

THE EVENING NEWS.

Monday, July 21, 1861.

SAVED BY A HORSE.

[CONTINUED.]
"Yes," I continued, "having nothing to do one afternoon, I filled up a blank check; then, as it would not be complete without a signature, I signed the name of a prominent merchant. That same afternoon a pal of mine out of experiment, took it to the bank and had it cashed. Immediately after that, New Orleans became very quiet, and that is the reason I am here to-night."

"Lord!" laughed the scoundrel, while his eyes glistered at the information. "I reckon you're a cuss, after all. But you didn't get much of a pile, did you?"

"Only fifty thousand," I replied looking him straight in the eye.

"Then laying his hand upon the table he said, "Well, with a peculiar stress on the last note,

"That your repealer on your coat something, eh?"

"Two hundred and a half-gold," I answered, carelessly.

"S'posing we start up a little dicker," and he drew from his pocket a venerable bull's-eye, worth probably ten or fifteen dollars.

"Wall, if you will give me the difference, I have no objection," I returned.

"Difference? What do you mean, stranger?" he inquired, in the same hoarse tone with which he had first addressed me.

"I reckon that my watch is worth three hundred dollars, and yours, ten. If you wish to exchange, you must pay the difference in value," I explained.

The wretch threw himself back in his chair, and roared with laughter. "See here," he articulated between his cachinnatory efforts, "this thing has been goin' on long enough. The boot business, youngster, must go on t'other side of town. This here watch was owned by old Neer in the Ark, and is consequently, very antiquated and valuable. Now, if you want to swap, I want ye to say so, without any more foolin'. And that ain't all," he continued, suddenly drawing and cocking the pistol which he had hidden in his pocket, "I've got a hell of a hand over that little pile ya made in New Orleans. I reckon that will be about a square deal."

"But," I expostulated, "you surely do not intend to rob me, do you?"

"Call it what you please; only be quick about it," he growled out, sternly.

I saw that expostulation was useless, so I slowly drew forth the watch and laid it upon the table.

"Now," my limbs, and mind, no shakin', I continued in the same bovine base.

Oh, how I wished for my navies that were in my holsters. But regrets were useless. They would not bring back my horse or my pistol. To be sure, I could have got them back if I had this herelessus robber even. I had them, on account of my left hand being disabled; yet, I should have attempted to defend myself whether successfully or not. In a secret pocket of my undershirt, next my skin, I carried ten thousand dollars in bonds. That the robber suspected this I did not for a moment doubt. He knew it, and was as positive that I did have some money about my person, consequently my life was in imminent danger. Following out a plan I had formed in case anything of this kind came to pass, I reached forth my hand, and grasping the whisky bottle firmly by the neck, I placed it again to my lips. The time was even now in my favor, and I could put him off until daylight something might turn up in my behalf.

Suddenly I set the bottle down, saying: "Pahaw! if woman's head have a fresh drink of this critter, I don't want any."

I passed the bottle containing the vile stuff as affectionately as if it had been the elixir of life.

He seemed pleased with my suggestion, and exclaimed, "that's a fair gain, is it?"

walked to the sickly cupboard that stood in one corner of the room, and began searching for a fresh supply. As he turned his back towards me, I cast one rapid, searching glance around the hut for some mode of escape. In vain; I had never heard of a means from that hateful log-prison. The only communication with the outer world that I could discover, was a sort of window, or port-hole, more properly — that was about three feet distant from where I sat, and was hardly large enough to admit of a man's head. By good fortune it was open. Instantly I drew forth a scrap of paper, and scribbling a few lines upon it with pencil, slipped it between the lining of my cap, leaving a corner partly protruding; then, as Ann stooped for an instant to draw the cork from the whisky bottle, I raised myself with quick motion, and, covering my departure with my eye, hurried my cap away with it with the velocity I could master.

Hardly had I accomplished it, before he was beside me.

"Thar," he said, thickly, for the liquor was beginning to take effect upon his sluggish brain, "thar's yer lightnin', now drink it."

Leaving the bottle gently toward him, I bowed, and, with much politeness, said:

"Excuse me, but you are the host and I the guest."

With a coarse laugh, he grasped and carried the vessel to his mouth. I could have danced for joy at the length of time it remained there. Driving in the cork, he closed his fist, and, holding it in his hand, he returned it, saying:

"Look at that for a drink, yosagasser."

Raising it on a line with my eye, I held it at arm's length between me and the light.

Hardly had I done so ere the sharp crack of a pistol echoed throughout the hut. At first I thought it was shot, but the low guffaw of the half-drunk ruffian before me soon convinced me that it was mistaken.

"Why don't you drink?" he asked, as he regained his breath, while his hideous fangs protruded like those of a wild bear.

I looked at the bottle in my hand. To my amazement and horror there was no cork in it. Instantly the firing of the revolver was explained. He had been practising his deadly skill, utterly reckoning in his semi-intoxicated condition, as to the consequences.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed madly, as he toyed with the dangerous weapon in his hand. "Yer wouldn't believe I could snuff a whisky cork at that distance, would you?"

I was about replying indignantly, for I was drinking in treason by the fiend's own want of decency; when, with a sudden spring, he reached my side, and placing the cold muzzle of the pistol against my forehead, continued:

"This playin' has been goin' on long enough. I want them ar' rockes o' yours, and I'll give yer ar' three minutes to produce 'em in."

To be continued.

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