

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OR FIGHTING FOR A LION BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Doctor of Phoria," "A Truncated Tragedy," "The Doctor," Copyright 1905, by Charles Morris Butler.

CHAPTER XIX.

First Night in the Haunted House. The interior of the "Haunted House," with the exception of the front room, was in fair order.

"What are your intentions concerning my daughter?" the doctor asked. "My intentions are honorable ones. She can bear my name—it is not of honorable one in the sight of such as you—but in this case, it is a protection against insult; and while I live your name rests on that which will avenge her honor."

"You speak many things," replied the doctor, "I cannot quite understand you by any means. You are actuated by egotism, akin to love or revenge, for instance, I could see through it."

"You forget," Dr. Huntington, I feel for you and your daughter. You do not know me, but I heard of your name before I saw you. I have been a hard man—I have done many things to be ashamed of in my time; but I have repented to alone for my sins, and I do not mean to harm you and your creature in the hands of such a man as Schiller. I could explain my motives better than I do at this time. I do not think it best."

"I thank you," replied the doctor, "and will try to look upon the matter as the act of a true gentleman."

"How can I ever sufficiently thank you for your kind interest," said Pearl, who perhaps understood Lang's motive better than her father.

"Simply by never mentioning the fact again," Miss Huntington, and by following out any plan I may give you which I shall think for your benefit. It was the gallant reply of Louis Schiller to the doctor's question.

"What," cried Wilson, "a turn? I have been here for years, and have seen every part of the ground, and have never discovered it."

"Such is the truth, however, I could escape from the city, walk from here to the station, No. 1, obtain a relay of horses and be well on my way to civilization before missed."

"As to that, Lang, I can well believe I could believe anything of you."

"You are acquainted with my history," replied Louis. "The only thing that I should like to know is that of Jim Denver was a 'put up job.'"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Wilson. "Then you are—"

"—I might the term," interrupted Louis. "I have my suspicions about you also. I presume I can rely upon you."

"Your suspicions are correct. You can depend upon me. I am here for the purpose of robbing the colony."

"I presume you have made some headway while here, toward utilizing the services of others besides yourself?"

"Yes, I have tapped about twenty men to assist in forming a society for that purpose. These are all desperate criminals now working in the mines. As you and I are concerned there also, but have the privilege of sleeping here nights, we ought to be able to smuggle into the colony the necessary arms and ammunition to make an outbreak successful."

"I think this can be done," said Lang. "Hold me up to the test, and has promised me his aid. Rogers is a little inclined against Schiller, and Louis is sure he can get his cooperation."

"If you have won over Rogers," replied Wilson, elated, "the task should be easy. All the military stores are in his keeping, and he is a good fellow."

The two friends conversed on the subject for quite a time. Then after a hasty lunch, Wilson complaining of being tired, and realizing far better than Lang what labor would be expected of him on the morrow, retired.

Lang, before retiring, went down to the front room, and fastened the locking of all the doors and patched up the windows as much as possible, not to mention Dr. Huntington and Pearl engaged in conversation, he knocked upon the parlor door and was bid "Come in," by the doctor.

Dr. Huntington had aged considerably in the last few weeks. His hair, which up to this time was naturally black, was now streaked with gray. His eyes, usually so bright, were now dull and watery and surrounded by heavy rings of black. The strong, manly features were softened and his face was sitting by the window, and Pearl was kneeling at his feet. The doctor rose to his feet when Louis entered the room.

"You are the husband of my daughter?" the doctor asked in an agitated voice.

"An old man," said Louis, respectfully. He was struck by the sight of so much misery, and pity lent tenderness to his tone. "But do not misunderstand me, I do not mean to reassure the hapless prisoner. I did not marry your daughter to take advantage of her weakness nor of

set his wife to work to concoct some scheme by which his purpose could be carried out. The most plausible pretext that presented itself was to accuse our hero of being a spy. To have done this at this juncture would have been to bring ridicule upon himself. Apparently that would be too much like petty revenge, and whether true or not, it would not be believed. As a means of accomplishing his designs, however, and give a semblance of truth to the rumor, he stilled an aide to spy upon the group.

This spy, who had earned the sobriquet of "Satan," by being employed in just such cases as this, before, had been able to get into the ear of Pearl and her father; but Wilson and Lang, being guarded in their conversation, he was unable to overhear. If he had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise, nothing could have saved them from being strung up immediately.

Satan, of course, overheard the conversation between Lang and Dr. Huntington. This conversation was very pertinent to the doctor, and he encouraged him greatly. At this stage of the game he would have been satisfied to marry Pearl to Schiller, while she was a young girl in her company; had shown him that he loved, or thought he did, this innocent girl. He had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise, he had heard that he had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise, he had heard that he had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise.

One week's sojourn in her company; had shown him that he loved, or thought he did, this innocent girl. He had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise, he had heard that he had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise, he had heard that he had heard them planning the destruction of Paradise.

One way to trap Lang would be to catch him sending letters to Mrs. Huntington, notifying her of the part of her husband. As Satan had notified Schiller of the intention of Lang to do so, this seemed an easy matter to accomplish. If Lang could be caught in the act, his doom would be certain.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER OF THE BOND.

Not Horse Trader's Fault if Other Misunderstood Him.

In the ordinary way bluff old John Hester is as honest as the sun, but it is difficult for a man to rigidly adhere to a righteous upbringing and deal in horses at one and the same time.

At a horse fair recently a fine old quartered farmer approached him. "Will that cow nag pull, sir?" he queried.

"My friend," said John quietly and sincerely, "I assure you that it would do you good to see that horse. John was as well trusted as known, and the horse changed hands at the price."

"If I could have it, he met the purchaser a week later, and the latter pounced upon him."

"What d'ye mean," he roared, in a voice that was heard by all, "what d'ye mean by telling me that horse would pull? Why, that spavined brute won't pull an empty drag."

"My friend," said old John, "if you will reflect a moment you will remember that I said it would do you good to see that horse. And so it will, my friend."

Elastic Schedule.

Mark Twain was once the best pilot on the Mississippi and he never tires of river stories and steamboat yarns. At dinner on the Prinz Oscar, from Genoa to New York, he said one night apropos of a fog:

"The worst boat on the Mississippi is the only boat on the Mississippi in my time—was the Stephen J. Hill. This boat's sturdiness was only equaled by her slowness. Only strange crew, the tenderest, unskilled men. A coast of mine took the Stephen J. Hill to come to see me at Hannibal. In the afternoon a thick fog drifted down on the Stephen J. Hill and she heave to for the night. As she lay there, swathed in gray, my cousin said to the captain:

"It is too bad we're going to be late, captain."

"We ain't going to be late," the captain answered, "but I'm afraid that we had to tie up to this bank here all night."

"So we do," said the captain, "but that ain't going to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."

"Getting Him."

On the other hand, the actress is apt to receive some of her prettiest compliments across the water. She was buying gloves from a sweet-faced girl and she fitted them exceptionally well I stopped for a word of thanks. She blushed the said sweetly. "Oh, don't mention it, but—would you mind giving me a few hints?"

"Hints?" I echoed in wonder. "Yes," This with more blushes, but eyes a-dancing. "I saw you last night in flow to Win a Husband. And I don't wonder you're so successful. Do you wonder that I told her to keep the change?—Lillian Burkhardt in Woman's Home Companion.

If Not There, Where?

The publisher had reached his office late and there were signs of a storm. He had just passed through a strenuous experience.

"The trouble is," he said sheepishly to the waiting author, "that you don't make the marriages in your novel happy ones."

He sighed.

"And the Lord knows," he continued, "that we've got to have happy marriages some-how!"—Smart Set.

Not Knocking.

Miss Hygeon—I saw you at the concert last night. Did you notice how I sang?

Miss Hygeon—Yes, dear, I undoubtedly saw much to wish with drawing the cords, though there was a good deal of public curiosity to hear the new opera and Miss Daisy; the wonder, my harpist, you know.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

Weak, Irregular, Racked with Pain—Made Well and Gained 30 Pounds Heavier. Mrs. E. W. Wright of 1728 1/2 Main St. has this to say: "In 1888 I was suffering so with my pains in the small of the back and had such frequent dizzy spells that I could scarcely get about the house. My periods were so irregular. Monthly periods were so distressing I dreaded their approach. This was my condition for four years. I tried many Pills helped me right away when I began with them, and three boxes cured me permanently."



Wm. S. Porter, Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents per box.

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS

By their taste effect upon the system they are the most reliable and most palatable of all purgatives. The normal operation of the bowels is re-established, and instead of a distressing, unhealthy, and unwholesome condition of the system, the patient is restored to a normal, healthy, and comfortable condition.

DISFIGURED BY ECZEMA.

Wonderful Change in a Night—in a Month Face Was Clear as Ever—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"I had eczema on the face for five months, during which time I was in the care of physicians. My face was so disfigured, could not go out, and was going from bad to worse. A friend recommended Cuticura. The first night after I washed my face with Cuticura Soap and used Cuticura Ointment and Resolvent, it changed wonderfully. From that day I was able to go out, and in a month the treatment had removed all scales, scabs, and my face was as clear as ever. (Signed) T. J. Smith, 311 1/2 St. Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

A pretty girl is one who is handsome and doesn't know it.

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BY THE TIME this Publication reaches its readers the first sheets of a new booklet on Healthful Living will be off the press. This booklet cost thousands of dollars to prepare. The facts it sets forth are the result of thirty years of experiment, analysis, research. The ideas of the leading dieticians of the world are summarized in it. It would be hard to compute its value in dollars and cents, but it will be mailed without charge to any reader who asks for it.

We hope to send a copy into every home in America. It ought to be read by every man who desires to have physical strength, to do his full share in the world's work. Every woman who wishes to perform her noble duty to herself and family should only read it, but carefully, thoughtfully study it.

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PE-RI-NA STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

F. S. Davidson, Esq., Lieut. U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., care U. S. Pension Office, writes: "To my mind there is no remedy for catarrh comparable to Perina."

"If I have done right, I want your help to continue to do so. In order to enlist your sympathies with me I am going to make a confidant of you. I am going to place my life in your keeping."

"You can trust me," simply replied Wilson, and he meant it.

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"You certainly have, Lang," said Wilson.

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Advertisement for Shiloh's Consumption Cure, featuring a picture of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for lung ailments.

Advertisement for No. 1000, featuring a picture of a bottle and text describing its medicinal properties.

Advertisement for Kemp's Cough Balm, featuring a picture of a bottle and text describing its effectiveness for various respiratory ailments.

Advertisement for Pileoid, featuring a picture of a bottle and text describing its use as a simple cure for hemorrhoids.

Advertisement for Daxtine Toilet Antiseptic for Women, featuring a picture of a woman and text describing its benefits for personal hygiene.

Advertisement for De Laval Cream Separators, featuring a picture of the machine and text describing its use in dairy processing.

Large advertisement for Constipation treatment, featuring a picture of a bottle and text describing the benefits of the medicine for digestive health.