

there's nothin like the noose of a lariat to frisk his memory." But old Mulane ordered silence.

"Go you back to Worth fast as you can," said he to Winn. "Write the report for me to sign before you start. Tell the colonel where what is left of the stolen property can be found, and we'll bring Marsden along with us. The quicker you get there the more you can save."

Worth was 150 miles away on a bee line, and Winn had to twist and turn, but he rode with buoyant heart. By prompt measures much of his misfortune might be wiped out. Then, with the proffered loan with which to settle his accounts and pay off certain pressing creditors, he could start afresh, his head at last above the waters that had weighed him down. He would lead a simple, inexpensive life, and Laura would have to help him. He could set aside one-fourth, or even perhaps one-third, of his pay to send each month to the bank at San Antonio. It would be hard, but at least he would be honest and manful, and Laura would have to try to dress and live inexpensively. She used to say she would rather share exile and poverty with him than a palace with any other man, but that seemed a bit like hyperbole in the light of her subsequent career.

Long before this, he said, the bank would have sent the money to Worth. It was doubtless now awaiting him in Fuller's safe, or possibly Frott's. How blessed a thing it was that the cashier should have been an old and warm friend of his father—that he should have written proffering aid for old times' sake to the son of the soldier he had known and been aided by and had learned to love in bygone days. It was odd that Mr. Cashier Bolton had not made himself known to him, Harry Winn, when he and his lovely bride were in San Antonio, but all the more was the offer appreciated. It was odd that he should couple with the offer a condition that Winn should give his word not to tell the name of his father's friend and his own benefactor, and further to agree neither to drink nor bet a cent on any game of chance until the money was repaid. He was not given to drinking, but he had heard of a fondness on his father's part for cards and had felt the fascination himself. All right. He would promise gladly.

They got fresh horses at a midway camp where a small detachment guarded the Congar springs, rested during the hot hours of the first day after a long night ride, then set forth, chasing their long shadows in the late afternoon, and, riding on through the night, hove in sight of the twinkling lights in the company kitchens at Worth just as the dawn was spreading over the eastward prairie. At the guardhouse, aroused by the sentry's warning, a sergeant tumbled off his bench and ran sleepily out to meet them. It was a man whom Winn had frequently seen hovering about his quarters in attendance upon their maid of all work.

"All well at home, Quigley?" he queried hopefully.

"All well, sir. Leastwise Mrs. Winn and the baby is, so Miss Purdy said yesterday evening. Mrs. Blythe, with her children and Colonel Lawrence's, have gone to San Antonio. They're all going home together. Any luck, sir?"

"I should say so. Hit 'em hard twice and caught Marsden alive."

"Great— Beg pardon, lieutenant, but that's the best news yet!" The soldier's eyes danced and pleaded for more, but Winn was eager to reach his home, to tiptoe up to Laura's room, to kneel by the bedside and fold her, waking, in his strong, yearning arms, to bend and kiss his baby's sleeping face. He spurred on across the prairie. The long, low line of officers' quarters lay black and unrelieved against the reddening sky. Only in one or two were faint night lights burning, one down near the southern end, the room of the officer of the day, another in his own. The slats of the blinds, half turned, revealed the glimmer of a lamp within. Probably baby was awake and demanding entertainment, and there could be no surprising Laura as he had planned. Still, he guided his horse so as to avoid pebbles or anything that would click against the shod hoofs. The home coming would be the sweeter for its being unharmed.

"Never mind the saddlebags," he murmured to his orderly. "Take the horses to stables and bring the traps over by and by." Then he tiptoed around to the back of the house. The front door, he knew, would be locked. So would that opening on the little gallery in rear. But there was the window of his den. He could easily raise it from outside and let himself in without any one's being the wiser. A glance at his watch showed him that in ten minutes the morning gun would fire and the post wake up to the shrill reveille of the infantry files and drums. Even though Laura should be awake and up with her baby the surprise might be attempted. The back porch was lighted up with the glow from the east. The back door of the Barclay-Brayton establishment was ajar, and some one was moving about in the kitchen—Hannibal probably getting coffee for his master in time for morning stables. Just to try it, Winn tiptoed up the low steps to the rear door, and there it stood, not wide open, but just ajar. "Miss Purdy" had mended her ways, then, and was rising betimes, he said.

Softly entering, he passed through the little kitchen into the dark dining room beyond, felt his way through into his deserted den to the left—the blinds were tightly closed—thence to the narrow hall and up the carpeted, creaking stairs. The door of the back room at the east, the nursery, was right at the landing. The light of the dawn was strong enough to reveal dimly objects within. That door, too, was wide open, and there by the bedside was the cradle of his baby and the little one placidly asleep. There in her bed, innocent of the possibility of masculine observation, her ears closed, her mouth wide open

in the stupor of sleep, lay the domestic combination of nurse and maid of all work. He tiptoed past the door and softly approached that of the front, the westward room—his and Laura's. It, too, was partly open. A lamp burned dimly on the bureau. The broad, white bed, with its tumbled pillows and tossed back coverlet, was empty, as he found the room to be. Laura, then, and not the maid, was the early riser. Softly he searched about the upper floor. She had heard him, after all, and was hiding somewhere to tease him. No. There on the back of her rocking chair hung the pink ribboned wrapper that was so becoming to her, and on another the dainty, lace trimmed nightgown. She must be up and dressed, his languid, lazy Laura, who rarely rose before 9 o'clock as a rule, and now it was only 5. A strange throbbing began at his heart. Quickly he turned and scurried down the stairs, struck a match in the parlor, another in the dining room. Both were empty. The den and its closets were explored. No one there.

Out he went through the kitchen to the eastward porch again. The light was stronger. Over the level mesa to the edge of the bluff, not 50 yards away, his eager eyes swept in search of the truant form. There stood at the very brow of the projecting point at the northeast side a little, latticed summer house where sentimental couples sometimes sat and looked over the shallow valley of moonlight nights, and there, close beside it, switching the skirt of her stylish riding habit with her whip, stood Laura Winn. Just as she turned and glanced impatiently over her shoulder out from the adjoining door came a soldierly form in riding dress. For an instant three forms seemed to stand stock still, then came the shock and roar of the reveille gun, and before the echoes rolled away Lieuten-



The broad, white bed was empty.

ant Winn, striding up to Barclay with fury in his eyes, struck the captain full in the face and sent him crashing over a kitchen chair.

CHAPTER XV.

Ten miles out to the northwest the stream that curved and twisted around the low mesa of Fort Worth burst its way through a ridge in the foothills, and brawling and dashing at its rocky banks rolled out over the lowlands, foaming at the mouth with the violence of its own struggles. Far in the heart of the hills it had its source in several clear, cold springs, while the deep hoarded snows of the harsh winters had and swelled it in the springtime until it reached the proportions of a short lived torrent. Huge heaps of uprooted trees and tangled brushwood it deposited along its shores as far down even as the fort, but nothing was carried below the sentry's. "Ah! the fish that comes to Fuller's net," said Sergeant McHugh, "an sassa sassa of a sardine iver got away from it." Once in awhile, after unusual flood, the flats and jetsam of the creek would be diversified with wagon bodies, ranch roofs, camp equipment and the like, for "the range," as this odd upheaval was locally termed, was a famous place for prospectors.

A beautiful stream was the Blanca within its mountain gates, but an ashen pallor overspread it after its fight for freedom. It was never the same stream after it got away. It danced and sparkled past pretty nooks and shaded ravines among the hills, but issued from the gateway, like the far famed Stinking river of the Bannocks and Shoshones of northwestern Wyoming, a metamorphosed stream. It had a bad reputation. It was solely responsible for the fact that Worth had been located away out here in the bald, bleak, open prairie country instead of among those bold and beautiful heights to the northwest. "The very spot for a military post," said the officers of the earlier scouting parties as they camped within the gates in the midst of a lonely glade. "Lovely," said the Texan guides in reply, "so long as you don't mind being drowned out every spring." It seems that snows would melt of a sudden, tremendous thunderstorms burst among the crags and flood and deluge the valleys, for the Blanca could not with sufficient swiftness discharge its swollen torrents through that narrow gorge. Beautiful it lay, ordinarily as a summer sea, and the bridge path that wound through the pass was a favorite route for picnic parties from Worth. But stormclouds would rise and turn summer seas to raging water demons, and then the flood that tore through the gates would sweep all before it like the unloosed waters of the Conamagh that awful May of 1889.

From Worth to the White Gate the prairie road wound hard and firm, and before the late excitement several picnic, riding and driving parties had paid their springtime visits. It was quite the thing, too, for such maids and matrons as were good horsewomen to ride thither in the lengthening afternoons.

THE SO-CALLED WALKER BILL.

The New "Bogey Man" Conjured by Democratic Politicians. The Democratic politicians have conjured up a new "bogey man." The spectre of the gold standard is becoming too dilapidated for further use. Its joints creaked at the failure of promised disaster to make its appearance has so worn upon the poor spectre that it has degenerated into a very ordinary scare-crow, which the people look upon with pity rather than apprehension.

Realizing that calamity howling without a spectre to point at as a "frightful example," was like playing Hamlet and leaving the ghost out, the Democratic managers were for a time sore put to it for a good lively ghost to trot out at their seances. It was difficult job to find one to their liking, for returning good times had about laid all the ghosts, while the effluence of the gorgeous dawn of prosperity and the greater glory reflected from the flag had so illumined the land that the most gloomy pessimist digging in the caves of the earth could not resurrect a spectre that would endure for a moment the bright sunshine of the new day.

But the Democratic party could not exist without a ghost. As a party of opposition, it was dead without a scare-crow. The Marshalltown platform contained but two sentiments: "Free silver at 16 to 1" and "make a football of the constitution," and neither of these were to the liking of the people, hence it was a stupendous problem that the Democratic orators found confronting them. Finally somebody, and it is not certain whether it was that distinguished Populist-Democrat General Weaver or that versatile gymnast-Democrat George L. Finn, discovered the Walker bill. It was discovered, and at once the cry went up, "We've found a ghost!"

Now, no one really knew what the Walker bill was like, whether it had horns and tail or was clad in fashionable, albeit Mephistophelean, vestments. General Weaver, however, declared that it was a terrible thing and soon the whole crowd took up the refrain and as Weaver raised the baton they all sang:

What makes our apples grow? Why does frost come, and snow? What is it spoils our dough? The Walker bill.

Why is it Klondyke's gold Is up where it's so cold? What makes us all grow old? The Walker bill.

And now, having carefully followed from its inception the development of the ghost idea in the present campaign, let us refer briefly to the characteristics of this recently conjured hobgoblin.

General Weaver has worked himself into a great state of excitement in the Sixth district. He has traversed the district from one end to the other bellowing to the people to come and see his highly moral puppet show wherein he, as the modern gladiator, downs this spectre and tramps the very life out of it. To the accompaniment of red lights and slow music this makes a highly spectacular show, but the people are seeking to know what the ghost is made of. To be sure General Weaver holds it up before them, but he is careful to keep it beyond their reach, telling them they must be content to take his word for the dire calamities certain to follow in the wake of the spectre. The common people can't see them, but he has prophetic vision and can tell them of all the woes they care to listen to, and possibly a few more.

Then there is S. H. Bashor. He is one of the most hysterical of the lot of spectre-bearers. He shakes the poor ghost until its wig threatens to fall off, and cries out, "It is no longer a question of 16 to 1, or of 15 1/2 to 1, or of 20 to 1, but it is a question of nothing to one." Then he declares that the Republicans have concocted the most "gigantic conspiracy" (you've heard those words before, haven't you?) to not only crush silver, but to kill off something like \$600,000,000 of our currency with the Walker bill. Then he springs the bill and reads it while the audience listens with bated breath. After reading and interpreting the provisions of the bill according to the instructions of General Weaver, he solemnly assures the audience that 200 Republican members of congress have signed an agreement to vote for the bill and if they carry the house this fall there will be an extra session of congress called next March and the Walker bill will be put through, "and then Wall street and the money sharks will have our beloved country by the throat squeezing the very life-blood from her veins."

Now, the plain facts about the Walker bill are these: There is not in existence at the present time and never has been, any agreement signed by 200 Republican members of congress, or by two, or even one, pledging them to vote for the so-called Walker bill. The paper which the Democrats claim is an agreement is nothing but a petition asking the committee on banking and currency to report some sort of currency bill when such a bill was agreed upon.

The Walker bill reported by the committee was not agreed upon by the committee, but by a sub-committee, and instead of being the voice of the committee, it will be opposed on the floor of the house by Mr. Walker, himself, and by other members of the committee.

The Walker bill is not a measure with which the Republican party can be charged. It has not been endorsed by a Republican caucus, nor by the Republican members of congress individually.

On the other hand some of the most influential Republican members have openly announced that they propose to fight the bill, such men as Chairman Walker of the committee on banking and currency, Mr. Cannon of Illinois, Colonel Henderson and Captain Hull of Iowa and many others.

The Republican party is simply pledged to "comprehensive and enlightened monetary legislation," to legislation which shall assure the permanence of the gold standard, "giving to it the validity and vitality of public law" and keeping all of our money at a parity with gold. To that extent and no further the Republican party is pledged, and no amount of ghost-invoking and spectre-waving pyrotechnics on the part of the Democrats will change the facts.

Don't Be Apathetic. The voters of Iowa should remember that it is necessary for them to come out on the 8th of November and vote the Republican ticket if they want to put an end to this spectre of free silver that persists in setting down at the feast of returning prosperity. It should be a pleasure for the people of Iowa to "lay" this ghost at the coming election by 60,000 majority.

A Jolly for Papa. She—And what shall I say in case papa asks me what your prospects are? He—Well, er—you might say that I am figuring on securing one of the most prominent, influential and wealthy men in the city for my father-in-law. That ought to fetch him.—Chicago News.

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SYLVAN CHAPTER NO. 267, O. E. S. Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's Hall. Visiting members welcome. MRS. J. B. ROMANS, W. M. MAX SIMS, Sec'y.

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SIDONIA LODGE NO. 393, I. O. O. F. (German). Meets every Friday night in Laub's Hall at 8 o'clock. Visitors especially welcome. FRED LAUSKY, N. G. PETER KRAUTH, Sec'y.

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METHODIST CHURCH. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Teachers' meeting following prayer meeting. Rev. E. E. LOENFRITZ, Pastor.

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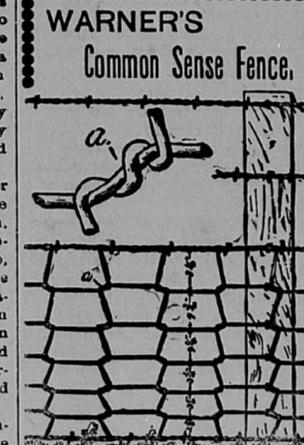
BAPTIST. Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Union Monday evenings at 7:30. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings at 7:30. Ladies' prayer meetings Friday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock. Covenant meetings before first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11:30. Rev. F. W. BATESON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN. Sabbath services after first day of May at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. and Young People's Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Weekly prayer meetings Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Teachers' meeting immediately after prayer meeting. Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid every third Wednesday at 8 o'clock, and Ladies' Missionary Society every second Friday of the month. Rev. A. G. MARTY, Pastor.

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