

...the most woman, and that it is all he probably knows about it. He will take his prisoners back to Apahoe in the morning."

"That is a rough town, full of Oklahoma boomers. We came through it three days ago."

"And Alloway spoke of the chances that an Apahoe mob might lynch his captives, because some of the bogus bills have been passed there. He talked to Wiams about this danger, and Wiams offered to provide half a dozen men for a posse. Hm!"

The admonition was caused by Deuce's incautious cry of alarm. "Don't you see," she said, "that if Wiams has made two men suspects for himself he will get them lynched instead of saving them? They'll be murdered."

"We will muster a force to defend them."

"Better release them to-night."

"How?"

"Well, somehow—anyhow."

The girl was emboldened with her purpose, and her companion caught from her an ardent spirit uncommon to his calmer temperament.

"Let me think," he meditated. "The guards can't be expecting an attack from the outside. They're only watching the wagon to see that its inmates don't break out. Mightn't I take one unaware when the others were not too close by, silence and down him by throwing a blanket over his head and so give you a chance to slit the canvas with a knife? If we had four horses ready we might get away before much of an alarm could be raised."

"Could you fight a stronger man than yourself? It would be better to let me help you."

"The fellow might be stronger than I, but probably not so quick or dexterous, for I am something of a wrestler. Besides, he would be caught at a disadvantage. And your part would require all your time and presence of mind."

They discussed the details of the plan freely yet rapidly. Then Will went out to get the horses ready. He found where the two mustangs were tethered. These and two other horses he saddled and led at a point a few rods along the road. Then he reconnoitered the prison wagon. The guards were drowsy and unalert. The rest of the camp seemed to be fast asleep. He returned to the tent. Deuce was pacing to and fro like a young tigress in a cage. A knife gleamed in her hand.

"I found it here," she said, "and it seems sharp enough to cut canvas quickly. Here's a strong and not very heavy blanket for you to muffle the man with. Can we do it right off?"

"Yes," Will replied.

They emerged cautiously into the darkness, which had become as heavy as rain laden clouds could make it, and passed a dozen tents and wagons in which no signs of wakefulness were given by the occupants. Suddenly Will, who was ahead, drew Deuce back behind a wheel. He had heard the approach of footsteps, and there was barely time to ensconce themselves before Aleck Wiams passed by so closely that they could have touched him. Will left Deuce where she was and stole after the man until he entered his own tent. It was a small one, exclusive to Wiams' own use, and situated near by the makeshift jail. A light soon glimmered within, and then the watcher saw him fasten the opening together, inclosing himself with remarkable care.

Will dropped on his hands and knees, crept slowly to the back side of the tent and lay flat on the ground. The canvas showed no hole through which he could look in. He crawled all the way around the light structure without discovering a leath in the cloth. He heard Wiams stir within, and the position of the lighted lamp was changed several times. At length, despairing of a less risky device, Will took out his penknife and made a tiny slit. With one eye at the aperture he looked in.

Aleck Wiams sat astride a trunk, on which stood the lamp, while in his hands he held a package of treasury notes of the same fraudulent manufacture that had been taken from his two scapegoats. He was irresolutely fingering them, as though making up his mind with difficulty what to do with them. When a determination was reached he had him to summon all his resolution to carry it out. He held a handful of the notes over the glass funnel of the lamp, but before the heat ignited the paper he drew it away.

Wiams was compelling himself to reluctantly burn the remainder of his stock of spurious money for fear that it might be discovered. He had obtained it to mix with cash to pay to his employees. A little had been used in that way, and Detective Alloway had followed the trail by means of these cautious outputs. It seemed the part of common sense to make his safety sure by destroying all the evidence of guilt rather than keep it at his peril. Again he held the packages over the lamp and a chilling corner broke into a flame.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" Will Brown yelled impulsively.

Wiams' action was equally inconsiderate and instinctive. He dashed the lamp to the ground. But instead of putting out the light he created a vastly greater one. The glass broke with an explosion, and the oil was thrown over the man's clothes. The tent and its occupant were instantly ablaze.

A screech of fright and agony resounded through the camp. The tent flamed high, and was gone like a flash of fireworks, leaving Wiams burning like a great torch. The oil had saturated his garments and he was enveloped in fire.

The four temporary jailers ran hastily to the spot. Deuce was next. She saw the burning man, and believed that some mischance of the intended rescue had delivered her father from (distance into this awful disaster. She had brought the blanket from where Will had dropped it on leaving her. She desperately wrapped the woolen cloth around the fiery object. Then other hands helped and the flames were smothered, but they saw that the man was dead, and Aleck Wiams, as well as they recognized him as Deuce's father. Her father hurried her, for the abandonment of his jail had left him free to join the excited throng.

"Oh, dad!" she cried, kissing him hysterically. "I thought 'twas you."

"Well, you were saving your father just the same," exclaimed Will Brown, "for you kept this evidence of his innocence from being burned," and he took from the scorched hand of the dead criminal the half-burned bunch of counterfeit notes.

There was no more imprisonment for Jack High and Old Jugg Brown. A few days later they were discussing the similarity of their escape and the com-

monious parts played in that event by their children.

"It occurs to me," said Jack, without quite hiding his idea that such a thing would be condensation, "that nothing would delight me more than to marry my girl to your boy."

"An 'I've been a thinking,' responded Jugg, with still less concealment of his belief that the bestowal of honor would be his, "that I'd like to have my boy marry your girl."

"Of course my daughter would not go into an engagement without first getting my consent."

"An 'my son wouldn't pop the question without my knowin' of it beforehand."

At that moment the youngsters joined them.

"Father," said Will Brown, "this young lady is Miss Laura Wallace, and she has consented to become my wife, and in telling you of it I am going to say something to you—straight and plain. You must sign a total abstinence pledge and keep it or we will disown you. The escape you have had should be a life warning to never taste whisky again."

"Old Jugg Brown was silent and solemn a moment before grasping his son's hand, and said: "So help me God, I will never taste the stuff again. An 'I wish you go on.'"

"Dad," said Miss Wallace, "it is true that I have engaged myself to Will, and you are the only reason why I shouldn't be his wife. But if you will swear to let that game of poker be your last hand of cards I will assume the wedding day and put you on probation."

"I solemnly swear that I will never gamble again," he slowly answered. "God bless you!" and he kissed a scar which the fire had left on her hand.

The fathers subsequently signed their names to a certain marriage certificate as "Robert H. Wallace and Henry A. Brown, witnesses." The nicknames of Jack High and Old Jugg were silenced along with that of Deuce Low when she became Mrs. Brown, and it seems improbable that they will ever be revived.

THE END.

Harmony.

Hennypeck—Have you got a dye that will change the hair and beard to a delicate color?

Druggist—No, sir. Why, may I ask, do you wish to dye in that peculiar shade?

Hennypeck—Well, you see my wife has had the library decorated in that shade, and she thinks I don't harmonize with it.—Chicago Tribune.

Midsummer Madness.

Wagg—Hello, Wallace, you're quite a stranger. Been away on a long trip west, I understand?

Wallace—Yes, my boy, I've had quite a journey. I've been out to Seattle.

Wagg—You don't say so. And was Attie glad to see you, old man?—Somerville Journal.

A Sordid Explanation.

Mr. Mercenary Bachelor—I love my wife more than ever I thought a man of my age and habits was capable of loving a woman.

Charles Stanley—She must have been a good deal richer than you thought she was, I guess.—Washington Star.

How to Do It.

"What is necessary when you wish to beat a retreat?" asked an old military man at Fort Washington.

"I suppose you'd have to retreat faster than the other fellows," was the reply that came after some deliberation.—Washington Post.

During the Cross Examination.

Lawyer—The murdered man was shot in the cardiac region, I believe.

Honest Witness—No, sir; he was shot in the Adirondack region, on the Indian carry, between the Raquette river and upper Saranac lake.—Somerville Journal.

A Sacrifice to Science.

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THE REAR GUARD'S TALE

BILL NYE WRITES OF THE CONEY ISLAND RELIEF EXPEDITION.

Emin Tutewiler Would Have Been Relieved if He Hadn't Taken the Four o'Clock Boat for Home—The Explorers Set Right Before the Public.

(Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.)

So many conflicting stories are now afloat regarding the conduct of the rear guard of the expedition which started out last July for the relief of Emin Tutewiler, who was supposed to be somewhere in the jungles of interior Coney Island or Far Rockaway, that I make bold to write this defense of myself and my party in order that history may, as Emerson says, give us a fair show.

Early in June we received permission from Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, to explore the interior of Coney Island if we would give it back again, and I began to look about me for a suitable company of men to assist me. My first selection consisted of Mr. Owen S. Kinney, whose middle initials sometimes adheres to his behind name, but who is a loyal gentleman whose clothes fit me. I owe him much which I cannot ever repay, but he agrees to let me off if I speak kindly of him in my writings.

I was also so fortunate as to secure the services of Eli H. Jaggs, professor of horsemanship at the Central Park Academy of Equestrianism; also the author of "How to Overcome the Riding Habit," cloth fifty cents, paper two bits. He was secured partially because of his political influence and also because he is a thorough connoisseur of spoons.

He said he would go cheerfully. Beside these two I also invited Mr. Sawdolf Astor-Plaice, of Lennox. He is not large physically, but he has a brain which is what might be called a teeming brain. When he is thinking real earnestly, if you go quite close to his brain you can hear it purr. I never saw such a brainy case as he is. His thoughts sometimes rumble like a telegraph pole, he thinks so hard. I selected him because I wanted a bunch of picked men, and any one could see that he was a picked man to just look at him. He seemed somehow to have been picked too soon. He took a banjo with him.

That also was picked. Before we had fairly started he got everything about him to harmonize by having his pockets picked.

My next thought was to procure the needful food supply for our long journey, and obtain permission of my paper to draw on it whenever I needed any money. I also wrote an editorial regarding my sagacity and things, leaving it to be printed on the day of my departure.

I now began to look about me for food and whang whang, jingling and colored beads to be used for purposes of traffic. My first purchase consisted of a small hamper of Rockford cheese, which is an anti-scorbutic and also insures absolute isolation to its happy possessor. I fully believe that the Rockford cheese-giving it the Anglicized spelling, for I am always kind to the Rockford and Limburger cheeses, never laying a hand on either of them otherwise than in kindness—I say that the Rockford cheese, aside from the Excelsior stench works east of Newark, has no living rival. And I would also add that its dead rivals would do well to look carefully after their laurels. So I got a hamper of this cheese with a little damper in the top which I could open whenever I wanted a little solitude.

I also procured some blitting and a small mill to use in grinding mealie, against the time when we should be beyond the reach of Acker, Merrill & Condit's delivery wagons. I took with me in my inside pocket a small autograph album which I purposed getting Emin Tutewiler to write in as soon as we had relieved him. I said little to my chief who had preceded me via Ocean Gr and Cape May; but it was my idea while he was thus leisurely scouting through the game country and tracing the sources of the Passaic to quietly slip in and relieve Emin Tutewiler myself, thus compelling my chief to play the rear

guard act and give me an opportunity by means of a stereopticon and lecture to do a good business with the Young Men's Christian association on my return.

Mr. Astor-Plaice said that he would advise me to procure two or three gun bearers who were familiar with the interior and who had become acclimated. I therefore secured two gun bearers for my own use named Sabid Williams and Congo Briggs. I got them of Sir George Pullman, who said he did not want them any more. One of them had lost a cake of soap somewhere between Fort Wayne and Chicago, and although he had looked very diligently over every inch of the ground he could not find it, so Sir George had to bounce him for the example and in order to preserve the discipline. Congo Briggs had thoughtlessly shut up one of the director's children in an upper berth and forgotten about it till he got into Forty-second street, where the parents discovered that they were short one child.

Our start was auspicious. I had armed myself with an elephant gun and an express rifle, which with my hat and an oil stove were in the hands of my gun bearers. We carried with us a few macadamized soap biscuits and some impervious pie in a shawl strap, in case we should not find any pie trap in bearing on our arrival in the interior. We sailed on the 18th, and touched at Hell Gate on the same day, taking this way

in order to avoid the evil spirits of Tutewiler, whom I had some fears might, via Newport and the steamer Pilgrim, get home before the relief expedition got to him.

The head of the expedition has stated in one of his magazine articles that we faced away too much time at Far Rockaway, and also took two-thirds of the spoonful designated for the entire enterprise, so that he ran short a little south of Red Bank, and was thus compelled to stop and go into camp for over a week until four pagais could be sent back for more spoonful, for which he had to pay the ex-



HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

orbitant price of sixteen doll per plambo. I do not know how much a plambo is, neither do I recollect a plain, low price rock. I know that we did not stay any longer than necessary at Far Rockaway, as some of our party had to get some laundry work done there before we could proceed to the interior. One of our gun bearers also became violently ill at that place from eating the rind of a watermelon that had been prostrated by the heat.

So far as the spoonful is concerned, we took what Mr. Jaggs thought would be necessary, thinking that the main expedition, perhaps, had made other arrangements. I also remained a day or two longer at Far Rockaway than had at first been intended, partly because I did not know but that Emin might be disguised and stopping there, and partly because I wanted to.

On arriving at Coney Island I intended to leave Mr. Owen S. Kinney in charge of Brighton Beach, Mr. Jaggs in charge of Astor-Plaice to push on along the low flat country lying between Pennamook point and the West End, for thus I would cut Emin off from other relief expeditions unless they should come in via the front steamboat or per druska from Brooklyn.

We had only proceeded a little way to the westward when one of our Wang-wana was taken with violent retchings and paroxysms, caused, as I ascertained, by overeating the luscious but unripe single-dangle fruit of the island, which grows in great abundance to the southward and resembles our American popcorn ball. I administered a box of large navy blue pills made by a dealer on Broadway whose name and check I did not get in time for use in this report. These pills are about the size of a brass thingie, and I think are called the ne plus ultra, or seek no further, pill. It is by far the most faithful and painstaking pill, I think, that I have ever used in my African explorations. No matter how far I would go into the interior this pill was like my good angel, urging me and cheering me to go still farther.

This delay, caused by the illness of Congo Briggs, necessitated our return to Brighton Beach, where I was also compelled to draw on our paper for more dot. This consumed time and money, but I felt confident that if I could reach the West End before autumn with my justly celebrated remedy I could certainly relieve Emin Tutewiler before the main expedition got there.

My delay was also fortunate. I may add, for during my stay I met the great Aruwimi chief, Croker, who came to the coast at this time. He is the head of the powerful tribe of the Aruwimis which dwells to the northward, and which gets its name from a part of its war cry, which is this:

"Aruwimi or Aginnee!"

This is uttered in a strong, guttural tone of voice, and serves to encourage and unite the tribe much more than Conjecture firmat, which is the motto of the Buttermakers' union, of Orange county.

After a week's rest, during which our supply of whang leather spaghietti and durable pie gave out, so that we were obliged to resort to the hunting case oyster and the wall-eyed clam, we procured a wad of mealie, a jag of spoonful and resumed our journey. We entered the poorly ventilated jungle on the following evening, and camped beneath a huge axle tree, which was loaded with Vienna bread fruit. I must here mention that this whole country would be far more healthful if the jungles could be better ventilated. As is well known, the elephant and other noxious fauna penetrate the jungles and sleep there nights, sometimes as high as three or four in a bed. They get up in the morning, and go away without doing their chamberwork with any degree of care or airing the jungle even, forgetting that it must be again occupied on the following night. As soon as the cannibals of Coney Island who live off each other are shown a method of salvation and its absolute freedom from duties and imposts, I hope that philanthropists will call their attention to ventilation. Those who may have had charge of elephants for any length of time, and been thus compelled to room with them, will remember with what paucity of diligence and with what inavertance of neglect they bathed their feet. This in their home life gives the jungle an elephantine flavor which is bound to keep many of our tropical missionary cafes in the back ground for years.

We had a pretty tough journey over the entire trip, but made our trusty gun bearers do all the work while we did the best we could. We were sustained and soothed during this trying ordeal by the knowledge that we were doing a good deed and also that there was nothing for us to do at home.

On the 28th of July the largest elephant I had ever seen bore in sight, and in an hour's time we had struck his spur. I directed my trusty gun bearer to get ready with the express rifle loaded with double pointed tacks and barbed wire, also to load up the elephant gun, as the animal seemed now ready to charge, which in less time than it takes me to write it he had done.

I was somewhat disappointed in the power and extent of his charge, however, as I remarked to Congo Briggs at the time, for it was really a very reason-

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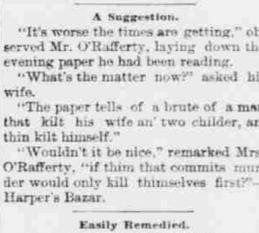
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A Suggestion.

"It's worse the times are getting," observed Mr. O'Rafferty, laying down the evening paper he had been reading.

"What's the matter now?" asked his wife.

"The paper tells of a brute of a man that hit his wife an' two children, an' then kilt himself."

"Wouldn't it be nice," remarked Mrs. O'Rafferty, "if them that commits murder would only kilt themselves first?"—Harper's Bazar.

Easily Remedied.

"Look here, Davis," exclaimed the manager of the dime museum aghast, "you have made a mistake. It wasn't an Esquimaux girl I wanted for this department. It was a Crowsfoot girl."

"That's all right, colonel," replied the traveling agent. "Ugh," he said, turning to the dusky beauty, "go wash your face and friz your hair."—Chicago Tribune.

Expensive Hardware.

Wife—I don't think we'd better build this year. Everything is so high.

Husband—What is it now?

Wife—I notice an advertisement of eighty penny nails. That's a good deal for a nail.—Lowell Citizen.

Returned.

She kissed her little hand to me, then blushed and quickly fled. A crimson rose had caught her foot And rose were her bed.

I hastened after, aid to give, And soothe the pain she had; I kissed the wounds the horse had made— Not on her hand—I said.

She pouted some and looked quite sad, Then rising from her bed, And shaking out her tresser curl, "You think you're smart!" she said.—Henry A. Lively in America.

Hand to Mouth.

Snaags—Hello, Baggs! Haven't seen you for years. How are you living now?

Baggs—Oh, hand to mouth.

Snaags—You don't say so! By Jove, I wouldn't have thought it.

Baggs—Why not? Can't a man be a dentist and be respectable?—Burlington Free Press.

Should Have Said So at First.

"Look here," said the hungry guest at a summer resort hotel, "I wanted that steak and coffee some time today—not next week."

"Yeh didn't say dat when yoh give de obdah, sah," replied the waiter in tones of great deference.—Washington Post.

Why He Wore Them.

Cholly—Freddy, old boy, what are you wearing those big spectacles for?

Freddy—Because all the snow, don't you know, wash a single eyelash. I wash these large spectacles to let 'em know I'm not a donald snob, bah Jove!—Chicago Tribune.

Case for Sadness.

"What's the matter? You look so sad."

"My uncle's condition troubles me."

"Why I saw him a little while ago, and he seemed to enjoy perfect health."

"That is exactly what troubles me!"—Texas Siftings.

The Land of Liberty.

Edited Out—Editor, Office: A man has just jumped out of that pen. Publication table can't swim—Well, there isn't no law agin' bustin' with clothes on. Is there?—Lala.