

Paradise Found

BY RUDOLPH LEONHART, A. M.

Author of "THE WILD ROSE OF THE BEAVER," "TONONQUA," THROUGH BLOOD AND IRON," "THE CHILDREN OF THE OUTLAW," "THE TREASURE OF MONTEZUMA," "DOLORES," "EITHER, OR," "ATONEMENT," "BRIDGING THE CHASM," ETC.

(Continued.)

Just at this time the crowd was returning from the switch—the train having gone on its way—a circumstance enabling Pry to watch Sneak without exposing himself to the danger of discovery. Sneak did not seem to have sustained any serious injuries, although he occasionally grasped his right arm with his left hand, as if feeling some acute pain there. His clothes, however, had received some irreparable damage. There was a considerable hole in the right sleeve of his coat at the elbow, and a larger one at the knee. The fellow was evidently not crippled for a little later he arose, demanded his valise from the office clerk, and left the building, walking towards the neighboring depot. Pry did not venture to start in pursuit, but asked the clerk whether there was a train for the west due. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "the lightning express will be here in less than half an hour." The detective uttered a significant whistle, and then said to Hans: "See here, Sneak is going to leave on this train. You go to the station and see whether and whether he is going. I shall masquerade a little and will get there in time for the train, if we conclude to leave. Never mind the little bill; I'll settle for both of us." Hans went to the depot and discovered Sneak in the act of purchasing a ticket. After securing it he left the waiting room and walked up and down the platform. Hans went in and, stepping in turn to the ticket office, asked, innocently: "Know man bought ticket?" "No, do you?" replied the clerk, evidently amused at a brevity to which he was hardly accustomed. Hans merely nodded, then said: "Where to?" "Minerstown, Arcadia"—then turned to another patron and paid no further attention to Hans, who purchased a ticket to the same place, and was on the point of leaving the waiting room when a fellow with a nasal Yankee twit said to him: "Howdy dew? Pretty fair day?" Hans nodded assent, and was on the point of passing the Yankee, when the latter said in an undertone: "Why, Hans, don't you know your old friend? Going back on me, eh?" Hans gave a start of surprise, but did not utter a word. Pry resumed: "I see you have your ticket. Where to?" "Minerstown, Arcadia." "All right; you step out and watch Mr. S. only don't tumble over him, and don't take the same coach, either. I fear he will smell a rat before long if we are not cautious. Good night, for I shan't see you before morning. Pleasant dreams." A railway trip is rather monotonous unless the scenery is highly romantic. Even if it is, and you haven't the time to enter into details, what then? There is really no need to accompany the lightning express from station to station to hear their names sung out, or the waiter cry monotonously: "Last round for the dining car!" or "Lunch in the dining car now ready!" or the other musical utterances usually heard on such occasions. We alight with Mr. Sneak and the partners when the station of the village of Minerstown is reached and accompany them to the only hotel of the place. It is evening; but supper had been reserved for the travelers on this train, and soon our trio and two or more other guests sit at the table, where the stereotyped conversation usual on such occasions is started at once. "Stranger in these parts, pal?" "Not exactly. Used to mine in these diggin's. Thought I'd try my luck ag'in. Any new developments lately?" "Not that I know of. Came here for the same purpose. And you, neighbor?" he continued, turning to Hans. "Blacksmith," was the laconic reply. "Well, that's a good trade hereabouts. I reckon you'll find lots to do. The mining tools dull mighty quick." Sneak had listened with keen attention. Perhaps Pry was right, and suspicion had entered his mind; but the statements of the parties seemed to have dispelled his suspicions. If there had been any, and he left the dining room to engage a sleeping room and retire. He was not an early riser, and therefore failed to see Pry and Hans starting off at sunrise on an excursion in the neighborhood. They walked westward along the track to a decided western depression and eventually reached a wide, deep chasm, which was spanned by a bridge fully fifty or sixty feet wide. At its bottom, which was, perhaps, twenty-five feet below the edge of the ledges, rushed a wild mountain stream, foaming and hissing as it jumped over boulders or glided between rocks. It was a wild scene, and seemed to impress even the practical detective. "I have been here before, Hans," he said, meditatively, watching the wild scenery around them. Do you know that this would be an admirable spot for a diabolical scheme? Heavens! I shudder at the thought of the fate of a train rushing down this slope and meeting with some obstruction on that bridge! It would simply be horrible." The two then turned and reached the hotel in time for an early breakfast. To give probability to their pretensions, the partners then separated to investigate the chance for work and paying investments. After dinner, when they were alone, Pry said, cautiously looking around to be sure that no one could overhear them:

"I had some startling experiences this morning, Hans. I don't know how it is, but it seems that chasm with the bridge across and the foaming river below has a sort of fascination for me; before I knew it I found myself down there again. Memories of former years arose in my mind, for I spent a portion of my youth in this vicinity. I thought of a little cave in the hillsides, where we used to camp and ranch, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, I climbed up the slope and entered the hole, which is well hidden by dense bushes. I looked around and found it about as I had left it twenty years ago. After satisfying my curiosity, I was on the point of leaving the cave when I heard footsteps on the track, and looking through the bushes I saw—who do you think, Hans?" "Can't tell." "No one but our red-haired Sneak. You smile! Honest Injun, as we boys used to say; it was nobody but Mr. Sneak, and Sneak he did, too, for he looked around as if afraid of being seen. When he reached the bridge he looked once more, and then began examining the beams and planks, as if to test their solidity. He poked about with a stick he carried, and even felt with his hand under the ties, as if to look for some cavity. Now, tell me what in the name of common sense made him do that, Hans?" "Don't know." "Well, I don't either, for that matter, but I am ready to take a solemn oath that it wasn't for any good purpose. We must find out, Hans, and it was for this reason that I called you aside. I want you to go there right away, hide in the cave all afternoon and even evening, if necessary, and report whether Sneak turns up and verifies my suspicion. Will you, Hans?" "Yes." "Then go at once; only be stealthy in your movements, and once there do not show yourself. I may be mistaken, but am willing to bet my bottom dollar that you will have to report strange things this evening." Hans made no reply, but at once started on his mission. He avoided the track, and only once took to it when he was near the bridge. Next he climbed the hillside, poked his cane in every dense bush, and soon his exertions were rewarded. "Keep giant powder on hand, pal?" "I do. It is an article used a great deal in the mines here. Sold a can to the red-haired fellow in the tavern this afternoon. Want a can?" "Hardly a whole can. Haven't you some empty ones which you can accommodate me with?" "Reckon I can. Here is one as good as new. How much?" "Oh, a pound is as much as I can make use of." The storekeeper weighed the powder, put it in the can and asked: "What next?" "Keep rubber tubes?" "Yes, all sizes. How big?" "About half an inch in diameter. That will do, I reckon. Now, have you caps used for starting blasts?" "Certainly. We have several sizes. I suppose it is about what you want?" Pry looked at Hans, who nodded; so Pry said it was all right, added the torpedo to his purchases, paid for them, put them in the satchel and withdrew, followed by Hans. They reached their room without being observed. Seating himself upon the bed the detective began: "Now, Hans, listen! The train is due here—that is, at Fairville—at six tomorrow evening. I understand Fairville is only two miles west of the bridge, so, making an allowance of five miles, she will get to the bridge at 5:55. Now, it stands to reason that Mr. Sneak will not put his bomb on the track until near that time, since he isn't interested in wrecking other trains. He will, therefore, hardly make for the cave before dinner, and more likely not before three or four p. m. My plan is, therefore, as follows: We announce after breakfast that we can't make Minerstown pay, and shall therefore walk to Fairville in search of something better. We take our satchels, pay our bills and depart, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Sneak, who covets no spectators for his movements. We walk to the bridge, spy carefully in all directions and slip into the cave, where we fill this can with sand, attach the tube and torpedo and substitute it for the bombshell which we confiscate and hide." "River," Hans suggested. "You mean we had better drop it into the river? That won't do, Hans. It is my opinion that it is our bounden duty to arrest this wholesale dispatcher of human flesh. Vesperia isn't so densely populated as to be able to afford such luxuries every day, so the penitentiary is by far the best place for our friend Sneak. It is my opinion that he will creep back into the cave to enjoy an unimpeded view of his massacre. It is then that we must gobble him; so see that your revolver is in trim, and put a stout rope in your pocket. Well, this racket has stirred me up so that I must take a walk before retiring. Bong sore, Hans, as the Frenchies say." (To be continued.)

TRADITION.

In the world dwelt a giant, His name was Tradition, All men bowed before him. Lo, one day came a man, And defied the giant, Who crushed him with quick, huge hands, Till red blood spattered the green grass: While all the slaves shrieked, "Fool!" Years passed, and men Looking on his white life, said, "There lived a hero!" But the man was dead. —Ernest Neal Lyon in "Munsey's." MERRIE ENGLAND! twelve copies for 50 cents

COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

Table with columns for 'REPORT OF RECEIPTS.' and 'Total' showing amounts received from various contributors like E. A. Weeks, O. M. Staples, etc., totaling \$1,318.34.

THE COLONY AND MINES.

As it is an axiom that all wealth is derived from land (agricultural and mineral), and as the opportunities for securing such wealth are day by day becoming smaller and more difficult, and as the present and future success of the Social Democracy will depend upon its owning as much as possible of such wealth, it would seem to be a matter of the highest importance that the S. D. of A. should take such speedy and effectual action as will enable it to secure, whilst the opportunities exist, all the mineral and agricultural land it can under existing laws.

A VOICE FROM "EQUALITY."

Editor Social Democrat: The colonists here wish to thank the officers of the Social Democracy for their assurances of kindly sympathy and support. A good substantial element throughout the country are watching the movement with keen interest, and hasten to assure us that they will not and can not afford to see us fail. On the other hand, those who are now in the service of the co-operative enterprise here feel the gravity of the charge they have assumed, and we tremble sometimes for fear some blunder or mismanagement will injure the great cause. We trust that good business management will come to our aid as the undertaking increases in magnitude.

THE COMMON LONGING.

Editor S. D.: Greeting—I write this at the request of branch 12 of Pennsylvania, of which I am organizer. At our last meeting we elected Arthur Cull as pioneer of the branch. He is a dear friend of mine, for whom I have a high regard. He has a most lovable character—modest, unassuming, thorough in all he does, and a sincere socialist of the high, altruistic type. I feel sure that he will make an ideal pioneer, one who will do his whole duty without grumbling at whatever comes his way in the shape of reward. I realize fully the necessary requirements to make a first-class pioneer, and am very anxious that we make as few mistakes as possible, especially in our first selections. Arthur Cull is the kind of man who can be happy in the country. He is very much alive to the meanness, the hollowness, the altogether unloveliness of present city life, and is, moreover, a student of Thoreau, with somewhat of the poet-naturalist's peculiarities. You can easily understand how such a man is cramped and harassed between the interminable dirty brick walls of a big city, bearing an existence which is not life in its true sense. Telling and mulling amidst the horrible noise, and heat and grime of a great weaving shed for eleven dreary, monotonous hours a day—when he is lucky (7) enough to have work, and I, myself, know it is torture to him, and the one thing, at present, that makes the slavery bearable is the thought that soon—ah, he is counting the days till the time shall come—he will be able to leave the whole nightmare behind and journey to some place where he can put his willing hands to the task, the priceless pleasure of helping to build the commonwealth of our dreams, where "Thine and mine shall be ours, And all men shall have a share, In the joy and gain of living, In the days when the world grows fair." Arthur Cull, like myself, wishes to be in the first rough and tumble fight with nature. He is willing to do anything, but would most of all like to work on the land. He would like to work around the farm. He has had some experience of this kind of business, and

BOOKS...

- List of books for sale including 'The Ancient Lowly; or A History of the Ancient Working People', 'The Equilibration of Human Aptitudes and Powers of Adaptation', 'The Inter-Mutual State', 'A Soldier Talks', 'Wealth Against Commonwealth', 'A Daughter of Humanity', 'The Juggernaut of the Moderns', 'Our Destiny', 'The Co-operative Commonwealth', 'President John Smith', 'A Breed of Barren Metal', 'Man or Dollar, Which?', 'A History of the Paris Commune of 1871', 'Woman in the Past, Present and Future', 'Brotherhood', 'Heterodox Economics vs. Orthodoxy Profits', 'Bersford's Derringer', 'Civilization Civilized', 'Direct Legislation', 'PAMPHLETS—Single Copies, 5 cents.', 'Catechism of Socialism', 'Maguire—Harriman Debate: Single-Taxer vs. Socialist.', 'Marx's Theory of Value', 'Marx's Analysis of Money', 'Patriotism and Socialism: A preliminary pamphlet.', 'The Red Flag', 'Crimes of Capitalism: Evolution of Industry', 'Hard Times: The Cause and Cure, by F. G. R. Gordon', 'The Social Democracy', 'SOCIAL DEMOCRACY EDITION MERRIE ENGLAND', 'What Do You Think of this Great Premium Offer?', 'JOHN HARVEY Anon Moore's Inspired Book'

