

A FIGHT FOR A CHILD, OR A Case in Solomon's Court. BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER I. KILLED ON THE RAIL.

The day express on the Union Pacific was behind time.

It was due at Sacramento at 4 P. M., but it now looked as if it would be nearly 5 before it would reach that city. Like a huge town on wheels it had climbed to the top of the Sierras and went thundering down into the peaceful valley of the Sacramento, with its wheat fields yellow as gold.

Suddenly an axle breaks; there is a quick succession of sharp, cracking sounds followed by a terrible crash. Then comes the shrill scream of escaping steam and the heartrending shrieks of the injured passengers. Many are taken out alive from the ruin only to die in the hands of their rescuers. Among them are Jasper Faircamp and his little son, an only child.

One Robert Faircamp had been among the "Argonauts of '49." Blessed with a constitution of iron and a will to match he was not slow to make his way in this land of magnificent possibilities. His upward course was as steady as it was rapid. Petty trader, storekeeper, merchant, banker, at the end of five years he had already amassed a considerable fortune. Convinced of the future value of the outlying sandhills of San Francisco he invested largely in this property, then held for a mere song. This was the secret of the immense fortune left by this pioneer to his two sons, Jasper and Thaddeus.

With his inheritance Jasper took from his father all the latter's strength of character and application to business. To Thaddeus, however, nothing seemed to come with the money save a desire to get rid of it. A wild life and an uncontrollable love of speculation united to strip the younger brother of his handsome fortune before he had turned his thirty-fifth year. Again and again did it become necessary for Jasper to intervene to save Thad, as he was commonly called, from absolute penury, and once even from the walls of the penitentiary. But still the brother's affection for Thad held good—so good that when death overtook him that fair Autumn day on the slopes of the Sierras, amid the wheat fields of the Sacramento Valley, and the seals of his last will and testament were broken, it was found to contain the following clause:

"Recognizing the fact that it is entirely due to the extraordinary industry and business sagacity of my father, Robert Faircamp, one of the pioneer settlers of this State, that I am possessed of the fortune disposed of by this will, and being extremely desirous that the name of Faircamp should continue to be an honored and influential one, it is my will and I so order and direct that in case of my decease leaving no male issue one half of my property shall go to and vest in the eldest son of my brother Thaddeus, his heirs and assigns forever; in default of such male issue then the entirety to go to and vest in my beloved wife Helen."

This sudden and terrible taking off of husband and child effected the complete devastation of Helen Faircamp's mind. Never of a rugged build, she faded under the awful visitation like a flower stricken by a pitiless blast. At the outset her insanity was characterized by violent outbursts, in which she attempted in the wildest consternation to flee from the danger of a rapidly approaching railway train that seemed about to crush her to pieces beneath its wheels and tracks of steel; but gradually all these inclinations to violence disappeared and her lunacy developed into that unbroken silence, mournful indifference and loss of memory which characterized that form of mental aberration designated as subacute mania.

Under the plea that the sea-air of San Francisco was too severe for Jasper's widow, Thaddeus and his wife Janet caused her removal to their home in the outskirts of Oakland, a large, rambling and dreary habitation completely shut in from the world by lofty hedges and impenetrable clumps of trees and shrubbery. It was not such a place that in the world's opinion should have been chosen for the retreat of a young woman suffering from melancholia, but the world is forced to admit that Jasper's widow was in the very best of hands, and that if any treatment could possibly win her back to reason again, she would find it beneath the roof of her husband's brother. But one thing the world was interested in, and that was, would the vast Faircamp estate ever be divided by the birth of a son to the brother who until now had been so assiduous in his efforts to scatter the gold heaped up by his father, the hard working and provident pioneer?

The world had not long to wait, for about eight months after the admission of the will to probate Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Faircamp gave notice through the public print of both cities of the birth to them of a son to whom, in perpetuation of the name of the sturdy and honest pioneer, the name of Robert was given. In spite of Thad Faircamp's unsavory reputation the world was glad to know that the vast estate was to be divided, for after all Thad must needs be satisfied with wasting the income of this half. He would have no power to touch the principal.

With the winding up of another year came another piece of intelligence concerning the Faircamp family. Thad was in trouble again, and this time there was no brother to rush to his assistance. It was alleged in various quarters that by the skilful manipulation of bogus mining claims he had succeeded in obtaining considerable sums of money, and that so flagrant had been his dealings that his only safety lay in flight. This was the course he chose, and he disappeared from the city, together with his wife and child.

His brother's widow was placed in an institution for the care of the insane by Col. Barstow, the family attorney, duly notified by Thad of his action consequent upon his compulsory departure from the State. Under proper scientific treatment Mrs. Jasper Faircamp was not slow to recover both mental and physical health. She awoke as if from a dream, to be told of the birth of the needful heir to effect a division of her husband's estate, of her brother-in-law's illegal moneyed transactions and his enforced departure from the State; yes, possibly from the country itself, in company with his wife and child. She did not regret it. She had always dreaded Thad's influence upon her husband, and hence there had never been any love lost between them.

Mrs. Jasper Faircamp was still a handsome woman, and a few months later set out for Europe in company with a sister, with the intent of being absent for a term of years. Her brother-in-law and his family passed utterly from her mind. In her letters to Col. Barstow she never once asked whether they had ever been heard from, or in what part of the world they were sojourning. They were quite as good as dead to her.

CHAPTER II.

THE AUSTRALIAN BARON.

It would soon be ten years since the day express in its mad haste to make up lost time had leaped to its destruction in the valley of the Sacramento. Mrs. Jasper Faircamp had in this long interval made only one visit to America. But now came a call from Col. Barstow so urgent that she set out at once upon the receipt of the cablegram which read as follows:

"Imperative that you should return to San Francisco at once. Rely unhesitatingly upon my judgment. BARSTOW."

In a little less than two weeks the Colonel was seen to extend an extremely cordial welcome to a tall and distinguished-looking lady at his office on Montgomery street. It was Mrs. Jasper Faircamp, whose eyes were eloquent with entreaty to make known to her as quickly as possible the reason for this unceremonious recall. Her former guardian, for such he had been before her marriage, motioned her to be seated.

"My dear Helen," he began in a tone of voice which seemed strikingly solemn to Mrs. Faircamp, "I have within a few months made a strange, a very strange, discovery, namely, that your brother-in-law never committed any of the frauds of which he confessed himself guilty and on account of which he fled the country."

Col. Barstow's client could only fix her beautiful eyes upon the speaker with a dazed and almost shamefaced expression at her utter inability to comprehend the meaning of his words.

The lawyer continued: "This fact, taken together with others, especially the mysterious way in which you were imprisoned in Thad's house at Oakland for several months after the loss of your mind and the many absurd reasons assigned by him for denying me the privilege of seeing with my own eyes what effect your loss of reason was having upon your general health, set me to thinking."

Helen Faircamp could only continue to watch the movement of the lawyer's lips with the same strained and puzzled look upon her face.

"But my thoughts, Helen," resumed Barstow, "were so disordered, so disconnected and altogether chaotic that nothing came of my thinking except a mere suspicion—until two weeks ago, the very day I sent you the cablegram. That morning it suddenly occurred to me that I had been so startled, or shall I say perplexed, by the peculiar change in your appearance when Thad at last unlocked your prison doors and let you out into the world again, that I was on the point of making known to you my suspicions at that time."

"Well, Colonel—what do you mean?" almost gasped Mrs. Faircamp, the color flying from her cheeks and her lips parting.

"I mean, Helen," replied the lawyer, with dramatic gravity, "that I believe you to be the mother of that child known as Robert Faircamp—that you gave birth to it during the period of your insanity, and that the Faircamp estate has been most wrongfully, iniquitously divided in halves!"

Mrs. Faircamp sprang from her chair as if she had suddenly caught sight of a viper lying at her feet and coiled to strike.

"The wretches! The wretches!" she exclaimed, in a tone of loathing. "Merciful heaven! what a blind, weak, trusting creature I have been. Now it is all coming back to me. My own wonder at the change you refer to, my mysterious and unaccountable feelings upon awaking from that terrible dream. Yes, yes; you're right, Colonel. I am the mother of that

child, and God forgive me for being so blind, so weak, so unwomanly! But, Colonel, it is not too late yet to right this infamous wrong. Where are those wretches? Let us hunt them down at any cost."

"Calm yourself, my dear Helen," said the lawyer, with a kindly look gathering in his gentle, grey eyes. "By a strange coincidence I learned of their whereabouts at the very time I discovered that there never had been any reason for Thad's fleeing the country."

"And where are they?" asked Mrs. Faircamp breathlessly.

"Somewhere in Eastern Australia," answered Barstow, "where Thad is the owner of an extensive sheep ranch, and the devil has looked after his own, for Thad has prospered in business. He has become a veritable robber baron, if I may so express it, full of reckless daring and the boon companion and fit associate of the worst characters of the Australian bush."

"I care not how great a robber he is or how bold and reckless he has become," cried Helen Faircamp, straightening herself up to her full height. "I'll face him in his den and hurl a mother's scorn and indignation at his head. I don't fear him. I never did, and as an open and acknowledged foe I shall not now; besides, have I not a champion as brave as he—a man never taught to spell the word impossible?"

"And who is he, Helen?" inquired Barstow with an air of amused inquisitiveness.

"None other than Col. Heber Barstow," exclaimed Helen, laying her daintily gloved hand confidently in the lawyer's soft aristocratic palm.

The Colonel blushed.

"What should we be afraid of, my dear Colonel," exclaimed Helen. "Have we not the law on our side?"

The Colonel smiled.

Colonel Barstow learned that an English steamer would leave Honolulu in about ten days for the Australian port of Brisbane. They took passage at once on the China steamer, which touches at the Sandwich Islands.

Col. Barstow's intention was to invoke the assistance of the authorities at Brisbane and, under the protection of a substantial escort, to strike across the continent in a westerly direction. The railway would set them on their journey as far as Charleville. From that point on it would be necessary to proceed on horseback. It would be a long, dangerous expedition through this tract of almost wilderness, for if the lawyer's information was correct Thad's ranch was located somewhere beyond the headwaters of Lake Eyre to the north of Macumber River, and was known as Waldeck Hill. He in fancied security, with a retinue of servants and hangers-on, Thad lived a life of wonderful fascination for him. Looking down from his veritable baronial hall he could sweep the valley for fifty miles. It was impossible for friend or foe to approach Waldeck Hill without his knowledge.

At Brisbane, Col. Barstow, like a good soldier that he was, resolved to place no reliance whatever upon his own knowledge of this mysterious continent. He at once proceeded to engage the services of Capt. Jim Terrill, one of the most noted scouts of his day and to authorize him to engage men and purchase horses and provisions.

"Thad will never surrender alive," said Capt. Jim with a chuckle; "take my word for it, sir?"

"I'm regularly armed with a warrant for his arrest," said Barstow quietly, "and the commandant of black police on the Cooper River has been ordered to place his whole force at my disposal."

Capt. Jim merely nodded his head approvingly. "But there's one thing to be guarded against," he added.

"What's that, Captain?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, to keep Thad from killing the child through spite."

A suppressed cry of terror burst upon them. It was Helen Faircamp who had just entered the room. Jim Terrill started back with an exclamation of wonderment.

"There's no mistake about your theory, sir," cried the scout, as he stood with his eyes riveted upon Helen's face. "That boy which Thad and his wife claim to be theirs is the perfect image, line for line, of this lady."

"You hear, Helen," exclaimed the lawyer with a gleam of triumph in his grey eyes. "I knew I could not be wrong."

Helen Faircamp's heart was too full for words.

"Come, Capt. Jim," added the lawyer, "let's get off at the very earliest moment possible. God knows I hesitated as long as I could before cutting the Faircamp estate in two halves. They must be joined again."

"Amen," cried Jasper's widow with clasped hands and uplifted gaze.

It would have been well if this expedition in search of the heir to the Faircamp millions could have delayed its start for five or six months. During the winter the fatigues of such a journey would have been much more bearable. The slight degree of cold would have been preferable to the extreme heat, often 100 in the shade. But Helen Faircamp would listen to no postponement and the little caravan set out, under the command of Capt. Jim Terrill.

FUR LINED CIRCULARS!

We are opening the balance of our stock of Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars, and have now a splendid assortment of these goods from the low and medium prices to the very fine Squirrel lined. Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, Ladies' Beaver Shoulder Capes, Ladies' Astrachan Shoulder Capes.

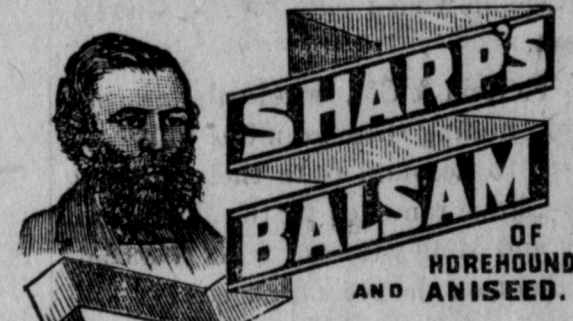
D. C. SULLIVAN,
114 Main Street, MONCTON

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., PROPRIETORS, TORONTO.



SHARP'S
BALSAM
OF
HOREHOUND
AND ANISEED.
FOR
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,
COUGHS AND COLDS.
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

First-Class TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

WATER STREET,

CHATHAM, N. B.,

F. O. PETERSON, - - PROPRIETOR.

A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

BUCTOUCHE DRUG STORE.

TOILET SOAPS, SPICES, PIPES,
HAND MIRRORS, BRUSHES, ETC.,
IN VARIETY.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Prescriptions carefully prepared.
A large assortment of Patent Medicine constantly on hand.

W. G. KING, M. D.
aug2289ui

Kent Revision Courts.

Judge Landry, revising officer for Kent County, will hold courts for the revision of the Dominion electoral lists in the different parishes as follows:

Cocagne, Gallant Hotel, 18th November, 10 a. m., for districts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Applications received till 4th November.

Buctouche, Roberts' Hotel, 18th November, 10 a. m., for districts 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Applications received till 5th November.

St. Paul, school house near chapel, 20th November, 10 a. m., for districts 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Applications received till 6th November.

Richibucto, Court House, 23rd November, 10 a. m., for districts 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. Applications received till 9th November.

St. Louis, Hotel de Lourdes, 24th November, for districts 21, 22, 23, 24. Applications received till 10th November.

Carleton, at hotel, Kouchibouguac, 25th November, 10 a. m., for districts 25, 26, 27. Applications received till 11th November.

JOHN HANNAH, MANUFACTURER OF— Woven Wire Mattresses,

Of Different Grades for the Trade only. Warranted not to sag.
To be had from all the principal furniture and general dealers in the Maritime Provinces.
Repairing promptly done. 105 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FARM MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

ROTARY MILLS & SHINGLE MACHINES.
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
FINEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES.

Special attention given to repairs for all kinds of Machinery. Bring or send me the piece, whether broken or not, and I can get it duplicated for you. I do not wish to sell the cheapest, but I shall strive to select goods as good as the best, give good value, fair terms, and hope by upright dealing and careful attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the citizens of Kent County.
Agent for FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

E. E. PECK, Office—305 Main St. Moncton, N.B.
at I. C. R. Crossing,
Telephones—Office, 45; Residence, 37 A.

Millers' Tanning Extract Co. (LIMITED).

—WORKS AT—

Millerton and Mortimore, N. B.

Cable Addresses—"Hypotan," London; and "Miller," Miramichi.

A very complete stock of General Goods, cheap for Cash or Trade, at
OUR MORTIMORE STORE.

Change of Business.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF DRY GOODS.

\$20,000 - - - WORTH - - - \$20,000

Will be sold at cost, on Goods other than Staples much less than cost, as we mean to dispose of the entire stock. Bargains in everything. The stock is still complete and well selected in all lines. Purchasers will save from 15 to 50 per cent. We will sell for CASH only. Those who have accounts are requested to call and settle. Sale will continue till all is sold. Call early in the day to avoid the rush.

J. FLANAGAN

MONCTON, N. B.

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS,

54 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

James D. Irving

LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

—COMPRISING—

SHEATHING, WAINSCOTTING, FLOORING, CLAPBOARDS, WINDOW and

DOOR CASINGS, MOULDINGS, LATHS, &c.

FLOR CHAMP FOR CASH.

Buctouche, N. B., June 22, 1891.