THE STRANGE FOOT-PRINT.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By Malcolm Bell, Author of "His Fatal Success," "Roanoke of Roanoke Hall," etc.

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A WILD THEORY.

He had not proceeded far on his way to the beach when he perceived at some distance in front of him a trim little figure tripping lightly along, which he recognized at once as belonging to the charming Mary Carne. He hastened his pace immediately in order to catch her up, for he was determined to speak to ! her, although he was not unnaturally doubtful as to the nature of the reception which his advances would meet with, He had by no means forgotten the looks of indignation that had flamed at him from those sparkling eyes, when his identity and occupation had stood plainly revealed at the adjourned inquest. There was no doubt in his mind that Mary Carne was seriously angry with him for the part he had played and for what she could not but consider the underhand way in which he had entrapped her into admissions which might have proved, nay, which still might prove so damaging to her beloved young mistress.

Mr. Padger, however, was not easily dannted, and a little opposition seemed to excite and inflame his determination, rather than to quench his arder. "Good afternoon, Miss Carne," he

said, politely raising his hat when he had overtaken her. "Don't speak to me if you please

"Padger," interposed that unbashed individual cheerfully.

"Padger." she repeated in a tone of ineffable contempt, flinging at him at the same time a glance of indignant | many almost insuperable difficulties. scorn. * Padger, or Badger, or Brander, or-or fifty other names I dare say . "

"No, " he replied coully to this expected outburst. "Padger, only Padger. Yours affectionately and devotedly-Joshua Padger. "

"Now, Mary my dear-" began the undannted Padger. "Don't Mary me, sir, if you please,"

burst out the enraged beauty. "But that is just what I intend to do, my dear. ' said Mr. Padger, punning

atromously "Oh, indeed! Not without my consent I should hope, '' answered the maiden, somewhat mollified by his unfailing good

"Well, not if I can get at. " "And that you never will, never. " "Never's a long time," remarked

Mr. Padger sententiously. "I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself.'' said Mary after they had walked for some time in silence side by

"But I am," replied Mr. Padger humbly, though his secret soul was filled with exultation. She was leading the conversation in the very direction which ht desired it to take. If he could only once get her to argue the question of his original subterfuge he feit assured of

"Coming spying around on the sly like that! I don't see how you could." "I'd do it again to-morrow if I was sure of meeting you, '' said Mr. Padger

"Taking the words off a poor girl's lips, too. " " Well, you know it was your fault that

I didn't take anything else. ""Get along with you, " said Mary obviously not displeased.

"All right, "said Mr. Padger promptly. "'l'm off, "" "Stop!" exclaimed Mary, as he moved away, "you needn't be in such a hur-

"Hurry!" eried Mr. Padger, who had no intention of parting just then, "Lord bless you! I would stay with you all day long if you would let me.

"Tell me, now, You don't believe that Miss Gertrude did it. "" "Believe it? of course not, " said Mr.

Padger, with an assumption of certainty on the subject which he neither felt, nor was warranted in feeling. " Hecause she didn't.

**Of course she didn't. "

"But you did believe it, " persisted Mary, who had completely forgotten Mr. Padger's disgraceful behavior. "Well, you must own, Mary, my

dear, " said Mr. Padger, without seeking any further remonstrance from that young lady, "that things did look rather fishy. That little bit of obstingey about and a quarter to two had an ugly look, you must allow.

"I don't know where she was, " ex-

"No, my dear, no, of course not," said Mr. Padger soethingly. "But you

"Why you don't mean to say they eried Mary, and stopped suspect-

Mr. Padger nodden assent, with a shrug, and a rueful screw of his mouth.

" [t's disgraceful, " "So it is, my dear, so it is, but there is only one way to stop it. "

" Pind out- " suggested Mr. Padger insiduously-"where she was that day between the time she left the bathing it. machine and the time she returned

home. Where she was, and what she "Surely, Mr. Padgor-" she said with returning indiguation-" vou don't expect me to go sheaking and spying

moout. No my dear girl, Pertainly not, repiled Mr. Padger, who had at length !

arrived at the opening he was if I do '' Only don't be so hard on me if I do '' suppose it's your business." * And a jolly good ongetoo, I can tell

you, ' said Mr. Padger confidentially. " What are you going to do how?" I am going to find, who committed that murder. "And clear Miss Gertrude?" cried

Mary, joyfully clasping her hands. "And clear Miss Gertrude," reechoed Mr. Padger, not without hesita-

"Oh if you do, I'lla-L'l' "What?" said Mr. Padger.

"I'll, never forget it," concluded "You never shall, " said Mr. Padger,

"But what are you doing it fork asked after a time. "Firsaly, for fame, " said Mr. Padger. "Oh that," said Mary, with a con- plied with a scornful sniff, "seeing as

temptuous toss of her pretty little head.

'Secondly, a hundred pounds.' "A hundred pounds!" ejaculated Mary, opening her blue eyes to their ut-"Thirdly-" and Mr. Padger paused

and looked tenderly at her. "Thirdly?" she queried, with an air of the most unconscious innocence.

"Well, we'll talk about that when the time comes. Won't you come for a turn on the beach. It's a lovely afternoon for a stroll.

"Oh, I haven't time, " said Mary regretfully, as they came to a halt at the head of the steps leading down to the

"What a pity!" "Good-bye, Mr. Padger," continued Mary, smiling sweetly and holding out her rosy hand

"Good-bye, Mary, my dear, " he returned, tenderly pressing it. "If I was to drop around your way to-night, should I happen to find you at home?' "Well, I daresay you might if you

cared to try. Good-bye." "Good-bye, my dear.

Mr. Padger made his way down the steep wooden steps, and onto the crowded sands in a most unenviable frame of mind. He had expressed unreservedly to Mary his disbelief in her young mistress' guilt with the utmost aussurance, but he knew that he did not feel, and had nothing to support such an assumption. Suspicion such as it was, pointed strongly at present to Miss Ennis, and he could not conceal from himself that his theory that the criminal was a man was merely conjectural, and presented

What, he thought, if, as he continued his researches, he should find them leading him surely and inexorably towards a conclusion he dared not contemplate?

What if they served to strengthen the net, and draw it closer and closer round In that case he felt certain that, unjust

as it would be to saddle him with the consequences, Mary would nevertheless insist that it was his doing, and would never again speak to or look at him. He was surprised to find how much this prospect horrified him.

Should be at once and forever abandon the pursuit? This would avail him little now. He was practically pledged to Mary to sweep away the cloud of suspicion that overshadowed Miss Ennis. It was moreover, he felt beyond his powers. He would not believe, in spite of appearances, that the girl was împlicated, but be the result what it might be would carry the business he had commenced even to the bitterest end.

His professional profe was concerned, and would not allow him to turn back. The danger his dearest hopes incurred did not deter him any more than the mere money reward incited him. He had determined to solve the mystery and he would do it. If the worst came to be worst, he must make the most of the fame, and the consolation of having done his duty, for both Mary and the reward would be lost to him. He could not claim from the father the price of the conviction of his daughter.

In the mean time he would adhere resclutely to his unfounded theory that the murderer was a man, and would endeavor to find some way out of the first of many doubtful points. "How could a man have effected an entrance into that

machine? ' There were very few people bathing, but a post imbedded in the sand marked the boundaries of the gentlemen's bathing place, and starting from the spot where the fatal machine had stood he began to pace the distance between the two points. When he reached the limit he sank upon the warm dry sand with a

"It is impossible," he murmured, "tutterly, absolutely impossible."

The idea had tlashed across him that a man might have swam under water from one place to the other, but the distance between them was at least one not manage it before.' That voice, it hundred and fifty yards, and he knew | was Miss Ennis." that no man could cover that. He was himself a more than average amateur long distance diver and his experience told him that it could not be done

Three times be paced the distance without making any appreciable difference in his calculations. Finally he gave it up as hopeless. His wild theory had been no sooner formed than undeniable her proceedings between half past twelve and irresistable fact had crushed it to atoms. He knew that the longest recorded swim under water was a little over one hundred and thirteen yards. claimed Mary hotiv. "And what is and such a feat as his theory necessitated more I don't care. I know she was after | was not only incredible, it was impossi-

Was there no other way of escape from the dilemma? Vainly he asked himself can't expect other people to look at it in | this question. Vainly he racked his bewildered brains for a satisfactory answer. an available solution.

There was no way, and be groaned as he realized the inevitable result. If the murder had not been committed by a man, and that now seemed perfectly certain, it must have been a woman's hand that struck the cowardly blow, and if a woman's, whose should it be but Miss

There was no avoiding this reasoning.

He returned home in a very despondent condition. He had spent several hours of valuable time, and had gained nothing by it. He had exhausted the ingenuity of his imagination in the fabrication of untenable hypotheses, while a series of plain, indisputable facts stared

him remorselessly in the face. Still he would not admit their cogency .. Still he persevered in his struggle to make ropes of sand, though he was aware that he was in all probability seeking a mystery where there was none, and wilfully turning his eyes from a broad unmistakable path to find a blind trail which would conduct him nowhere, or lead him tollsomely a short distance to land him finally in an impassible quag-

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PADGER HEARS SOMETHING. "There's a young person a-waiting to see you, '' said Mr. Padger's landlady as

he admitted him, in a tone of the strongest disapproval. A young person! Who is she?" he saki, for an extensive experience of landladies and their ways assured him that

that contemptuous tone could only attach to one of her own sex. "I don't know, I'm sure," she re-

she positively refused to tell me 'er

name." "How long has she been here?" he asked after a moment's consideration. "About 'alf an hour, ' she said, retreating to her own domain.

Mr. Padger's usual avocations had served to render him suspicious, and he hesitated for some time before entering the sitting room. In his own house he could easily have obtained a surreptitious inspection of his unknown visitor, but here that was out of the question, and he was consequently reduced to mere conjecture. The only young woman he knew in the town was Mary Carne, and he had seen sufficient of her to be certain that a visit to him in his own apartments was the last thing she would dream of. Who then was the unknown, and, which was | fiercely, at the door. "I shall watch. of more importance, what did she want | Have no fear, and some day, my friend, with him? More than once he had had his schemes overturned, or his success taken from him by spies, and he had room to carefully consider the value of

"Mr. Padger?" She queried in a strongly marked foreign accent. "Now who are you?" thought Mr. Padger, as he acknowledged his claim to that appellation. Her pale, vindictive face was quite unknown to him. She was rather a good looking girl of three or four and twenty, simply dressed in some plain black material.

"You want to know something?" The accent conveying the question which the construction of the speech failed to

"I want to know a good many

things," remarked Mr. Padger, as he offered her a chair and took one himself. | to admit to himself that the strictly "Oh, yes, a good many," she repeated, with a grim, sardonic laugh. "Have you got anything to teach me?'' he asked, as she sat regarding

"Perhaps," she answered with a peculiar falling inflection. "Well, for goodness sake! hurry up

him without making any further re-

and tell it, then, '' thought Mr. Padger with considerable irritation, but he only said, with an air of extreme indifference _... What?'' "About Miss Gertrude Ennis, is it

not? "What about her?" exclaimed Mr. Padger, his interest and curiosity fully

"You want to know what she do between half past twelve and a quarter less two the day of the murder? "Can you tell me?" said Mr. Padger.

answering one question with another. "Perhaps."

" Will you? " "Perhaps."

"Look here," said Mr. Padger, stung by her cool deliberation; "if you've got any information, fire ahead. If you want anything for it, out with it.' "Will you give him to me?"

"Give who?" said Mr. Padger, surprised out of his grammar. "What I want." " What is it?"

"Revenge!" hissed the girl, and such a baleful gleam of poisonous hatred shot from her eyes that Mr. Padger started. "Oh, he!" he thought to himself. This is likely to prove interesting.

"Will you, then?" she persisted. "Well, I don't know. Revenge on "On her. On Miss Ennis."

"I say," said Mr. Padger, amazed at her eagerness, "Who are you?" "My name is Natalia Rozart." "Why do you want to be revenged on

Miss Ennis? "I was her mother's maid. It was a good place, but Miss Eunis found me out, and insisted on my dismissal."

"Humph," reflected Mr. Padger. "A discharged servant. Evidence to be received with caution.' "Found you out in what?" he said

"That makes nothing, " she said hurriedly, "You will act on what I tell "Of course I shall," said Mr. Padger.

"If there's anything to be made of it." "I was sitting that day, you know, at 12:45 o'clock in the public garden near the esplanade. It was empty, but behind me was some shrubberies. Presently I hear a voice, a man's voice. He says, 'how long you have been,' and a voice of much agitation replies, 'I could

"What!" cried Mr. Padger; "Are

"I would swear to it," exclaimed the girl, extending her right hand melodramatically, and speaking with almost an exultation of gratified hate. "Then he say 'Make haste now, we have no time to lose,' and she cries, 'I am so frightened.' They talk for some time, but I cannot hear what they say. He is eager, earnest, almost rough. She cries much. Presently they walk away. At a distance I follow. I do not deceive myself-it is Miss Ennis. I follow-still at a distance. At length I turn a corner—they are

"Are you sure?" said Mr. Padger, a terrible apprehension growing up in his

"I tell you I could swear to it." "At what corner did you lose sight of

"From High street into the market "Five minutes from the gardens.

said Mr. Padger, half aloud. "It is true-at five minutes to one." Mr. Padger made a rapid mental calculation. From five minutes to one to a quarter to two-fifty minutes. From the corner of the High street to Mouplasirtwenty minutes walk at the outside. Halfe an hour still unaccounted for.

"Who was the man?" he asked at "Oh, for that, I don't know."

"You did not recognize him?" "I do not say. I could not see him too well. " "You did not know his voice?"

"I could not swear. It might have been her father.' "No it mightn't, " said Mr. Padger, bluntly. "He was in London at the

time. "Are you so sure?" she drawled, looking at him askance under her halfclosed eyelids. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"What should I mean, but what I say. Are you so sure? " "Look here," said Mr. Padger, "Do you know that her father was not in town that day?"

"I know nothing of him. I say it might have been him. " "You are not sure that it was not?" "I am not sure."

"Do you think it was?" "I think! What does it matter, my friend, what I think?" "That is no answer, "said Mr. Padger

"Well yes, then, I think it was." Mr. Padger paced the room for some | within a few feet of him, and remained | cemetery.

minutes in a state of the utmost bewilderment. What was he to make of this terrible piece of evidence? Was this illomened investigation about to end, as he had feared, in the destruction of all his hopes of happiness? No. he concluded without some better confirmation, he would not believe this woman's asser-

"Have you anything more to say to me??' he said presently returning to the girl, who still sat watching him beneath her half closed eyelids, with a cruel, eatlike smile.

"Mon dieu!" she cried, "What would you have? Is it not enough?'' "Enough!" groaned poor Mr. Padger

to himfelf. "Too much! I fear, far, far too much." "You will not forget?" she said

learnt caution. Failing, however to this latest guiding light. The evidence discover any other method of ascertain- of a discharged servant, animated uning her identity he walked in the disguised by the most venomous and exaggerated passion for vengeance, was A hasty glance showed him that the the had previously remarked to him. drawer, the repository of his precious secrets was apparently untampered with and he turned to the stranger who had risen from a scat near the window on his entrance.

The repository of his precious secrets was apparently untampered with and he turned to the stranger who had certain amount of more of less conscious distertion, there was a directly allowed by the received with the great of the forward movement.

The repository of his precious secrets was apparently untampered with and he turned to had self, our to be received with the great of the forward movement.

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The repository of his precious secrets was apparently untampered with and he turned to the stranger who had distertion, there was a directly allowing for his certain amount of the stranger who had distertion, there was a directly and the forward movement.

I shall see in the papers-my revenge.

Mr. Padger returned slowly to his

"I could not manage it before. I could not manage it before. " The sentence rang in his distracted brain again and again. What was-it? He scarcely dared to propound the question to which there was but one answer. What could it be but-that?"

"No," he cried, vainly struggling to overwhelm his growing convictions.

"No, I will not believe it." He tried to insure himself that the improbability of her insinuations that Mr. Ennis never went to town that day was sufficient to destroy all confidence in her previous statement, but he was competical; this. What is done, is done, and should guarded expression she gave to what was a mere suspicion tended to inspire belief in what she declared to be a fact, 7% "A discharged servant," he said Gestrude," he said desparingly. "In

again. Discharged for some discrete. past days when your stepmother—''ful action that she is ashamed to own. What is have vidence worth?'' have shrill, dry tone, 'do not mention But it was unavailing. He felt an inward conviction that she had spoken the truth. It was hopeless to try to evade

the facts. Everything pointed more and more plainly to Miss Ennis. To have been in the public garden by a quarter to one she must have left, as she had said, at half past twelve, but there was time which must have been the work of an instant. The knife was hers, the footstep might have been. "And yet," said Mr. Padger, as he

started for Monplaisir, "in spite of all, I'm sure it was a man. CHAPTER IX. MR. PADGER OVERHEARS SOMETHING, Plunged in profound abstraction, his thoughts wandering aimlessly and helplessly, striving and striving vainly to

realize the true bearings of the fact, indisputable as he felt it to be, that Miss Ennis had met some man unknown, if not her father, in the public garden of Westcliffe at a quarter to one on the day of the murder. It is little to be wondered at that Mr. Padger's steps strayed from the direct path to Monplaisir, and that he should find himself, when he awoke to a full consciousness of his surroundings, in that market place which was at the moment occupying so much of his

strained attention. "Well, as I am here," he thought, "I may as well take a look round and see if I can find by any chance where those two went when they disappeared.'

Standing at the corner of the High street he quickly perceived how hopeless a task he had set himself. An individual was so soon merged in the crowd and lost that it was impossible to follow them, and as there were five different streets leading from the place in various directions, nothing short of miraculous good luck could lead a pursuer into the right

He walked all round the market place, and down each of the streets without observing anything to indicate the place that had afforded Miss Ennis and her companion refuge that day. There were several hotels, but it was not likely that the girl, the daughter of a well-known resident, and herself from her beauty not a little remarkable, should have visited one of these with a stranger. It was just as improbable that she would have gone to his lodgings, and if they had entered a private house, no clue as to which was

obtainable. "No go!" was the brief but emphatic fashion in which Mr. Padger summed up the failure of this unsatisfactory enter-

The moon was just rising in golden splendor as he passed through the gates of Monplaisir, but the trees arched so closely over the avenue that not a ray of light penetrated to illumine the path. Underfoot the sandy soil, parched by weeks of rainless days, was reduced to the consistency of fine, soft powder, upon which his feet fell noiselessly, and he glided along the gloomy tunnel as silently

as a midnight specter. He was about to emerge into the lighter space beyond, when he beheld pacing the lawn, on which he had held his interview with Mr. Ennis, on the occasion of his first visit to Monplaiser, a slim figure attired in a white dress which glimmered nebulously against the dark background of the shrubbery, and which he felt sure could belong to no one but Miss Ennis

He paused in doubt as how to proceed. He could not advance further without attracting her attention, and though there was no particular reason why she should not know of his visits, supposing she noticed him at all, he hesitated, almost un-

iscionsiv, to go on. Before he could make up his mind what to do, the matter was settled without his intervention. He saw Miss Ennis stop with a start, and the next instant she gave a sharp cry of alarm, as with a faint rustling the dark figure of a man issued from the bushes close to where she was standing. Apparently she immediately recognized the newcomer, for she gave no further signs of consternation, but remarked in a stern

"So you have dared to come?" "Dared Gertrude," said the man in a voice which Mr. Padger failed to recognize, though it sounded vaguely familiar: "Dared! That is a strange word from you to me after what has passed." "Did you not receive my letter?" she

asked in the same suppressed voice. "I did. That is the reason I am here. I will speak with you. " She remained silent for a moment, as if comparing possibilities, and then said

"So be it, if you will. But come here

into the shade, lest my father should see With a shrug of his shoulders the man rapidly to the gaping blackness, in the

so close that had he stretched out his hand he could have touched her on the shoulder at any moment during the conversation that ensued. The man joined her in an instant, but so dense was the darkness under the trees that his face was merely a featureless blur of somewhat lighter tone, and no human eyes could make out his identity.

"Why have you come?" she said. "I told you not to."

"1 know," he answered. "Do you think I would submit to be flung off like that. I have tried to see you sincesince that day, but you have avoided me. Now I will speak to you. 17

"Make haste, then. Say what you have to say and go," she said with feverish energy. "If my father should see you-''

"Why should he not know?" interrupted the man. "All?" asked the girl in a voice of

concentrated horror. "All. Why not?" "Why not!" wailed the girl, as if ap-

penling to some unseen spectators. "He can ask that! My God,' "What do you mean, Gertrude?" said the man harshly, making some indefinite

"Ah! do not touch me," she cried, stepping back hastily almost into Mr. Padger's arms, until he feared that every instant she would hear the laborbreath which in his excitement he | That the colonel will be left out in the was powerless to control.

man, but he drew back as he spoke, and she followed a few steps, crying:-"Mad! I have enough to make me. I

"Have you gone mad?" exclaimed the

get. 1 "Do you then repent what you have "Repent! I-, "she said in a voice of indescribable anguish, "Do not you?" "Look here, Gertrude," he said sternly, "I'm hanged if I understand

bind us together not thrust us asunder.' 'You can say that, ' she said, 'Do youthink I could forget?'' "Heaven help me if I understand you,

"Ah!" she interposed fiercely, in a shrill, dry tone, ''do not mention her "Why not?" he said in a deep, almost menacing tone. "If I can bear to speak

it, surely you can learn to endure it." "I will not have it spoken between my letter-go.' gain. I wish to know why. I am will-

ing to put the past behind me, and keep silence, to try and forget. What more can you ask of me than that?" "I ask you to leave me, Now and forever.'

weighing upon me, day by day, and night by night? No, if you can forget so easily, so much the better for you. I can not. "What am I to make of this, Ger-

"But, Gertrude-"

trude? ' "What are you to make of it?" she wailed again. "What have you made 111211

"Fool!" she exclaimed with wild intensity, "do you think I do not understand? I like you can keep silence, but I can bear no more I know there is a tie between us that nothing but death. perhaps not even that can break, but in this life let us never meet again. "? As she concluded a figure appeared on

the threshhold of the front door at some distance off, and after an inquiring glance round the garden. Mr. Ennis was heard calling to his daughter. "But Gertrude-" said the man at the

"Hush!" she whispered hurriedly. 'There is my father looking for me. "Will you not see me again?" "No. What is the use? I will think

and let you know. Now go, and quick-

same moment.

The man disappeared silently into the darkness Mr. Padger would have given a year's income to be able to follow him and find out who had been the second interlocutor in this strange dialogue, but unfortunately Miss Ennis remained silent and motionless for some minutes after the stranger's departure, and he scarcely dared to breathe. At length she drew a long shuddering breath, neither sight, nor sob, and turned and moved slowly away in the direction of her father. The next moment Mr. Padger was making | the dust of the avenue fly beneath his

feet. But he was too late. The mile

[To be Continued Next Week.] Turnip Seed. Turner, McClure & Co. have thirty

varieties of fresh turnip seed. COLONIZING NEGROES IN MEXICO. H. C. Ferguson Tells of His Prospects in the Land of the Aztec.

Special to the Gazette. . LAREDO, TEX., Aug. 30 .- H. C. Ferguson, a prominent colored Republican of Richmond, Fort Bend county, Tex., arrived in Laredo yesterday from a trip to Mexico, where he has been prospecting for a location of a colony of colored people to be taken from the Texas sugar and it is said grading will begin in a few bowl, composed of the counties of Whar- days. It is to be a double track railway. ton, Fort Bend, Waller, Brazoria and Matagorda. Ferguson reports that he is well pleased with the prospects, and that the government of Mexico meets them with liberal concessions and every inducement. Land is superior to that in Texas and dirt cheap. No made. The company is to organize in the shape of an immigration society which purchases the land and sells it to the immigrant on long time with a good rate of interest. Although the scheme is covered with a cloak of philanthrophy, it is acknowledged to be also a moneymaking scheme. Its originators are colored men from Fort Bend county who are almost refugees from that section. The late riot and killing in and county will doubless aid to bring the immigiraton schemes to a focus, as some of the inhabitants there will doubtless want to move out. The company have their ever on rich lands in the state of Vern Cruz, where they can purchase any quantity of land they wish in a hody, and they are under. contract whin find arrangements are made to transport anot less than one thousand and no more than twenty thousand to this happy land of Canaan.

The Star Spangled Banner. BALTIMORE, MD., Aug. 30. - Mrs.

McPherson, widow of old defender Capt.

McPherson, claims that the original flag turned and followed her as she advanced | which floated over Fort McHeury and inspired "Star Spangled Banner," is mouth of which Mr. Padger was linger not in the possession of Eben Appletoing. So swiftly did she move that he She states that the original flag had barely time to step backwards in wrapped around her husband's body and among the trees before she had halted is buried with him in Green Mountain

AFTER TRAIN ROBBERS.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker Offers Good Rewards for Them.

Quite a Number of Fostmasters Appointed for Texas-Reed to be Speaker-Harrison

and McKinley.

Got an Office.

Special to the Gazette. Washington, Aug. 30 .- Mr. Adolph Zadeck wanted to be consul at Hamburg, Germany, but couldn't quite reach it, but his commission was made out to-day which will authorize him to conduct the Corsicana postoffice. Other postmasters appointed are George W. Dawson at Tyler, Thomas Breen at Mineola, J. D. Leonardson Luling, B. W. Martin at Ellinger Frank Clark now thinks he has sure

though he may have to wait sweral weeks longer before official action There is a rumor affoat that Col. De-Gress has been offered some first-class appointment, but when interviewed he would not affirm or deny its correctness.

thing on the El Paso custom Youse,

cold is sarcely probable. TOM REED'S CHANCES. The impression is growing that Tom Reed will be elected the next speaker of the house. His chief rival, McKinley, wish to heaven I was, that I might for- | will be at the disadvantage of having to participate in the Ohio campaign, and can't therefore, in the event of an extra session, leave his state duties to manage his tace for the speakership. Realizing this, McKinley has repeatedly urged the president not to call a session in October. What the latter's real purpose is nebody

sentations were not without effect.

Reward for Train Robbers. Washington, Aug. 30.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker has issued the fol-

lowing order: Washington, Aug. 29.—Ordered in consequence of frequent armed attacks made by highway robbers upon the United States mail in the Western states us, "she cried again, "You have had | and territories for some time past: The postoffice department for the year ending "I have had your letter. That is why June 30, 1890, will pay the sum of \$1000 enough in half an hour to commit a deed | I am here. You say we must never meet | as a reward for the arrest and conviction upon any stage coach or railway train will be paid to any person or persons causing such arrest and conviction on the presentation of satisfactory proof thereof "Do you think, "-she went on hurto the department. Order No. 139, of date of July 16, 1889, offering \$200 reriedly-"that I could live with that ward in like cases, is hereby rescinded.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Internal Revenue Appointments, Washington, Aug. 30 .- The following appointments have been made in the in-

ternal revenue service: Storekeepers and gaugers, John W. Pastell, in the Second Kentucky district: Charles Collister, in the Eleventh Ohio

Storekeepers-Frederick N. Isbell, in the Second Kentucky district: James B. McNeill, T. J. Maydwell and John W. Low, in the Fifth Kentucky district. Guagers-John G. Galloway, in the

Eighth Kentucky district; Joseph F. Manning, in the Fifth Illinois district.

Washington, Aug. 30 .- The president appointed the following postmasters among many others: Adolph Zadeck, at Corsicana, Tex., vice A. W. Wood, removed: Geo. W. Dawson, at Tyler, Tex., vice R. R. Long, removed; Jacob D. Leonard, at Luling, Tex., vice Charles R. Chambers, resigned; Thomas Breen, Mineola, Tex., vice John W.

A Texan Resigns, Washington, Aug. 30 .- John G. Raymond, M. D., of Texas, medical

examiner in the pension office, has re-

Gage, deceased.

MOUTH OF THE BRAZOS. Work at the Future Dean Water Port Progressing-A Double Track Road

Houseon Tex., Aug. 3 A GAZETTE aponter to lay interviewed a gentleman us from the mouth of the Brazes. He says that work is now being pushed as plenty of brush is being secured along the banks of the river near Columbia. The recent blow, it has been ascertained, shifted the bar several hundred feet toward the shore, thereby shortening the jettles. . At present there are nine feet of water on the bar, a gain of three and a half feet. The Brazos and Southern railway which will run from the mouth to Houston has been located to Arcola with a branch to Alvin.

Freight Paid. Fully Warranted. 3 Ton \$

other sizes proportionately low. Agents well paid, for III, entalogue. Address H. W. HUBBARD, Gen'l Ballas, Texas. Engines, Boilers, Mills, Gins, Beitin



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initrious ingredients I bose pier so cta; or sent by half, receipt of price. Br. J. H. Schene

DALLAS.

can say, since he has kept his intentions profoundly secret, but it is fair to presume that the Ohio statesman's repre-

Postmaster-General.

DUR SUCCESS

Drs. Betts & Betts,

DEBLEY E. J

Granuan Detective Bureau Co 5- Ton Cotton Cin