

Susie: A Character Sketch

By Philip Verrill Nichols

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

Along the path at noon came a shaded man, a barrel-shaped minor, who "blazed" his track with a cut-off shovel used as a cane.

"Paper for Henley," he puffingly remarked as he opened the door of the shed above the shaft. "Paper 'dressed to Franklin Henley,'" and tossing it in by the side of the man who was eating his lunch on a box, he plodded ahead to return to the trail.

"Thank you, Billy," called the other; "much obliged." He finished a bone, gave his fingers a wipe on the ragged trousers and slit off the wrapper of the "down-east" paper.

Sitting in the door, he read the news of the far-away home eagerly absorbing every line. Of a sudden he paused; a gleam of something wild came flashing in his eyes and the muscles of his hands and arms abruptly stiffened.

"Married, by the Rev. Richard Watson, Feb. 20, Miss Agnes Coles to Frederick Law," was all that he read. The type swung a dizzy waltz, with the notice for their center—a thousand animated demon spots they were, dancing at his anguish.

He hurled the sheet, in a crumpled-up ball, along in the brush; he grasped a pick and went where the paper lay—all crisply swelling to open again—and dug and gashed it to dirt-printed shreds.

"So that's the reason she hasn't been writing!" he fiercely blazed. "That's the game he's worked on the quiet shift! Undermined me!—tapped the vein!—robbled the pocket! Damn his cowardly heart!—damn the mine!—damn everything!" His voice was choked; he reeled to the shed, he sank—half hung—to the earthen floor, to lie where the door, like a flabby jaw, was vainly trying to close against his body.

His fingers gouged in the sand like hooks; his face was pressed to the chill, hard cheek of the soil. The wind swept through, the hole of a window his rest, beating the door, in weak, squeaking blows against his back.

The day grew old; a drifting rain descended; darkness obscured him as he lay, half within, half without. The night came down and found him motionless. The creak, creak, creak of the door was mingled at midnight with the distant howling of a lone coyote.

In the morning, when the Indian girl was come to the cabin, a wild-eyed man, mumbling and groping, haggard, unkempt, staggered out of the sage brush to fall over on the floor of the kitchen.

There on the boards she fashioned the couch whereon he tossed and rolled, fought and mired for fourteen nights and days.

Fleely he opened his eyes at length. It was Susie above him, leaving his forehead; Susie preparing the food at the stove; Susie who sang him the lullaby of rest in Washoe music, soft and persuasive.

Wistfully his eyes remained on her round young face. He lay there helpless, feeling like a man of the twelfth century. Day by day she coaxed his pulse to its strong, quick thump of action. Night by night his energy crept in through his system again. Yet what was the use.

There came an hour when he tottered to his feet, got the gush of spring from the vibrating breech, and at length returned to the mine—to dig in the adamant, to work off the shadows of hatred and vengeance.

He dug out a pocket of gold, nearly pure, and laughed in scorn at its glittering spread on the salver of dross and porphyry. It lay where it fell—a pyramid of riches; and he striking sparks from his steel and the rock in the opposite end of the tunnel.

Susie remained—his shy little dove—adoring the air that haloed him about, thrilling unceasingly to hear him speak—lived in her womanly scheme of an earthly heaven.

The blossoms now presented their cheeks and lips in manifold petals for the sun's caress; the birds, wide-throated by gushing melodies, expressed throughout the day the joys of twining a nest in the branches. The Indian girl outspread her very fingers, to feel the current of love and life that sweetened the air.

At times, as the spring bud bourgeoned into summer, the girl and Henley roamed on the hills hand-in-hand, seeking the grass blades that smoothed the roots of the sage brush, hunting out the flowers, mocking the mellow lark—who sang of endless summer.

Now and again the man was fired by hot desire to honeycomb the mighty hills with drifts and shafts and tunnels. Yet, how sweet to wander "home" in the cool of the evening, stepping to the cheerful notes of crickets by the trail, to meet the day new-born again in the beaming face of Susie!

CHAPTER II.

Chloride Hill, the mining camp, was nothing to Henley, nothing to Susie. But out of its streets there came one day a tall, stalwart Indian, who stood like a stone in the kitchen door and gazed in amazement on the Indian girl.

"Mingo!" she cried in alarm. "Yes, Mingo," he replied slowly and heavily, glaring like a wolf. "Mingo, he name."

He backed away and stood there motionless. "What do you want?" he asked in the guttural speech of his race. "Why do you come?" "Mingo, come for you."

said he. "Mingo wants his mahala, his wife."

"What do you mean?" she cried aghast.

"Mingo's mahala is afraid like the chipmunk," he joyously announced. "Mingo will make her like the pool of the water. Mingo will take his wife; he has given her father his rifle and pony. She will go to the lodge of Mingo."

"Mingo is loosed" (crazed), she answered. Here is my lord, I am his mahala. This is Susie's wikipup. "No," said he, growing dark with frowning, "you my wife—my squaw. Your father, he say so. He say you go with Mingo, go to Mingo's wigwam."

"But I can't go to your wigwam. I don't love you—don't you sabbee? I don't love you."

"Mingo, he loves you. That is plenty. I tell you come."

"Oh, you sneaking coyote! If my husband were here you would run like the coward. You would never come to the white man's wigwam."

"He is not your husband, mahala. Do you say to Mingo, the white chief here is your husband?"

She faltered, staggered and groped a little backward.

"You say it not," he quickly continued. "It is lying. No, the mahala is not the wife at his side. She has broken the Indian's law; she has broken the law of the white man, Mahala, you belong to Mingo. I tell you come."

"He moved toward her; she recoiled in dread. Her searching hand came down on the table, fell on the handle of a knife, and she grasped it suddenly.

"Stand far away," she cried, displaying the blade. "You sneaking coyote! You come when women are alone—you, the great hunter! Keep away! Go! Let us in the light! Take your bad coyote face to the sage brush, you coward!"

The savage blood of her nature was aflame. The Washoe flinched not at all, neither did he come. He was cunning, more than brave. The dull, banked fire was aglow in his eyes, his body was bent in a menacing attitude, his head thrown malignantly forward, muttering threats of vengeance he glided backward, and she slammed and bolted the door. Then down on the floor she sank, to lie there breathing like a wounded animal.

On the hill, in the sunshine, Henley was gazing at the deep blue sky, that showed in a patch through a window in the shed above the mine. Along the path, down below, at his back, the squat, little barrel-shaped miser labored whiningly upward.

"Letter for Henley," he called at the door, and threw in the mixture and trudged along the hill.

Not an answering sound did Henley make. "A letter," he mused, not starting at all from his resting position. "Comes a trifle late, I reckon. Life-preserver to a corpse—so far as the world beyond is at all concerned." He gazed another hour at the sky, while the light moved slowly athwart the earthen floor and lay at length, a brilliant finger, across the face of the up-turned envelope.

Turning, he saw the white and placid invitation. His eyes began dissecting its features. Presently the writing, round and straight, made him move by stages involuntarily toward the light.

"Here," he whispered. His jaw grew square and firmly set; his eyes grew hard and glinted like flint. Yet he took up the letter and broke it open sullenly.

" * * * and my illness increased to such an extent that the doctor said I would have to go to the warm Bermudas. Every one about was quite alarmed—they neglected you, my dearest heart—and for many a week I lay like a shadow on the pillow. * * * I enclose a notice, the funniest thing, that was printed in the Star.

"Married by the Rev. Richard Watson, Feb. 20, Miss Agnes Coles to Frederick Law."

"Isn't it odd?—the oddest thing! Of course it ought to be Kollies; but such a laugh they have had on me, and on Agnes too. But bless her heart, she doesn't mind; she's got her Fred at last, and they are very happy."

His senses were swimming crazily, the world was whirling wildly in space—he tottered in his walk.

Out he went, clutching his letter—out to the light—out and away up the hill, striding like an engine breasting the breeze, fronting the steep ascent, panting and straining to reach that upper isolation.

"Frank, oh, Frank," cried Susie when he came. "Mingo, the Indian!" He brushed her by. He looked at her blankly; his ears failed to focus the sounds of her voice; he merely comprehended that something was uttered.

"No, no," he answered, "no, not now—I'm dizzy—rattled."

She stood with eyes wide open and started dumbly appealing. "But Mingo," she said, "Mingo, the Indian, he came to-day—and he threatened—threatened us."

"Mingo—Mingo! He's a coward—I'm tired—never mind him, Susie."

He stretched forth his hand. She leaped to place it on her neck, and kissed it wildly. He stood there truly, but himself was far away.

Facing and pacing, he wore away the hours in the cabin. All through the night she watched his face with star-

tled eyes, pain, doubt and yearning in her dumb, trusting look.

In the morning he bolted to the hill again; and she, like a doe, not anything but one who is master, followed him timidly far behind—followed till he threw himself down in the sage brush. She sank where she was, to wait there in patience.

In the grass-broken sand he lay and sat and lay again, thinking rapidly, incoherently the same things over and over. Under it all ran a current of echoes: "Saved my life—she saved my life—she saved my life."

At length his wandering attention was caught by a motley procession moving slowly along in the dust-wreathed road below. There were half a dozen Washoe Indians, more perhaps, approaching the town—men and women. They had two horses—jaded, hopeless creatures—that three old men were riding. Near them, walking barefooted, heavily laden, were three or four squaws, with time-furrowed visages. The loads were contained in sacks and in conical baskets, heaped on the shoulders and supported by heavy bands, which went across the foreheads of these camel-females. Forward the burdened ones bent, looking, as if in submission and patience, on the ground, leaning on sticks which they used with either hand. It was only a party returning from the mountains with the gathered supply of bitter acorns and berries from the red manzanita. For fifty miles they had traveled thus. Painfully the wretched caravan crawled around the hill and disappeared.

Henley watched them, strangely intent. "Saved my life," he muttered aloud. "Indian—same as those. Saved me. Yes, she'll wrinkle—be old. Why did I have to have the fever! Saved my life. Wrinkled, fearful old squaws."

Susie saw the squallid show. "Oh," she cried in anguish to herself. "Oh, the women—oh, the Washoe women! Were they young long ago? Were they part of the summer? Did they hear the larks and crickets? Did they love?" She threw herself forward where she sat till her face was buried in her curving arm. "Oh, love!" she cried; "there is nothing in the world for me but love!"

The thoughts of Henley finally crystallized in form and sequence. He knew he would leave her, knew he would certainly desert all things Western and go to the far-away East. How to do it gently, what to provide for her comfort, what he should say, how apply a balm with the caustic—these were matters to be planned and planned.

Early the following morning he went to his mine to gather the gold where it lay beneath the pocket. There, alone, he labored hour after hour. The mine was simply a hole in the ground, 50 feet in depth, with branching tunnels down below, and over the mouth a windlass stood, with a rope about it, supporting a bucket that rested on the bottom. Built against one of the perpendicular walls was a wooden ladder, for ingress to and egress from the lower levels.

In the afternoon, from the rocks on the hill, a crouching form came stealthily down through the scrubby brush. It was Mingo, the Washoe Indian. Noiselessly he crept to the shed and near for any living thing—there he lay full length on a plank at the edge of the shaft. His practiced ear was quick to catch the dull sound of blows that issued from the mine. Long he lay without moving a muscle. He could wait an hour; he could wait a day. (To be continued.)

Farm Wells.

The location of the well on the farm is one of the greatest importance. In many instances the farmer starts his well near the buildings and yards, and selects the lowest point as a location, with the idea that he will not have to dig as deep as he would upon higher land. This is often a mistake, as we know of several places in a village where the wells near the top of the hill are not as deep and are not as much affected by a drought as those on the lower land at the foot of the hill, though there may be fifty or a hundred feet difference in this elevation. But the chief objection to the well on the low ground is that it receives the surface drainage from the higher land and thus the water soon becomes so contaminated as to be unfit for use, either by the family or the animals, for to be healthy they must have pure water. In these days of driven wells a pipe can often be sunk on the highest gravel knoll or sand hill on the farm more cheaply than in the low land, and when water is reached it is pure and will continue so, because the surface water runs away from it and not toward it. If a windmill is erected the wind power is better, and by tank and pipes water can be brought to house, barn and yards, or carried to irrigate the garden and strawberry bed in a way to make it doubly pay for itself, first in savings of daily hard labor at the pump and next in increased crops by having a water supply when needed. We heard a market gardener near Boston say, a few years ago, that he put down driven wells, bought a steam engine and pump, built a tank and laid pipes, and the increased value of his crops paid the whole expense the first year, including cost of running the engine. Many a man who thought he could not afford to put in a new well has paid out more cash for doctor's and undertaker's bills than the well would have cost.—American Cultivator.

Loss of a Cape Nome Steamer.

The steamship Senator, which has arrived at Port Townsend, reports that the steamship Charles D. Lane, on her way from Nome to Seattle with 175 passengers, went ashore during a dense fog on the night of July 12 on the west bank of Nuvak Island. She is a total wreck. Her passengers and crew were saved by the schooner Vega, which the Lane was towing.

Actor Has Queer Mania.

Thomas Mallay, an old-time actor, who had for years played in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was committed to the Rochester insane asylum from St. Paul, Mallay had so much of Uncle Tom that it affected his brain, and now he imagines that Simon Legree is constantly pursuing him with bloodhounds. It is not on record that he ever played Eliza in the piece, but he seems to have got the parts somewhat mixed.

Miss Gould's Gift to Yassar.

Miss Helen Gould has presented to Yassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a scholarship of \$10,000 in memory of her mother. This is the third scholarship received from Miss Gould within a few years.

DOWAGER EMPRESS IS DEAD.

Sketch of the Life of Emperor William's Mother.

The Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, the mother of Emperor William and the sister of King Edward of England, died at 5:15 Monday afternoon, at Cronberg. The eldest daughter of Queen Victoria had been in poor health for over a year. Her death came as the end of months of suffering. From her early childhood the little



EMPERESS FREDERICK.

Victoria Adelaide Louise gave evidence of the strength of her character, and this trait grew as the child blossomed into girlhood and then into womanhood. She became engaged in 1851 to the Crown Prince of Germany, and in 1858 they were married in the chapel of St. James' Palace, London. Her marriage was most unpopular among the people of Prussia, Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, being bitterly opposed to it. The people binned her in the streets and she was known as the "Englishwoman." Her ideals did not coincide with those of the German people, and even her own son, the present Kaiser, in recent years has made little secret of his contempt for his royal mother. Her husband, Frederick the Noble, had reigned on the throne of Germany but three months when cancer ended his life. Then the daughter of the English throne went into seclusion. Practically deserted, she had lingered for years, suffering from the same disease that carried her husband away. Her loneliness was seldom relieved, and then only by brief visits from her son, Emperor William, and her youngest daughter, who have called rarely for a perfunctory visit at the gloomy castle of Friedrichshof, at Cronberg-on-the-Main.

FRANCIS AND STONE.

Two Missouri Statesmen Are Fighting for Control of Party.

David R. Francis' campaign for Missouri's support for the presidency is being contested by ex-Gov. Stone, who will make a "four flush" at a banquet to be held in Kansas City Aug. 11. While the banquet will be non-political, some close friends of Stone have arranged with the ex-governor to spring his name as Missouri's choice for the presidency. This will be the beginning of a campaign against Francis' aspirations. It is believed that Stone is trying to engage the sympathy of the Bryan Democrats. Francis, of course, has the old-time Democrats on his side and nearly half of the Bryan leaders in the state. The Bryan folks are not a unit in belief in Stone's loyalty to the national platform. It looks as if Francis has a somewhat the best of it. But Stone will do a lot of "four flushing" and might win out in that way.



STONE.



FRANCIS.

West Church Bells Silent.

An interesting crusade has been started at Milwaukee, Wis., against the ringing of church bells. The clanging of the chimes is declared to be a nuisance and a disturbing element in the community, and residents who live in the vicinity of churches whose possessions include a big bell or a chime of bells are up in arms. The anti-noise crusaders are anxious to give the church bell a perpetual rest.

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People and Events

Will Succeed Allen.

William H. Hunt, who will succeed Charles H. Allen as governor of Porto Rico Sept 1, has been secretary of the island under Governor Allen and is thoroughly familiar with its affairs. He was born in New Orleans forty-four years ago and is the fourth son of the late William Henry Hunt, who was Secretary of the Navy in the cabinets of Presidents Garfield and Arthur, and minister to Russia. The greater part of his life, however, has been passed in Montana, where he has held prominent political positions ever since he was 27 years old. Mr. Hunt was educated at Yale, but ill health prevented the completion of his course. As a recompense for this loss of a degree and as a tribute to his later successes, Yale University made him an honorary master of arts in 1896. In 1884 he was elected attorney general of Montana, and he was a member of the constitutional convention when the State was admitted to



WM. H. HUNT

the Union. Four years later he served in the Legislature, and since then he has held important judicial positions in the State.

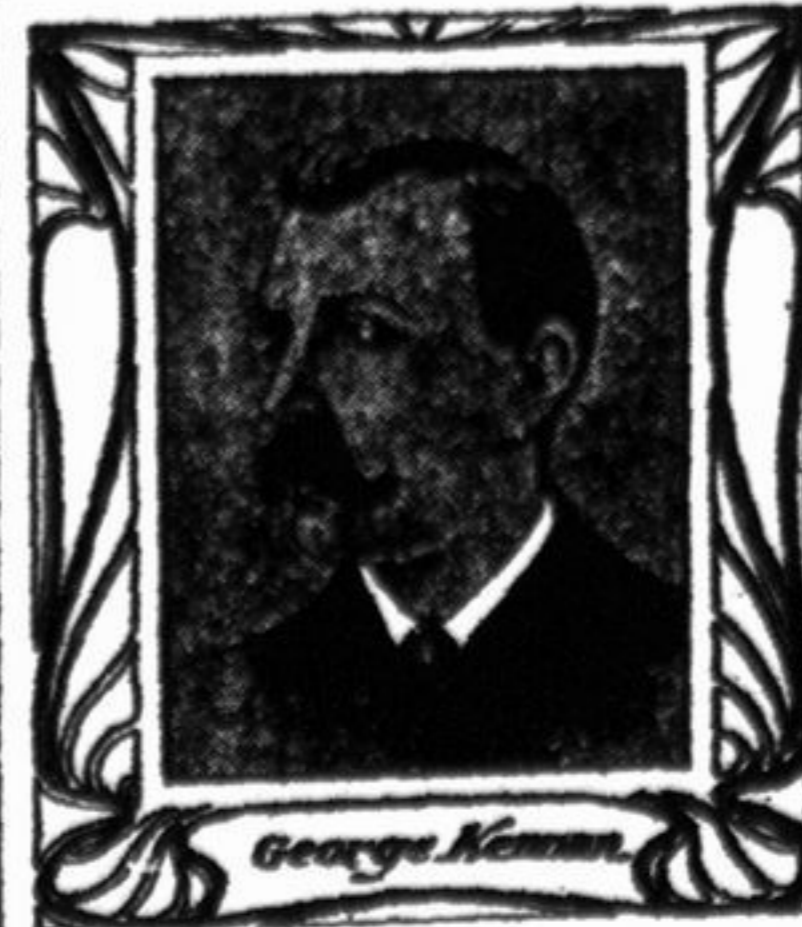
Warships on the Lakes.

By the Rush-Bagot treaty, or "agreement" of 1817, neither Great Britain nor the United States can maintain on the great lakes more than four small armed vessels, including one on Lake Ontario and one on Lake Champlain. No such vessel may exceed 100 tons burden, nor may its armament exceed one eighteen-pound cannon. "And no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."

It is stipulated that either party may terminate this agreement by giving six months' notice, and there is a demand in certain quarters that our government give this notice and resume the right to build war vessels on the lakes without restrictions of any kind.

Ousted from Russia.

When a newspaper man accepts of the hospitality of the Russian government and is given every chance to judge Russian life and character, and then, as soon as he gets out of range of Russian influence denounces the Russians and their form of government is not likely to retain the good opinion of men in general and those he has wronged in particular. The Russian government claims that George Kennan, who has just been expelled from Russian territory, has basely betrayed the confidence heretofore reposed in him because he was an American, by publishing falsehoods about Russia's penal system—falsehoods that have been repeatedly disproved by reputable American writers such as John W. Bookwalter, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, William E. Curtis and others. Kennan went to Russia, lately, knowing full well that he would be expelled. His visit is supposed to have some connection with an intrigue which has for its object the creation of ill-feeling between Russia and the



George Kennan

United States. In Russia Kennan is regarded as an Englishman in pay of the British foreign office; otherwise he would not have been deported.

For years Dr. R. Johnson Held by New York.

For years Dr. R. Johnson Held by New York had been preparing an exhaustive treatise on diseases of the eye, ear and nose. The other evening he completed the last of the 4,532 typewritten pages, and with a sigh of satisfaction sat back in his chair to enjoy a cigar. He fell off into a nap, from which he awoke to find that the burning end of his pipe had ignited the cloth of a table on which he had laid the manuscript. The pages were nearly all consumed and lay in a heap of ashes.

Mrs. William J. Bryan has erected a handsome monument to the memory of her father, John Baird, who died recently. The stone is of granite from Massachusetts and has been set up in the family lot in Wyuka cemetery, near Lincoln, Neb.

LITTLE MOUSE FOILED PLOT.

Seized a Blind Woman and Then Upset a Scheme.

One of the leading oculists of Montreal, whose practice extends far outside the boundaries of the city, relates that one day a young woman came into his office accompanied by an older woman, apparently the mother. The younger woman wore colored glasses, which one might have assumed to be superfluous, as it was claimed that the girl was totally blind. What was wanted of the doctor was a certificate authenticating this claim of blindness, putting it beyond dispute; and it was frankly stated that the object in seeking this was to obtain certain aids and advantages of a philanthropic nature, impossible of access otherwise. The standing of the oculist was such that a statement from him would carry full weight wherever presented. On examination the surface of the eyes gave no indication of any defect, but that might be so and blindness still exist. Applying tests of the strongest light, the girl professed herself to be absolutely unable to distinguish between light and darkness. Other tests were resorted to, trying in their nature, and some of them very painful, and these were all borne with patience and courage. The doctor was puzzled and baffled. Apparently the girl was stone blind, but he was unable to solve the problem of those eyes, to discover the cause of that blindness, or say just where the defect lay. The doctor was more than half-disposed to grant the desired certificate, when as a last expedient, he hit upon a novel experiment. He dismissed his patient with instructions that she should come again at a certain hour the following day, and this gave the oculist time to arrange for the carrying out of his plan. When the girl came the next day the doctor had her securely blindfolded with a heavy bandage over her eyes. He then took a tiny mouse which he had procured and held the lovely little thing by its tail before the girl's face, though not touching her, while he ordered the bandage to be removed. No sooner was the bandage off than her screams rang through the place and her eyes were wide with terror at the harmless little rodent which had thrown her so completely off her guard and exposed the imposture. Of course she saw it or she would not have screamed. Needless to say the applicant did not get that certificate.—Syracuse Herald.

The Drummer's Conscience.

The "Listener" of the Boston Transcript quotes an authority on "drummers." The other night he sat cheek by jowl with a gentleman with a sonorous checked suit, and learned much. "A drummer's conscience," said he of the vehement pepper-and-salt—"a drummer's conscience is lodged in his trunk." "Remarkable, thought the "Listener." "Yes," he continued, "you can judge of the drummer's morals pretty accurately by the size of his trunk. If he carries a big trunk, he's a temperate, moral, decent chap. Keeps straight, you know. But if he carries a little trunk, or only a sult case, steer clear of him; he's dangerous! And here's the reason, sir: The big trunk is packed full of samples and the rascal has to spend all his evenings packing and unpacking them. The little trunk or the suit case means a free evening to run wild and tear up the town." Glancing across the hotel lobby, which was still well crowded with loungers, the philosopher continued: "See that jolly chap smoking the crooked cigar? Father of seven, good bank account, gets credit anywhere, doesn't drink, hates cards—three trunks! See that round-shouldered little chump with the silk hat? Plays the races, runs after the slingers, drinks two Manhattan before breakfast, smokes in bed—sult case!"

Miss Turkish Customs.

It is said by a correspondent of the London Telegraph that the habits of the Turkish ladies in Constantinople are wonderfully fastidious. When they wash their hands at a tap from which water runs into a marble basin, they let the water run till a servant shuts it off, as to do this themselves would make them unclean. They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean. One of these fastidious ladies was talking to a small niece the other day, who had just received a present of a doll from Paris. By and by the child laid the doll on the lady's lap. She was horrified, and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it, and no servant was near, and the lady would be defiled by touching a doll that had been brought from abroad, the only thing she could think of was to jump up and let the doll fall. It broke in pieces. The same lady will not open a letter coming by post, but a servant opens it and holds it near her for to read. If her handkerchief falls to the ground it is immediately destroyed or given away, so that she may not again use it. Among the men this curious state of things does not exist.—Youth's Companion.

Pico's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.

J. W. O'Brien, 223 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 4, 1900.

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FITZ Permanently Cured. He fits over a number of other cures. See day's use of Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. Send for FREE 320-page trial bottle and booklet. DR. R. E. KING, Ltd., 251 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Where there's marriage without love there will be love without marriage.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Exported butter is one of the things that is bound to be spread abroad.