Jacqueline of Golden River

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XIX.

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The Test That Lured.

I went along the tunnel in the direction of a Wolf Alice, picking my steps very carefully, peering into the numerous small caves and fissures in the wall on either hand. And I was about half way through when I was startled by running in front of me and moving to and fro.

It was a figure that could be no mistaking that tall, gaunt figure, just visible against the distant day.

I raced along the tunnel after him, but he managed to be endowed with the speed of a deer, for he kept his distance easily, and I would never have caught him had he not stopped for an instant at the approach of the ledge.

There, just as he was passing him self to leap, I seized him by the arm.

He did not attempt violence but stood me with long-haired face and their dead.

"Let me go, Jacqueline," I pleaded, "won't you come back with me and let us talk it over? Jacqueline is with me—"

"No, no," he cried, laughing. "You can't catch me with such a trick as that. My little daughter has gone to New York to make our fortunes at M. Daly's gaming house. She will be back soon, loaded down with gold."

"She has come back," I said, "she is not fifty yards away."

"With gold?" he inquired, looking at me doubtfully.

"With gold," I answered, trying to stave his imagination as Lovens had done. "She has rich gold, and a man such as you will love. You can take it all back to Europe with you, and be the gold dream-ship through them. Come with, monsieur."

I grasped him by the arm and tried to lead him with me. My argument had seemed him. I thought I had won.

But just as I started back into the tunnel, holding the arm of the old man, who lingered reluctantly and yet eagerly by point, a pebble leaped from the rocky platform and rebounded from the cliff. I cast a backward glance, and there upon the opposite side I saw Lovens standing.

"Jacqueline, Jacqueline, I am here," he called.

But she did not answer.

I ran forward, peering round me in the obscurity, but I saw no sign of earth-works, lying upon her side. Her eyes were closed, her face as white as snow.

The bullet from Jean Petitjean's revolver that missed me must have penetrated her body.

She lived, for her heart stirred, though so faintly that it seemed as though all that remained of life were concentrated in the faint throbbing heartbeats.

I raised her in my arms and placed my back beneath her head, making a resting place for her with my fur coat. Then with my knife I cut away her dress over the wound.

There was a bullet hole beneath her breast, stained with dark blood, a little down to the right. I tore strips from my shirt, brought them cold water, and bathed the wound, attached the flow so that I could, making a bandage and placing it above the wound.

I knew a fine consolation of losing my self-control when this was done, and clasping her in my arms and pressing my lips to her cold cheek and begging her to live and praying aloud that she should not die. Then I raised her in my arms and was about going across the cave toward the tunnel which led to the working stone.

And then, just as I approached the entrance of eight-filled huge Lovens and the man Simon emerged from the tunnel's mouth and ran toward me.

I stopped behind the barricade.

Presently I saw something white fluttering from the tunnel. It was a handkerchief upon a stick.

Then Lovens's voice hailed me from the tunnel.

"Hewett!" he called, and there was the sneer of mockery in his tone now, "will you come out and talk with me? I have come to see you upon a most important matter."

I stood one shot in futile rage. It struck the cliff and sent a stone flying into the stream.

Then silence followed. And I took Jacqueline and carried her back into the cave.

The Villainous Face of Jean Petitjean.

—2—

Lovens Holding Out Terms.

"Come along, Charles, my friend," he cried. "Come to me to my confines! Don't you want to make some money upon your crimes against me?"

The old figure had leaped forward over the ledge, and in a moment Lovens had grasped him and pulled him into the tunnel.

I hastened back to Jacqueline and encountered her in the passage just where the light and darkness blended, standing with arms extended and against the wall to steady herself; and in her eyes was that look which told a man more surely than anything, I think, can, that a woman loves him.

"Oh, I thought you were dead!" she sobbed, and fell into my arms.

I held her tightly to support her, and I kissed her forehead and eyes and cheeks a few times, and I covered her face with kisses.

"Now Jacqueline, you must let me guide you," I said. "Don't you see that there is no chance for you unless we leave your father for the present? there he is dead, and he is not dead. We can reach Pere Antoine's cabin soon after nightfall, and we can send him your father is a prisoner here. He would not come with us, Jacqueline, even if he were here."

She did not respond. It was the safety of us two and her father's life to remain quiet and to keep still, and I knew it perfectly well. But I could not restrain myself from kissing her, and I could give her little comfort even I was to be overcome.

She was so silent that I thought I had continued her. I urged her to her feet. But suddenly I heard a scrabbling scuffle close at hand, between the cave and the entrance.

I thought it was Charles Duchesne. I hoped it was Lovens. I started my finger on Jacqueline's lips and crept excitedly to the passage, revolver in hand.

Then, in the gloom, I saw the villainous face of Jean Petitjean looking into the cave. I could see that he was in a rage, was a revolver too.

We lived together. But the surprise seized his arm, for his father stood not past me. I think my shot struck him somewhere, for he uttered a yell and began running back along the tunnel as hard as could.

I followed him, firing as fast as I could reload. My shots helped the rout him. For when I reached the light he was scrambling across the ledge, and before I could cover him he had surmounted the rocks on the other side, and was running such as I had never seen any other man.

As Lovens had already sealed one exit—that by the Old Angel, where the roof had into the main passage, coal great shaft he had no time to reach the exit by the mine!

If I made haste! If I made haste that I would not argue the matter any further. I ran back at full speed, I reached the cave.

—3—

Lovens Is Trapped.

I was just in time. I saw Lovens, with his back against the wall, and his face to the entrance, and I saw that he was trapped.

Jacqueline was not there.

Then I saw Lovens's face, and I knew that he was trapped.

He did not attempt violence but stood me with long-haired face and their dead.

"Let me go, Jacqueline," I pleaded, "won't you come back with me and let us talk it over? Jacqueline is with me—"

"No, no," he cried, laughing. "You can't catch me with such a trick as that. My little daughter has gone to New York to make our fortunes at M. Daly's gaming house. She will be back soon, loaded down with gold."

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"Hewett!" he called, and there was the sneer of mockery in his tone now, "will you come out and talk with me? I have come to see you upon a most important matter."

"Monsieur, no you did not obey old Pierre Carlton's order in the face," he said.

"Pierre, I did not know that you would return," I answered.

"Never mind," the Indian answered, looking at me strangely. "All finish now. Double take Revine. His time come. Double show me."

"How?" I answered, startled.

"All finish," said Pierre insensibly, and, as I watched him a moment, with fear crept over me. He, who had refused, even when his own life was at stake, now stirred his finger and pointed to the sky. It was an old fear that I had only seen on one man's before on my father's the night he died.

"Pierre, listen to Lovens," I whispered. "Shall I surrender to him or shall I fight?"

"No matter," he said once again. "Monsieur suppose not to be. Simon no'wife, and soon Simon come. His plants lead him to you. His double tell you what to say. All finish now."

He waited just one moment, a tenuous shadow, and his hearing was as proud as that of a deer. And he said in the long ago, when they were new-born babes, and I was a boy together—

(To Be CONTINUED.)

MAY HAVE BEEN ERICSSON'S

Interesting Speculation Arising From Discovery of Ancient Galleys Buried in Norway.

A traveler in Norway has been looking at the two ancient ships, in one of which, though probably in neither, Leif Ericsson may have reached the western world five centuries before Columbus. Nothing proves that either of them was Ericsson's vessel, but nothing proves that it was not. The ancient craft are the most interesting relics of the kind ever discovered in Norway, thanks to a covering of pottery clay, and a twentieth century farmer recovered them from under the mounds looked over, and dated it from the ninth century, contemporary with the adventurous Ericsson, possibly his own ship. About several long, the second is shaped not unlike a double-ended Mississippi steamer. It is a perfect specimen of its period of work, and the additional discoveries carved on the bow and stern. Under the floor of the compartments where the voyagers slept were found their provisions. One can imagine the watcher at the prow and the helmsman tugging at the tiller, the galley master hitch in the poop boat and the rowers keeping time to the rhythm for the thirty oarsmen. It is far more difficult to imagine how they stood and ate in such weather.

A Seismic Tester for Determining Percentage of Fat in Milk.

—4—

Tom's Chances.

Chester Tom's chances of date to Sen. from the quarters of his empire, but today the descendants of his legions are to be found in every part of the continent. Tom's chances are not numerous, but they are not to be despised. Tom's chances are not to be found in the cities, but in the country. Tom's chances are not to be found in the cities, but in the country. Tom's chances are not to be found in the cities, but in the country.

Taste.

Taste, if it seems anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and to blemes, a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, and all goodness, whereseever or in what shape soever they are to be seen.—Carlyle.

Government figures show that New York has over 1,000,000 persons who do not speak English.

SUCCESSFUL MANAGEMENT OF FALL PIG CROP INVOLVES COMFORTABLE QUARTERS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If every farmer in the United States who raises hogs—and approximately 75 per cent of the 61 million on farms handled thousand old American farrowing time in the fall—would provide comfortably in the winter of one pig to the litter, the annual increase in the pork supply would be 5,250,000 pounds. According to the United States department of agriculture, experienced and careful hog raisers now allow seven pigs out of each litter, while the average pork production per litter is only five. Then, between farrowing and marketing, there is a third of three pigs a litter on the average farm.

Careful management of the fall hog crop involves comfortable quarters for the sows previous to farrowing, comfortable quarters for the sows during farrowing, careful attention not to overcrowd the sow and then before the pigs are weaned gradually reduce the feed of the sow. This will have a tendency to dry up the flow of milk and thus relieve the pigs from overfeeding. Then, when sows are turned, it, carrying on his back a heavy load of wood which he has cut, and his tongue at the window. "My dear wife," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?" "Getting over a rage," he answered, "and you?" "Oh, I am in a fit of fear." "Then I am no mad that I want to kill you," he replied, and he threw down his load, and the two lived happily ever after. Now let's answer these. It is the only way to learn.—Answer Journal.

Produce More Pork by Increasing the Maternity Record Per Litter.

—5—

Self-Discipline.

Mahlon Crawford had a violent temper. He was a fine boy, but he could get in a bad. One member of his family thought he could cure him of this habit of frenzy, and he invented a form of self-discipline which he thought would help him. He called it "self-discipline" to himself. His mother entered his room one day and found him sitting on the bed, his head in his hands, and his face red with anger. "What's the matter, Mahlon?" she asked. "Oh, I'm disciplining myself," he answered. "Well, I'm glad you are," she said. "I never saw you look so angry in my life."

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Real "Fine King."

Buck Jamison, in 1830 was a man called M. Chabert, better known as "the fire king." And there are some of the things he did to prove himself worthy of the name. He would bake in a hot oven for a half hour, then walk into a red-hot furnace and remain there for fifteen minutes. He would put a piece of lead in his mouth and melt it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of sulphur in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of resin in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of wax in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of tallow in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of pitch in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of rosin in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of turpentine in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of camphor in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of gum in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of sugar in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of salt in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of pepper in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of mustard in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of vinegar in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of oil in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of water in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of air in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of earth in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of fire in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of ice in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of snow in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of rain in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of hail in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of sleet in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of frost in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of dew in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of mist in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of cloud in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of rainbow in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of moonbeam in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of starlight in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of sunlight in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of daylight in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of darkness in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of nothingness in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of everything in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of himself in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his wife in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his children in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his friends in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his enemies in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his country in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his flag in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his God in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his soul in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his heart in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his brain in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his eyes in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his ears in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his nose in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his mouth in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his tongue in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his teeth in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his throat in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his chest in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his stomach in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his liver in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his kidneys in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his bladder in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his intestines in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his rectum in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his anus in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his penis in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his testicles in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his scrotum in his mouth and burn it with a blow-pipe, then swallow it. He would put a piece of his perine