PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897,

HIS CONFESSION.

Night, i like [a moody artist, had taken her inky brush in hand and with one strcke darkened the moonlit face of the valley with the gigantic shadows of the Rockies. It was Christmas eve and cutside the vast triangle of blackness which encircled the cabin there was a narrow strip of silver light—the road which connected the valley with the world; inside there was no il'umination, not even a candle in the window, only the fitful spark of Cattle King's Boice's pipe, by which his motionless figure could be discerned age inst the open door-way. He was half asleep and dreaming, but even the faint stirring of some belated bird in search of its nest would rouse him into a position of alert wakefulness, and at the sound of footsteps on the hard, icy road a quarter of a mile away he pricked up his ears attentively, then rose, awkwardly stretched his big limbs and planted him-self in the middle of the road to listen.

As the figures of two men, both busily talking, came into sight, he shouted a lusty 'Hallo!' at them, and then bustled into the cabin with an air of animation and lit a kerosene lamp, which he sat with emphasis down on the table opposite the docr. Makin' myself at home in your dommycile, Brandreth, you see,' he cheerfully chatter-ed, as the two men strode in the door and threw themselves on the settee in an attitude of weariness. 'Well, tell us about it; did you see him strung up ?' 'I saw him,' said Carter, briefly. 'Brand-

84

0

4.14

reth, with a shudder. He was a little man, with a sensitive face, which even a long, silver-streaked moustache and beard scarcely saved from a suggestion of femininity. "I saw all I wanted to-that quivering, struggling wretch thrust face to face with the horror of eternity by fellow creatures as thirsty for his blood as ever he had been tor that of his victim. And yet notody hangs them. It's all a coil, this socalled justice. We kill Peter to pay for killing Paul, who in turn probably preyed on some other weaker creature, just as it is in the animal world. I prefer to contemplate such inconsistencies at a distance."

Curus how that fellow got caught,' soid Cattle King Boice reflectivaly. 'He shought he'd covered up his tracks so nice

monotone :-'It was late one chilly autumn afternoon | ir g to it. about fifteen-no, stop, it must be twenty years ago-that the young rector of a little | er c pt that the man who did it-yes, Boice, English church stepped out through the you are quite right, it was the parson-had church yard gate, locked it behind him and already changed his name, his identity, his stood for a moment gazing wistfully off at country so securely that the dogs of the the blue tops of the Cornish hill, among law, with all their reputed keenest of scent, which the village was poked much as we're | have never found his trail. So that years

above popular with his parishioners, for he of blameless men !' had high church notions which went way above the heads of the plain peasant tolk ment in his small, hazel eyes made them communion candles and embroidered altar burning foci of lurid light. His voice was cloth and confession of sins, I see this is all | shrill, triumphant, almost menacing. Greek to you, Boice; but it was Roman to the parishioners, and they understood it just enough to strongly disapprove.

Nevertheless, as he walked slowly home through the fields with his head bent, not one of them who passed him withheld a respectful and sympathetic greeting, for the do it ?' hat which he carried in his hand bore a 'Ah. deep crape band, the emblem of a grief which was tearing out his heart. The mourning was for his cousin, a beautiful girl, with whom he had been brought up in brother and sister style-'

'Which didn't prevent him from falling in love with her, I'll bet,' interrupted Carter.

'Exactly. Your perspicacity does you credit, Carter. He did love her, and when she married a young physician-'

'Why, in the name of thunderin' thick headedness didn't he marry her himself?"

This second interpolation was Boice s. 'He couldn't. That was part of his High Church platform—the cellbacy of the clergy. Till she married, and to a man whom he believed to be only in love with her fortune, he never realized his true feelings toward her ; and when she died, after a brief year of married life-well, we're none of us children; we've all loved women, and we know what he suffered."

'Poor Blake, poor fellow !' murmured Boice, the most soft-hearted of men who was ever stranded by mistake in a Rocky mountain mining camp. After a pause Brandreth continued :--

'When he reached home his housekeepand careful. And, for that matter, it's er aaid: 'There was a stranger here still more curus to think how these big, looking for you. Did you meet him?' black crimes almost allus is found out; it Blake shook bis head for 'No.' and, after not soorer, then later. Seems as if they | eating the most frugal of ascetic repasts, he called the woman to him and told her that he was summoned to London on important business and would be back in a handcuffs are grippin' your wrists, an' you week. Then, after himself packing his are brought up in court an' everything small travelling bag he gave the key of the church into her charge and bade her goodbye. From that time he was never seen or heard of in the village again.'

the table, and began in a slow, impressive a gold cuff button with the initial 'B' engraved on it and a shred of cloth still hang-

· That's all there is of the story, really, pcked away here. This young clergyman have passed by, years in which all who -what shall I call him? Blake will do as were interested in pushing the search may well as any name, for of course, I wouldn't have died, or forgotten, but he still lives, give you the real name-wasn't over and sate, hidden, unsuspected, in a community

He had risen, and the spark of excite-Detectives have been put on his track -aye, time and sgain-and gone back to Scotland Yard, bafil d, empty-handed. So much can a clever man do, when his life is the prize in question !' Carter spoke, 'Brandreth, why did he

'Ah, that't what no one ever knew save two, one dead, one living. What if it had been the murder of the woman he loved that Blake avenged? Would your just, your merciful law have spared him the gallows? What if he had repeated the secret wispered to him in the confession by a soul in torment-the story of a base and cunning crime, the murder ot an innocent girl by a husband to whom she was but the incumbrance he took with her gold? Would the law have believed him and punished the murderer? There was but one way and Blake took it. Boice, was there any other way? Carter, was there? He seized a wrist of each with trembling fingers and gripped them fast as he poured out the words : 'No one knew, though they might have guessed that Hugh Blake, the saint, the ascetic, the man of pure ideals, was not so suddenly turned into a beast of prey for nothing. A strange thing that, the conscience of a murderer. He had the cool hand, the steady nerve, the heart ot iron, hunted peace and found none, wi h that heavy load of an unrevealed crime in his breast. And then,' sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, 'he bethought him of the confessional; ab, yes, the confessional! He little knew to whom he was betraying himself; whose hands, inspired by a blind fury of avenging angry, one of the old Berserker rages of his barbaric ancestors, dragged



CHASE & SANBORN'S Seal Brand Coffee is the "finest grown." For perfect results follow directions in each can.

Packed ground or unground in cans only.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL,

BOSTON,

CHICAGO.

eap for liberty and the open window. Brandreth had dashed it to the floor. At the moment there was but one thoughtself preservation. The cattle king dragged Carter away from the flames and falling timbers, but the detective shook him off and attempted to re-enter the now roofless structure. A bot wind like a blast from the mouth of Gonenna and a barrier of tongues of fire beyond which no man might pass without risk of his life, beat him back. Silently he turned and rejoined the cattle king, and silently they stood together and witnessed the swift destruction

THE DUCTOR'S STURY.

An Experience That Followed a Call at Night.

Four or five physicians were talking up town the other evening at the home of one. and the conversation later turned to shop. One of them had recently moved his office down town, and there was some discussion as to the advisability of separating house and office.

.Well,' said the separatist, 'I can't see any difference so long as 1 am at my office during office hours.'

15

caint be hid in the earth. The law lays mighty low and quiet, an' you think it's forgotten everything, when-whit? the proved against you.'

'Brandreth don't think so,' said Carter. "He was arguing with me as we came up the road and trying to convince me that by the cleverness of the criminal, or the stupidity of the law, or merely a tortuitous chain of circumstances, he could either cover up his crime, or hide himself it discovered as completely as though ho had been caught up and translated-to what clime he doesn't say.' 'Don't joke,' said Brandreth. 'It only

proves that you don't know what you're talking ot. Have you ever read anything of the history of crime? A little? Well, if you'd read more, you'd know that many of the darkest deeds ever committed were only revealed by a death bed confession, made when the perpetrator was beyond the reach of human justice. I could tell you a story-but, no. 1 won't. Boice can read to us instead. What's your book, Cattle King ?'

The big miner, who owed his title to some innocent, vainglorious boasting of his, regarding vast possessions in the less far west whose loss had obliged him to seek his fortune in the shadow of the mountsins, laughed sheepishly. "It's yourn,' he said, passing it over. 'A book of prayers. I believe ; found it when I was rummaging 'round after the lamp.'

'Let's see it,' said Carter, reaching out tis hand.

'Ob, yes,' said Brandreth, indifferently. "Found plenty of dust on it, I suppose; I've had the book since I was a boy and take it round with me as a sort of mascot, but its precicus long since I saw the inside of it.'

'I can [go you one better than that,' said the ex-cattle king. 'I just give, a look into it to pass the time away, an' man could walk away on his two feet and blamed if I didn't find a text I thought of his own volition, but an altar-cloth pretty appropriate for the feller that's get ting his deserts down there in the town-'Your demnation slumbereth not.'

'But Brandreth says that's not true,' Carter observed. 'Tell us the story, old man, which you hinted would prove your position.' The only educated men in the camp, some similarity of taste and interest had drawn the two into a careless sort of intimacy, to which Cattle King Boice had been admitted on the strength of his good nature and all-round likeableness. He was the oldest resident of the camp, where Brandreth had drifted a year ago and Carter a few months later, and he had taken

'Tell us,' he urged, 'if it's a true story.

'I don't like to tell it exactly,' he said, empty and unvisited. There, prone on the He sat down with a dogged look on has been taken in the case of Mr. James pound, and, oh, what a mighty change! slowly, 'for it isn't fair to the man to disfloor, lay a white, stark thing-a man's tace. The use of the first bottle enabled me to Stokes, who for the past fifteen years has 'If I move will you shoot ?' asked the body. Wrapped up like a mummy, in-1 close his secret. I didn't say he was dead, eat and sleep, and after using seven bottles been shipper for the Rathburn Company. outlaw of his whilom friend, with a slight, Boice, or that his deed was wicked. I only suppose you can guess ?' I was quite another man ; was perfectly Lately he had run down in health and shivering smile. 'The stolen linen,' hazarded Carter. said he successfully evaded the vengeance cured, and felt young again. All that I strength to the point of being compelled to 'No,' said Carter. 'I'm to bring you of the law. However, I've a great mind-'Yes, the consecrated altar-cloths and have written can be proven by merchants, quit work and his recovery now as the reback alive, Hugh Brandreth, and not to boys, I will tell it, for it's a gruesome tale napkins and stoles, all wound around the doctors, magistrates, and by three ministers | sult of using Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the help you escape-by any road. What ! and I'll feel something of a relief to my ghastly thing. His head had been beaten on of the Gospel, and by scores of other peo- | talk of the town. On seeing Mr. Stokes Stop him. Boice, in the name of the mind in sharing it. But you must let me the stones of the floor, which were spattered ple. I shall always thank you and your | Le said ;tell it somewhat in story-book style, Cattle | with blood, until his face was past recogni- | law !' wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Com-"From overlifting and strain I suffered A sound like the bursting of a bomb King, for that's the only way I can reel it tion. But by the clothes which the mummy greatly from kidney trouble, being advised pound." and a dense curtain of flame filled the wrapping had partly preserved he was and a dense curtain of flame filled the identified as the stranger who had been cabin before the words were well out of "I hereby certific that Paine's Celery after all else had failed, to use Dodd's off my memory. He rose and walked to the door, inhaling Compound has made a well man of Thomas | Kidney Pills, from the first dose I got rethe cool darkness of the night like a cordial searching for the clergyman, Blake, on the his mouth. It was never clear who overlief, and hundreds of people here can R. Baxter."

'Who killed him ?' Boice's tone was awe-struck as that of a child. 'Wasn't the stranger ?'

'No,' said Brandreth. 'He abruptly rose and laughed. They did not like his laugh. 'I don't think I'll tell you any more of this tale. It isn't a pretty one, and as it stands it is dramatic enough, in my opinion.'

'Not in mine,' said Carter. 'Come we must have the remainder, since there is a remainder. You've no right to rouse our curiosity to only leave us-and your hero -in the lurch."

'An' you haven't proved your point yet,' added the other man. 'Concerning the blame cross eyedness of law an' justice, you krow.'

Thus urged, Brandreth drew a deep breath and went on: 'Well they never heard of him again. They wondered and speculated for a while and wrote to Scutland Yard once, but he was as completely lost as though the side of one of the Cornish mountains had opened and swallowed him up, and in six months they had a new rector, and in a year the old one was practically forgotten. But the newcomer had scarcely been installed before he made a singular discovery. The church linen was all gone. Surplices, alter cloth, even the white napkins which are used in the communion service, all but a tew pieces had been taken from the cedar chest in the vestry room where they had been kept.

'This excited almost more wonderment than the disappearance of their austere young priest, for they all argued that a could not be spirited off without hands. Boice, since you're playing the host, hand me down the bottle out of the cupboard, will you?

The cattle king obeyed with lumbering alacrity. Carter, who was abstemious beyond anyone's comprehension, shook his head, but the other two men drank deeply after which Brandreth sat silent for several moments, his eyes staring into the darkness outside the door. Both his companions had strong nerves, but there was something in that dull, heavy unseeing gaze which made it a relief when he turned his face toward them and spoke again :--

'Well, murder will out! You think I'm Boice.' the two strangers under his paternal and dertul cure by your precious medicine, powerful wing. Brandreth hesitated at the request made of him, but Boice clamor-ously seconded Carter, his child-like curthis I have had my office as near my bed 'I couldn't lock him up in them things if too long-winded in coming to the point, I Paine's Celery Compound. it was I was to swing on the gallows and as I could get it.'-Exchange. know, so I'll say at once what their next "I was s filicted by three complains that not he.' discovery was. It was horrible enough, I made my life a misery and a burden. I had INJURY AND NEGLECT. ·You know you will be held responsibe assure you, to make an excuse for all my iosity aroused. erysipelas for 40 years, bleeding piles for 15 for refusing to aid in the capture of a crimmaundering and wandering. The sexton He Failed in Health and Strength-His years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a I don't want none out of a book. I'd like was called on for some reason to descend inal?' Kidneys Ached and He Took Dodd's 'I didn't know it, but I don't care. I to hear of a case where a man did a wickinto the cobwebs and darkness of the church Kidney Pills, "I tried the doctors and all kinds of won't help to git away, but I'll be d-m ed thing an' wasn't found out somehow or vault, which in the days when they didn't DESERONTO, FEB. 15. (Special)medicines, but no help or relief was affordforever before I'll help to trap him. There think such things wicked had been used as another before he died.' ed me, and I could not eat or sleep. I was Among business people here, and especyou have my intentions fair and square.' a wine cellar, but had for long years been Still Brandreth hesitated. then advised to use Paine's Celery Com- | ially by his fellow workmen great interest

him down the stone steps of the vault to a death too quick, too kind for such a foul creature ! It would heve been better, after all, to leave him with the stone in his breast to drag him down, down, year by year, to a perdition of despair.'

Carter came over and touched him. He had that wild, unseeing look in his eyes again, and started at the touch. 'Brandreth. how did vou come to know of it ?' 'I ? ch,' indifferently, and with a quick return of his usual manner, 'he told me. Another case of the conscience of Can.

Couldn't stand it till he had shared his secret with some one, I suppose. They say no murderer can.'

'Another secret of the confessional?' asked Carter.

'What do you mean?'

Oh, I just had a feeling that at some time in your varied career you, too, had worn the cassock and listened to penitents with your ear at a little door. That's all. Just as in my day I have figured as-what do you imagine ?

As he spoke he sprang quickly to the door, placed his back against it in the attitude which always means defiance, and turned and faced them with stern penetrating eyes. Brandreth shook as with the ague before his gaze, but it was the Cattle King who, with pale lips whispered, 'What ?'

'That ?'

With a rapid movement he tore open his close coat and showed the sinister gleam of the detective's star. Great heavy drops of sweat stoed out on his brow. and more than one tremor passed over his slight wiry frame, but he spoke slowly, almost impassively : 'Trapped, Hugh Brandreth ! Yes, I saw the name in your prayer book. You thought your judgment slumbered, did you? You thought the law had forgotten, the while it was watching you, living with you, sleeping and eating with you, only waiting tor you to betray yourself into its hands as you have done tonight. !'

'Traitor !' Brandreth bissed between his deadly white lips. 'I was prepared, though-

He had drawn his revolver, but the other man's pistol was already pointed at his head.

'I, too, was prepared,' said Carter. grimly. 'You remember I carried it for you on the way home from the town tonight ? I loaded it then, when your back was turned. I am not a traitor. I am the representative of the law.'

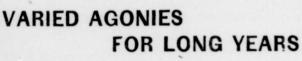
He held his pistol steadly pointed at the trembling man, while with the other hand he drew a pair of harqcuffs from somewhere on his person. 'Put them on him,

of the light frame building and all that it contained. Now and then thoughts of the now charred body which was hidden from their sight by the veil of flame sent a shudder through each, but to each there came ano her thought which took part of the sting from the horror.

'There was only one way,' whispered Boice to Carter, as the red wind of death wrapped the remnants of the cabin still closer in its embrace, and they shrank back further fron its burning breath.

'Yes.' was the reply, 'and Brandreth took it-thank God !'-Louise Beets Edwards in Philadelphia Times.

A Trio of Afflictions.



Feels Young Again.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Him New B'ood, Activity and Strength.

The Great Medicine Removes His Troubles and Burdens

His Cure Vouched For by a Justice of the Peace.

Mr. Thomas R. Baxter of Karsdale, N. S., aged 74 years and fast nearing the grave from a terrible complication of diseases-erysipelas for 40 years, bleeding piles for 15 years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a year-was rescued from torture, agony and death by Paine's Celery Compound atter all other means had failed.

After reading the following statement, vouched for by a Justice of the Peace, how can any sane man or woman encertain doubts as to the curing virtures of earth's only honest life giving medicine? Mr. Baxter writes as follows:

"I desire to let you know about my won-

'Let me tell you a story,' remarked the oldest man in the party. 'Thirty years ago, when I began practice, I lived in Virginia, and for a year or two I slept in my office. Then I married, and my wife owned a nice house, and I went to it to live. It sat back from the street about 59 feet, and we decided that it would be much nicer if we had my office out on the street in the far corner of the lot. Only 50 feet away, you will observe, but still it was enough. In order to see such callers as came during the night I had a night bell and a speaking tube connecting the front door of the office with my bedroom. You see I did not want a patient to escape under any circumstances.

'Well, everything went nicely enough for three years or so, when one night a ring came to my bell. It was then about A Man of Seventy-four Years 2 o'clock in the morning, and the ring was a hot one. I asked who it was, and the answer came from a friend of mine to the effect that he was a mighty sick man and wanted to see me at once. I told him to come around to the hcuse and I would meet him at the door and take care of him. Then I got up, and, putting on my dressing gown and slippers, I proceeded to the front door. But there was no one there and no one in sight on the way between the gate and the house.

> 'That was odd, and I went back and called through the tube to know what was wrong. I received no answer, and, being quite unable to account for it, I took my lamp-it was a very dark and still nightand started to go out and investigate. Just as I was about to step off the porch I lowered my lamp to get a better light on the step, and there at the foot of the porch lay a body. I turned it over at once, and as the light fell on the face I saw it was my friend who had only a minute before spoken to me. He was quite dead. And when an examination was made, it was discovered that he had died of heart disease, and so near to me that I could almost have touched him. Possible I could not have been of any service to him if I had seen him when he first rang the bell, but the possibility that I might so affected me that from that day to

and smoothing his beard reflectively for sev- day of his disappearnce. In the skeleton turned the lamp-Boice stoutly protested eral minutes before he resumed his seat at hand something was convultively grasped - that he had not done it-and that in his

JAMES H. THORNE, Justice of the Peace. | vouch for my cure."