Maubikeck, the Lion-Tamel

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS, China Sea," "Two Contiemes of Mawati," "On a Palso Charge," Etc.

ingyright, 1886, by Robbut Bonnun's South

CHAPTER XI.

"Let us go to the prefetto," said the monk, "and give him warning of the evil work that is planned against him to-night. The prefetto is our master. We must protect him, for he is the representative of the king. What is your name, son?"

"I am called Dambo, father." "Come with me to the prefetto. Come, traveler; I will need your evi dence as well."

Wondering what desperate game the monk was about to play. I followed him. The monk spoke a few words to the guard. A servant was summoned, and we were led into the presence of the master of all Cagliari.

"Your excellency!" said the monk, by way of salutation.

"Yes, Brother Michael," responded the prefetto. "You have news of importance to convey. So said the servant. I am ready to listen."

"Your excellency," said the monk, "It is my good fortune that I have become possessed of important knowledge that concerns your safety and that of the fair Signorina Barlbtti, who to under your roof."

The prefetto started.

"That cursed American?" he said. "No. This time it is one of you trusted friends who is plotting against you, and who would, but for our friends here, murder you this night and carry away the signorina for his ewn."

"Sacre!" exclaimed the prefetto, turning pale and looking at Dambo and me with staring eyes. "Is this true? Have I a friend so false? His name! His name! I demand his mame!"

"Slow, your excellency. Do not be come excited," said the monk, calmly. "It is the Count di Pordino who thus plots against you."

"Pordino? Impossible! He was here to-day and drank wine with me, and we spoke of his approaching marriage to the ward of my poor brother. Hel Is he so bad as that? Let him enter here and my own hand shall slay him!"

And as the enraged prefetto uttered his threat against the count I thought of the words carved in the wall of the cell in the Torre dell Elefante and in the marble of the grotto, "Henry Thorlane. I will avenge."

The prefetto called the officer of the guard and told him the facts. The count was expected about midnight, and it was nearly that now.

"Remember," said the prefetto, as his captain was leaving. "Kill all the others, but leave the count to me!"

The bells of the monastery were ringing the hour of midnight, and the darkness of a cloudy night was over everything, when we, who stood in a waiting attitude on the front porch of the prefetto's villa, were startled by a yell that came from a coppice to the right. A shot was fired, evidently by one of the prefetto's guards, and the flash of his rifle lighted up the grounds for an instant. And in that instant we saw the forms of men running toward the villa.

Suddenly some one placed lights in the windows of the villa, which threw a glare out into the night, and by this light the guards of the prefetto saw the attacking party, and formed to meet them.

The villa became the scene of indescribable excitement and activity. The screams of frightened women, the servants of the household, pierced the air, and rang out in unison with the hoarse shouts of the soldiers and the eries of the attacking party.

The leader of the attacking crowd was but thinly disguised. The Count di Pordino was a tali man, and bore himself with a carriage that was too marked in character to be easily overlooked. He was not wounded in the charge, and in the glare of the lights in the windows he could be seen urging his men on.

The prefetto, with a muttered curse, sprang forward, evidently to meet the count face to face. As he leaped from the porch, the Jesuit slid after him. was about to follow, when I missed Dambo, who had been standing behind me. A rush of fear came over me. Dambo had had another purpose in coming to the villa than to warn the prefetto. He had before attempted Nita Barlotti's life-he would do it again.

Dropping my peddler's pack I bounded through the hails and up the stairs toward Nita's room.

in the excitement the door of Barlotti's room had been opened. I reached the upper hall just in time to see Dambo, knife in hand, enter her door.

Then a scream, in a voice which recognized as Nita's, told me the villain was at his work. Panting, I plunged on, and reached the room, to see Dambo, with a knife upraised in his right hand, while his left clutched the frightened girl by the throat.

Raising my club, I uttered a prayer for muscular strength. It must have been answered. The club descended | He spoke a few words, and I heard upon the skull of Dambo, and he fell back, half stunned, the hand that had among the crowd of Pordino's hirebeen at Nita's throat relaxed its hold, and the knife fell from the other to the floor.

"Nitai" I cried, seizing the half fainting girl, and seeking to reassure her. "You are safe! You know me! I am Wilberton, your friend!"

"Signor Wilberton!" she gasped. "What does it mean? And what means all the noise, the shots and the cries? | had taken.

Are we attacked? Are they friends or foes? Is the prefetto's house in danger?"

I threw aside my wig and beard to assure her of my identity.

"The villa is attacked by the Count di Pordino," I said, "who seeks to take you away by force. But the warning was brought in time, and the soldiers of the prefetto are fighting off the forces of the count."

Nita was now beside herself with grief, passion and fear. Stooping, she picked up the knife that Dambo had dropped.

"I will do it, Signor Wilberton," she said. "I am no longer weak. I am s woman, but I can fight. I have been a circus performer, and can take my own part. Let them come. I will kill the prefetto and I will kill the count. But if they conquer me and I fail to kill them, I will plunge this knife into my own heart rather than become the bride, the slave, of the Count di Pordino."

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, her bosom rose and fell in an excess of emotion, and the delicate but muscular little fingers grasped the handle of the knife in a most determined way.

Now Dambo, who had been motionless under the effects of the merciless blow I had given him, began to crawl away from me. Springing to the window, which was shaded with heavy lace curtains, held in festoons by cord I tore the cord away, and seizing the Italian, bound him strongly and securely, and warning him not to make any further attempt to escape, left him in a heap on the floor.

The din in and around the villa was now something awful. Sounds of rifle shots, cries, shrieks, moans and curses reached us through the doors and windows, and I rushed out on the balcony to get a peep at the scenes of war be-

More lights had been brought. Lan terns flashed all over the villa grounds The monastery bells were clanging the midnight alarm. The battle had be come a hand-to-hand struggle, the forces of the prefetto essaying not only to defend the villa from attack, but to drive the invaders from the place, and the horde of cutthroats under the Count di Pordino still hot in the hunt for Nita Barlotti, and whatever else of plunder they could lay their hands to.

Backward and forward the clashing groups ran, shouting, shooting, stabbing, blinded by rage and passion, inflamed by the blood already spilled, destroying life where they could, fearing not death themselves.

To my eye it seemed as if the Count di Pordino's bandits were gaining. And if the military failed to arrive from Cagliari, all would soon be up with Nita Barlotti and me.

Apart from the other struggling combatants, two stalwart men swayed to and fro in a fight to the death. One had worn a mask, and it had fallen off, disclosing the features of the Count di Pordino. The other was Maligni, the prefetto of Cagliari.

They were armed with knives, and as they writhed and twisted in each other's grasp, the knives were plunged first into one and then into the other, until it seemed as if they surely must drop dead from their

wounds. Near these two struggling principals in the affray stood Brother Michael, the Jesuit, and so silent and cold was he, amid the boiling and seething of the caldron around him, that his calmness thrilled me as in another some great deed of valor might do.

And Nita saw him, and watched the silent figure a moment in wonder, so distinct and apart from the entire scene did he seem to be.

"Signor!" she whispered, "See that silent monk. Is he not grandly calm amid all the horrors around him! He is different from the others. See how noble and still he is."

"Yes," I replied, in a whisper. "That is Brother Michael—a Jesuit. He saved me from the soldiers and prison guards when I ran away, and he saved my life from a wound they gave me. I have my suspicion that Brother Michael is one whom the prefetto tninks is doing servile penance in the monastery. Perhaps you have heard of Henry Thorlane, I think that Brother Michael is none other than he in the ---"

"Henry Thorlane!" The cry rang out from Nita's lips with a wildness that frightened me, and caused the silent monk to look toward us.

"Henry Thoriane!" she cried again. "No, no; it cannot be Henry Thorlane. Henry Thorlane is dead! He died when---"

She recied. Her hands went up to her head. With a gasp and moan, she sank into my arms and lost all consciousness. I nurriedly carried her into the room and placed her on the bed. Water was handy, and I bathed her face with it. When the fight should be over, I would call for liquor and give it to her.

I stepped out on the balcony again to see how the fight was progressing. Suddenly the prefetto and his murder ous foe, Pordino, relaxed their hold and fell together.

Encouraged by this, the bandits renewed their attack. The villa must certainly fall into their hands.

Just then, by a sudden movement the silent monk drew from his bosom a peculiar symbol and held it aloft. exclamations of surprise ejaculated lings. They swarmed around Jesuit, who spoke to them again, it seemed in a commanding way.

Then the attacking party turned. and just when they seemed to have everything in their grasp, they filed stiently out of the place, leaving the defeated soldiers of the prefetto dumfounded at this new turn that affairs

Bending over the fallen chiefs, the monk felt their breasts as if to learn whether they were alive or dead. The investigation evidently satisfied him. for he turned and signaled for some of the house servants and soldiers to carry the prefetto and the count into

the house. Thoroughly bewildered now, I made sure that Dambo's cords were secure dragged him out of Nita's room and into that in which Pacho Maligni had been killed, and, locking both doors, put the keys in my pocket and went

down to meet Brother Michael. On the stairs I met Mutterelli, who was sauntering carelessly along smoking a cigarette.

"You here?" I cried. "I did not see you in the fight."

"No, signor," he said. "A man who

has prospects of fifty thousand lire never risks his life in a fight with bandits. I was looking for you. have something for you."

From under his jacket he took box-the red tin box that had been taken from Pacho Maligni. "Where did you get that?" I asked.

"In Dambo's quarters," he said. "It seems to connect him with the murder of Maligni." "It does, it does!" I said. "And Dambo is this minute lying bound in

Pacho Maligni's room. And in the next lies Nita Barlotti in a dead faint. I was going after some cognac for her. The doors are locked." "Give me the keys," he said.

have a flask. I will bring the signorina round. You go below-Brother Michael may wish to see you." I felt that I could trust Muterelli,

and handed him the keys. Then went down into the library, where the i in this state in August, 1894. Since prefetto and the Count di Pordino had been carried. Two broad, low couches had been

hurriedly drawn out into the center of the library. Upon one lay the prefetto, and upon the other the Count di Pordino. It was evident, even to my unpracticed eyes, that both these men were dying. Physicians who had hurried to the

villa, aroused by the alarm bells of the monastery, were working over them, and by the side of each stood a monk, holding a crucifix in his hand.

"That is all we can do," said one. "The wounds are fatal. Neither the prefetto nor the Count di Pordino will live till daylight."

The wounded men looked about them. They were conscious, and heard their doom as pronounced by the physician.

Brother Michael stepped nearer to them, and sald:

"Sons, you have heard the sad words of the physician. Make your peace with God, for you will soon stand before him to be judged for your deeds on earth, and if they have been evil, for the degree of repentance and reparation you have given. Have you, Count di Pordino, any sin or secret on your soul which you wish to confess and receive absolution and forgiveness before you go before the final and the Almighty

The count looked at the monk feebly a moment and slowly shook his

"Is there nothing? Think, count, of your past life. Is there nothing? Have you ever borne false witness against another?"

A frightened look came into the count's eyes.

"Ah!" softly said Brother Michael. There is something. Is it about

Henry Thorlane?" The count made a sign of assent. "The crime with which he was charged, and for which he was sentenced to a servile penance for twenty years, and for which his estate was confiscated and turned over to your hands-did he commit that crime? Was he an enemy of the prefetto?" The lips of the dying count formed

the word "No." The monk then turned to the pre-

(To be continued.)

SOME ONE-LINE AUTHORS.

Writers Whose Fame Rests Upon

Single Book or Quotation. It is one of the many odd expertences of life that, while some men in

pursuit of fame write a library of books and die and are forgotten, other men, under some happy inspiration, write a single line, poem or volume and are forever ranked with the immortals,

In some cases immortality goes a-begging from the modest shrinking of an author to claim his offspring. as in the case of the oracle whe penned the eloquent word "Don't" in answer to Punch's request for advice to those about to marry.

Very few read Congreve nowadays, and fewer still could quote half a cial and business affairs. dozen lines from any of his poems and dramas; and yet to many who have never even heard his name there are few lines more familiar than the oft-quoted and misquoted, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Charles Wolfe, the Irish divine and poet, wrote many poems of excellence. but only one redeems him and all his works from obscurity, and of this few could get beyond the first line, "We buried him darkly at dead of night."

Thomas Gray has left one legacy only from all his writings, but that is an imperishable one his "Elegy Write ten in a Country Churchyard," the most widely quoted poem in our lasguage. Yet those who can recite every word of it could probably not even give the name of a single other poem by the same writer.

Lady Anne Barnard would have no place at all in the public memory if she had not written "Anid Mehin Gray."

Illinois News Items

Our Specia Correspondent

IS HURT BY FREIGHT ELEVATOR | NATIONAL AMISH CONVENTION

Clerk Has Jaw Broken and is Cut and Bruised.

Edward D. Cressey, a clerk in the hardware establishment of J. L. Hudson at Springfield, was dangerously injured by the freight elevator in the store. His jaw was broken in two places and he was badly cut and bruised about the head. Mr. Cressey was on the second floor when someone called to him from below, and looked down the elevator shaft just as the machine began to ascend. He was caught between the descending counter-weight and the safety bar. The fact that he bar was partially fractured and gave way easily saved the man's life.

HONORS FOR A YOUNG LAWYER

Burton F. Peek Appointed Assistant

United States Attorney. Burton F. Peek, who has been appointed assistant to United States District Attorney Bethea at Chicago, was born in Polo, Ill., March 5, 1872, and was educated in the Oregon, Ill., high school. He read law with William Barge at Dixon and took his degree at the low school at Harvard university, being admitted to the bar



January, 1895, he has been located in Moline practicing his profession. He is attorney for the Moline Water Power company, Deere & Co. and other large interests. At present he is the chairman of the Republican city central committee of Moline.

New Leves Near Alton.

Civil engineers are at work surveying for a levee which is to be built this winter in the bottoms between Alton and St. Louis to protect several hundred acres of fertile land from devastation by or from the annual overflows of Cahokia creek. The starting point of the levee will be near Peter's station on the Illinois Central, and will extend northward clear through the lands of the Seiter farm, a distance of about seven miles. It will be built back about 100 feet from the banks of the creek, and will be made high and wide, so as to insure durability.

Home for Children.

The children's home was formally opened at Cairo and received its first charges. The home is a bright, cheerful building and is under the efficient management of Miss Mamie Dickey as matron. Several clubs, lodges and societies are planning to give entertainments in the near future for the benefit of the home, and voluntary subscriptions and donations are being generously given to its support.

Lumber Dealers to Meet.

The officers of the Southern Illinois Lumber Dealers' association have made arrangements for their conven tion to be held at Cairo Jan. 28. The officers are: President, Walter Green of Anna; secretary, W. A. Karr of Fairfield; executive committee, Mesars, Greer Karr and P. T. Langan of Cairo, C. A. Glore of Centralia and W. A. White of Marissa.

Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph LaBroche, two of Chester's oldest residents, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Nov. 18. They were married in France and have lived in Chester forty years. Mr. LaBroche is 80 years of age, while his wife is eight years his junior, and both are still active in so-

Dies at 98.

Preston Spencer, one of the oldest men in Sangamon county, died at Auburn. He was born in Kentucky in 1805 and removed to Illinois some twenty years ago. He is survived by his daughters, Miss Dalsy Spencer and Mrs. Charles L. Gibson, both of Auburn, and Miss Alma Spencer, residing in Kentucky.

Dog Bites Girl.

Mollie Rose, the 15-year-old daughter of Justice W. B. Rose of Alton. was severely injured by a victous dog. The dog attacked her near her home, and before help arrived the flesh was badly lacerated on her left leg.

Hogs Are Crushed.

William Thurn, residing three miles southwest of Pana, had four fine hogs killed by the giving way of the floor of the crib which had been built over the hog house. The weight of the corn crushed the hogs to death.

Nine Hundred Delegates Attend the Sessions Held at Pekin.

The national apostolic convention of the New Amish church held its sessions at Pekin. There were 900 delegates present from various parts of the United States, Germany, France and Canada. The sessions were conducted with the greatest secrecy, none being admitted to the church except those who were known to be members. Those of the New Amish faith are bitterly opposed to publicity of their proceedings in church or convention, and also comments upon their peculiar religious beliefs. The report is that some of the members were reprimanded for having speculated in land in Missouri and Mississippi, the board of elders arguing that it was simply a form of gambling. Several years ago the church conducted an insurance department on the mutual plan, but during the last year it was dropped. Since then the members have been insuring their buildings in the regular companies. At the convention it was decided to again engage in the fire insurance business on the mutual plan, and all members were instructed to cancel the policies now held by them and insura in the church association. None of the members are permitted to take out life insurance policies.

Typhold Epidemic.

The village of Sherman, eight miles north of Springfield on the Chicago & Alton railroad, is experiencing an epidemic of typhold fever. Eighteen cases in or very near the village are now under treatment. In one family the disease has been present in one member or another for the past five months. The epidemic is ascribed to the great amount of fresh dirt that has been handled in the vicinity of the village during the wet weather of the past summer.

Park Booms Suburb. That part of Springfield lying west

of Walnut street and south of Lawrence avenue has much the appearance of a boom town in Oklahoma just at present. The opening of Washington park in that quarter of the city has proved a great stimulus to building, and, though a few years ago this neighborhood was considered just a little outside the pale of possibility, it is now becoming one of the prettiest residential quarters.

Throws Beer on Man. Willie Pitt, a ward of the juvenile

court at Springfield, is in trouble again, having assaulted a peaceful citizen of the north part of the city by throwing the contents of a bucket of beer over his person and clothes. Willie is but 14 years of age, and has proven himself a sore trial to the authorities. He will probably be treated as an incorrigible.

Disinherita Son.

The will of the late Mrs. Margaret Tex of Velma has been filed for probate in the county court. She bequeaths \$5 to her son, Mathias Tex. and the residue of her property she divides equally among her other four children, Mrs. Maggie Brendley, seph Tex, Henry Tex and Mary Tex. Joseph Tex is named as executor of The estate is valued at \$30,000.

Shoots an Employe. Near Macon, C. L. Elmer Atterbury, a farmer, shot and it is believed mortally wounded his farmhand, Frank Lamar, who came to the county from Kentucky some months ago. Lamar was shot three times, once in the bowels. Atterbury, who has a wife and two small children, is in the county jail. He claims to have shot in selfdefense after a dispute about paying the hand for shucking corn.

Breaks a Record.

Supt. Charles Van Dorn, elected on the Democratic ticket as head of the Sangamon county schools, is the first officer in twenty-four years to succeed himself to that office.

W. R. C. Inspector. Mrs. M. A. Bradley or Decatur has been appointed assistant department inspector for the Illinois woman's relief corps, and will enter upon ner

Big Reservoir.

duties at once.

schoolhouses.

Excavations have commenced for reservoir at the plant of the Flora Ice and Cold Storage company. The ca- \$15,000. pacity of the reservoir will be 26,000 gallons.

Curfew at East Alton. East Alton has adopted the curfew bell system of getting the boys and girls off the streets at night.

Eccond Crop of Potatoes. Frank Youngblood, a farmer living near Brighton, is digging the second crop of potatoes this year on the same piece of ground. The crop is a volumteer one and the potatoes are fairly

large and of good quality. Sign of Progress. Residents of the western and southern portions of Flora have petitioned the board of education to hold a speNEW CORPORATIONS.

The following corporations been licensed by the secretary

state: Hotel Company. The Royal Hotel Company of St. Louis; to operate a hotel; stock, \$10,000. Incorporators

C. Hall, Tancred P. Eggmann and Ex gene W. Ziegenhein.

Soda Fountains. The Peoria Fountain Company of Peoria; to manufacture soda foun tains; capital stock, \$10,000. Incom porators—George B. Pugh, Benjamin O. Koch and E. W. Ehlers.

Tree Fertilizers. Messick Tree Fertilizer Company of Quincy; to manufacture fertilizers capital stock, \$10,000. Incorporators Henry L. Messick, Edward T. Granach er and Edward Cooney.

To Mine and Quarry Rock. Western Silica Company of Danville; to mine and quarry and to deal in rock, sand and minerals; capital stock, \$100,000. Incorporators-George T. Buckingham, William C. Johnson and Charles F. Brevoort.

Rural Mall Boxes. American Mail Box Company of Hillsboro; to manufacture rural mail boxes; capital stock; \$2,500. Incorporators-Charles A. Ramsey, J. J. Frey and J. J. Klar.

YOUNGEST ENGINEER ON ROAD

William Sullivan, Aged 22, Has Run on the Northwestern.

William Sullivan of Rockford, aged 22, is the youngest engineer on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, and perhaps the youngest in the country. He passed the examination and is now running a freight engine. Sullivan en-



WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

tered the employ of the railroad as fireman at the age of 17. He was made one of the firemen on the fast mail run between Chicago and Clinton, In In his examination for promotion Su livan stood 98. His markings were finished in the afternoon and that night he was sent out on his first run. Engineer Sullivan is the son of Patrick Sullivan, a member of the Rocks ford police force, who himself was a

locomotive engineer at 24. Bee Keepers Elect Officers.

At a meeting of the Illinois State Bee Keepers' association held in the state house at Springfield officers for the ensuing year were elected as fol lows: Miss L. C. Kennedy, Curray, president; S. N. Black of Clayton, B F. Crim of Dawson, George P. Poin dexter of Kenny and P. J. England of Fancy Prairie, vice presidents; James A. Stone, R. R. No. 4, Springfield, secretary; Charles Becker of Pleasant

Chance for Factory. A fund is being raised among the citizens of Carlyle for the purpose of the old public school building. The purpose is to buy the building and hold it in reserve for a donation to some factory. Negotiations are now in progress for the establishment of an overall factory which will give emplayment to 400 persons. Henr Blanke, one of the leading merchants in the city, is conducting the negotia-

Plains, treasurer.

Church Gets \$15,000. The will of the late Caroline Davis mother of Col. Henry Davis of Spring field, has been filed for probate. The estate embraces about \$3,900 in res estate and personal property valued a \$230,000. Her daughter, Mrs. Cordell Hoover, received the entire with the exception of \$21,000 in small

bequests. The Christian church

Taylorville is benefited to the extent of

Coal-Holsting Record. The coal hoisting record for a single day of eight hours was broken at Tay lorville by the Christian county company's employes. The day's put was thirty-eight cars, or 1,405 ton

Death of Woman Ploneer The remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Grierson, widow of the late Joh Grierson of Jacksonville, were laid rest in Diamond Grove cemetery. ceased was born in Youngsto July 22, 1824, and came to Jacks in 1843. An only child, Mrs. Charles

New Bank for Alton The State savings bank cial election for the purpose of voting | company is to be the name of the on the question of building ward bank to be started by

Capps, survives her.

talists by the first of