and throughout Canada, died suddenly at his residence, Rusholme road, this morning at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Macdonald is best remembered as a partner with the late Alexander Manning in the contract for the straightening of the River Don during the consulship of Mayor W. H. Howland.

Previous to his association with Mr. Manning, Mr. Macdonald and a brother carried on the business of railway contractors from 1870 until 1887.

The company with which the deceased was identified, constructed the Midland division of the G.T.R. to Campbellford, the Fenelon Falls section of the Trent Valley Canal, and the work on this waterway in course of completion at Rosedale.

The late Mr. Macdonald, was well known in Lindsay and district and the news of his demise was received with regret.

Where Deer are a Nuisance

Deer have been so carefully protected in Massachusetts for some time past that they have become the cause of serious damage to farmers' crops. How serious the damage is will be understood from the statement of the Springfield Republican, that during the present year nearly $8,000 has been paid out of the state treasury to farmers whose crops have been damaged by these protected animals, and that a large number of claims were still to come in. In one township alone $487 has been paid out to claimants, the amount for the different townships running from that down to about $5.

The Fable of the Horseshoe

Do you know the German fable about the horseshoe? In the olden times in a little village, a blacksmith was hard at work. The sound of the anvil attracted the attention of Satan. He saw the smith making horseshoes, and thought it a good idea to get his own hoofs shod. So the devil one struck a bargain and put up his foot. The blacksmith saw with whom he was dealing, and nailed a red hot shoe on driving the nails square into the devil's foot. The visitor paid him and left. but the honest blacksmith threw the money in the fire: he knew it would bring him bad luck. Meanwhile the devil had walked some distance and began to suffer the greatest torture from the shoes. The more he danced and kicked and swore. the more the shoes hurt him. Finally, after he had gone throubh fearful agony, he tore them off and threw them away. From that time forward, whenever he saw a horseshoe, he would run off, anxious to get out of the way. The German peasantry believe this story, because one can scarcely find a doorstep or a barn door that hasn't a horseshoe nailed up.

...e in Peterborough district in the west proved a great success

...at Mrs. Flett's old home, Mt. Horeb-

...property is owned by the Palms estate of Detroit, and is leased to a party of Windsor men.

And with farewell unspoken
She calmly entered home,
Signed, husband and family.