

# Four Joel Pike

BY ALBION W. TOURGEE.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

When the Senior had his laugh, he sat and looked at his client for some minutes with amused intentness as if he were a half-pleasing, half-annoying puzzle. What he saw was a slender man, who might have been of almost any age from fifty upward. His features were small but of classic regularity; his lips and nostrils thin; slight moustache of light brown; a little of it, and a pair of brows above them long but thin and gray. His hair fell to his neck behind the ears, and when he raised his hat, showed that it was cut square across just above the eye-brows in what would now be known as a "bang". He wore a brown cloth overcoat of a style which had been old-fashioned in my boyhood. It had a cape, fastened at the collar with a frog, and had a double row of great brass buttons up and down the front. Around his neck was a scarf of the richest and finest material, and a pair of what were then termed "fringed mittens", which must have come nearly to the elbow. Inside of these he wore a pair of dressed buckskin. His hands were small, with long fingers and narrow, flat-chapped nails. On the table, he reminded one strongly of the portraits of Aaron Burr. There was that about him which gave the idea of a man intellectually at variance with his surroundings. The quietness and evenness of his tones, the absence of any display in his conversation and all excitement from his manner served to deepen this impression. Well-dressed, he would have been pronounced a handsome man; in any garb an observer would look twice at his face. He was reputed to be one of the richest and unassuming of the stingiest and meanest men in all the country round. Slight as he was, he was said to possess unusual physical strength. It was said that no one had been found able to work with him, stroke for stroke, day in and day out, for a month.

Despite the numerous controversies in which he had been engaged, few men had been brave enough to try conclusions with him physically, and once had been enough to satisfy each of them. The stories told of his eccentricities were numerous, some of which he had, and some of which he had not. People seemed to think that nothing could be so bad to say of one who made no pretense of caring what was said of him. Yet, with all the antipathy existing against him, no one ever ventured to question his veracity. At one of the Senior's rose, he threw off his shawl, laid his hat on the top of his desk, and sauntered to the window. His stooping shoulders and the pose of his shapely head, whose black hair was just beginning to show signs of gray, let the scene of his business—actual power and an immense capacity for continuous mental effort. That he was an orator, full of humor and pathos, was only an incident, like his thorough legal equipment and a memory that never lost the impression of a fact.

Ruggles resumed the conversation with a slight pausing, no heed to the rebuff he had received.

"That's a fine yoke of cattle you have out there, Mr. Pike?"

Every one else addressed him by his given name, but Ruggles was young and not without a touch of policy in his nature, so we were called "Mr. Pike."

"More'n one has made that remark afore, Mr. Ruggles," the old man answered, quickly looking around with evident satisfaction.

"Good blood, too, I should say?"

"Sure, cherry-red veins; don't have no one else, if you'll let me see 'em on one of them. I'll give ye the yoke."

"What makes you so fond of Devons?"

"Easy kept, step lively, and know enough to vote."

"Well broke, I suppose?"

"Broke? I kin start them steers down the street, let 'em exfer, fer 'em they kin hear me; stop 'em, turn 'em round, an' back 'em up to any door in the village without goin' high 'em. Know any hoss team that'll do as much?"

"No, certainly not; but I should think you'd keep a horse for all that—just to give your running around with, you know."

"Never owned but one hoss, and never expect to own another."

"Why not?"

"No use for 'em."

"But they move so much quicker than oxen."

"Never see much gain in it—for a farmer, that is."

"Oxen are so infernal slow!"

"That's a great mistake. Such cattle as these move nigh as fast as horses, and they'll let you see the same with 'em'll do more. Take it you know in haulin' logs or wood—that's about all farmers do in winter—I keep three pairs of 'em an' generally have another yoke comin' on. Now, I take 'em all an' go to the woods—three sleds an' one driver, you see—but as much as any hoss team'll haul on each sled an' start 'em back. A man can drive three yoke of cattle just as well as one. Now, it'll take a little longer for the oxen to make the trip, but when it's over, I've had three loads an' the other fellow one."

"But you must admit that horses beat them on the road."

"Well, yes, if you're goin' far enough and not too far, an' don't go too big a load. If one's only going a mile or two, a brisk stepper'll get there while a horse can't be hitched up to a horse. And take it you know in any day with a load behind 'em, the oxen are apt to come out ahead."

"They say you used to drive a whole train of them yourself and be on the road twenty or thirty days."

"Yes, I said the old man, with an absent smile, turning toward his interrogator and throwing back his great coat, "that's one of the queer things I've heard that people tell about me. The fact is, I had a lot of lumber to take to the carbon two miles, you know. Lumber was up just then, and not warranted to stay up. There was enough on't to keep four hoss-teams haulin' all summer. That meant four men to run 'em. I found I could take more or twelve teams an' do it in less time with two men. That's all."

JOEL PIKE GAZED STEADILY INTO THE OPEN DOOR OF THE STOVE.

rebuff, though one was evidently intended.

"Are those the cattle that ran away with a load of your wheat and upset it over in her field?" he asked, looking around and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder toward the street.

"They might be."

"The man that mad to pitch it on again, they tell me."

The man by the stove rade no answer.

"It isn't true that you told the man who was working for her he might put in the barn and say nothing about it?"

Still no answer.

"It isn't a fact that you were seen lugging corn out of your own field at night and setting it up in hers, until the shocks stood most as thick as the hills had been, is it?"

The man moved uneasily in his chair and drew the collar of his great coat around his neck as if about to depart.

"They do say," continued the badgering lawyer, "that her little bit of poor land raised the biggest crops ever known in this country, after her husband died, though it wasn't half tilled. They even say her chickens laid two eggs apiece every day in the year."

"She needed 'em bad enough," was the dejected answer.

"No doubt of that," said the Senior, coming back to his seat by the stove, "but it was a queer thing for you to do, Joel, wasn't it now?"

"I don't know as there's any harm in helpin' them that needs it," replied the other, beginning to button his coat.

"And after all the widow wouldn't even look at him! Poor Joel!"

The questioner's eyes shone with satisfaction and his face twitched with merriment. He was accustomed to roast a witness, and could not resist

the temptation to tease a client whose business, though profitable, was hardly worth the one of his distinction. Suppose he did get angry? What did Harmon & Ruggles care? His patronage was not of as much importance as it had been twenty years before. The victim's patience was finally exhausted and there was a faint fire in the steel-blue eyes as he replied:

"Squire Harmon, I never had any more idea of marryin' the Widow Harrington—than you." He laid especial stress upon the name.

"What made you do such silly things?"

The lawyer was quick to note the change of temper and did not care to go too far.

"Perhaps it might be—I s'pose—but I was sorry for her; she didn't seem to have none too many friends; an' them that claimed to be her friends 'peared to have pretty much forgot that she was alive."

The hit was palpable one and the lawyer winced at the emphasis.

"Then why didn't you come out and say it was meant for charity, instead of sneaking around as if you were ashamed of it?"

The old man turned on his questioner and said in a reproachful emphasis:

"Squire, you knew Susan Gedney—you used to claim to be her friend; do you think she'd have taken anything from me, if she'd known it?"

"She said she'd go to the parlorhouse before she'd eat a crumb you had touched," I believe.

"Yes; and she'd have died there, too, if Joel Pike hadn't befriended her—unbeknownst; and you know it, Squire."

"Oh, not so bad as that, I guess," answered the lawyer, a little confused by the directness of the accusation.

"I never heard of anybody else crowdin' favors on her—did you?"

"Well—no; but for you—Joel Pike—to do such things—now wasn't it queer?"

He was a long while since I came of age, Squire Harmon said the other, as he picked up his whip and mittens.

"And then to think it was all lost—'an' waded! Poor Joel Pike!" continued the lawyer, regardless alike of his victim's words and acts. "One who had waited until your time of life to begin earning, deserved better luck, eh, Joel?"

The man made no answer but twisted his whip about his arm and started towards the door.

"I suppose she couldn't get over the way you you got the old place."

"That was just what was the matter, Squire," said the other, earnestly pausing by the door. "It wasn't any of her fault—she just didn't know."

"Of course; and none of the money paid for the place being found—'it certain didn't go to her, did it?"

"So it did," said the old man, candidly. "I never blamed Susan a bit—not for that—at least."

"And your failure to produce the deed until his death, naturally aroused her suspicion."

"I never heard the deed and a receipt with a good witness, too."

"Her husband?"

"The other nodded.

"He claimed to have been drunk when he signed it."

"He never swore to that, did he?"

"I never heard that he did; and don't know as anybody would have believed him if he had."

"I do," said the old man almost fiercely. "The lynx, white-livered skunk! I'd give a year's work to have seen him do it, an' then have heard you ask him, 'I never heard the deed, just to please wipe his eyes out with some other paper you'd have handed him. You'd have enjoyed it, too, Squire. It would have been worth remembering by every one that heard it.'"

The man's vengeful glare, though very quiet, was apparent enough.

"What you mean by that, Joel?" asked the Senior. He was not to be diverted from his object by the other's anger.

"No matter—he knew."

"There wasn't any love lost between you two?"

"If you know about half as much as you think you do, Squire, you wouldn't wonder."

"I don't know much," was the confident reply, "but I can guess at things pretty close."

"No doubt of that, Squire. You can see into a millstone as far as the man that picks it, no matter who he is—and guess you'd be able to see some guesses' in just as good as knowin' which is the reason, I suppose, why people generally have more confidence in what they guess at than in what they know."

"Well, how could you expect one not to guess the secret of such a transaction if you were talking to me and make of, why didn't you come out and make a clean breast of the whole matter?"

"There wasn't but one person had any right to know about it."

"You mean Mrs. Harrington?"

"I mean Joshua Gedney's daughter."

"How could you tell her?"

"She never asked."

"You would if she had, I suppose?"

"I don't know as I would, Squire. I guess 'twas best she shouldn't know—until she died."

"You mean when she died?"

"The other made no answer.

"You're a queer man, Joel. They say you wanted to marry the daughter, after the mother was gone?"

"I offered her a home—told her if she'd come and live with me, I'd give her the best education to be got and let her have everything when I was through with it."

"You wanted a daughter, then—not a wife?"

"I wasn't particular—I didn't want her to go—to the folk down East."

"The other nodded.

"You would have married her rather than have that happen, I suppose?"

"It might have been for the best," said the other simply.

"It was a good offer, and she ought to have accepted of it with a covert sneer. "I should like to have seen her mistress of the old place. Somehow, I have always thought Stephen Gedney's heir ought to have it."

"So she ought—so she ought," said the old man earnestly. "It's more'n a pity it ever went out of the family."

"It must have been hard for Susan," continued the lawyer, suggestively. He was leading his client like an unwilling witness to confess what he believed to be the professional instinct lying in wait for any lapse—any weak place in the old man's guard. It was not that he meant him any harm; he would have scorned to take advantage of anything he might have admitted, but he could not endure a mystery. He had tried a hundred times to probe his

one, and it irritated him that he could get no nearer its solution than he was when he began.

"It was awful!" said the old man looking down at the floor with a long sigh, "awful! If I'd dreamed of half the trouble and worry it would bring, I—'t seems to me as if I wouldn't have done it, Squire; but I would—I know I would. There seems some things a man can't help doin'."

"Harrington was never any account after that."

"After?" His voice trembled with scornful emphasis.

"Well, he wasn't worth much before. It must have been hard for Susan Gedney, dragging out life with that drunken brute."

A spasm of pain which was terrible in its intensity passed over the old man's face, his eyes closed, and he said:

"Squire," he said huskily, "a man don't never know how much it costs to try to smuggle up a wrong—till—till he's tried it—never."

He turned back to the stove, took his leather mittens from his pocket, held them to the fire a moment and then drew them on, slowly one after the other. The firelight shining on his

eyes gave the appearance of tears. He took off his mittens, drew out a spotted handkerchief, blew his nose vigorously, and turned again toward the door.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, as he paused with his hand on the knob. There was something very like a sob in the unwonted huskiness of his voice.



HE PAUSED WITH HIS HAND ON THE KNOB.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Mastodons.

It is positively asserted by the Stickeen Indians that within the last five years they have frequently seen animals which, from the descriptions given, must be mastodons. Last spring, while out hunting, one of these Indians came across a series of large tracks, each the size of the bottom of a salt barrel, sunk deep in the moss. He followed the curious trail for some miles, finally coming out in full view of his game. As a class these Indians are the bravest of hunters, but the proportions of this new species of game filled the hunter with terror, and he took to swift and immediate flight. He described the creature as being as large as a post trader's store, with great, shining, yellowish-white tusks, and a mouth large enough to swallow a man at a single gulp. He further says that an animal was undoubtedly of the same species as those whose bones and tusks lie all over this section of the country. The fact that other hunters have told of seeing these monsters browsing on the herbs up along the river gives a certain probability to the story.

## Curious Phases of Growth.

One who has devoted some time to the study of finger nails states that they grow more rapidly in children than in adults, and that the growth is slowest with the aged. His observations, however, do not stop at this, for he finds that both in childhood and age they grow faster in summer than in winter. The period of renewal differ proportionately with the length of the fingers. Thus is it more rapid in the middle fingers than any other. In the fingers on either side of the middle finger the period of renewal is about equal and slow. It is even more slow in the little finger, and the slowest of all in the thumb. Comparing the same fingers with the different hands, the person who discovered these curious phases of growth states that on an average the nails on the left hand grow at a right-handed person require eighty-two days longer to renew than those of the left. In one particular the growth of the nails and hair and beard are governed by the same law, that of growing more rapidly in summer than in winter.

## Cats.

Three cats of a species said to be unknown were discovered recently in the spire of a church at Brighton, Mass. The cats are covered with a coat of long shaggy fur; their teeth are long and almost like tusks. On the nose of each is a large tuft of hair resembling a tusk. They are very agile and spring from rafter to rafter with the ease of a squirrel. It is not known how they got into the spire or how long they have been there, but it is believed that they have been confined in their aerial abode for many years.

## Mrs. Edward Payson Terhune.

(Marion Harland) is indefatigable in her literary work. She has written cook books and novels, essays and blank verse, and has now sailed for Europe and the holy land to gather material for an oriental romance.

## A French Scientist has Just Weighed the Earth.

As the earth itself is the scale with which we weigh things, this is a feat as remarkable as lifting one's self up by one's own bootstraps, or climbing a ladder and then hauling it up after one.

The bald-headed man can tell us about "parts" known.

## LABOR MEN MEET.

Thirtieth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor held its thirtieth annual convention in Chicago. The convention was called to order in the Council Chamber by President Samuel Gompers, who introduced John J. McGrath, President of the Chicago Trades and Labor Assembly. In calling the 100 delegates to the convention to order Gompers used a gavel that is one of the treasures of the order.

It is made of iron and steel bands wrought from the metal of one of the guns the Pinkerton men used at Homestead, a bit of the Homestead works fence at the spot where one of the fiercest battles there was fought, and a button from the coat of a Pinkerton guard. The mallet and handle are from the wood of the tree beneath which Major Andre was captured.

Mr. McGrath assured the visiting delegates that the organizations of Chicago were glad to have them in the city, and then gave the Chairman William C. Pomeroy, of the local committee, who delivered the formal address of welcome in behalf of the unions of Chicago. The address was a remarkable one. The speaker said he would like to welcome the convention to a prosperous city, but would not. He welcomed them to a city where the "palace shines bright in the anti-Christmastide and the hovel holds not a fagot to warm its freezing tenants," and in the name of those editors erected to the glory of God, but whose doors at night are tightly closed to the freezing poor; of those ministers who fatten from the vineyards of God, meanwhile forgetting that God's children are hungry and have no place to swing their heads; of the pillars of the sweating system, and the aristocrats, whose souls are endangered by avarice for gold, I bid you welcome."

He then went on to suggest remedies for the situation.

Secretary Chris Evans' report for the year shows a heavy increase in active membership and a corresponding growth among the cigarmakers, the garment-cutters and tailors, and the mechanical trades. Treasurer John B. Lennon has also now practically completed his report. The federation's finances are much improved, owing to increase of revenues and the readiness of affiliated bodies to meet calls.

## FARMERS IN SESSION.

### Hard Times and the Cold Weather Keep Many Away.

The annual session of the National Farmers' Congress convened at Savannah, Ga., with less than fifty delegates present. The session was opened by the cold weather in the West, hard times, and the grippe causes of the small attendance of the congress. The object of this meeting was to influence such legislation, State and national, as the agricultural and productive interests of the farmers of the country. The political standpoint; to discuss and formulate measures of importance, and to lay them before the legislative bodies.

Vice President D. P. Purse of Georgia presided. Hon. P. W. Meldrim of Savannah, in behalf of the Governor of Georgia, welcomed the delegates. Judge C. B. Rounds of Maine responded. The address of welcome for the State Agricultural Society was made by T. J. Wade. Hon. Daniel Needham of the New England Agricultural Society responded. The Mayor of Savannah warmly welcomed the delegates to the city. Hon. B. F. Clayton, Secretary of the Congress, in his response, outlined the work before it.

## MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

### Signs that Are Believed to Predict Happiness or Misery to a Bride.

On the day of the marriage so many superstitions are believed to exist that it is a very wise bride indeed who remembers all those little acts that are so sentient with meaning in regard to the future, says the Philadelphia Times. If by chance she should happen to put on her left shoe first, her married life will prove unhappy; therefore it behooves her to look carefully to this portion of her toilet, and be certain to select the right foot as the first to be attended to.

No bridal guest should wear a costume entirely black as such a choice will bring sorrow to the nuptials; the best man stumbles on his way to the altar it is regarded as a most ominous proceeding, and at any rate is awkward enough to merit rebuke.

The wedding-ring should be a circle of gold unbroken by any jewel, as the significance is that the bride and groom's life will be typical of the endless love which prompts its bestowal. To try on the ring before marriage is certain to bring on dire misfortune, and many there are who would regard taking it off as an actual sin, holding fast to the belief that it was placed on the finger for all time, and not merely as the symbol of an evanescent affection. When the bride leaves the assembled company to change her gown she throws her bouquet among the group, and the fortunate one who catches it is promised a husband within a year, providing always that he or she is single at the time. It is the duty of every bride who pretends to be at all versed in these superstitions to throw away every pin that was used in her bridal attire. The bridesmaids, and even the groom, are willing to go down on their knees on the carpet in order to secure one of these luck emblems, and each one fortunate enough to possess herself of even a bent and decrepit specimen feels blest in the thought that good fortune will attend her from henceforth.

## Notes of Current Events.

### Congressman Henderson, of Iowa, is slowly regaining his health.

DEPUTIES destroyed four illicit stills in Jackson County, Kentucky.

The largest dynamo ever built has just been completed at Pittsburg.

NEBRASKA's chief of police met at Omaha to organize the State association.

BISHOP COXE, of Buffalo, publishes a third letter denouncing Mr. Satoll.

The cut in wages of employees of the Carnegie Company Jan. 1 will be 40 per cent.

## Overlook of News.

CLARA WEIKER, the Shreve, Ohio, child-murderer, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

TWO STREET-CAR conductors of Youngstown, Ohio, have been arrested for passing counterfeit coin.

GEORGE J. RICE, once a railroad man of prominence, is in jail at Chattanooga, Tenn., charged with forgery.

BLACK diphtheria is said to have caused the death of two of Ben Zeeber's of New Pittsburgh, Ohio.

## A PLUNGE TO DEATH.

### SPAN OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT LOUISVILLE FALLS.

Estimated Loss of Life Varies Greatly—Engineers Say the Disaster Was Due to Faulty Construction and Weak Girders—The Morgue and Hospital Full.

### Awful Scenes of Horror.

At 10:20 o'clock, Friday morning the fourth span of the ill-fated Louisville and Jeffersonville bridge across the Ohio fell into the river. This proved to be the most frightful of the many disasters to the bridge, which has wrecked lives and swept away fortunes in a manner almost inconceivable. The bridge is under construction by the Phoenixville Bridge Company, of Phoenixville, Pa. Fifty men were at work on the bridge, all of whom were precipitated into the river. The dispatch says that the number killed will exceed twenty.

The bridge has been under construction for a number of years. Several times work has been suspended for lack of funds. Two years ago the Masonic Savings Bank failed because of its connection with the bridge company. Recently financial assistance was obtained and work was resumed. Three years ago in constructing the piers a dreadful accident happened at the caisson, resulting in the death of twelve men. Accidents have since occurred frequently, and first to last it is said that fifty men have been killed. This accident was due to the insecure placing of the "traveler" Thursday night. The wind still further loosened it and in the morning the order was given to draw it back into the caisson, and the men were started. The wind was high and the swinging of the false work forced the "traveler" from the piles on which it was placed. When the end slipped off the men realized their danger. The engine called to the men and ten of the fifty-one on the spot escaped. Forty-one fell 110 feet into the water.

### Witnessed by Many.

The shocking accident was witnessed by men employed along the river front and on the boats plying up and down the river. The ferry company had sent two boats to assist in securing the men who were on the bridge, and rescuing the workmen still alive. Both banks of the river were soon crowded with people. Many women were in the throngs, and it was apparent that they were parents and children of those who had gone over the bridge. The patrol wagons were kept busy and the guards were assisted by the fire department in carrying off the dead and injured. The wagons could not go to and from the hospital fast enough to receive those taken from the river. The injured were taken to the city hospital at the rate of about one a minute. All were unconscious and as a result their names could not be learned. Some were white and others colored.

J. W. Baird, Secretary and Treasurer of the bridge company, was one of the witnesses. He was at the city hospital at the rate of about one a minute. All were unconscious and as a result their names could not be learned. Some were white and others colored.

## YACHT RACING.

### Millions of Dollars Are Spent Yearly to Maintain the Sport.

The international race between the Vigilant and the Valkyrie makes interesting some account of yacht racing, the more so as most people don't know where the sport originated nor what its early history was. The first yacht race was held in 1660, when the Vigilant of England was the first yachtsman, having received a yacht as a present from the Dutch East India Company in 1691. The king was also a boat-builder, and planned the Jamie, a 25-tonner, which was built for the king. The Vigilant against the Bezan, a small Dutch-built vessel of the Duke of York. The prize was £100, won by the Bezan.

With Charles' death interest in yacht racing declined, and was not revived until 1720, when the Cork Harbor Water Club was founded. The club still exists as the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and has done much to popularize the sport.

Yacht racing received its greatest impetus in 1812, with the organization of the Royal Yacht Club of Cowes. The water club known as the Royal Yacht Squadron. At first the vessels of the club were small, their number not exceeding fifty all told. This little fleet has grown into the enormous roll of over 6,000, of which about one-fourth are steam vessels. Estimating the total value of the fleet at £1,000,000, and an initial cost at \$25 per ton, the magnificent sum of \$67,500,000 must have been expended alone for the building of this fleet of pleasure craft. The annual expenditure, including the maintenance of the vessels is estimated at nearly \$15,000,000, and while it is scarcely possible to calculate the number of men engaged on shore in connection with the yacht-building industry, those employed with the management of the fleet at sea number not less than 12,000.

Yachting has become very popular in America in recent years, and the American Register says there are now, in this country, upward of 1,300 vessels, steam and sail; and that the number of clubs exceeds seventy.

### Well Fixed.

The town of Gravesend is said to be the richest town or township in the world. It has no debts and it has close to \$1,000,000 on deposit.