

The Temptation of Father O'Flynn

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

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For the third time the unknown peaks had come to the desert mission with a haul of lustrous virgin gold as a present to Father O'Flynn, in token of their gratitude for his many kindly deeds.

A beautiful, exciting story it made—the stakes, the leaves, the wondrous forms, untarnished, gleaming, fresh from the workshop of the gnomes of earth. What treasures of wealth must lie after in those inaccessible hills for the Indians to bring it forth so readily? What tales had been told of the vastness of the riches there, denied to all save these, the dusky guardians of its secret source!

Old Scar-Face, weary with his many years; stood smiling in his silent way as the priest received the gift. For Father O'Flynn he entertained no grudge of affection, grounded on ten years of more or less constant association. He spoke as the mouthpieces for the tribe.

"These are Injun's present," he said.

"Hepp good!"

His eyes twinkled as he watched the gleam reflected from the glinting gold in the churchman's kindly face. "Heavens! Heavens!" murmured Father O'Flynn. "Indians all say good brothers!"

For a moment he looked into the gleaming eyes of the donor, and then his glance stole away to the great slope of acid land whereon he, one bright dream had always focused.

In imagination he saw the sagebrush acreage transformed by the magic of his powers. He saw the church of imposing masonry risen from the earth. He pictured the low stone houses of the mission, clustered near; he fancied the barren waste a curve of living greenery, with orchards, vineyards, dells, and loving kine, for a mile or more around. He saw the faint green water-way—the long canal to bring the precious water to the land, winding in a tortuous belt about the hills. He smiled at the thought of clover in the arid, where bees should buzz at their plunder. Across some inward sense of his soul there crept the sweet chimings of the vesper bells.

This gold—this wondrously mounted hidden gold that lay in some rock-vault, far from the white man's ken—how quickly such a mint as this could realize his dream, and then the plain. The handful already supplied by his friends was nothing but a hint of what he needed to attempt his mighty work.

Why should the mountains guard from him the secret of their hoard? The Indians were his beloved friends, and in the end would be his benefactors. Theirs would be the missions, the herds, the orchards, the houses the fields of waving grain. What a wondrous exchange he could give them for the secret of their wealthless, hidden mine! True life, true godliness, true plenty, true content—all for the yellow dress lying useless in the hills!

How sore was the priest's temptation no man may tell. His mouth was dry and his voice was hoarse as with a long fastness of purpose, he turned again upon old Scar-Face.

"My friends have never told me where they get the gold," he said. "I heap like to see where it comes from. Indians know I am their brother. Will you take me there to see?"

"Yes, Injun take um," said old Scar-Face readily, pursing up his mouth as if to whistle, but making no sound. Then he added quietly: "Heap take to see um, but put um blindfolded on the eye, all way up there all way back."

The good father's heart gave a mighty leap in his bosom. They would take him there—blindfolded, to be sure, lest he note the devious trails by which the place was reached; but they would take him. That was enough; for the rest he was sure he could put his trust in heaven.

His breath came fast as his hand fell upon his rosary.

"Tomorrow I go. You take me there," he said.

"Tomorrow," answered Scar-Face. With all his gold hidden, and with many special prayers for celestial guidance in his quest, Father O'Flynn made ready for his trip that very afternoon. At 4 o'clock young Manu rode over to see him from the valley far beyond. In the heart of the handsome young horseman were much love and much anxiety; in his purse were little money and even less of hope.

"My horse should be named Despair," he said, "for I live so much in his company. I fear my marriage with pagania may be presently impossible, since I lack so much of the price to buy a ranch and her father would wed her to a gringo."

"Then cheer up, lad," said Father O'Flynn. "Sure, tomorrow it's myself that's making a special pilgrimage to gratify the saints, and 'twill be no surprise if they smile upon your troubles."

"Where are you going?" said the visitor eagerly. "May you not need a friend to go along?"

"Not at all, at all. I shall be with my friends," the priest replied. "I've no mission to take along, and I've nothing at all but my rosary. But after that—perhaps next day—who knows, my son, sure it may be you and I must ride to the mountains together!"

The old man's pathetic appearance and his weird proposal of hospitality in such circumstances slightly touched Efron. He twisted his hat in his hands for a moment, and then assented.

Denig poured out two glasses of whiskey. Efron drank his hastily; Denig very slowly and with trembling fingers. A moment later Efron was gone.

The old man, when he was alone, sat down to his desk and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then he picked up the whiskey glasses.

"I would never bear it, never bear it," he muttered to himself, then with his hands he carefully washed the glasses and replaced them on the sideboard. Next he took from his pocket a tiny cardboard box, and burnt it and its contents in the fire.

Before retiring he quietly took his wife's room. He bent over her sleeping form and kissed her gently. Then he made his way to his own room, drew down the blinds and carefully locked the door.

Now his expression changed. The lines on his face seemed to disappear. His movements became more sprightly. From a secret drawer he took a key and opened a large safe. Then, one by one, he drew forth the books he carried from the safe to the table some books with wonderful covers, most wonderfully printed, most wonderfully old. In his eyes was the dull, greedy light that brands the bibliomaniac.

On the following morning Efron was found dead in his bedroom at the hotel. The doctor confidently diagnosed heart failure. Except that the man's name appeared from his cards to be George Newton, nothing further was known in Birmingham about him. Humphrey Bowen in the By-stander.

How Mark Twain Missed a Fortune.

With "Steve" Gillis, a printer of whom he heard, he went up into Calaveras County to a cabin on Jackson Hill, where he was to be a partner in a mine.

"Jim," a lovely, picturesque character (the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte), owned mining claims. Mark Twain decided to spend his vacation in pocket mining, and soon added the science to his store of knowledge. It was a balcony, happy three months that he lingered there. One day, with "Jim" Gillis, he was following the splices of gold that led to a pocket, somewhere up the hill where a chill, dreary rain set in. "Jim" was washing and Clemens was carrying water. The "color" became better and better as they ascended, and Gillis, possessed with the mining passion, would have gone on regardless of the rain. Clemens, however, protested, and declared that each pail of water was his last. Finally he said, in his deliberate, drawing fashion:

"Jim! I won't carry any more water. This work is too disagreeable. Let's go to the house and wait till it clears up."

Gillis had just taken out a pan of earth.

"Bring one more pail, 'Sain,'" he pleaded.

"I won't do it, 'Jim!' Not a drop! Not if I knew there was a million dollars in that pan!"

They left the pan standing there and went over to Angel's Camp, which was nearer than their own cabin. The rain kept on, and they sat around the grocery and barroom, smoking and telling stories to pass the time.

Meantime the rain had washed away the top of the pan of earth left standing on the slope of Jackson Hill and exposed a handful of nuggets of pure gold. Two strangers had come along, and, observing it, had sat down to wait until the thirty-day claim notice posted by "Jim" Gillis should expire. They did not mind the rain, not with that gold in sight—and the minute the thirty days were up they followed the lead a few paces further and took out \$20,000 in all. It was a good pocket. Mark Twain missed it by one pail of water.

He Sees Double.

His name isn't really Guzzler, but it will answer the purpose, and it is descriptive. Guzzler has a habit of drinking up the wine when it is red, frequently to the extent that he can see two bottles where only one exists. Now, Guzzler is married, and recently the stock paid a visit to his abode. Several days after the event, two of his friends met, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! old man. Hear about the doings over at Guzzler's?"

"No. Anot? What's the party?"

"Yes, in a way, Guzzler's wife has presented him with twins."

"Aw, tell it to Sweeney."

"Sure thing."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Well, I ought to know. Guzzler told me himself."

"Well, I wouldn't place too much dependence on it. You know Guzzler generally sees double!"—New York Times.

The London Feather Market.

The London market for the importation of plumes of all kinds has been the largest in the world and it is estimated that 5,000 persons are employed in the manufacturing and other work incidental to this trade. The value of the imports is said to be \$2,500,000 to \$4,000,000 a year.—Forest and Stream.

Many a man complains that he is misunderstood when he really ought to be thankful for it.

The trouble with our opportunities is that so many of them come marked C. O. D.

WANTS \$50,000 FROM ILLINOIS OFFICIAL; HEWED HER ILLEGALLY; THEN BALKED

Chicago (Special)—Revelations of a thrilling character are promised by James J. Brady, auditor of the commonwealth of Illinois, when the breach of promise suit which his wife has started against him comes to trial. The plaintiff, Mary Quinn Kuhn-Brady, also promises to make the hearing especially sensational.

It doesn't often happen that a wife sues her husband for breach of promise. Here's how it came to pass in this case.

Charles Kuhn was divorced by his wife, Mary Quinn Kuhn, on April 26, 1913. Two days later she was married to the state auditor. They were secretly married on April 28, 1913. However, the divorce law of the state of Illinois says a person divorced in Illinois may not marry within one year of the date of the divorce.

Balked on Second Marriage.

Mary Quinn Kuhn-Brady says the state auditor promised to remarry her after the elapse of a year. This second marriage would stand according to the law of the state. The date for the second marriage was May 1. Now she says Mr. Brady has grown tired of her. He refuses to go through the second ceremony. This constitutes breach of promise to marry. Therefore she wants \$50,000 for breach of promise.

She says the trouble began when bosses of the Sullivan wing of the Democratic party ordered her husband to get rid of her for political expediency. She quotes Brady in this order:

"Get out of here! You aren't my wife, anyway!"

Mr. Brady told an interesting story concerning her relations with the Illinois state official, but she says she is keeping almost everything back.

"I met Mr. Brady while he was a telegraph operator and when he was Mrs. Kuhn," she did consent to say. "I met him conventionally, and there was no marked impression at the time. I am not going to tell you just how it all happened, but I must do him justice to say he did not break up Mr. Kuhn's home."

"He treated Me Awfully."

"We went to Springfield after we were married and established a home there at 721 South Douglas street. Mr. Brady got to drinking and he treated me awfully. I can't tell you all the awful things he did to me."

"Of course I have a temper, too," the slight blonde young wife added with the most engaging smile. "I will really have to tell you that once I threw an alarm clock at him and broke it on the wall."

"When Mr. Brady got to drinking he was not himself. He once tried to choke me and if it hadn't been that somebody came to the door and interrupted him, I don't know what would have happened. He saw them coming and put

his arms around me like he was petting me—he certainly is clever.

Does Case of Interest in Hay?

"We went down to Atlantic City together and he drank up a whole case of beer in one afternoon between 3 o'clock and dinner time. He had the bathroom looking like a refrigerator."

"It was the same way at the home of hiding the best operator on him and said I was trying to keep the beer for myself. I went out and broke all the bottles on the floor, I got so angry."

"Then he got to waking up in the night and telling me the story of his life—and it was an awful story."

"I was only a little while after we were married that he came to me and said right out, 'Say, they can't sue a man for breach of promise after he's married, can they?' I told him, 'Sure they can if he has promised to marry another girl.' He got so excited about that it seemed to shock him."

Names a Resortkeeper.

"Then he told me about another girl. I think he named her Marie Otis—or something like that. She kept a resort at 1245 West Madison street over Cella's saloon. Brady used to tend bar there and she came down and broke up the bar for him one morning because he didn't call often enough."

"Did he tell you right out that he married you to escape a breach of promise suit?" Mrs. Brady was asked.

"Yes, he did."

"We were getting along like that when Mr. Brady got Mr. Kuhn to take a job in the auditing department at Springfield. Mr. Kuhn thought I was back of it, but he did not know then that I was married to Mr. Brady. At that he took the job. Mr. Brady also got a job for an uncle of mine in Springfield. They came into the story later."

At the state capital Brady refuses to say anything, except that the breach of promise suit against him was inspired by Republican politicians, that Mrs. Kuhn-Brady's statements are fabrications, and that he'll show her up when the time comes. He denies that he will resign his job, which is one of the most important within the office of the people of the state of Illinois.

"I was a telegrapher, and a good one," declared Brady in a recent statement. "I was a bartender and a good one. I am responsible for the office of the state auditor. When I talk about this lady I will do so under oath."

TAXES ON ADVERTISING SIGNS.

Boston is putting a tax on advertising signs. It hopes to discourage their use, and so improve the appearance of the city.

AMERICAN HORSE WINS "DERBY."

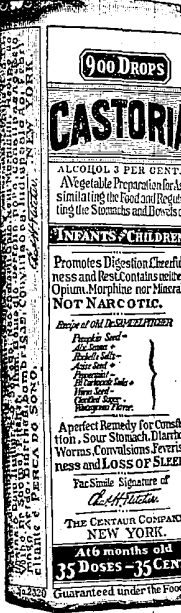
An American horse, "Durbar II," won the "Derby," the most famous of English horse races. It took prize money amounting to \$35,500. Thirty horses were entered. Durbar won in a canter three lengths ahead of his nearest rival. The horse is owned by H. B. Duray, an American. The time was not remarkable, 2:38. King George and Queen Mary watched the race.

SHE STARVES FOR FREEDOM.

Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette, is again out of prison after a New York—The late William J. Gaynor lost money when Mayor of New York City, his friends declared, is shown in reports that ex-ecutors of his will have arranged to pay a state inheritance tax on only about \$750,000, when it was generally thought the estate would total a million dollars or more. A check for \$9,500 has been forwarded to the State Comptroller on behalf of the estate.

NEW ORLEANS CITIZENS HOLD MASS MEETING TO BOB RACING

New Orleans, La.—Over 5,000 people attended a mass meeting of the advocates of the Reinhardt Racing Commission bill in Lafayette square and state legislature to pass the bill and let the people, through the referendum, decide whether or not they again wanted the races in this city.



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Or danger of worse kidney trouble. Here's convincing testimony.

John Humes, retired railroad engineer, 554 Fourth St., Monroe, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble came on me gradually and I got pretty bad before I paid much attention to it. The kidney secretions were highly colored and too frequent in passage. I was obliged to get up several times at night. I suffered from severe backache and constant pains through my kidneys. When I bent over, I could hardly straighten up again. I was in bad shape and used different remedies, but nothing seemed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills had been used in the family, so I decided to try them. They gave me great relief."

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QUAKE ON OTHER SIDE OF

LOBBE

The most violent earthquake shocks ever recorded in Australia came last Thursday. The center of the disturbance seemed to be near the Friendly Islands.

AT ZERO ALL BEHAVE ALIKE.

Recent experiments by Prof. Dien and others seem to show that, at the absolute zero of temperature, all metals conduct electricity equally well and without any resistance.