

THE AURORA.

The King of Cold his banner bears,
And flaunts it to the farthest stars;

The walrus, from his lonely bed,
May gaze in dull and mute surprise.

His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK
Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Pitt, Astrologer," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Miss Betty raised her eyebrows interrogatively, but Guy would not answer her unspoken question.

"I hope no unpleasantness has resulted from the timely aid you gave those two Sisters of Charity?" said Miss Betty, demurely.

"I have only pleasure in the thought that I was able to assist them," answered Guy, gallantly.

As he spoke he fancied he heard a noise in the undergrowth behind him and looked around hastily.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed with a smile. "How do you know that I have not summoned you here to make a captive of you? How do you know, sir, that I haven't a horde of Harmony people at my beck and call, lying in ambush yonder?"

"You were about to tell why you wanted to see me, Miss Vlandingham," continued Guy, smothering every symptom of alarm and looking as calm and self-possessed as was possible under the circumstances.

"Nevertheless, you seem very nervous," said Miss Betty. "It is getting late and you are anxious to start homeward, I can see very plainly, so I will hasten to finish the business that brought me."

"That's a trap for us, Betty!" cried Miss Pinkney in startled tones. "Oh, mercy! What shall we do? They're Concord people!"

Miss Betty was right as to the newcomers being Concord people, but wrong, terribly wrong, in suggesting such a thing as a trap.

Bilkins, Glimmer and Pettibone were dashing across the stretch of treeless plain straight toward them.

"Well, I've an idea that I can take care of myself," said Guy. "I have told you once or twice and I tell you again, I haven't done anything treasonable and I'm just as loyal to Concord as Col. Keever himself."

Glimmer and Bilkins exchanged sly glances and tittered suggestively. Guy kindled at this but said nothing and went with Pettibone to help him back the horse and carriage out of the brush.

"You're pretty powerful in a set to," observed Pettibone, driving with one hand and stroking the back of his head with the other.

"Perhaps the rest of the Concord people will find that out if they take too arbitrary a course," said Guy, significantly.

"I was only trying to do my duty and you treated me a little bit rough," continued Pettibone, "but I know how it is. A pair of blue eyes have bewitched more than one young feller, and I'm not going to lay up anything against you. I don't think you'd be such a fool as to help Harmony at the expense of Concord, knowingly, but Miss Betty is pretty cute. She's coddled you along just to find out what our side is doing, and—"

"What untimely fate had brought sharply and suddenly that Pettibone gave a startled jump and then settled back in his seat with a low whistle.

Bilkins and Glimmer to the sheriff's rescue and made possible this awful finale? Guy was soon to know.

CHAPTER XIII.

As they drew close to Guy, Bilkins, Glimmer and Pettibone separated, surrounded him and pressed cautiously in from three points of the compass.

"If you try to resist us, Herbert," said Pettibone, menacingly, "you'll be mighty sorry for it before we get through. I'm a good feller, as I said, but even a good feller is generally able to tell when he's got enough."

"Where did Bilkins and Glimmer come from?" inquired Guy. "We circled around back to get our horses," spoke up Glimmer.

"We didn't know but those two Harmony chaps might still be here," admitted Lemuel artlessly, "so we did our circling 'other side the swell and out of sight. My, I thought I was a goner, sure, to-he-he! My legs were about ten feet too short, and goodness knows they're plenty long for most occasions. The Colonel's runnin' yet."

"If I didn't know the Colonel so well," said Glimmer, "I should think he was a coward. But a man who saw so much slaughter in our late war couldn't be that. I wasn't afraid myself"—Glimmer glared through his iron glasses—"and I just ran after the Colonel to see if I couldn't persuade him to come back." He shook his fist in the direction of Harmony.

"Oh, yes," commented Pettibone, sarcastically, "if you ever get at Cap'n Blue I suppose there won't be anything left but splinters. Will you surrender, Herbert, or have we got to close in on you?"

"I have a half notion to close in on you," returned Guy, irritably. "You've made a pretty mess of this! Those ladies are positive now that I had the three of you lying in ambush."

"I don't care what they think," answered the sheriff. "I'd probably be lying over there yet if Bilkins and Glimmer hadn't passed close enough to hear me call to them. You'll have to be locked up after this."

"Try to lock me up and you may find you've caught a Tartar," retorted Guy. "Because I have submitted peacefully to your surveillance, that is no sign I do not know my rights. I've broken no law and if you try any high-handed measures I'll make this county too hot to hold you fellows. If necessary, I'll have a company of soldiers here to protect me."

"The Harmony Invincibles, I suppose," sneered Pettibone. "No, sir; a company of regulars from Standing Rock or Fort Totten."

"Think you didn't break any law when you knocked my head against that tree root and tied me up with a halter, eh?"

Pettibone rubbed the back of his head as he said this and assumed such an injured air that Guy had to laugh in spite of his vexation.

Lem Bilkins te-he'd once more, Glimmer unbent himself so far as to smile and Pettibone, who always had a laugh lurking somewhere close to the surface, was caught in the general hilarity.

"Anyway," qualified the sheriff, "there ain't going to be much fun in this for you, Herbert. Of course, you haven't broken any of the statutes, but the Concord folks won't stop to think of that."

"Well, I've an idea that I can take care of myself," said Guy. "I have told you once or twice and I tell you again, I haven't done anything treasonable and I'm just as loyal to Concord as Col. Keever himself."

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"You're mistaken!" cried Guy so sharply and suddenly that Pettibone gave a startled jump and then settled back in his seat with a low whistle.

"Miss Vlandingham is far above any such double-dealing as that." The sheriff shook his head hopelessly.

"That's exactly the way it strikes in," he muttered. "I had the same kind of a spell and got so ethereal I didn't want to eat or do a blessed thing but write poetry. If Matilda had told me grasshoppers were butterflies or that jimson pods were lilies of the valley, I'd have fought with the man who called 'em by their right names. That was before we got married, though; now it's different."

"What are you talking about, Pettibone?" The sheriff laid a hand on his heart and winked.

"That little chap with a pair of wings and a bow and arrow has been getting in his work on you, and he's hit you so fair and square that everybody can see it."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Guy, coloring. "Don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not. Betty Vlandingham is a fine girl, but she's on the other side of the fence. She bosses her father and her father bosses the town, consequently things go about as she says over in Harmony. But look here, Herbert—the sheriff dropped his hand lightly on Guy's knee—"

"I won't do for you to be meeting her. As far as I'm personally concerned, I think you're true as a die, and I don't lay up anything against you on account of that crack on the head and your work with the halter. There are others, though, who won't think as I do when they—he nodded his head toward the little column of dust far in advance—"

"First; a visit to Vlandingham's house on Monday evening last. Have you anything to say?"

Second; you are also charged with assisting Vlandingham's daughter when she was among us disguised as a Sister of Charity. Incidentally you must also have aided in the escape of Dingle. Will you deny this?"

Third; you attempted to communicate with the enemy yesterday afternoon, your telegram being stopped in transmission by myself."

"By you!" cried Guy, half starting from his chair. "What business had the telegraph operator holding that message on anybody's order but my own?"

"I told him you desired it held." [To Be Continued.]

"I have not come here to discuss that particular wolf, sir," answered the Colonel, with an uneasy side glance in the direction of his friends.

"The wolf's legs performed excellent service yesterday afternoon," remarked Guy, by way of breaking the ice.

"We have not come here to discuss that particular wolf, sir," answered the Colonel, with an uneasy side glance in the direction of his friends.

"Softly!" interrupted Guy. "Don't forget how I bumped you against the partition the other day. If you made me very angry, Colonel, I might do more than that."

"The Colonel's bosom began to heave. It was the wolf, probably, seeking to get out, and show its white teeth, and snap. But the wolf did no more than shake its chin, for the Colonel calmed the brute after a prodigious effort."

"Str," went on the Colonel, huskily, "you are young and I will bear with you. I am heading his delegation, this righteously indignant delegation, more in sorrow than in anger. We have an indictment against you and I will read it, count by count."

Mr. Glimmer handed the Colonel a paper and the later continued: "You are charged, Mr. Herbert, with treasonable conduct which gravely imperils the interests of this town. Specifically, the counts are as follows:

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INTELLIGIBLE ANNOUNCEMENT Italianized English That Was Too Much for an American Woman Traveler.

An American woman who understands Italian, but has not learned to comprehend Italianized English, had at a hotel in Florence an experience which she relates with glee, says Youth's Companion.

She had asked that a carriage might be ready for her at a certain hour. She waited in the parlor for it to be announced, and when the time had passed she made complaint that her request had not been regarded.

"But, madame, I send up a boy where you and the other madam were sitting, ten minutes ago, and command him to announce your equipage," said the clerk.

"A boy said something in the doorway," said the lady, doubtfully, "but as he spoke in a language unknown to me, and did not seem to be addressing me, I paid no attention to him."

The boy, being summoned, gazed with brown, reproachful eyes at the lady.

"But I speak America," he said, plaintively. "I bow my head and say, fast, very fast: 'M'darm, m'darm, c'ridge, c'ridge, redee, redee,' and make my depart."

SWEETER THAN MARY. A Name That Mary Was Anxious to Be Called, and She Made It Known.

"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he had been courting for several years, says Tit-Bits.

"Why so?" she asked. "Because I was reading to-day, and came across a line which said: 'Mary is the sweetest name that a woman ever bore.'"

"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?"

FAIR BROKE THE RECORD.

Receipts Larger, the Exhibits Finer, Premiums Higher and Races Better Than Ever.

PRESENT FOR RETIRING PRESIDENT.

Political Campaign Is Now Opened. All Tickets Being in the Field—Itinerary of President Roosevelt's Visit—Expected Rise in Farm Machinery Announced—Other Notes.

[Special Correspondence.] Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 8.—The state fair was more successful by \$10,000 of receipts than the fair of last year.

Excepting the first day there was no rain. The new stock pavilion attracted thousands of people from the city of Des Moines who otherwise would not have gone. The exhibits were of a higher class, the premiums were higher, the races better, the purses were larger, and the entertainment afforded was much superior to those of former years.

The following is the official statement of receipts by days this year and last:

Table with 3 columns: Day, 1901, 1902. Friday: 709.00, 1,250.20. Saturday: 1,121.50, 1,284.50. Sunday: 918.50, 1,068.00. Monday: 4,107.50, 4,259.00. Tuesday: 9,942.50, 9,877.25. Wednesday: 15,715.35, 21,708.75. Thursday: 8,073.50, 12,830.50. Friday: 2,850.25, 4,492.26. Total: \$45,429.50, \$58,416.56.

Retiring President Frasier, of the department of agriculture, under whose auspices the fair was given, was presented with a fine clock by the directors of the department the day following the fair.

Want Another Building. The department will ask the legislature for an appropriation to build another permanent building like the stock pavilion, in 1904.

The campaign in Iowa has opened. The democratic state convention met the past week and nominated a state ticket and adopted a platform, which is the last ticket and platform to be put in the field.

It is now proposed to have the Des Moines horse show given at the fair next year as a night attraction.

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The President's Visit. President Roosevelt will spend part of two days, September 29 and 30, in Iowa.

Coming to Des Moines. The Iowa Implement Dealers' association has decided to hold its annual convention in Des Moines December 2, 3 and 4.

Causes a Flutter. The big packing houses of Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha have shipped large consignments of goods to their local houses throughout Iowa with a view to engaging in a general commission business.

Boys Sent Home. The three Assyrian emigrant boys who were arrested in Fort Dodge a short time ago have had their trial at Clarion and are now on their way back to their native land.

Death of a Pioneer. Hiram W. Needles died at his residence in Mapleton after a long illness. Mr. Needles had been a resident of Mapleton for the past 25 years, having kept the first hotel in the town, and had been a resident of Monona county for 35 years.

Early New York Society. More than 40 years ago, when George William Curtis wrote his delightfully sarcastic "Potiphar Papers," he divided New York society into three classes—first, those who were rich and had all that money could buy; second, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families" because some ancestor had been a man of mark or had been very rich and had kept the fortune in the family; and third, a swarm of youths who danced well and who were invited for that purpose—Ladies' Home Journal.

Naturally. Mrs. Benham—I'm so happy! Mother is coming to visit us. Benham—It takes more than that to make me happy.—Judge.



"WE HAVE AN INDICTMENT AGAINST YOU."