AS GOOD AS GOLD.

CHAPTER XXXIX .- Confinued. The look of Elizabeth betrayed that the latter knew it already.

"Let us shut it out," coaxed Elizabeth-Jane, noting that the rigid wildness of Lucetta's features were growing yet more rigid and wild with the mearing of the noise and laughter. "Let us shut it out!"

"It is of no use!" she shricked out. "He will see it, won't he? Donald will see it. He is just coming home-and it will break his heart-he will never love me any more-and oh, it will kill haps 'twas that?" Jopp suggested, as me-kill me!"

"Oh, can't something be done to stop cow's horn, thrust up under his waistit?" she cried. "Is there nobody to do it-not one?"

She relinquished Lucetta's hands, and have gone into the back street." ran to the door. Lucetta herself saying recklessly, "I will see it!" turned to the window, threw up the sash, and went out upon the balcony. Elizabeth the crew of Comus. immediately followed her, and put her arm round her to pull her in. Lucetta's eyes were straight upon the body to Mixen Lane, and into Saint spectacle of the uncanny revel, now Peter's Finger. I'm much mistaken advancing rapidly. The numerous lights around the two effigies threw them up into burid distinctness; it was impossible to mistake the pair for other | could, and the whole party marched off than the intended victims.

"Come in, come in," implored Elizabeth; "and let me shut the window!" parasol-my green parasol!" cried Lucetta with a wild laugh as she stepped in. She stood motionless for one second-then fell heavily to the floor.

Almost at the instant of her fall the rude music of the skimmington ceased. The roars of sarcastic laughter went Mr. Grower spoke to 'ee ?" off in ripples, and the tramping died out like the rustle of a spent wind. Elizabeth was only indirectly conscious | the woman who meditatively sipped her | of this; she had rung the bell, and was bending over Lucetta, who remained convulsed on the carpet in the paroxysms of an epileptic seizure. She rest." rang again and again, in vein; the probability being that the servants had all run dut of the house to see more of the Demoniac Sabbath than they could see within.

At last Farfrae's man, who had been agape on the door-step, came up; then the cook. The shutters, hastily pushed | what we keep here to use when there's to by Elizabeth, were quite closed, a light was obtained, Lucetta carried to her room, and the man sent off for a doctor. While Elizabeth was undressing her she recovered consciousness; but as soon as she remembered what had passed the fit returned.

The doctor arrived with unhoped-for promptitude; he had been standing at his door, like others, wondering what the uproar meant. As soon as he saw the unhappy sufferer he said, in answer to Elizabeth's mute appeal. "This is serious."

"It is a fit," Elizabeth said.

"Yes. But a fit in the present state of her health means mischief. You must send at once for Mr. Farfrae. Where is he?"

"He has driven into the country, sir," said the parlour-maid; "to some place on the Budmouth Road. He's likely to be back soon."

tor returned to the bedside again. The meeting her, the roysterers having And, saying this, Henchard closed his want any of your worn-out excuses."

Meanwhile Mr. Benjamin Grower, that prominent burgess, had put on his hat and gone out to learn the cause. He came to the corner above Frafrae's, and soon guessed the nature of the proceedings; for being a native of the town he had witnessed such rough jests before. His first move was to search hither and thither for the constable; there were two in the town, shrivelled men whom he ultimately found in hiding up an alley.

"What can we two poor lammigers do against such a multitude!" expostulated Stubberd, in answer to Mr. Grower's chiding. "Tis tempting 'em to commit felo de se upon us, and that would be the death of the perpetrator; and we wouldn't be the cause of a fellowcreature's death on no account, not We.

"Get some help, then. Here, I'll come with you. We'll see what a few words of authority can do. Quick now; have ye got your staves?"

"We don't want the folk to notice us as law officers, being so short-handed, sir; so we pushed our Govern'ment staves up this water-pipe."

"Out with 'em, and come along, for heaven's sake! Ah, here's Mr. Blowbody, that's lucky." Blowbody was one of the magistrates.

"Well, what's the row? said Blowbody. "Got their names-hey?" 'No. Now," said Grower to one of the constables, "you go with Mr. Blowbody round by the Old Walk, and

come up the street; and I'll go with sale of his effects. Henchard there-Stubberd straight forward. By this upon descended the hill on its further plan we shall have 'em between us. Get their names only; no attack of interruption." Thus they started. But as Stubberd with Mr. Grower advanced into which the road to Mellstock branched Corn Street, whence the sounds had off from the homeward, direction. By proceeded, they were surprised that no diverging to that village, as he had

procession could be seen. They passed intended to do, Farfrae might probab- lility as soon as attempted; and he gave the best physician. Farfrae's, and looked to the end of the ly delay his return by a couple of it up to go hither and thither and make street. The lamp flames waved, the hours. It soon appeared that his in- inquiries about the patient every now Walk trees soughed, a few loungers tention was to do so still, the light and then. He called as much on Farterially to one of these in a fustian | "Farfrae-Mr. Farfrae!" cried the fort to him.

"Beg yer pardon, sir?" blandly said hand. the person addressed, who was no other Mr. Grower repeated the words.

been anything; have we, Joe? And enemy. you were here before I." other in his reply.

"H'm-that's odd," said Mr. Grower. "Ah-here's a respectable man coming that I know by sight. Have you," he inquired, addressing the nearing shape of Jopp, "have you seen any gang of fellows making a noise-skimmington riding or something of the sort?"

"Oh, no-nothing, sir," Jopp replied, as if receiving the most singular news. 'But, I've not been far to-night, so perhaps---"

magistrate.

"Now I've noticed, come to think o't, a peculiar poetical-like murmur tonight, sir; more than common; so perhe rearranged his hand in his great-Elizabeth-Jane was frantic now. ported a pair of kitchen tongs and a go along."

"No, no, no-d'ye think I'm a fool?

be perceived. Effigies, donkey, lanterns, band, all had disappeared like

only one thing more we can do. Get ye half a dozen helpers, and go in a if you don't find a clue to the perpetrators there."

The rusty-jointed executors of the law mustered assistance as soon as they to the lane of notoriety. At last they entered the inn boldly, by the till then bolted front door, after a prolonged knocking of loudness commensurate, "She's me-she's me-even to the with the importance of their standing The landlady looked mildly at the

> "Good evening, gentlemen; there's plenty of room. I hope there's nothing amiss ?" They looked round the room. "Surely," said Stubberd to one of the men, "I saw you by now in Corn Street-

invaders, saying in honest accents,

The man, who was Charl, shook his head absently. "I've been here this last hour, hain't I, Nance?" he said to

ale near him. "Faith, that you have.) I came in for my quiet supper-time half-pint, and you were here then, as were all the

The other constables was facing the clock case where he saw reflected in the glass a quick motion by the landlady. Turning sharply, he caught her closing the oven door.

"Something curious about that oven, ma'am ?" he observed, advancing, opening it, and drawing out a tambourine. "Oh,' she said apologetically, "that's a little quiet dancing. You see damp weather spoils it, so I put it there to

keep it dry." Nohow could anything be elicited from this mute and inoffensive assembly. In a few minutes the investigators (went out, and joining those of their auxiliaries who had been left at the door, they pursued their way else-

CHAPTER XL.

Long before this time [Henchard, weary of his ruminations on the bridge, had repaired towards the town. When a procession burst upon his view, in the about Mrs. Farfrae's illness." act of turning out of an alley just above

They crossed the way, entered another street, and disappeared. He turned back a few steps and was lost tinued Jopp, when Henchard was shutin grave reflection, finally wending his side path. Unable to rest there he some sort." went to his stepdaughter's lodging, and was told that Elizabeth-Jane had gone to Mrs. Farfrae's. Like one acting had gray hair and a broadish face; but "Never mind; he must be sent for in obedience to a charm, he followed he gave no name, and no message." in case he should not hurry." The doc- in the same direction, in the hope of "Nor do I give him any attention." covering his self-possession, "I don't man was despatched, and they soon vanished. Disappointed in this, he door. heard him clattering out of the yard gave the gentlest of pulls to the doorbell, and then learnt particulars of Farfrae's return very nearly the two ginal question. what had occurred, together with the doctor's imperative orders that Farfrae should be brought home, and how they had set out to meet him on the Budmouth Road.

"But he has gone to Mellstock and Weatherbury!" exclaimed Henchard, now unspeakably grieved. "Not Budmouth way at all."

But, alas! for Henchard; he had lost his good name. They would not believe him, taking his words but as the frothy lutterances of recklessness. Though Lucetta's life seemed at that moment to depend upon her husband's return, no messenger was despatched toward Weatherbury. Fenchard, in a state of bitter anxiety and contrition, determined to seek Farfrae him-

To this end he hastened down the town, ran along the eastern road over the moor, up the hill beyond, and thus onward in the moderate darkness of this spring night 'ill he had reached a second and a third hill about three miles distant. In a cutting on the summit of the fast he listened. Presently there came the sound of light wheels whetting their felloes against the newly stoned patches of road, accompanied by the distant glimmer of

He knew it was Farfrae's gig, from an indescribable personality in its noise, the vehicle having been his own till bought by the Scotchman at the side, meeting the gig as its driver mained Farfrae's secret alone. slackened speed at the foot of the in-

It was a point in the highway at

thing wrong at your house-requiring gression at so early a time.

your return. I've run all the way here on purpose to tell ye!"

Henchard's soul sank within him. He presence, and did not answer for an inwho, four hours earlier, had enticed stant or two. Recognizing him, she ALL CHICAGO MEN ARE HEAVILY Farfrae into a deadly wrestle, stood said, "Because they may knock as loud now in the darkness of late night- as they will; she will never hear it any time on a lonely road, at a point more. where it plunged into a cutting through a wood; he invited the man, whom on the first occasion he had let off, to enter that wood, when his purposed way was across an open upland, where there was at least a better opportunity of guarding himself from attack. Henchard could almost feel "Oh, 'twas here-just here," said the this view of things in course of passage through Farfrae's mind.

"I have to go to Mellstock," said Farthat the wind in the Walk trees makes | frae coldly, as he loosened his rein to move on.

"But," implored Henchard, "the matter is more serious than your business at Mellstock. It is-your wife. She coat pocket, where it ingeniously sup- is ill. I can tell you particulars as we

The very agitation and hesitancy of Henchard increased Farfrae's suspicion that this was a ruse to decoy him into Constable, come this way. They must | the wood, where might be effectually | you when breakfast is ready." compassed what, from policy or want

"Now." said Mr. Grower, "there's I am not what you think!" he cried ing room. Presently she fell asleep. hoarsely. "Believe me, Farfrae; I have come entirely on your own and room had set the breakfast in readiness; mistrust me-I am a wretched man; an honour to have her in his house. but my heart is true to you still!"

> utterly. He had left his wife not long deprecating a call from anybody just ago in perfect health; and Henchard's then. A stoutly-built man stood on the treachery was more credible than his doorstep. It was the man who had askstory. He quickened the horse's pace, ed the way at Saint Peter's Finger. and had soon risen into the open coun- Henchard nodded and looked inquiry. try lying between there and Mellstock, Henchard's spasmodic run after him lending yet more 'substance to his thought of evil purposes.

The gig and its driver lessened against the sky in Henchard's eyes; his exertions for Farfrae's good had been in vain. He cursed himself like a less scrupulous Job, as a vehement man will do when he loses self-respect, the last mental prop under poverty. Presently he began to walk back again along the way by which he had have no reason for delay upon the road by seeing him there when he took his journey homeward later on.

went again to Farfrae's house to make inquiries. As soon as the door opened anxious faces confronted his from the staircese, hall and landing; and they all said in grievous disappointment, "Oh—it is not he!"

"But haven't you found him?" said the doctor.

"Yes . . . I cannot tell ye!" Henchard replied, as he sank down on a chair within the entrance. "He can't be home for two hours." "H'm," said the physician, returning

upstairs. "How is she?" asked Henchard of Elizabeth.

"In great danger, father. Her anxiety to see her husband makes her fearfully restless. Poor woman-I fear they have killed her!"

Henchard regarded the sympathetic speaker for a few instants as if she struck him in a new light; then, without further remark, went out of the he decided that, perhaps, it was not door and onward to his lonely cottage. Jopp was just going to bed when Henchard got home. As the latter entered he stood at the bottom of the street the door Jopp said, "This is rather bad

"Yes," said Henchard shortly, though little dreaming of Jopp's complicity in the night's harlequinade.

"Somebody has called for you," conting himself into his own apartment. way homeward by the obscure river- "A kind of traveller, or sea-captain of

"Oh !-who could he be?" "He seemed a well-be-doing man-

hours of Henchard's estimate. Among the other urgent reasons for his presence had been the need of his author-

ing on distraction at his misconception with it suggestively. of Henchard's motives. mouth, late as it had grown; the night 24 hours he had suggested that it were on, and the other doctor came in would be better all round if he made the small hours. Lucetta had been her a regular allowance for household much soothed by Donald's arrival; he and personal expenses, which was what seldom or never left her side; and she had been trying to convince him when, immediately after his entry, she for two or three years. had tried to lisp out to him the secret which so oppressed her, he cheeked her feeble words, lest talking should be

dangerous, assuring her there was plenty of time to tell him everything. What, and how much, Farfrae's wife ultimately explained to him of her past were alone in the solitude of that sad night, cannot be told. That she informed him of the bare facts of her peculiar intimacy with the corn-merchant became plain from Farfrae's own statements. But in respect of her subsequent conduct-her motive in coming to Casterbridge to unite herself with Henchard—her assumed justification in reasons for fearing him-her method of forms. reconciling to her conscience a marriage with the second when she was in

down Corn Street hardly less frequ- oustide. ently. It was Henchard's, whose retiring to rest had proved itself a fut-

Farfrae allowed the horse to turn steely light of dawn. When within a expected. than Charl, of Saint Peter's Finger. several steps into the branch lane be- few yards of Farfrae's he saw the door fore he pulled up. He then drew rein, gently opened, and a servant rais her Charl shook his head to the zero of and said "Yes?" over his shoulder, as hand to the knocker, to untie the piece childlike ignorance. "No; we haven't one would towards a pronounced of cloth which had muffled it. He er. went across, the sparrows in his way "Come back to Casterbridge at scarcely flying up from the road-litter,

"Why do you take off that ? said Hen-

chard. Farfrae was silent, and at his silence | She turned in some surprise at his

CHAPTER XLI.

Henchard went home. He had not sat there long when a gentle footstep approached the house and entered the passage, a finger tapping lightly at the door. Henchard's face brightened, for he knew the motions to be Elizabeth's. She came into his room, looking pale

"Have you heard?" she asked. "Mrs. Farfrae? She is-dead! Yes, indeedabout an hour ago."

but lately come in from there. It is so very good of ye, Elizabeth, to come and tell me. You must be so tired out, too, with sitting up. Now do you bide here with me this morning. You can go and rest in the other room; and I will call

To please him, and herself-for his Neither in back street nor in front of nerve, Henchard had failed to do recent kindliness was winning a surstreet, however, could the disturbers earlier in the day. He started the prised gratitude from the lonely girl -she did as he bade her, and lay down "I know what you think," deprecated on a sort of couch which Henchard had Henchard, running after him, "But rigged up out of a settle in the adjoin-

Meanwhile her stepfather in the outer

your wife's account. She is in danger, but finding that she dosed he would I know no more; and they want you to not call her; he waited on, looking into come. Your man has gone the other the fire and keeping the kettle boilway in mistake. Oh, Farfrae, don't ing with housewifely care, as if it were He was disturbed by another knock was shot four times and died soon after-Farfrae, however, did distrust him at the door, and rose to open it, rather wards.

(To be Continued.)

"DO YOU KNOW WHY?"

Disquieting Were the Questions She Asked About Money Not His.

This particular family jar was labeled 'Economy," and every one knows that that is the very worst kind.

It came when she asked for some come. Farfrae should at all events money to buy a new gown. That is Arriving at Casterbridge, Henchard | who is most particular in all matters relating to the subject of modesty in women will roar like an angry bull at the mere suggestion of spending money for clothes. He seems to think forgetful of the fact that he would be the first to find fault with the costume, If you don't believe it, ask any woman who is married.

"I should think," he said in this instance, "that one gown a month ought to be enough for the wife of a man in my position."

"It would be too much," she replied coldly. "I haven't had one in nearly six months."

He was about to dispute her assertion, but, after a rapid mental calculation, advisable." "It costs a small fortune to run this

house," he asserted, intent upon making it interesting for her, in some "You pay the bills," she said, "and

do most of the ordering." He winced a little, but returned to the attack. "The trouble is," he said, "that you A Test to Determine How Much It Loses by

don't know the value of money." "Do you know why?" she asked, with a suddenness that startled him. "Why-why-what--"

ed again. "Now, Mrs. Marblehead," he said, re-

"Do you know why?" she repeated, The divergence to Mellstock delayed refusing to be turned from the ori-"This foolishness must end," he ex-

claimed. "I--" "Do you know why I don't know the ity to send to Budmouth for a second value of money?" she persisted, at the

physician; and when at length Farfrae same time opening her purse, and takdid come back he was in a state border- ing out a solitary quarter and toying

In another minute she was alone. He A messenger was despatched to Bud- had retired vanquished, and inside of

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Poverty is no disgrace, but poverty brought about by laziness is a disgrace, and a black disgrace, at that. entanglement with Henchard, when they That person who is too lazy to work for the necessities of life, should not be recognized as being a member of the human family.

norant and thoughtless has any right to plume himself upon being a good and moral man, whatever or however much the engine had lost in weight abandoning him when she discovered be the virtuous actions which he per- through the wear of a known amount

A mother's life must of necessity be a concession in little things, a continmeasure committed to the first: to what | ual sacrifice. A happy family-life of extent she spoke of these things re- many members cannot be maintained lars, but the New York Central was unless there are concession and sacri-Besides the watchman who called the fice on the part of every member. And hours and weather in Casterbridge that | in a small way the family-life is an' night, there walked a figure up and epitome of the life of the great world ly and in what ratio the several parts

> Hope awakens courage. He who can implant courage in the human soul is

Confidence and trust are the sweetest things we can give to a friend. Suspicion is always cold and cruel to a stood about with their hands in their swerving towards the by-road. Far- frae's account as on Lucetta's and on sensitive heart; and it were better to pockets. Everything was as usual. frae's off gig-lamp flashed in Hen- Elizabeth-Jane's even more than on be often deceived by unworthy friends "Have you seen a motley crowd, mak- chard's face. At the same time, Far- either's. To see her on each occasion than to be guilty of causelessly wounding a disturbance?" Grower said magis- frae discerned his late antagonist. | of his inquiry at Lucetta's was a com- ing a noble soul by unjust suspicions, and, although they are rare, we should

SIGNAL SERVICE.

How do you know?

to plant sweet peas.

AN EPICEMIC OF HOLD-UPS

ARMED THESE DAYS.

Footpads are Very Busy in the Windy City -Five Citizens Resisted, One is Dead,

Others Will Recover. The "hold-up" epidemio has reached such an acute stage in Chicago that men go to business and attend social functions armed to the teeth. The footpad is now operating in all portions

of that city. The police cannot catch him and he invariably subdues his victims. There have been eighteen high-"I know it," said Henchard. "I have way robberies in six days. Nearly all have taken place in the best resident Five men had the nerve to offer resistance. One is dead and four are convalescing. Henry Schomaker, a Wells street saloon-keeper was shot and killed

in his barroom. He was alone in the place and was preparing to close up when a man entered. 'There was an exchange of shots. Clara Schomaker, the eighteen-year-old daughter, seized a revolver and ran down from the living apartments. Her father was leaning against the counter. In the door stood the intruder. She fired four shots at him but he escaped. Schomaker

MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

is a favorite haunt for the footpad. Dr. C. W. Friend learned this while passing the Hotel Metropole. Three men stopped him opposite the hotel entrance. Two pressed revolvers to his head, while the third began searching him. He struck the unarmed robber in the face. The other two fell upon him with their weapons. They struck him over the head cutting deep wounds in this scalp. He shouted for help and ran into the

Fifteen minutes later the same trio of highwaymen met Fred B. McMullen at Michigan Boulevard and Twentywhen they usually come, and the fifth street. They held him up in the strange feature of it all is that a man entrance to the Reformed Episcopal Church and took his pocketbooki con-

taining \$154. A policeman came up before the thieves were out of sight. When within range he began shooting. One man fell, crying out as he lay on the sidewalk, "he has got me boys, Don't leave that a woman can go out and find such me." His companions levelled their things growing on trees as Eve did, weapons on the policeman and stood their ground. One assisted the wound-

ed robber to his feet. A cab was dashing up the boulevard. One of the robbers ran out in the street, pointed his revolver at the head of the cab driver and brought the vehicle to a halt. The wounded robber was assisted into the cab under the protection of his companions. The cab was driven off like the wind and all three escaped.

ed two men and two guns at Eighteenth and May streets. "Put down your revolvers and I'll give you all I've got. The footpads lowered their revolvers and Hanus started to run. Both fired at him, one bullet going through his hat. He was found lying on the sidewalk and car-

Martin Hanus, a banker, encounter-

WEIGHING A LOCOMOTIVE.

ried home.

Wear.

A peculiar scientific experiment has been made with the famous engine No. "Do you know why?" she demand- 870 of the New York Central Railroad at the shops at West Albany. Some months ago this large engine, which in the opinion of many well-informed railroadmen excells even the famous No. 999, was taken into the shops and completely overhauled. It was taken apart completely, and every part of the engine from the massive driving wheels to the . very smallest bolt and nut, was separately weighed. The heavy portions were weighed in the shops and the small parts were taken to a Watervliet avenue pharmacy, where they were weighed on the pharmacist's scales.

> The greatest care was taken by the machinists under the direction of Master Mechanic Buchanan to see that the weighing was accurate. When every part of the engine had been weighed a force of the best skilled mechanics were put at work to reassemble the engine. When it was complete again it was put into active service.

A short time ago the engine was taken back to the shops and mechanics were put to work dissecting it again. Once more every part was weighed. The scales of the pharmicist was brought in-No one who contentedly remains ig- to service again. When every portion had been weighed the record was compared with the former one. Then Master Mechanic Buchanan knew just how of work. The records of the weights of the separate parts also showed which parts were subjected to the most wear.

The test cost many hundreds of dolwilling to spend the money in order that it might be able to know what parts of an engine wear out most quickwear out. The exact figures have not been made public. There is no doubt that they will be interesting to mechanics and scientists.

THIEVING BEADLE.

British institutions have received a severe shock by the conviction of a beadle of the Bank of England for larcbreathless Henchard, holding up his The last of his calls was made about always be looking for noble souls else- eny. He has been 13 years in the serfour o'clock in the morning, in the where. We may find them when least vice of the bank, and was employed regularly at the banquets of the Lord Mayor and the city companies, where We won't have any more cold weath- he filched plates undetected. Unfortunately he stooped to stealing from the army and navy stores, when he was The women at our boarding house caught and the treasure of picte he had Joseph was quite as blank as the once!" Henchard said. "There's some- so little did they believe in human ag- have began to quarrel about how deep collected during nine years from 16 companies was discovered.