THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA paper collar projecting beyond his curs, sud-denly discovered that, in his cursity at

11

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

SERVED. I

"second the motion," cried a third. "Then there won't be enough to go around before she's down here!"

"Motion's moved and seconded," said a self-"Motion's mover and seconded, such a ser-constituted chairman. "All in favor, say 'aye:' contrary minded 'no.' The ayes have it. The chair rules the next peep for itself." "No you don't," remarked the "Cap," com-

ing forward and capturing his glass. "This glass is private property, and not pro bono publico, except as I give the 'ship news.'" The assembly groaned, and one alluded to Cap as an "Old Turk."

"She's a lady," said the captain. "Style quiet and genteel. Broad brim straw hat, veil. No loud trimmings. Nothing Bowery. Cabin passenger. Boys, tuck in your shirts!

For convenience and comfort the miner of that period generally wore his red or gray shirt as a blouse, omitting the formality of stowing its extremity under the trousers waistband.

The captain's order was obeyed. Mr. Rankin made his appearance, having been employed in buttoning himself into starched linen. A "boarder" reminded him that he had forgotten his kids, and another, hastily cutting a gigantic collar from a sheet of white paper, arrayed limself therein, re-marking as he did so that "his tailor was alvays delinquent with his dress suit when it was most wanted," adding reflectively: "However, if a man's head was only well dressed no sensible woman would look any

"Swipes" produced the tin horn used to call the boarders to their meals, and asked the captain if he should "hail her."

"Oh, you're all a lot of smartys now, ain't you?" said Rankin. "How do you know whe that lady may be? She may be some of you fools' mother or sister or wife, come to hunt you to your holes. At all events, whoever she is, I s'pose we'll all act as near like gentle men as we know how. Those who can's better trot off to work."

Mr. Rankin's sentiments made a speedy change in the humor of this before reckles; crowd. As the lady drew nearer the faces of all present assumed a more serious expression. They were recalled to themselves and drawn to their old eastern homes by the sight of that one female figure long ere she reached the store.

All present knew that she was an "castern woman" and the city bred boys declared her a city woman. She sat her horse easily. Her was partly concealed by her broad brimmed straw hat.

To the store, of course, she must come, Everything coming to Bull Bar must first come to the store. The road down the hill ended at the store door. The store was, in

effect, the entrance and exit gate of Bull Bar Mr. Rankin kept the gate. Anyone visiting Bull Bar on business, or any one there coming to make inquiry would be naturally directed to Rankin. In such connection he figuratively kept the keys of the Bar. He knew where every miner lived within a radius of three miles. He knew how they "were doing." He bunked their dust for them in his safe, and in many cases their confidence and social secrets in his

The lady was riding toward a staring, gaping, curious crowd, of which I suddenly recalled to myself 1 was one. As she came nearer I turned away and went in the store. not desiring to play the lout. Many others of the "boys" seemed influenced by a similar feeling, and stole off to work, still, however, keeping so much as possible one eye over their shoulders. Nor did they walk very fast. It was a hard conflict between curiosity and respect. A few lounged about the store door. ting themselves on the bench.

She had stopped in front of the door. I saw only the extremity of a riding habit and the tip of a small foot in the stirrup. I heard then a clear, well-toned voice asking Mr. Rankin if "anyone knew a Mr. Jedediah Pratt in the neighborhood." I heard Blanche Setton's voice, and, walking out, saw Blanche! Rankin was giving her directions to Pratt's He turned toward me. "This man will show you where he lives." were his concluding words, as I made my appearance. "That is, he's generally able to tell, when he's woke up," Her eyes met mine. There was no friendly recognition in them. I said: "Why Blanche!"—she maintained the same look-"Miss Sefton—what! you here?" What else "Why. What els I said I know not-a jumble of unmeaning words, tumbling over each other, for her look made me sick at heart. She turned to Rankin, who, with the others, had been startled and interested in this unlooked for recognition. Still more startled were they as they saw Blanche, bending low in the saddle, say something to me in a tone too low for them to hear, but at which I recoiled.

Blanche's approach, he had forgotten to take it off, and during her colloquy had stood near by, wearing it as if a volunteer badge

of idiocy. Recollecting himself, he made a dash at his neck as if stung by a wasp, and fung it in disgust to the ground. Too late: He had posed before a lady as a minny, and no man really likes to do that. "Oh, you funny little man!" was Rankin's

parting shot at him as he slunk off to his claim. "You can go up as head fool now!"

CHAPTER XVI. WARNING.

I do not think that "crushing blows," as they term them, are felt in their fullest force when first delivered. A wound in a vital part may cause at first but little pain. People are often represented as overwhelmed immediately by sudden news of any great misfortune.

So far as I know by personal experience in such matters, the "overwhelming," "erushing," agonizing process may hardly commence with the reception of its news, Its the prolonged mind-working process afterward that causes the misery. Its the Its the perpetual going over and over, not the same ground on which your calamity is based, but the calamity itself, viewed in all manner of situations, with ever varying lights and shades; a mental operation in character kaleidioscopic. The pieces are the same, but they are ever arranging themselves in different forms. This may go on for days, weeks, months. I believe that many a man or woman has said to themselves, when their great trouble first fell on them "Well, I can bear it," who found a week afterward, that it was too grievous to be borns with patients or resignation. The only means of relief would lie in dismissing the matter entirely from one's mind. Unfortunately such matterwith the great majority, will not be dismissed. They are guests unwelcome, arme1 and offensive, who quarter themselves and comto stay.

When are we to have the era of mental athletism, when minds will arrive at such strength and dexterity as to be able to toss off a trouble from the brain as they would a rubber ball from the hand and forget all

about it at pleasure? I did not go home immediately after Blanche's departure from the store. I spent the afternoon wandering nimlessly over gulch, flat and mountain---anywhere, so that was out of sight and sound of human beings. I took no thought of physical exertion. I fled at any sound of labor-the stroke of picks, the grating of shovels, the rasping of pubbles in the rockers, and plunged from such indications of human presence into the dense growth of chapparal.

I had not then met my deepest misery, had indignation to sustain my. I was indignant at Blanche, that she also should have tried and condemned me without a hearing. There is a certain buoyancy and stimulus in indignation. It is several degrees above discouragement and despair.

But the mind doesn't seem capable of entertaining fully more than one emotion at once. So, when my indignation had worn off its finest edge other emotions commenced their play. They seemed all desirous of "having a whack" at me.

I pass over wonder at Blauche's sudden appenrance; at curiosity to ascertain how she heard of me and the accusation against me. and at the sudden recollection that the ount whom she had so frequently visited in New York was by name Pratt, and that probably Jedediah was her husband. I came at last to my love for the former Blanche Seften, of Eastport; at my grief for its loss, and at my

despair as this last prop was thus so sullies y taken from my. Everything solid see as 1 to have tambled from under and 1 was along and friendless amit suspicion, growing prejudice, averted faces, whispered lies, and back of all these steed the being on each I most lovel, transformed at once from an become too common a burying spot taken judge.

taken judge. These were ny thoughts for days and nights. They were my company—a numer-ous and busy crowd. They were kept alive by the frequent sight of Banche about Then I left a note for Brosner, intimating Pratt's cabin. Mine was but three numbed that in case of my absence I would account yards distant. She had a honse put up for her own account dation. For assistants she had every man on the Bar-save myself, The crowd was absolutely hungry to do I did not trust the sacredness of a scaled not something for Miss Softon. The area on to all in Bull Bar. which her cloth-covere i house was creeted, alongside of Pratt's, was leveled as if by magic. If Miss Sefton wished a bowlder pitched out of the way they were ready and liable to remove a hundred. Volunteers went up the mountain, cut young saplings and built her a fence. Pratt's well was cleaned and deepenel. Fifty men with picks and shovels cleared the trail leading from her residence to the stor intercepting bushes and impeding bowlders, one evening after knocking off work from the claims, a physical inference, that in their estimation, Miss Sector would probably want often to "go shopping," or possibly drop down of an evening and have a chat with the boys. If Miss Softon had desired the enormous bulk of Scrub meantain to be removed, I think the matter would have been seriously considered. In all this Mr. William Sefter was the Indy's self-constituted right hand man, and even while working on his claim would be seized with spasm of angiety and solicitude in her behalf, and rush up to Pratt's in a chronic state of fuss-aboutand-do-littleness, Why did 1 not seek an interview with Blanche and endeavor to justify myself? I did make the attempt, or rather payed the way for one. I owe ther three hundred dollars. I sent has the money with interest due, through Rankin, explaining to him the circumstances under which the debt was con-tracted. This of course, let Runkin into a portion of my secret. Fortunately, he was a man who could keep secrets. He realized that there was money in this kied of banking also, and that each and confidence often go balf a nulle distant going east from Seruh His mannee toward me in this business was mountain. Had the country been longer together. serious and considerate. He seemed to re-spect the burden he knew I was carrying, and he was one of the few with a mind in-herently judicial that hereaded clear proof before any conviction. I felt for a while colleved after having in-trusted this coundesion to Rankin. He said "Hell's Hollow." Roughly described it was to me nothing of the Pratt matter. But as a hole, perhaps half an acre in area, the wall thoughts can be tell, I knew that he sympa-thized to some extent with my lonesome and miserable situation. forty Blanche seat leach, through Rankin, only a by bushes. Save in the direction by which formal receipt for the money. To my re- it was entered, there was no sign of the sudshe role off. I, or a part of myself, was af-forded a gleun of annascient as the contact ing reply:

"I would prefer not to see you under the present circumstances. "BLANCHE SEFTON."

So matters went on for eight or ten days, Broener continued absent. Did I find any consolation in the thought that he might be miserable in not finding Blanche at Marysville! But what Blanchef His or-mine, I was about to say. The man had been so reticent on the subject, and Blanch? herself being hermetically sealed against me. I was still in doubt whether the woman next door was the one I had seen in the play or not.

I could not visit the store. That was no place for me. My work at the "Bank" was quite done. I kept at work on the river claim, making six or eight dollars per day, to which I was perfectly indifferent. Worse, my position while at work gave me frequent glimpses of Blanche as she flitted in her neat morning dress between her own house and Pratt's. She was a rare spectacle to the miners whose claims commanded a view of the situation. I saw them at times peeping at her from sundry vantage points, as she tripped about, displaying at times a slippered foot and neat ankle, which caused many a heavy sigh.

Why not write her? I did write her-page on page, telling the whole story, detailing all the misery of my situation, upbraiding her for her injustice and cruelty, and beseeching her for a personal interview. But there was no local postoffice delivery on Bull Bar, Rankin was the only one to whom I could intrust these letters. That would reveal me to him too much the suppliant. So I would keep the letters. I re-read them, I found, then, one too harsh. I threw it in the fir-The next was too humble, too supplicating. I threw that in the fire. Within twenty-four hours after writing, and the mool 1 composed in had cooled off, I could not find one of the right tone and temper. There seemed no hitting the "golden mean." So they all went in the fire. On the whole, I am disposed to think that as good a destination as any for copious and exuberant love letters-and, like mine, before delivery. If you don't think so read your own, say three years old, and look the self that wrote them at that time straight in the face, and tell me your deliberate opinien of him.

From Rankin I ascertained that Pratt lay most of the time in a condition bordering on unconsciousness. The had, he said, "lit not ittle on Blanche's arrival. She, he added, was a "bally muss. "What does the doctor say of him?" I

aske I.

"Oh, something scientific," he answered. "Something he's learne I out of his books that nobody can make head nor tail of. Looks protound to match, especially when he takehis whisky. It's biz-biz, you know. It was a gleam of sunshine that Rankin

had resumed this yein of talk with me. One morning I found planed to my door a note without signature, bearing these words: "Better leave Bull Bar. Trouble brewing for you.

I felt that this was a friendly warning from Rankin. I feit, also, it porcended some secret "vigilante" business regarding myself.

What to do I knew not. This was a newer blackness to the cloud. I was greatly disturbed. I was, I own, terribly afraid of th. trouble hanging over me. I realized fully the temper of the time. I knew how men were dragget from their beds and either hung outright or hung up until they confessed. So had they done to Jo Hatch the year before, because do, a poor, whisky-soaked wreach, was sus acted of the robbery of a store safe in which sundry miners kept their dust by favor of the storekeeper. Jo would no confess despite this horrible torture, and a few months atterward the real plunderers were reveale l.

I could not get away. My obligations to Broener forbade it. There was it the house at least twenty thousand dollars' worth of quartz. Not knowing what might happen 1 buried this under the floor. Next day it becursel to me that "under the floor" had for angel of mercy late an unpitying and mis- trea use, and was, of all places, the first to be sought for by any so disposed. I knew not

1 Stid Booming while on the way thinks Any appeal for justice or humanity. I thought

then, would be wa ted on men who were thus taking the law in their own hands, more to gratify their own brutality than aught else. Call a dog mud, raise a hue and cry after him, and you furnish rare sport for a class glad of any excuse for stoning to death any dog, mad or not mad.

That portion of Bull Bar represented by my six midnight judges and jurors hungry for a "little fun." A man had been called, if not mad, dangerous. They were about the good work of relieving their community of the terror, and having some needed recreation beside.

How? By an outrage and disgrace, they proposed putting on me, worse than death

Their first act on arriving at the Hollow was to kindle a fire. The effect of the glare on rock, brush and masked men was decidedly dramatic. 1 think the "committee" were alive to such impressions also, in their own crude way, as gathered from gore-bespattered novels or blood-stained plays, for their proceedings were marked by a certain deliberation and grotesque formality. They intended making a night of it also. Of this the surest evidence was the gallon demijohn carried by one of the "committee.

A kettle was placed over the fire. Shortly a resinous odor pervaded the air. Their intent then flashed on me. Tar and feathers!

It seems as if the spirit of an event and its results for a year in advance can be felt by one in a single moment. So, as if by a flash of lightning, did I see myself thus disgraced, set adrift, wandering in that wretched, humiliating plight over the land, not daring to enter village or town out of pure shame, possibly compelled at last from physical exhaustion to throw myself on the mercy of some one and in the end to be pointed at ever afterward as one so disgraced, and liable, go where I might, to be revealed by some meddlesome tattler. As I saw this, one instinct and emotion pervaded me-revenge on these villains.

I said: "Now, men, if you do to me what I see you mean to do you'd better kill me first, for as sure as you disgrace me in that way, and leave me alive, just so sure will 1 spend the rest of my life in getting even with you. Maybeldon't know you; but Fil try and find out, and if I do Ill have your heart's blood, every one of you. careful, for it's not such a light matter to start a man out for life with blood on his brain, as you'll start me if you do this thing to me!

There was but one reply from the evident master of ceremonies. That was, "Gag!" A wad of cloth was thrust in my mouth, I guessed at the leader, from his height, despite an assumed bend of the shoulders. I took him for "Long Mac."

The party then ranged themselves in line, fronting me, and one, in a thick, mumbling voice, proceeded to inform me that Committee of Mighty High Binders had thought it best for the good of Ball Bar to start John Holder out of it, and all o that for the young man's good, and as a tok m of rememorance, the committee, in behalf of the Bar, would present the aforestid John Holder with an entire new suit, which they trusted he would long wear. "So mote it be!" cried all, simultaneously.

The next order was: "Refreshments?" And the demijohn again traveled along the line

The next word was "Business!" I was ordered to take off my clothes.

"What are you going to do with that marf The voice was that of a woman. It



said she. "I think i can handle this pisto well enough for that. They called me a good shot at the gallery in New York, and I had smaller targets and much farther off than those I have now."

"By ---- she's got the drop on us, an' she'll do as she says," muttered one of the committee, who now seemed to feel uncomfortable; "it's in her eye,"

As the party stood with the fire burning behind them, their figures were thrown in bold relief against its light, and the least movement was visible to Blanche.

"Now, gentlemen," she continued. "business, you know. I suppose you think this is all very wrong for a woman. But as there seems no man here to take a defenseless man's part, why, a woman had to do it. Whatever John Holder has done, whether he be guilty or not of the charges against him, is not to be found out by taking him from his bed at night and corrying him into these woods to maltreat and torture him. That's neither justice, fairness, nor decency, and you gentlemen know it now that you take a moment to think it over. Would you do what you propose to do to him before his mother? Would you do it before your own mothers? You have forgotten yourselves, gentlemen. Kick over that kettle of tar and go home. and you will feel more like men to-morrow. The committee were irresolute, Blanche

stood there rigid, her eye upon them and her pistol ready. The tension was becoming painful. No

jury's verdict was ever more eagerly awaited.

"Come, gentlemen, you will take the gag from that man's mouth and then leave him. she said, in accents more winning than those in which she had first spoken. You will, I'm sure?

"Let the gal have her own way." said one, This expression of opinion was as the first crack in the dam to be un lermine I.

"Don't believe in bein' humburgged by a woman," was the remark from the commit teeman, who had previously broached his rigorous views as to marital and family discipline.

"Won't she rouse the whole Bar whether we go or not? Anyway. I've got enough for one night," was the reply,

She did not stir from her post or uncock her pistol. Evidently she held herself in readiness either for war or persursion.

Some one pulled the gag from my month. The committee filed slowly out of the hollow. One hastily returned, cemarking as he glanced up at Blanche, "'Scuse me, miss, but we forgot this." He seized the demijohn and Lore it off.

"Mr. Sefter! Mr. Sefter!" called out Blanche,

Sefter forgot his disguise and stopped. "Why, it is really you, Mr. Sefter," said Blanche. Sefter pulled himself up for another start, as if he was anxious to get away from the locality of so many blundering self-revelations. "Mr. Sefter, when next you organizy a conspiracy remember that the walls of cloth houses near together have very large eurs-that is, when a woman's inside one of them," was Blanche's parting remark. "Ves'm," answered Softer, in the tone of a corrected child, as he went stambling off with the demijohn. They were gone. Blanche and myself stood

facing each other. The situation was embarrassing. Perhaps some lingering fiend of like spirit with the committee pooped into my head the thought: Should I now exclaim in the gush of the old-fashioned novel, "My preserver! How can I thank you?" etc. 1 was irritated now at being "saved" by Blanche Selfon.

But I had soon to do something. I noticed that Banche was unsteady on her feet. She caught at a sapling, stood there a moment, and then sat down.

She was suffering from the ordeal she had undergone and the nervous relaxation that must follow such extreme tension.

I gained the cliff summit. She was workalmost unable to stand, and said on my proffer of assistance: "You must see my home, 1 believe.'

Those words were: "No! not you, John Holder! Not my uncle's murderer! I do not wish your assistance!"

"Perhaps I can find my way to my uncle's house alone if some of you gentlemen will direct me," she said alond to the wondering i group.



All present knew she was an eastern woman.

"I'll show you, um'ann. I'm going right that way myself," said Sefter. Mr. Sefter bore off the prize.

Even in all my misery and stuppfaction as

to him persenally for whatever he might find missing. What I did not choose to say, ter

CHAPTER XVII RESCUE.

I was roughly shaken by the shoulder and ordered to get up! They had stolen into the house in the dead of night. A slit through the cloth side was all the actual "breaking There were six of themmasked. They said nothing.



I was ordered to get up.

In two minutes I was outside the house in the hands of my emptors. They took me to a deeply shaded hollow in the hills about settled it would have been christened by some allowably profane appellation, with just enough dash of infernal flavor to give it a spice. But there had been no time at Bull Bar for such delicate shadings in expression. on three of its irregular sides being of over-hanging rock. Their summits, thirty or feet in height, were thickly screened What are you going to do with that mette

came from the top of the cliff opposite the fire. There, clad in white and thrown by the blaze in full relief against the dark background of foliage, stood a female figure.

My own first thought was, A ghost! A similar thought prevailed with the party. Not a word was spoken for some s They stood there silent and staring. "What are you going to do y

with that man?" again dem aded the apparition. "Who-who are you?" asked one. He had

forgotten his assumed voice. It was Bill Sefter.

"No matter who I am, now, Mr. Seiter, I deno nd your release of that man," was the r goly

"It's the gal at Pratt's!" said a voice,

which I recognized as Long Mac's. The ghost was laid. The committee felt somewhat easier. Still this was a serious interruption to "business.

Miss, we ain't agoing to do the young man any hurt," said one of the committee, the readiest at recovering his wits. "We're here for a sociable little time andonly

"That's a lie!" came from Blanche's lips with a vigor which savored of her pivatical unch

"Miss, now you'd better go home," said Long Mac, in the tone he would have as-sumed toward a child. "This is no place for you. I wonder you dare resk yourself in these woods, where there's bears and Californy lions-

"Bears," answered Blanchs, contempt-"All heres are not grizzlies! uously. know you mean that man some mischief, Now, release him."

"Shan't do it." roared a gruft voice. belong. Go about yer bizness

"That's just what I am doing," replied Blanche.

She had a weapon from the folds of her dress in a twinkling, its shining barrel flash-ing by the firelight before the eyes of the astonished party below, "The first man of you that moves his hand

for his weapon and Till fire into the crowd,"

New Bridge at Louisville.

A new bridge has just been built over the Ohio river, at Louisville, which is unique in architecture, in some respects. Over it the trains of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railway will cross the Ohio on their way to the south.

This is the second bridge across the river at Louisville. It is on the cantilever plan, the central idea of which is the balancing of bridge spans upon upright pillars. The spans are fixed in the center, and anchored and chained fast at the shore ends. The Louis ville structure is unique becaus - it is at present the longest system of connected cantilevers in the world.



NEW BRIDGE AT LOUISVILLE.

The bridge proper, exclusive of the approaches, is nearly half a mile long. The longest span mensured 480 feet, and extends from an island in the river to the Kentucky shore. This is over the steamboat channel. From low water mark to the lowest timber of the bridge the distance is 100 rect.

The structure is built of cast and wrought iron and steel. Twenty-seven thousand tons of these, altogether, were used in the building, and it cost \$1,250,000. It has a double railway track, two roads for wagons, two for street cars, and two for fost passengers. The scenery, both on the Kentucky and Indiana sides of the river here, is extremely picturesque and attractive.

Long cantilever bridges are quite the home yourself. Ef you was my wife or **v**ogue now with engineers. There is that one dorter I'd start ye blamed quick where ye over the Niagara river, and another one over the long. Go there is a start of the long. the Frazier river on the Canada Pacific railway. This build of bridge has been made possible by the the invention of cast steel.

How Fast the Hand Travels.

Somebody says he has discovered that the hand of a penman who writes thirty-five words in a minute travels over sixteen feet of space in that time, providing he dots all his is and crosses all us is A star one