THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS

A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN NEVER-NEVER

BY JOHN MACKIE

AUTHOR OF "THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND" AND "SINNERS TWAIN"

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The witness glared at me with wide open, fearful eyes for a moment without speaking. He was evidently taken by surprise.

Surprise was on my side now, for he fell down in a fit.

"I wish to give notice, your worship, that I would like to examine the witness later on in the day."

"If the witness is in a proper condition to appear," said the magistrate, "you will have an opportunity for examining him."

And now the little crowd was being rewarded for its patient attendance by the sight of this unfortunate wretch's misery. But fits are not uncommon in the vicinity of back block shanties. In relation to shanties they are purely a product of home growth. So are graveyards. Savile and a brawny trooper seized Dan Smythe and carried him out kicking and struggling. As if by magic half a dozen black bottles were produced from the inside of shirts and brandished before the sick man's face with the most reckless prodigality. It was evident that some of the whites, with praiseworthy philanthropy, did not believe in tempting the innocent savages outside by turning a hollow tree into a temporary wine cellar. They reasoned that if liquor could put Dan into such a condition it could surely fetch him out again. The women left the tent, and the police magistrate declared an adjournment for lunch. I noticed that Norah Mackenzie sent Elsie on ahead and waited outside for the two magistrates, who went with her over to the camp.

What the sergeant had said about the two Queensland bank notes being found on the body of the man killed on Scrubby creek corresponding with those taken from the murdered man Sexton fairly staggered me. That Jack had possessed no money I knew for a certainty. I had seen him, now that I taxed my recollection, take what looked like bank notes from the dead man's pocket and put them back again. Was it likely that if he had murdered and robbed Sexton and wanted to lose his identity, but anticipated discovery of his scheme, he would put such incriminating evidence as the bank notes into the pockets of the man killed by the blacks, thus virtually proving that he, John Farquharson, had murdered Sexton? The case was fast becoming a mystery even to me and baffled conjecture.

But still I cheered Jack as best I could. As to who the witness was that Norah Mackenzie spoke of bringing forward, something told me it would be unwise to ask questions. Regarding Dan Smythe's antecedents neither Jack nor I knew anything.

Before leaving my comrade I had the satisfaction of learning that Smythe had recovered from his fit, though feeling "rather queer," as the constable who had him in charge said, and who was pledged to produce him in a proper condition in the afternoon.

Then I went over to the camp, where, in the dusky shade of a great leafy tree, some little distance removed from the others, I saw Norah Mackenzie entertaining the two magistrates. I got a pannikin of tea from Savile. Daly was very quiet and, indeed, seemed as if he regretted the position in which he found himself. Gordon informed me that he felt like giving him his money and telling him to go, but the circumstances hardly justified this summary mode of procedure. As it would have defeated my project—dim, it must be confessed, of ultimate fulfillment—for eventually discovering the murderer of Sexton, I commended his views on this point. Then I had a talk with Savile and Gordon. The former somewhat briefly told me that the witness Miss Mackenzie had referred to was a black boy, at present with Percy and Scruton, the drovers, who were then on the Macarthur. I must excuse him, he explained, going too minutely at present into particulars, as doing so might only put restraints on me while giving evidence. Suffice it that this boy had once been in Smythe's employ. He handed me some questions on paper which I might ask the witness, but he begged that he—Savile—should first be sworn in as interpreter, and that no questions should be asked the boy save through him, the lad being almost a myall black and only talking a species of pigeon English. When Savile told me that he had talked to Miss Mackenzie on the subject and that this was her request, I at once acquiesced to this rather one sided form of procedure.

Smile and Suffer.

That's the motto of many a woman's life. She manages the house, receives friends, entertains company, with a moan in the mouth which is stifled and a smile on the face which is a mask to cover up her pain. Only those who note the dark ringed eyes, the lines about the lips, the occasional pallor of the cheek, know the real story. Such women are among the most grateful for the cures performed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. To smile and not to suffer is something wonderful to them. Women suffering from female weakness, inflammation, ulceration or the drains that so weaken the body, may take "Favorite Prescription" with almost absolute certainty of cure. It's sure to help. It's almost sure to heal. It has cured ninety-eight per cent. of those who gave it a fair and faithful trial.

Mrs. H. A. Alsbrook, of Austin, Lonoke Co., Ark., writes: "After five months of great suffering with female weakness I write this for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction. I doctored with our family physician without any good results, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHAPTER XI.

A MYSTERIOUS WITNESS.

The two magistrates left the camp and went over to the courthouse, a signal that the trial was about to recommence. We returned to the marquee, and the prisoner was once more brought in. It was quite evident that the greater number of the spectators in court had dined, for they did not present quite so orderly and intelligent an appearance as they had done in the morning. There was a tendency among them to indulge in facetious personal remarks in a tone of voice hardly permissible in a court of justice. In fact, one or two had lapsed into that condition of mind in which it seemed they only vaguely realized that they were there at all, and then only for a very brief period indeed. These lucid intervals were even more noticeable than the periods of imbecility, for they were inclined to assert their right to be present when nobody dreamed of disputing it and to state that they would very much like to be shown the man who said otherwise.

Some bush wag having told the blacks and they in their childlike innocence having believed that a white man was either to be hanged or burned alive that afternoon, after the fashion of the Christian whites, they had turned out in full force with their gins, pickaninnies and dogs to enjoy the spectacle. Christian white ladies could not have mustered in better form to enjoy a pigeon hatch than those black ladies of the bush did to see a white man roasted alive. The beau of the party, who had boasted of the nightshirt and the tall hat, was now eclipsed by another colored gentleman who had picked up from a refuse heap an old pair of trooper's long boots and stalked about in them to the admiration and envy of his comrades. As, however, the only other articles of wearing apparel he possessed consisted of a bunch of feathers and a fly net, a young constable made a dart at him whenever he showed up near the marquee, and thus put a check to his vanity and love of admiration.

It would only weary the reader to detail the particulars of the trial. I opened the case for the defense, saying with all due deference that the police sergeant, who commanded the respect of every right thinking person, had only done his duty in making the arrest, and that I was grateful for the chance thus given of vindicating the character of an innocent man. The prisoner's arrest was due to mistaken identity. I would not waste time by commenting on the flimsiness of the case against him. I would prove it by witnesses, of whose "probity and respectability" I would say nothing, after what had been said of certain witnesses that morning, but whose personalities and evidence would speak for themselves.

Here a seedy looking gentleman of sporting appearance and whose face betokened that he had seen better days, forgetting himself for the moment, indulged in an audible "Hooray!" To his own surprise and the intense enjoyment of the rest of the crowd, he was promptly caught by the nape of the neck and bundled out of the marquee.

After giving my own evidence and having undergone a cross examination by the sergeant, I called upon Miss Mackenzie to give her evidence.

I can never forget the effect of her presence there as a witness before that motley crew. They became orderly and respectful to a degree. Only once a gallant old bushman who in a fit of absentmindedness had dined in two different places rather forgot himself. This gentleman had a reputation for dandyism because he wore a boiled shirt and a clean handkerchief tied round his neck. It occurred when, in answer to a repeated question asked by the sergeant of the witness, "if she could actually swear her father had recognized in the corpse of the man murdered by the blacks the person of John Farquharson," she had inquired quietly, "Is it necessary for me to swear twice to everything I say?"

At this the gallant old party—he of the boiled shirt—had thought it incumbent on his reputation to applaud and raise a feeble "Hip, hip"— But he also left the tent abruptly.

(To be Continued.)

Ups and Downs.

"Really your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman."

The face of the lady blazed.

"Sir!" she fairly snarled.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "has enabled me to become your next door neighbor."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

Looking Backward.

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he addressed, "you were a little runt, indeed. If you had only been big and strong like you are now!"

Out of His Line.

Crawfoot—Say, if yeou air so all fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when yeou hear the first roll.

Calculator—I can't do that, sir.

Crawfoot—Yeou kain't?

Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

Iconoclasm.

Up rose Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed by her threescore years and ten.

"There's no such person as me, I s'pose;
But what's the odds?" quoth she. "Here goes!"

Stonewall Jackson was not in town,
But she cut right loose and called him down!

In the light of the facts, as known to us
The story has to run something thus.

What He Writes.

Miss Wunder—They say Mr. Longhare writes for the magazines. I wonder what he writes.

Mr. Sourdropp—Oh, he writes "Please send me a sample copy."

The Captive.

She smiled, but he was adamant;
She pouted, still he didn't care;
He knew not that for him alone
She fastened roses in her hair.

She sighed and quoted poetry,
But still he coyly shied away;
Yet he is kneeling at her feet;
He saw the girl in tears one day.

A FINANCIAL WIZARD

THE SPECTACULAR CAREER OF HENRY MEIGS.

He Was Worth Millions In California, Yet Left That State a Fugitive Debtor and Then Built Up a New Fortune In South America.

"No tale of the fortunes which have been built up by North Americans in the republics of Latin America," says Douglass White in Ainslee's, "would be complete without reference to the career of Henry Meiggs. His operations in Chile and Peru form the most spectacular story of finance which South America has ever furnished, and beyond a doubt had he been granted but a few more years of life he would have died one of the richest men, if not the richest man, in the world. To him the amount of money involved in a transaction cut no figure, and he dealt in millions with less worry than ordinary operators handle thousands.

"Henry Meiggs learned the lesson of finance in a school where large figures were common. As a young man he passed through the years when California was the world's El Dorado and gold was more plentiful in some sections than was the water with which to wash it. He rose to the crest of the golden wave, and his fortune was estimated then at several millions. The time of reaction caught him loaded with properties upon which he could not quickly realize ready coin, and with many others he sank before the flood, not only losing his property, but buried under an avalanche of debt.

"In October, 1854, Meiggs left San Francisco not only a ruined man, but a fugitive debtor.

"For several years his whereabouts were unknown, and then word came up from the south Pacific of the gigantic operations then being engineered by a daring speculator named Meiggs. Investigation showed this to be none other than Henry Meiggs, the man who had fled from debt in California. Then Meiggs' creditors began to hear from him, and one by one the California debts were wiped out. Even a washerwoman to whom he owed a few dollars was sought out by his agents, who were instructed to pay not only the long standing laundry bill, but to add enough gold to place the poor woman forever beyond want. One lot of debts Meiggs declined to pay until by a readjustment the full amount of the claims might be passed to the original creditors. These were claims which had been purchased for a song by speculators when the first rumor of Meiggs' South American success reached the California coast. To the clamorous brokers he turned a deaf ear, but declared himself ready at any time to meet the full obligations, with interest, if he could pay the sum claimed into the hands of his original creditors. For a time the brokers held out, but as Meiggs was safe from attack they finally were obliged to yield, and the money for thousands of Meiggs' debts was thus forced by him into the possession of its rightful owners.

"Meanwhile the South American fortune had grown. Meiggs cleared a full million from a contract for the building of Chile's first railroad between the port of Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile.

"Next came the construction of Peru's original railway line between Mollendo and Arequipa, which doubled Meiggs' fortune. Every contract was made directly with the government of the republic wherein the road was to be built. Scheme after scheme, each more gigantic than the other, was successfully carried out. Meiggs at one time offered to build a breakwater at the mouth of Valparaiso's harbor if the Chilean government would give him a 99 year lease of its sheltered side. Forty millions would this venture have cost, but the principal harbor of Chile would have been rendered safe for all time. The Chileans feared Meiggs' rapid strides to wealth and demanded a large price for the rental of the sheltered side of the breakwater, even should the work be done without cost to the republic. Consequently the project failed, and today the wind swept bay is without protection.

"In 1870 the financial world was amazed by the magnitude of a contract entered into between Meiggs and the Peruvian government. This called for the construction of a complete Peruvian railway system, even to a line crossing the summit of the Andes. Meiggs was to deliver the lines ready for operation and receive the sum of $125,000,000 in gold, payable in installments as the work progressed.

"At first the money came promptly, then Peru was forced to borrow to meet the Meiggs contract, and finally, when European loans could not be effected, Meiggs accepted the obligations of the Peruvian government until he practically owned the republic. Even the assassination of his friend, Colonel Balta, then president of Peru, failed to interfere with the railway plans.

"Finally Peru could do no more, and Meiggs' own fortune was tied up in the building of the railways. So for lack of money the work was stopped. Negotiations for a further loan from Europe, with Meiggs' assistance, were almost consummated when, in 1877, death cut off the most remarkable career of any Yankee in South America. With his death the loan negotiations failed, and then followed Peru's unfortunate war with Chile. Until 1884 the Meiggs railway operations slumbered. In that year when peace came to the two republics the firm of W. R. Grace & Co. took up the Meiggs contract.

"In spite of his success Meiggs never revisited the state of California. His trials there seemed to have created in him an aversion for the place. Even a resolution passed by the California legislature asking him to return failed to influence him to visit the state.

"One of the peculiarities which characterized this brilliant operator was that he always worked alone. There never was a partner in his dealings, and he never sought advice. He looked into the future through no mind save his own, and when once his course was shaped he never changed it. Neither of the American continents will ever show another career exactly paralleling that of this daring operator."

VICTIMS OF A HOODOO HAT.

Such Things Seem Remarkably Queer, but They Do Happen.

"Speaking of luck," said a New Orleans insurance man after somebody in the crowd had told a story about hoodoos, "I had a queer experience once with a straw hat. I bought it one evening on my way home and had walked hardly two blocks after putting it on when a piece of lumber fell off a scaffolding under which I was passing and struck me on the shoulder. It knocked me over, and as I fell my new hat flew off and landed in the gutter. I was pretty badly bruised, and the hat was so soiled that I sent it next morning to the cleaner's. I was laid up for three days by the accident, and just as I was leaving the house for the first time a messenger boy came to the door with the hat. I put it on and started for the office, but as I was crossing Carondelet street I missed my footing and fell into a partly dug conduit trench. A sprained ankle was the net result of that mishap, and when I came home in a cab my wife held up her hands in holy horror.

"'I believe that's an unlucky hat!' she declared, looking around, womanlike, for a handy scapegoat. 'Every time you wear it you get hurt.' My brother-in-law, Jim, was in the house at the time, and he laughed heartily. 'Give it to me,' he said, 'and I'll break the charm.' 'All right,' said I, and he carried it off. Early next morning his servant girl brought it back neatly wrapped up in tissue. 'Mist' Jim says he ain't got no further use fer dis yere hat,' she announced. 'He done put it on las' night, an er hack run inter him an like ter bust him open.' It was a fact. He had collided with a cab in front of the theaters and was badly hurt. Of course that clinched the sinister reputation of the hat, and to satisfy my wife I gave it to Aunt Mandy, our cook, and told her to throw it into the trash barrel.

"Now comes the really queer part of the story. Two or three days afterward a boy came to the house at about dusk with a message from police headquarters, saying that Pete, a faithful old darky who looks after our horse and buggy, had been arrested for fighting. I knew him to be a very peaceable old fellow, so I hurried down to investigate and found him sitting in a cell with his head swathed in gory bandages. It seemed that he had been set upon by a couple of darky roughs and severely beaten before the officer arrived and put all hands under arrest. I offered myself as his surety, and in a few moments he was released. 'I done got er mighty bad crack on th' head,' he said in telling about the fracas, 'but I wouldn't keer if that triflin nigger hadn't spiled my new hat.' As he spoke he held up the wreck by the brim, and something about it struck me as being familiar. 'Where did that hat come from?' I asked with a sudden misgiving. 'Aunt Mandy gave it to me,' he replied. I snatched it out of his hand and kicked it into a sewer opening. 'Pete,' said I solemnly, 'you'd better thank the Lord that you're alive.'

"The hoodoo hat hasn't been heard from since, and I trust sincerely I have put a period to its mission of crime."

POETIC LEGEND OF PECOS.

The Fall of a Tree That Fulfilled a Prophecy.

Through all the grotesque darkness of Pueblo superstition runs a bright thread of poetic legend, and one legend, since it is woven around the ruined estufa in the ruined pueblo of Pecos, has a right to be told here.

Pecos was founded by the man god, the Montezuma himself, and he therefore probably felt a protective interest in it. At any rate, when the usurping Spaniards laid upon the conquered Pueblos a cursed rule of restraint and wrong Montezuma invoked against them the aid of his brother gods in heaven. These told him to plant a tree upside down beside the chief estufa of Pecos and to light a holy fire upon the altar, and if the fire were kept burning until the tree fell then would there come to the rescue of the oppressed a great pale faced nation and deliver them from the Spanish thrall.

So the fire was lit and a sentinel was posted to guard its sacred flame, and the tree was planted—under the circumstances the planter would be excusable in planting the tree as insecurely as possible. But year after year passed, and the tree remained standing. Sentinel succeeded sentinel and the flame lived on. Generations withered away, yet deliverance seemed no nearer. One day there came a rumor from old Santa Fe that the city had surrendered to a white faced people. Was this the band of deliverers? That day at noon the sacred tree toppled and fell. Spanish rule was no more. The prophecy had been fulfilled.

If there is any unbeliever of this legend let him go to the ruins of Pecos and see for himself that, whereas the city was built upon a mesa so barren that no trees are there nor ever have been there, yet across the crumbling estufa lies the fallen body of a pine of mighty growth. The like of it is not for many miles around. Whence, then, did it come?

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The Easy End.

Lady—Are you willing to saw wood if I give you your dinner?

Tramp—No, but I'll do the other half.

Lady—The other half of what?

Tramp—The adage. I'll say nothing.—Chicago News.

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Pat—Sure, sur, Oi had to step an change pails once in awhoile to rist my self.

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On and after Monday, November 26, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7 20
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Pictou	12.15
Express for Sussex	16.40
Express for Quebec, and Montreal	17.05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8 30
Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene	16.00
Express from Halifax and Campbellton	19.55
*Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney	24.45

*Daily, except Monday

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D POTTINGER,
General Manager

Moncton, N B, November 22, 1900.

City Ticket Office, King street, St John, N B