PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

There were, perhaps, a score of people the drawing-room of Westholme Towers.

The assemblage included, among others, young Radson, of the Guards, for whom I had conceived a vast partiality; Wallace Lewin, known to me years ago, when he was consul at Jaffa; Mr. Cannan, the owner of the demesne adjoining my cousin Tom's; and Mr. Cannan's winsome daughter, Dorothy.

Miss Cannan sat at the piano, while Tom, under pretext of turning over her music, stood close beside her, all pleasantantry and courtesy.

Tom-tail and well-built-showed at his best that evening-I noted it with gal! in my heart; and his jovial face was abeam with smiles.

His diligent attendance on Dorothy Cannan had been decidely more pronounced of late, lending color to the rumour then current to the effect that he and she were to make a match of it.

From my seat in the embrasure of the window, with bitterness and envy rankling in my breast, I watched them. Strive as I might-and I detested myself for harboring the abject fancy-I could not help thinking of the consequences their union would entail upon me and my expectations.

"His life only is between me and eight thousand a year," I soliloquised frettully. "If he marries-faugh ! there's an end of my prospects. Not only that, his marri-age will rob me of her whom I love as my life-more than my honor. Lose Dorothy ! I cannot bear to think of it."

My nerves were strained to their utmost tension that night. I felt unwontedly irritable and revengeful as I pictured the misery which the near future had in store or me.

And while I brooded thus darkly, I seemed to hear a voice-the Evil One's, surely-ever and anon whisper encouragingly into my ear,

"Only his life-only his life!" Thankful enough was I when Lieutenant Radson and Mr. Lewin, crossing the floor,

broke in upon my churlish reverie. "What, moping along ?" cried the lieu-

tenant, cheerily. "This will never do! Cheer up, old chap. You seem out of sorts today.'

Well, come out with me into the lib-

the stillness of the night, and this it was, I suppose, that wakened me. the air. It came from the adjoining room

-that of my cousin, Tom. struck a light. Yes, it was no dream. The deadly kriss, lying bare and blood-stained on the little table, convicted me. **HE WAS**. As I snatched it up again, to gaze aghast at its gory edge, the muffled groan once more struck upon my ears. Still retaining

the weapon in my grasp, I darted cut into the corridor. I saw the flicker of half-a-dczen candles,

as, roused by the outcries, the inmates of the house hurried, panic-stricken to the spot. With the appearance of the lights, Tom raised himself upon his elbow, stretched his arm towards me as if in.denunciation, and then fell back-dead ! I have a dim vision of paled, awed faces around me, looking at me half compassionately, half loathingly; I saw the fearful the toughest town in Texas, that he held gash in Tom's breast, from which the blood still trickled; above all, like a scar in my memory, I recall the red-tinged kriss around which my fingers tightened convul-

When the police came I gazed at them blankly, unable to realize the import of El Paso with the reputation of a man not their queries. I replied to them, at haz ard, to be trifled with, but after he took charge incoherentlyof the policing of the town he none the less

"His life !" I murmured, disjointedly. 'I was in a dream. Somnambulism ! don't understand. A crime--who says it was a crime ?"

The police inspector shook his head pityingly, and turned to speak to young survived the experiment. Radson.

"Yes, yes," said the lieutenant, with office came close on the heels of his apevident reluctance. "It sounds like a contession. He'll go quietly, I've no doubt. pointment. A Southern Pacific employee, a personal friend of the marshal, told me I'll accompany you, too.'

So they led me, dazed and impassive, that Studmeyer, meeting him in the street away. In a vague kind of fashion I knew one day, asked for the loan of his pistol that I was being taken to prison, and I one day, asked I managed somewhat to rally my scattered for a short time. faculties. There was no use in concealing the unconscious part I had played in this said the friend, 'you've got two six-shoot-

grim tragedy, and I unburdened my mind trankly. "It's a terrible business.," said Radson,

when I had finished. "No, I don't blame you exactly. In that half-sleeping, halfwaking state, you were hardly responsible "Yes," said I, wiping my brow. "My head teels bad-it's the hot room, I think." for your actions. But it's a terrible-ter-rible business?" He need not have told me that, for when

many instances in which I was indebted to

I could never be rich with his wealth, nor

possessed of his lands : Dorothy, too, would

before Lieutenant Radson returned.

ought not to give way like this." "Ought not ?" I echoed, bitterly. "Do

you expect me to laugh and dance under

did you pitch me that tale about a grue-

bidding gallows.

my sin?"

cantly.

so ne dream ?"

your cousin than I did !

"What! Is Tom not dead ?"

clad, and raving mad, upon the moor."

"The real murderer !" I repeated va-

"Have no fear; he is in safe keeping

now. He must have let himself out of the

house immediately after the deed done,

chuckling over his atrocity. He particu-

larly gloats over his frenzied cunning in

from your room, and in replacing it with-

out disturbing you, after he had put it to

"But I interposed hastily, "you have not told me who this madmam is."

his reached Westholme an hour ago.

of late been somewhat erratic in his ke-

of homicidal mannia. What impelled him

to vent his delrious spleen upon your cou-

"Why, it's the man you knew away in

"Only that she is in a state of anxiety and indignation on account of your arrest, nigh bordering on distraction. Her father drinking a great deal, which, with the dan-I sat up in bed shuddering. Merciful Powers! it was no dream! The long-drawn wail of mortal agony still rang upon this infernal hole, and if 1 might advise nlng to affect his nerve. Under such conyou, I would suggest that you drive ditions a shooting man makes an easy mark straight to the house, and set her at rest. for enemies. Realizing the fact in time, A cold sweat pouring out all over me, I Hark," added he, as fcotsteps drew near he left El Paso the next week and came to blindly crept into my dressing-room and the cell door, "here comes Mr. Cannan to New Mexico."

> WHAT DO YOU SAY IT IS? HE WAS A QUICK SHOOTER. What do say it is that tires and exhausts

us most? Hard work? Oh, no. When Dallas Studemeyer, City Marshal of the a man, or woman either, is well fed and Toughest Town in Texas. healt hy, hard work is a good thing. The "Of the famous quick-shooting city day's tug being over you eat your supper-

sauced with appetite—and by-and-bye go to bed and sleep like a top till morning. What's better than that? Why, nothing marshals who have held down the herd Western towns, Dallas Studemeyer ranked among the foremost," said a southwestern this side of heaven. railroad man. "He was tall, thin, and I (the writer) have a cast iron habit in wiry, a dead shot, and a man of great courthis matter. I turn in at exactly eleven age and resolution. It was 1882, when in and out at exactly seven. Never wake between those hours except when there is a a sudden boom following the completion of barking dog somewhere near. Then I look the Southern Pacific Railroad, El Paso was to that dog and his owner next day. I say a man who can sleep that way has drawn the first prize in Life's lottery. Oh, no; work doesn't exhaust any body save for the marshalship of the place and kept the lawless elements in check. Professional his good. It about half empties his jug for bad men who came there to run the town one day, and then Nature holds him under didn't get along very far in their underthe spcut (sound asleep) and fills him up taking while he was Marshal. He came to again.

Bnt, oh, the pity of a thing like this ! Any of you who feel the Angel's fingers touch your eyelids every night for eight hours of blessed blindness, fancy, if you can, the case of a woman who says, "I often awoke at night in great dread and fear, with perspiration running from me in streams.'

Such a condition is awful-terrible. Mere pain were a thousand times preferable to it. And that, understand, without any noise to wake and frighten her. One such night is more wearing than a week of hard work. "Waring," do I say? It is killing, that's what it is. What caused it? Let us pick up the facts one after another, and perhaps we may find out.

She says: "My hands, arms, and legs had become numb and stiff, and 1 lost the proper nse of them. As I walked I was not sure of my toot-steps; I had a feeling as if I should fall down. I was much swollen around the body, and troubled with flatulency. At times I was taken with taintness, and a strange feeling came over me up, and if we get to shooting, and I me as if I were about to die. I got tearhappen to want another pistol, 'twouldn't fully low and nervous, and was afraid to be left alone. For days and days I never touched any kind of tood, and for twelve months ate scarcely anything."



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rary," young Radson went on. "Stay, though! Lewin has just told me that you possess a museum of your own-that is, a collection of bric-a-brac, silver ornaments my cousin came to upbraid me with the and gew-gaws that you brought with you from the East. What do you say to dis-playing them to us both? I should greatly what way would his death benefit me now? relish seeing them."

Upstairs we went to my dressing-roomwhich adjoined my bedroom-where stood the oblong marqueterie table on which the articles were ranged. They consisted of various silver knick-knacks of Indian filagree-work which I had picked up in Bombay a year before, with other bizarre samples of Oriental workmanship which had chanced to take my fancy.

"Very interesting," said young Radson, stifling a yawn, in the midst of my panegyrics. "Shall we go down stairs again? I hear Tom singing."

"Half a moment," I interposed. "You haven't examined this yet.

So saying, I picked up what I vainly imagined to be the gem of my odd collection- an elaborately carved ivory sheath, in which reposed a no less artistic Malay kriss.

The steel of the razor-edged weapon was fantastically inlaid with silver, and it possessed some sort of historic value in having once been owned by the notorious dacoit, Lal Mangas. The sheath I handed to the lieutenant, while Lewin stretched out his hand for the keen, curved blade.

"Very pretty, indeed," commented Radson. "Worth something, that, I suppose?" Meanwhile, Lewin ran his finger along the edge of the kriss, a subtle smile upon his face.

Then, as if seized with a sudden thought, he struck a tragic attitude, lifting the krife high above his head.

"Ha, ha," he cried, aping the orthodox transpontine villain. "It's his life or mine ! Shall I strike? Ha, ha !"

himself presently joined.

Then the kriss was once more placed result that he was discovered on the moor, snugly in its sheath, and we returned to the as I have said, chattering to himself and drawing-room.

By this time my cousin had dragged him-self from Dorothy's side, being now seated in close converse with her father. Thenceforward, to my mind, try as I might to win her attention, she appeared woefully reti-cent. Several times I caught her eyes reaming

in Tom's direction, and the soul of me wax- | are greatly to blame-" ed wroth at the inference I could not avoid drawng. And one time I thought she cared for me-thought she knew I cared for her.

ears again with its insinuating home-thrust--"Only his life-only his life !"

When the hour arrived for Mr. Cannan and his daughter to start for home, I es- haviour, the outcome, no doubt, of the sun-

my ears, there rose the reiterated phrase-"Only his life-bis life !"

be handy to have to go all over town to I was left alone the vivid recognition of my | find a man to lend me one.' guilt was more than I could bear. The

want of more pistols ?'

"So the pistol was borrowed and Studemeyer walked down the street. He barely baseness of my ingratitude in overcounten-ancing an ill wish towards him. And in shooting began, and there was a lively cracking away for a minute or two. When things seemed to have quieted down. the execrate my name and hold my memory in friend went to the place to see what had deserved abhorrence. Nothing remained been going on. The marshal was standtor me but the ghastly farce of trial and ing on the sidewalk with one or two of his conviction; beyond loomed the gaunt, for- deputies about him, and three dead men

found plenty of men eager to 'try it on'

with the new marshal and see for themselves

what stuff he was made of. Few of them

"His first serious encounter after taking

"Why, you big overgrown Dutchman,

ers strapped to you now. What do you

" 'That's all right,' returned the Mar-

shal. 'The boys are in town to-day to do

were lying in the street. "Round the corner Studemeyer had A man left alone with such thoughts as found 'the boys' waiting for him, headed mine tastes an earnest death. The leaden by a particular enemy of his, a former city Marshal. The buildings bordering the hours passed slowly by, and although I Marshal. The buildings bordering the could not have been inside the gaol over street were fronted, after the Mexican five hours, it seemed as many weeks to me fashion, by portales, a sort of piazza roots extending across the sidewalk and sup-"Phew!" he said, eyeing me intently. "You seem the ghost of yourself. You ought not to give way like this." down on Studemeyer and fired. The marshal dodged the flish-it sounds strange to say that a man could be so quick, but I'm "Come, come! its not so bad as all I'm using the southwestern term for what that," he added quickly. "I've a question he did; he wasn't bit anyhow-and the or two to ask you. In the first place, why next instant his pistol got in its deadly work on the man with the shotgun. The gang, at the example of their leader, had "What do you mean?" I cried excitedly. "Why this—that you no more killed your cousin than I did!" broke and ran. The wall of the house was pierced with bullets all about the

"Unfortunately, yes. But you had no hand in causing his death. The real mur-place where he stood, but he received only derer has been found-wandering half- one wound, a shot in the heel. "But though order reigned in El Paso while Dallas Studemeyer was city marshal, his position was a dangerous and thankless one and the attempts to assassinate him were too numerous for sate and comfortable living. Perhaps the closest still retaining, in spite of his undoubted | call that he had in this way was in return-Radson laughed hugely at the ex-consul's insanity, a lurking notion of the necessity ing home late one night. He had nearly ludicrous posture, a laugh in which Lewin of flight. Of course, as soon as we missed reached his house when some one secreted his house when some one him, the hue-and cry was raised, with the behind an low adobe wall let drive at him with both barrels of a shotgun. The assassin's aim was bad and the marshal was not hit, but in telling of the occurrence afterward Studemeyer contessed that he

having secretly filched the Malay kriss | was startled. "'I reckon I jumped six feet in the air, and I fetched a yell that you could have heard across the river,' he said. 'I'hen I wall where the shots came from. I peppered the spot pretty well, but, of course, I didn't get anybody, for the fellow had fired and run.

'In the death of Doc Cummings, his chief deputy, Studemeyer got his most seri- do. Jaffa-Wallace Lewin, His friends were At that moment the voices smote my once communicated with, and a brother of ous setback in El Paso. Cummings was a desperate man, whose private reputation was none too good, but his nerve and faith-From him I learned that Lewin has of fulness to his chief could be depended on. He was a relation of Studemeyer by marcorted Dorothy to the carriage, Tom fol- stroke he sustained a few months back in riage, I believe. Cummings had been are smaller than nature intended. And lowing at some little distance behind with the Levant. Ever since then be has been across the river into Mexico on a pleasure China never heard of "Trilby!" her father. The pressure of her soft palm still lingered in my band when I went up to my room for the night. Once again, like muttered thunder in wears there roes the nuttered thunder in fired a shotgun through a wicket window opening from a rear room, perforating him After a wild tossing about on my bed, harassed and feverish, at length I dozed understand, unless, indeed, it was for the the threshold. By his death Studemeyes rerson I have already mentioned-the ap- lost his right-hand man, leaving him an

Now a'l this is sad and bad as can be. and our hearts are sore for the poor lady; yet so far we don't seem to get hold of the outside end of the thread. Suppose we look for it among the first sentences of her letter. "In the early part of March, 1890," she says. "I appeared suddenly to fall into a low, depressed condition, every-thing being a toil and a trouble to me, My appetite tailed, my mouth tasted badly. my tongue was coated, and the least mor-sel of food gave me pain and tightness across the chest and around the sides, so I could not bear the weight and pressure of my corset. My skin was sallow, eyes tinged with yellow, and there was a dull pain at my right side. I was constantly sick, and sour sort of fluid came up and nearly choked me. As for food, I could not bear the sight of it; it make me sick to

look at it." The case is plain enough now. She was seized with acute indigestion, which in a few months developed into chronic inflam-matory dyspepsia. All her early ailments were symptoms of this common yet deceptive disease. Always the same deadly thing, it wears more disguises than a hired murderer. She saw a doctor, of course, who did what he could; but his medicines were like candles in a London fog-without effect. It was simply a wonder that she lived until the date which she names " I got so weak and low," she says-and

who can doubt it?-" that I thought I never should recover, when one day in July, 1891, we received a book telling of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My hus-band read the book and persuaded me to try this medicine. He got me a bottle from Mr. J. H. Shaw, Chemist, 120, Newtownards Road. A few doses relieved me. I kept on with it and soon relished and digested tood. Thus encouraged I continued with the Syrup, and am now well and strong. I can eat anything, and work with pleasure. Mother Seigel saved my life, and you can publish the fact if you wish to. I will glidly answer inquiries. (Signed) Mrs. M. McGregor, 10, Green-ville Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast, January 18th, 1893."

We are glad of this result, and congratulate Mrs. McGregor. We are sure that her once-shatteren nerves-poisoned and emptied my revolver at the place in the starved by indigestion and dyspepsia-will now permit her to sleep in peace. But how many other sull ring women

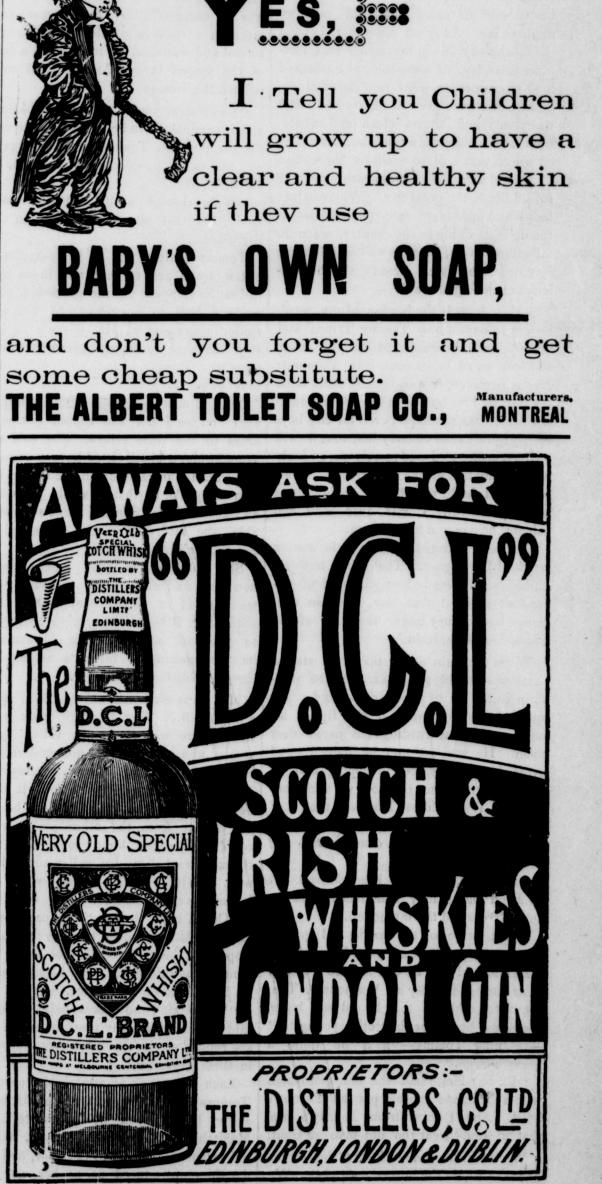
await the help of Mother Scigel! Alas! thousands. We hope some of them may see and read this. Happy for them if they

A Heavenly Foot Society. China has a Heavenly Foot Society. made up of young men who are under a vow never to marry a woman whose feet

Not Forgotten. Primus: "Did your rich old uncle renember you in his will ?" Secundus: "Yes; he inserted a clause arging his executors to collect at once the

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sums he had lent me."



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