

ADVENTURE IN THE RANGES.

The Adventure of an Irish Gentleman in America.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER I.

On an autumn evening, a gentleman sat in the best room of a tavern in Denver. A fire blazed upon the hearth, and sent queer shadows leaning about the stark walls and quivering in the dusty corners of the room. The gentleman sat opposite the fire, with one booted leg thrown over the other, and his chair tilted back, staring into the flame, and lightly humming to himself the Irish tune, "The Shan Van Vocht." He looked as merrily gallant and depressed as an olden knight in bad luck, for he was a handsome young Irishman as ever wandered from Ireland in quest of fortune. His costume was a departure from civilized garb toward the picturesque dress of a cowboy. By the side of the sickly chimney stood a square of printed paper had lately been stuck up, and on it the eyes of the gentleman frequently rested. It read:

"Wanted—A gentleman who speaks



THE GENTLEMAN SAT OPPOSITE THE FIRE.

French and is perfectly familiar with the Rocky Mountains region, to act as guide and driver to a party on prospecting tour. Address M. R., at this office.

The adventurer had stuck the advertisement on the wall, as if to see, by regarding it, how he would look in the employment which was offered. He was out of money, and nearly out of hope. Therefore any source of immediate income was to be appreciatively considered. But he was something of an aristocrat at home, and therefore the job of a coacher he had never before thought of as possible to him. Whenever his eyes rested on the bit of paper they brightened, but when they turned again to the fire they gloomed, and "The Shan Van Vocht" marked only the time of the fire was full of pictures, as all fires are to the observant, and the pictures they painted now to their watcher were melancholy enough. He saw the ruins of his family estate in Ireland; he saw the gallant gentility of ancient name wandering wearily in foreign lands. Desolate, pathetic pictures. But the fire pictures he studied were chiefly personal little pictures in which two persons played prominent parts. He was one of the actors; his cousin, Gregory O'Carroll, was the other. The last thing he had heard concerning Gregory was that he was seeking the hand of Kitty Mellish, the girl whom he had kissed good-by on the night before he quitted his Irish home to seek a better fortune in America. Would she be sorry, he wondered, if he never returned? Would she be glad if he wedded back in Ireland? What would she think of him—of Talbot Power, scion of the ruined, but still proud, Power family—if she knew that he would hire himself out as a coacher?

"She ought to think it better than cattle-stealing or stage-robbing," he said to himself; "and these are the alternatives, so far as I can see. So I go to M. R., whoever she may be, and she may have me if she will."

In an hour he was in the presence of Mrs. Mira Relitska, a Russian countess, wealthy and adventurous, who had come to America on a pleasure tour. At the end of the hotel room, in a rooming chair, was a woman of about thirty years. She had been very beautiful, but in spite of her comparative youth her face appeared old, upon closer inspection, because of the many fine wrinkles covering the temples and neck. Her gray eyes were watering, dull, and colorless. Only her heavy blonde hair and white teeth kept the beauty of youth, though her delicate hands showed her noble birth.

"Ah, is it you, monsieur?" she said, in a crench, in a lingering voice. "Pardon me if I do not rise to receive you, I am ill, so ill!"

The young man responded with an appropriate bow, to a chair and sat tranquilly down. Then he looked at Mrs. Relitska, and waited for her to begin. His hard, direct glance seemed to embarrass the lady, for she blushed slightly, and spoke in the plaintive, imploring tone of a child. "What have you seen Mason?" he being the agent through whom Talbot had briefly negotiated before calling on her. "You accept, I hope, the conditions which he has named?"

"Yes, madame."

"Ah, that is well. I am glad to hear it." She drew a small syringe from a case on the table beside her. "I am going to use morphine when I suffer so much. I am so ill!"

Lightly and skillfully she injected the drug under the skin above her left shoulder. Almost immediately her head fell back heavily upon the cushion of the chair. Talbot watched her in amazement, asking himself if the woman could be crazy. For a minute she remained motionless, in deep prostration, then suddenly she started up as if from a refreshing nap, she rose, and throwing back her hair with a coquettish gesture, said: "I feel quite now. Now we can talk. Mason told me your name, but I have forgotten it."

"Ah, thank you," said Talbot, "a little patience and matters will come right themselves. We can spend the night at this log-house; and as to the dangers that you fear I think them purely imaginary. I give you my word and will keep my eyes open."

In his own mind the young man was by no means reassured, but he would not alarm the woman, especially the

cigarette, she rested her arm upon the table and pleasantly repeated: "Yes, you please me very much, Monsieur. I think that my trip will last a year. Mason has asked me to give you three months' salary in advance. You shall have six. In several weeks we shall be able to judge of the other. If either of us shall have the right to break the engagement it not satisfied, I am to start in three days for a rambling, roaming tour of the Rocky Mountain region. I shall be your driver, if you please, to be a guide in an ordinary sense, but as a protector, adviser and champion—for me and the young lady who is my only companion. We are good travelers, and have come across the Atlantic as well as this far across America, without a mole's scort; but the Rockies make us afraid, and so we will trust our safety to you, sir."

Breakfast was the first meal which Talbot introduced to eat in the same hotel where his employer lodged. She asked him to meet her in the parlor at 9 o'clock, to be introduced to her young female companion. He was ahead of her, and she entered the room accompanied by the girl—typical Irish beauty, with gray eyes, rimmed by black lashes, with a clear white complexion sprinkled with a few freckles, and with a demurely shy manner—she turned to introduce the two young persons. But before she could utter their names they were themselves ejaculating: "Kitty!" "Talbot!"

Their clasped hands approached closely to an impulsive caress, and a kiss was reluctantly left unexchange. "You know each other?" Mrs. Relitska exclaimed.

"Ever since we were two feet tall," Talbot responded. "We grew up in the same county in Ireland."

"How strange a chance that I should have engaged Miss Mellish in London to act in jointed with you, and then you here in Denver to make out the party!"—and there was a tone of questioning doubt in Mrs. Relitska's mind, as though she glimmeringly fancied, as though she glimmeringly fancied, that she had introduced the two young persons. "I left Miss Mellish at home in Ireland when I started for America," said Talbot, "and I didn't dream that the woman was not still between us."

"I am glad to hear that," said Talbot, "and I determined to do for myself. I went to London, to teach, or do anything feasible, when I was taken by this lady."

The three singularly associated individuals sat together, and after a while packed their belongings for travel. Only for a few minutes at a time were Talbot and Kitty left alone together. The girl seemed disinclined to talk of her employer. Still, she was explicit enough to introduce the two young persons. "I left Miss Mellish at home in Ireland when I started for America," said Talbot, "and I didn't dream that the woman was not still between us."

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young and the dearer one. He had learned that twenty-five desperadoes, angered against the logging company, were assailing the neighborhood, resolved to plunder everything if the management should not yield to their demands.

Her agitation increased still more when they offered her for a repast, bread, bacon and beans. She said not a word, but Kitty knew her too well to be misled. At the sight of the pale face and glittering eyes, the disgust at the food, and the over-excitement of the morphine, the girl expected a terrible scene.

The log-house consisted of a large kitchen on the ground floor, and several small rooms overhead. One of these Mrs. Relitska and Kitty occupied, while Talbot took the garret with a single window opening on the prairie, from which he watched the horizon and warn the two women in case of danger threatening them.

In his restlessness and preoccupation he did not notice the Russian's abrupt manner. He suspected that she would replace the missing dinner by whiskey, but, being unable to hinder it, he feigned indifference, and soon shut himself up in his room and opened the window to the arrangement of cowboys, was incessantly closing in upon them, the only passengers in the coach, as if to shut off every means of escape.

Talbot did not for three hours move from his post. At length a movement arose outside, and he saw men going to and fro with lighted torches. What could be their designs? Did they mean to set fire to the house? Suddenly the men turned the grass and the log house and walked toward the enclosure where the cattle and horses belonging to the company were kept. Talbot saw that they meant to execute one of their favorite maneuvers, that of setting fire to the frames and buildings inclosing the animals. The latter, terrified by the flames, would break loose and dash frantically about, and while the people of the log-house were trying to catch them the cowboys would carry off all the baggage in charge of the stage company.

Just at this instant an outcry was heard from the room given to the women. Talbot grasped the door and a disgraceful scene was being made by the morphia woman. When he ought to be on the watch for the safety of his companions, he found himself obliged to save Kitty from the possible fury of a mad woman.

The morphia taker combined with the drunkard is no longer a thinking creature, but is a brute, whose unbridled passions may lead to crime. Mrs. Relitska was no longer a responsible person. She had forgotten all her promises to Talbot, and, after a struggle against herself, the wretched woman had come to the end of her forces. Kitty had not felt reassured, and, far from shaking Talbot's confidence, had been expecting that her employer would make an outbreak. As usual, Mrs. Relitska was seeking oblivion, and she doubled the quantity of whiskey just as she had doubled the dose of morphine. Wrapped in her sheets she lay prostrate on the floor, with vacant, wide-open eyes, and lost in a sullen reverie. The heavy silence was broken only by the shouts coming from the prairie encampment. The hours dragged slowly by; she did not move or speak, and she was going to fall asleep there? Suddenly she started up, throwing off her wraps.

"Kitty," she said harshly.

"I am here, madame," replied the girl, who had not stirred.

"No words! Obey me!"

Kitty understood that morphine was wanted; but whether her hand trembled or had grown stiff with fatigue, in administering the desired dose of morphine she happened to strike the Russian's forehead. Punishment was not long in following. Mrs. Relitska berated her so rudely that she burst into tears.

"I am the master," he went on. "You are a mad woman and a drunkard. Lunatics and drunkards should be left to themselves or be locked up."

In her exasperation she rushed at her adversary and struck at him, but his patience was at an end. He seized her hands, which still had the strength to clutch, and with a powerful grip. Had she some intuition that she would be obliged to yield? Her haggard eyes looked about for some weapon of defense. Suddenly, with a cry of joy, she seized the curtain which was hanging from a spring above her traveling outfit, and thrust it forward. The sharp blade touched his arm and made a slight wound. Then the young Irishman lost his composure from his powerful grip. He shouldered, and when she resisted, trying to stoop down, and make her escape, his hands closed tightly about her slender throat. The struggle was short

and violent, she resisting furiously, and he feverishly tightening his grasp. Suddenly she gave a short, choking sound, her eyes stood out, and her head fell backward by its own weight. It was all so hasty that Talbot started back in terror. Mrs. Relitska swayed to and fro, and, as if in a swoon, fell to the ground.

Just then shouts were heard without, in the broad space between the house and the river. There were cries of joy, of triumph, and could bear only a single



HE RAISED HER TO HER FEET.

ister meaning. "Ah, I had forgotten—they are coming to plunder us," thought Talbot. He ran to the window, grasping his revolver. Three cowboys were surrounding the house.

"There's the fellow," cried one, with an Irish accent.

The voice more than the words struck Talbot, for he gathered that the cow cousin, Gregory O'Carroll, that he felt for an instant that the speaker must be none other than his relation and rival. The mob vociferated anew, and one, with a thoroughly brutal face, cried out: "I'll look for him!"

This one lifted the muzzle of his gun toward the window, and before Talbot could draw back, the ball struck him in the right shoulder. With a groan he sat to his knees. Twice he tried to rise, but in vain. He was losing considerable blood, and his strength was exhausted by useless efforts. The struggle between will and strength could not last long. Finally he closed his eyes and fell backward.

He did not regain consciousness until midnight. A clot of blood, forming about his wound, had checked the flow which might have proved fatal. Then the event which had passed so rapidly returned one by one to his confused memory. How did he happen to be still alive? A pale ray of moonlight crept through the open window upon the ghastly face of Mrs. Relitska, slowly and painfully he dragged himself toward her. She did not move; she was dead—killed! But by whom? By him, Talbot, or by those men? He looked at her in horror, and asked himself if he could be the murderer? Impossible. She could not have succumbed so quickly.

Traces of blood reddened her livid cheeks. Her ears were lacerated. Then, finally, Talbot raised his head, and he saw that he had broken into the house, plundering everything, even to the jewels in the woman's ears. Dead? The robbers had thought her to be in a swoon, not knowing that the poor creature had expired. Instinctively, and almost unconsciously, he drew out the pins. What did this envelope contain? The last wishes, no doubt, of the dead woman. He tore open the paper and was almost stupefied on finding four bank notes of 400 pounds sterling, equal to about \$80,000, which he held in his trembling hand! A fortune acquired through blood—one of which nobody knew, and which had by him been the means of the ruin of the brigands. It was a horrible temptation. Twice Talbot's hand was outstretched to restore to the dead her blood-stained money; twice his evil genius stifled the last efforts of his weakening conscience.

At last he closed the envelope, and pinned it inside his own clothes, with the very pins which had served the owner. His heart was beating as if it would burst, and he had the consciousness of an irreparable downfall. Some hours before he had been an honorable man, with only chance to blame for his poverty. Now he was a thief and a murderer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It seems to be generally conceded that cholera originates in the deltas of Lower Bengal, and in those of Siam and Burma, but just how is not yet known, though much has been written upon it. Dr. G. A. Stockwell, of London, says: "It results from miasm; but whether or not this miasm is developed on diseased rice, as has been suggested, it must be admitted the disease, in its most malignant form at least, was originally confined to Europe and America, and even now depends for its vigor more or less upon the constitutional dyscrasia of individuals, and for its persistence upon certain telluric, meteorologic, atmospheric, and concomitant unsanitary conditions." We may as well accept this statement as any, though it calls to mind Tennyson's line, "In words like weeds I'll wrap me o'er," and Eliza Cook's statement that the chief difference between the learned and the ignorant consists in the fact that the learned simply had more words with which to display their lack of actual knowledge. When an Australian skull is described as micropthalpic, platyrrhine, phaeozygotic, tapirino-dolichocephalic, prognathic, hypsoalopalic, leptostaphylic, dolichuranc, and chanaeoprosopic, what does it teach in anthropology and how does it in any manner indicate intelligent distinctions between types of men? Craniology in its present state holds little of value to a student.

Pogo says that there is only one objection, so far as he is concerned, to riding a trotting horse. The horse's back is always coming up when the rider is going down, and going down when the rider is coming up.—Boston Transcript.

WASHINGTON STATUES.

One Was Cast from Old Cannon at a Cost of \$50,000.

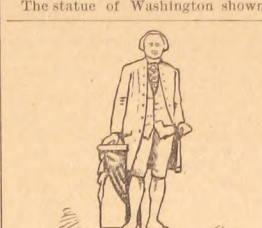
A Washington statue stands at the intersection of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire avenues, Washington, and was designed by Clark Mills. It was



STATUE OF "WASHINGTON AT PHILADELPHIA"

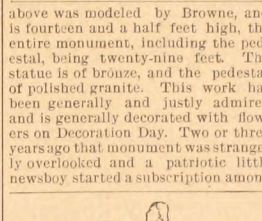
voted by Congress in 1853, and cost \$50,000. It was cast from cannon, and represents Washington as at the battle of Brimont.

This illustration shows the statue of Washington that stands in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in which the father of his country is represented standing by a reading desk.

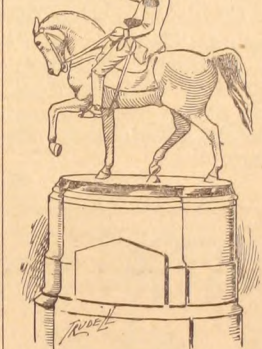


A PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON STATUE.

Above was modeled by Browne, and is fourteen and a half feet high, the entire monument, including the pedestal, being twenty-nine feet. The statue is of bronze, and the pedestal of polished granite. This work has been generally and justly admired and is generally decorated with flowers on Decoration Day. Two or three years ago that monument was strangely overlooked and a patriotic little newsboy started a subscription among



ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.



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appear on the coat-of-arms upon the memorial brass to Laurence Washington in Sulgrave Church.

Said of Washington.

The want of France is a Washington—Lamartine.

A people that does not hold in honor its historical grandeur is like one who denies his parents.—Auerbach.

The death of John Brown at Harper's Ferry is more than Cain killing Abel; it is Washington slaying Spartacus—Victor Hugo.

Washington's religious impressions were in harmony with the rest of his character—deep, rational, practical.—Edward Everett.

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benignant glory.—Washington Irving.

Napoleon I., before going to Egypt, said of Washington: "Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions."

The lights from city to city across the continent in that day, are only one light. From the hearts of the whole American people, love and respect and veneration for the name of the great man who was the first President—John Boyle O'Reilly.

horns galloping toward the mill. The much desired article was quickly secured, and the horseman was soon back to the tavern. Although supper was a little late, Washington had his mush and milk, and later the party resumed its journey.

ANCESTRAL HOME OF G. W.

It is Believed to Be in Northamptonshire, and Is Known as Sulgrave Manor. Many efforts have been made to accurately trace George Washington's family history, but none have met with complete success. The old Manor House at Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, was the home of a family of Washingtons, who, apparently, had a common baptismal name, "Laurence." There is a brass plate in Sulgrave Church to the memory of a "Laurence Washington, Gent., and Anne, his wife," who had a large family of sons and daughters. One of the sons, or else a grandson, also called Laurence, we find obliged to part with the Sulgrave estate, and subsequently removing to Brington, near Althorpe Park, probably on account of being related to Lord Spencer. In the church at Brington can be found his epitaph, dated Dec. 13, 1616, showing that by his wife, Margaret, daughter of William Tees of Sussex, he had eight sons and nine daughters. Of these, John and Laurence are supposed by some to have emigrated to Virginia, though this is disputed by other authorities.

The connection between the above-named John and George Washington's great-grandfather John is by no means clearly established. The latter settled in Virginia about 1657; his eldest son, Laurence, had three children—John, Augustine, and Mildred. Augustine was twice married. By the first marriage there were four children, of whom only two, Laurence and Augustine, grew to manhood. By his second marriage, in 1730, with Mary Ball, he had six children, one of whom, George, was destined to become one of the greatest men of the age. George Washington's early days were passed under the guardianship of his half-brother Laurence at Mt. Vernon, where, after his eventful career, he died the 14th of December, 1799.

Washington's descent from the family above mentioned is, to a certain extent, borne out by the fact that the "stars and stripes," so familiar in the American national flag,



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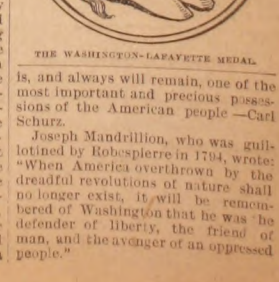
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Popular hero worship is to be commended and encouraged when it consists in the admiring contemplation of conspicuous virtue and wisdom. The memory of George Washington



THE WASHINGTON-LAFAYETTE MEDAL.