

AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG.

BY BRIT HART.

CHAPTEK I.—(CONTINUED.)

"I see. But were there any conditions of course you know the law takes no cognizance of any not expressed in the will; but still, for the sake of mere corroboration of the bequest—do you know of any conditions on which he gave you the property?"

"You mean, did he want anything in return?"

"Exactly, my dear young lady."

Peg's face on one side turned a deep magenta color, on the other a lighter cherry, while her nose was purple, and her forehead an Indian red. To add to the effect of this awkward and discomposing dramatic exhibition of embarrassment, she began to wipe her hands on her dress, and sat silent.

"I understand," said the lawyer hastily. "No matter—the conditions were fulfilled."

"No," answered Peg, amazedly; "how could they be until he was dead?"

It was the lawyer's turn to color and grow embarrassed.

"He did say something, and make some conditions," continued Peg, with a certain firmness through her awkwardness; "but that's nobody's business but mine and his'n. And it's no call of yours or theirs."

"But, my dear Miss Moffat, if these very conditions were proofs of his right mind, you surely would not object to make them known, if only to put yourself in a condition to enable you to carry them out."

"But," said Peggy, cunningly, "suppose you and the court didn't think 'em satisfactory? 'Suppose you thought 'em queer?"

With this helpless limitation on the part of the defense, the case came to trial. Everybody remembers it; how for six weeks it was the daily food of Calaveras County; how for six weeks the intellectual and moral and spiritual competency of Mr. James Byways to dispose of his property was discussed with learned and formal obscurity in the Court, and with unrelenting and independent prejudice by camp fires in bar rooms. At the end of that time, when it was logically established that at least nine-tenths of the population of Calaveras county were harmless lunatics, and everybody else's reason seemed to totter on its throne, an exhausted jury succumbed one day to the presence of Peg in the Court-room. It was not a prepossession of presence at any time; but the excitement, and an injudicious attempt to ornament herself, brought her defects into a glaring relief that was almost unreal. Every frown on her face stood out and asserted itself singly; her pale blue eyes, that gave no indication of her force of character, were weak and wandering, or stared blankly at the judge; her over-sized head, broad at the base, terminating in the scantiest possible light colored braid in the middle of her narrow shoulders, was as hard and uninteresting as the wooden spheres that topped the railing in front which she sat. The jury, who for six weeks had had her described to them by the plaintiffs as an arch, witty, enchantress, who had sapped the falling reason of Jim Byways, revolted to the man. There was something so appalling, gratuitous in her plainness, that it was felt that three millions would scarcely compensate for it. "Ef that money was give her, she earned it sure, boys; it wasn't no softness of the old man," said the foreman. When the jury retired, it was felt that she had cleared her character. When they re-entered it with their verdict, it was known that she had been awarded three millions damages for its defamation.

She got the money. But those who had confidently expected to see her squander it were disappointed. On the contrary, it was presently whispered that she was exceedingly parsimonious. That admirable woman, Mrs. Stiver, of Red Dog, who accompanied her to San Francisco to assist her in making purchases, was loud in her indignation. "She cares more for two bits than I do for five dollars. She wouldn't buy anything at the 'City of Paris' because it was 'too expensive,' and at last rigged herself up, a perfect guy, at some shop in Market street. And after all the care, June and me took of her, giving up our time and experience to her, she never so much as made Jane a single present." Popular opinion, which regarded Mrs. Stiver's attention as purely speculative, was not shocked at this unprofitable denunciation; but when Peg refused to give anything to clear the mortgage of the new Presbyterian Church, and even declined to take shares in the Union Ditch, considered by many as an equally sacred and safe investment, she began to lose favor. Nevertheless, she seemed to be as regardless of public opinion as she had been before the trial; took a small house, in which she lived with an old woman who had once been a fellow-servant on, apparently, terms of perfect equality, and looked after her money. I wish I could say that she did this discreetly, but the fact is, she blundered. The same dogged persistency she had displayed in claiming her rights was visible in her unsuccessful adventures. She sunk two hundred thousand dollars in a worn-out shaft originally projected by the deceased testator. She prolonged the miserable existence of the "Rockville Vanguard" long after it had ceased to interest even its enemies; she kept the doors of the Rockville Hotel open when its custom had departed; she lost the cooperation and favor of a fellow capitalist through a slight misunderstanding in which she was derelict and impatient; she had three lawsuits on her hands that could have been settled for a trifle. I note these defects to show that she was by no means a heroine. I quote her affair with Jack Polinske to show that she was scarcely the average woman.

That handsome, graceless vagabond had struck the outskirts of Red Dog in a cyclone of dissipation which left him stranded, but still rather interesting wreck, in a ruinous cabin not far from Peg Moffat's virgin bower. Pale, crippled from excesses, with a voice quite tremulous from sympathetic emotion more or

less developed by stimulants, he lingered languidly, with much time on his hands, and only a few neighbors. In this fascinating kind of general 'deshabille' of morals, dress, and emotions, he appeared before Peg Moffat. More than that, he occasionally limped with her through the settlement. The critical eye of Red Dog took in the singular pair; Jack—voluble, suffering, apparently overcome by remorse, conscience, veneration, and disease; and Peg, open-mouthed high-colored, awkward yet delighted; and the critical eye of Red Dog, seeing this, winked meaningly at Rockville. No one knew what passed between them. But all observed that one summer day Jack drove down the main street of Red Dog in an open buggy with the heiress of that town beside him. Jack, albeit a trifle shaky, held the reins with something of his old dash; and Mistress Peggy, in an enormous bonnet with pearl colored ribbons, a shade darker than her hair, holding in her short, pink gloved fingers a bouquet of yellow roses, absolutely glowed crimson in distressful gratification over the dash-board. So these two fared on—out of the busy settlement, into the woods, against the rosy sunset. Possibly it was not a pretty picture; nevertheless, as the dim aisles of the solemn pines opened to receive them, miners leaned upon their spades, and mechanics stopped in their toil to look after them. The critical eye of Red Dog, perhaps from the sun, perhaps from the fact that it had itself been young and dissipated, took on a kindly moisture as it gazed.

The moon was high when they returned. Those who had waited to congratulate Jack on this near prospect of a favorable change in his fortune were chagrined to find that, having seen the lady safe home, he had himself departed from Red Dog. Nothing was to be gained from Peg, who on the next day and ensuing days kept the even tenor of her way, sunk a thousand or two more in unsuccessful speculation, and made no change in her habits of personal economy. Weeks passed without any apparent sequel to this romantic idyl. Nothing was known definitely until Jack, a month later, turned up in Sacramento, with a billiard cue in his hand, and a heart overcharged with indignant emotion.

"I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, in confidence," said Jack to a circle of sympathizing players, "I don't mind telling you regarding this thing, that I was as soft on that freckled-faced, red-eyed, tallow-haired gal, as if she'd been—a—an actress. And I don't mind saying, gentlemen, that, as far as I understand women, she was just as sweet on me! You kin laugh, but it's so. One day I took her our buggy-riding—in style too—and out on the road I offered to do the square thing—just as if she'd been a lady—offered to marry her then and there? And what did she do?" said Jack with an hysterical laugh; "why, blank it all! offered me twenty-five dollars a week allowance—pay to be stopped when I wasn't at home!"

The roar of laughter that greeted this frank confession was broken by a quiet voice asking:

"And what did you say?"

"Say?" screamed Jack, "I just told her to go to— with her money."

"They say," continued the quiet voice, "that you asked her for a loan of two hundred and fifty dollars to get you to Sacramento—and that you got it."

"Who says so?" roared Jack—"show me the blank liar."

There was a dead silence.

Then the possessor of the quiet voice, Mr. Jack Hamlin, languidly reached under the table, took the chalk, and rubbing the end of his billiard cue, began with gentle gravity:

"It was an old friend of mine in Sacramento, a man with a wooden leg, a game eye, three fingers on his right hand, and a consumptive cough. Being unable, naturally, to back himself, he leaves things to me. So for the sake of argument," continued Hamlin, suddenly hating down his cue, and fixing his wicked black eyes on the speaker, "say it's me?" I am afraid that this story, whether truthful or not, did not tend to increase Peg's popularity in a community where recklessness and generosity conformed for the absence of all other virtues; and it is possible, also, that Red Dog was no more free from prejudice than other more civilized but equally disappointed match-makers.

Likewise, during the following year, she made several more foolish ventures and lost heavily. In fact, a feverish desire to increase her store at almost any risk seemed to possess her. At last it was announced that she intended to re-open the infelix Rockville Hotel, and keep it herself. Wild as the scheme appeared in theory, when put into practical operation there seemed to be some chance of success. Much, doubtless, was owing to her practical knowledge of hotel-keeping, but more to her rigid economy and untiring industry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pleuro-pneumonia in England.
Some time since indications of pleuro-pneumonia were observed in a herd of cattle belonging to Mr. John Harker, a grazier, at Mercer's Farm, Nutfield, Surrey. The result was that the "local authority" under the Contagious Disease Act, interfered, and a portion of Mr. Harker's farm was declared to be infected. The herd was thenceforth kept in strict isolation, but so contagious had the disease proved that forty-four oxen have been condemned by the veterinary inspector and been slaughtered. In these circumstances a deputation of the neighboring farmers, consisting of Mr. D. McCulloch (steward to Lord Monson), Mr. W. Stacey, and Mr. King, has waited upon the county magistrates, as the local authority of the district, to ask for the immediate condemnation of the remainder of the herd—viz, fifteen cows and a bull. The magistrates have concurred in the application, and it is hoped that by these prompt means the disease may be prevented from spreading beyond the herd in which it originated. The loss is estimated at £2,000, the greatest portion of which has to be borne by the county ratepayers.

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THE CABUL MASSACRE.

The Death of Cavagnari's Party Reported by an Afghan.

The following is the deposition by an Afghan, a witness of the massacre and probably a participator in the attack: Thirteen years ago there was a beardless youth in my service who was murdered by the son of the Kotwal of Cabul. The murderer had to fly from Cabul to Peshawar, but returned after the massacre, and I, meeting him in the orchard, killed him. Therefore I have fled here to save my life, having been concealed in the city for three days after the occurrence. I was at Cabul when Sir Louis Cavagnari arrived.

He used to ride about and visit every place of interest. After three days the Ameer advised him, for the sake of his safety, to confine his rides to the Chaman or open spaces, and to avoid the crowds. This advice was known all over the city. Cavagnari acted on it. On one day there was a row between an Afride orderly and two of the Ameer's soldiers. This came to Cavagnari's ears. He complained to the Ameer, who imprisoned the two soldiers.

Cavagnari rewarded the orderly. The people and soldiers were much annoyed at this. The Ameer ordered his sirdars and officers not to visit the Envoy. On the 3d of September, at about 7 a. m., three orderly regiments of the Ameer were assembled without arms in the Bala Hisar to receive their pay. They were ordered one month's pay, and asked for more. On its being refused they began making a row, and General Daoud Shah and Mustapha Habeeboola, who were present, said, "Go to Cavagnari for it."

Stones were thrown, and Daoud Shah said to be slightly wounded. The pay office was sacked and papers torn up. They then ran to their camp for their arms, and returned direct to the Residency. They found the door into the compound closed. There was only one, and the residents occupied in making loop-holes. Cavagnari had ordered all the horses, as they could not be brought in, to be shot. Guns were now brought up and breaches made in the wall. Three hundred Sepoys of a Balkh regiment, who had been recalled from leave, rushed through and set fire to the house.

More breaches were made and the door forced. Thousands of people from the city helped in the attack. (It was believed the residency contained great treasures). The defenders, tormented by the fire from above them and from all around and distressed by the smoke, all got into one building. They shot a great many of the attackers. The house they were in was on fire. At length it fell on those that were not killed. There was not much plunder obtained. All was destroyed in the fire. The people then carried away their dead, of whom there were a great number.

I assisted to remove the body of a well-known fugur named Birzag Shah. He had been inciting the people for over two hours and shouting that he was going to Paradise. There were a great many dead bodies. The crowd next went to the house of General Khusrat, in which there were stored the uniforms for the Ameer's troops, and a lot of swords; all were carried off. The people next talked of looting the magazine in the upper Bala Hisar; there were two regiments there with General Daoud Shah, who called out to them not to permit any more looting. They replied: "The troops and the people are brothers, and we will do nothing."

The people desisted from looting the magazine of themselves. They then talked of attacking the Ameer, but the troops said: "He is the Ameer; he must not be touched." The shops in the city had been closed for three days, and for three days the Ameer remained in his palace. He then, by the advice of his sirdars, came and sat in the balcony over the gate and sent his son to ask the three regiments who had engaged in the attack what they wanted; they replied, three months' pay, and he sent them this by the Mustofi; he also sent them two guns and told them to go and collect the revenue in Kohistan and that they might keep it, too.

They marched as far as the Chaman-Nabi Ruojar Nawab, where they were encamped and dismissing their own officers chose others of their own race. After three days they came back to Cabul and applied for permission to go to their homes, but no answer had been given to them when I left. After the third day the Ameer called together his sirdars, officers and chief men of the city, and said that if he wished for a Jihad he was with them and would do as they wished. He was obliged, for fear of his life, to say this. His wish throughout had been that the Envoy would through fear have left the city, but he wished the pressure to be put upon him by the people or by independent tribes, and not by his troops.

Zeal Without Knowledge.

The errors and confusion into which the well-intentioned men fall by applying to great public affairs their loose private notions of wisdom and justice, are not small, but enormous. If, indeed, there was no choice between forming such inadequate judgments and forming no judgments at all, we might tolerate the greatest errors rather than damp their zeal. But as we start from the possibility of instituting a system of political education, that is, from the possibility of enabling ordinary men to form a sound judgment in politics, we must assert the necessity of the same quietism in politics that men practice in every other subject that they take up seriously.

Men must take time and thought; they must prepare and qualify themselves before entering upon political action. Zeal without knowledge is as dangerous here as in other departments. It may be normally better to be zealous in politics even on the wrong side than to be indifferent about them, and yet the effect of such zeal may easily be worse than the effect of indifference. Blind turbulent zeal may be a good commencement, because it may put off its blind turbulence with better instruction, but it is not a good symptom when it lasts long or becomes chronic.

And our party-leads, of which so many are proud, as if they proved political

energy, last too long. They show too little disposition to give place to a calmer form of energy. They are too much like those religious fervors of the seventeenth century, under the reign of which each commanding zealot prided himself chiefly on his own unteachableness, so that on one occasion, as I remember, Oliver Cromwell himself, in reasoning with Scotch Presbyterians, was provoked to the emphatic exclamation, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ think it possible you may be mistaken!"

Almost Young Again.
"My mother was afflicted a long time with neuralgia, and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physician or medicine did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hoo's Bitters, with such good effect that she soon and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—[A lady, in Providence, R. I.]

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T. JOHNSON.

Sworn to before me.

J. H. BUNCKERHOFF, Justice of the Peace.

CHOLERA.

Dr. Tobias—write to inform you that the child of a friend of mine was cured of cholera after being given up to die by three physicians. One hour after your Venetian Liniment was used it was out of danger. I hope you will publish this, so that mothers may know they have a remedy for this terrible complaint. I lost a child by cholera previous to hearing of your Liniment, but now never feel alarmed, as I have your medicine always in the house. I have also used it for pains, sore throat, etc., and always found it to cure.

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Yours truly, JAMES SWEET.

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S. I. TOBIAS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of October, 1872.

D. S. HART,

Commissioner of Deeds.

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D. McDANIEL.

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