

## FOR HER NAME'S SAKE.

BY HOWARD MARCUS STRONG.

The Cessitts settled at Copper Rock about the beginning of the second year of the town's existence. Within six months old man Cessitt died by the official hemp, Bub quit the country by request, and Sophronia experienced a change of heart. The old woman caring nothing for publicity, became a recluse and gave her individual attention to the liquid oblivion which lurked within a certain brown jug.

According to the superintendent of the mines, the Cessitts were about the worst gang that had been attracted by the sudden interloping of gold at Copper Rock. He expressed himself as being thankful, however, that the worst was soon over by which he delicately alluded to the passing of the old man and Bub.

Sophronia's change of heart had occurred immediately after the advent of the young Methodist exhorter. Unfortunately there was a reaction as soon as she discovered that the minister's kindly interest included the whole of sinful humanity in its scope. As Sophronia naturally preferred attentions which were slightly more personal she soon transferred her smiles to the soft hearted sheriff. Here their effect was apparently irresistible.

For the sake of propriety it may be well to state that Hank Smoller was not the same sheriff which an all wise Providence had seen fit to make instrumental in rendering Sophronia fatherless.

Hank, as he himself asserted, was eternally gone on Sophronia. He reckoned many times that it the truth were told there had been lots of worse men than old Cessitt. He usually wound up these periods of reflection by remarking forcefully that it didn't make a darn bit of difference anyhow, she was all right.

While returning one evening from the shack that sheltered the bewitching Sophronia and her mother Hank was hailed by Berril, the mine superintendent.

"Smoller," he began cautiously, "have you heard of the thieving that's been going on lately?"

Hank shook his head and looked interested.

"Well," continued Berril, "the parson has been relieved of a little cash, several of our men have had their shanties looted, and what's more, I've been touched for a small bag of dust myself. What do you think about it?"

"Think I'll be layin for the coyote like grim death," responded the sheriff promptly. "Got any suspicions?"

"Now, that's just the ticklish part of it Hank. I'm afraid you won't be caring to hear it." And the superintendent laughed uneasily.

"Out with it, an blast the difference!" cried Smoller. "Swore 'fore God Almighty to do my duty. No feelin in my carcass. I'd hang a brother an never bat an eye."

"Well," said Berril, "I caught a glimpse of a young fellow prowling around my place yesterday, and in the face he looked very much like Bub Cessitt. Do you suppose that he has ventured back again?"

"Shouldn't wonder a darn mite," observed the sheriff. "If he's back I'll have him. No sentiment here. No more feelin than a horse. String him up as quick as if he had

no sister. Duty before pleasure, 'cordin to the Bible."

Although the sheriff put forth every effort to catch the thief, the depredations continued with irritating regularity. Hank ground his teeth in rage and swore to catch the offender or resign his office.

As a last resource Hank took Sophronia into his confidence. He warned her not to harbor her renegade brother on any condition, for there was going to be trouble soon or he would miss his guess.

Sophronia indulged in bitter tears and Hank comforted her.

"To only think," she wailed, "me livin' respectable like, and that good for nothin' comin back to disgrace me 'fore them as respects me. But honest to heaven, Hank, I ain't laid eyes on the varmint for more'n a year."

"Don't you worry little girl," responded the big hearted sheriff. "There's on 'at thinks the same of you no matter what happens. An some day we'll both light out of this here hole an start all over again where we can get a fair deal in the game."

It was just a week later that the sheriff might have been seen dashing through the town at midnight in pursuit of a fleeting figure. The real thief had at last been spotted while in the act of breaking into a miner's cabin, the owner being engaged elsewhere in the celebration of an unusually rich strike.

"Stop there, or I'll shoot!" the sheriff shouted, while the thief rapidly increased the distance between them.

The slim figure kept straight on, and Hank's revolver spurted fire while the sharp report rang out on the quiet air. "It's surely him," Hank panted. "It's Bub. But duty's duty."

Again the revolver cracked, and there was a faint cry from the fugitive. A few more yards, and he darted from the road, disappearing in the shadow of Cessitt's cabin.

By the time the sheriff effected an entrance to the log structure all noise had subsided, and the place seemed entirely deserted.

"Bub Cessitt," called the sheriff, "I've got a warrant here for your arrest. Better come right along now an not make any trouble."

There was no answer, but from the next room came the sound of heavy breathing. Going over to the fireplace, Smoller threw some dry chips on the bed of coals, and a bright blaze sprang up. Thrusting two fresh cartridges into his revolver, he started for the door of the inner room.

"Hank," came a weak tremulous voice, "is that you?"

"Yes, Soph," he answered sternly "I saw him turn in here. Don't try to shield him. I'm sorry, but he'll have to give up now and come along like a man."

"Bub's not here," she moaned.

Hank laughed harshly.

The door swung open and into the wavering light stepped the girl. Her face was ghastly white, and her bosom rose and fell spasmodically. She turned her wild, staring eyes upon the sheriff, and he started back with a cry of pain.

"My God, little girl!" he exclaimed, "Don't take it so hard!"

She swayed from side to side and groped for support. Springing forward, Hank caught her in his arms, and her disheveled head sank heavily upon his shoulder.

"You'll forgive me—Hank," she whispered hoarsely. "It wasn't—Bub. It was—"

Yes, yes, little one," he said. "It wasn't your fault. Don't take on like this."

For a moment she lay in his arms motion-

less. Then as he gently tried to rouse her, the firelight fell on a crimson stain which marked his hand.

"God forgive me!" he cried. "Little one are you hurt?"

Her great, frightened eyes opened, and her white lips moved slowly.

"It's born—in the—blood," she whispered, "and you've shot—the real—thief!"

The big sheriff trembled from head to foot. "Hank!" she gasped.

"Yes, little one."

"They—must—never—know."

"They shall never know," sobbed the sheriff. "As God's my witness they shall never know."

When the gray dawn finally crept in at the little window, Hank quitted the side of the still white form and pushed his way to the inner room.

Moving slowly around the wall, he came to a cot where the old woman was sleeping off the effects of a protracted debauch. From a low stool near by he picked up a suit of clothes and a slouch hat. Between the shoulders of the blood stained coat was a round jagged hole, torn by the bullet from this revolver. The entire masculine outfit he gathered up carefully, carried it out into the weed grown garden and buried deep beneath the surface.

Coming once more into the presence of the dead, he knelt reverently and kissed the cold white face.

"Little one," he murmured, "they shall never know."

Going out softly, he closed the door and started back toward the town.

"I've come to give myself up," was the remarkable statement of the sheriff as he walked into the dingy little office of the jail.

The jailer laughed and continued raking out the ashes in the stove.

"I've been doin some unofficial shoot in out at Cessitt's persisted the sheriff. "Suppose you lock me up right quick."

Hank, you don't mean it?" exclaimed the jailer anxiously.

"Yes I do."

"Well, that's powerful bad. Bout the girl?"

"It was the girl."

"Say Hank," suggested the jailer cautiously "hadn't you better clear out till this business blows over?"

Hank only shoot his head.

With many expostulations, the jailer conducted him a little later to the one cell, already occupied by several midnight revelers.

Considering Smoller's confession and the general good for nothingness of the Cessitt family the jury and judge contrived to reduce Hank's sentence to the very minimum. What mystified them most of all was the fact, that he should have turned up at the trial, for it was an open secret that he had been given every opportunity to escape.

The years of Hank's imprisonment passed slowly, but when he once more stepped forth into the sunlight of freedom it was with the happy assurance that they never knew and that he had done it for her name's sake.

## HER LIFE WAS SAVED.

SENT HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL TO DIE.

Yet Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved Edna Rathburn—Her Case Was One in a Thousand—Tortured by Diabetes—A Remarkable Cure.

HAMPSTEAD, N. B. April 3.—If ever any remedy for human ills was put to a stringent test, in practical experience, that medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the test was the case of little Edna Rathburn, of this place.

The case is still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants of York County, for it was the principal topic of discussion throughout the country, for weeks.

Six years ago, Edna, who was then only two years old, met with a terrible accident, two of her ribs being torn from her spine. The fractured ends refused to "knit." The child could not straighten her body, but was bent almost double, and could walk only with the greatest pain and difficulty.

Diabetes set in, and her sufferings were terrible to witness. Night and day she was in the most awful agony. The doctors could do nothing to relieve her, and advised that she be sent to the St. John Hospital. The surgeons there said the case was hopeless. They sent her home again, with the advice to give her the greatest care as that was all that could be done for her.

In despair, Mrs. Rathburn one day decided to try if Dodd's Kidney Pills would help the child. They did. Day by day she improved under their influence, till after a time came perfect health. Not a vestige of Diabetes was left.

Now, Mrs. Rathburn says: "Our child's life was saved solely by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Sufferers from Diabetes who read of this case can rest assured that they will find a cure just as surely as did little Edna Rathburn, in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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