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Every old or new subscriber to the Democrat, who pays one year's subscription in advance, is entitled to receive one of the elegant premiums it gives to its advance paying subscribers, by calling at this office and making the selection from the large number of premiums to select from.

White Horse Baked Beans With Tomato Sauce.

Not Just as good but absolutely the best on the market. To be had only from us.

A. E. PETERSON.

J. Harry Stewart.

Stone Crocks & Jars

I have stone crocks and stone jars, from 2 lb., to 20 gallon, which I am going to close out

At Cost.

If you want anything of this kind come and see me.

J. Harry Stewart.

Read The Democrat.

Mixed Paints, Oils and Lead at Denton & Ward's.

A Peep Into Eternity



Is the title of one of the charming short stories which we will begin in a few days. As you will infer from the illustration, this peep was not a seer's vision, but quite as intense and real while it lasted.

There eleven more of these short stories, all of them up to the highest standard in originality of plot and literary expression. Our readers are promised rare enjoyment while they last.

Comes shed those clothes, quick!

How Fairfax Did Not Escape.

Fear, hunger and that narrow passage of darkness had almost cowed Old Remnant.

"Where's the screw?" he asked again.

"He had just passed when I slipped out. At the worst, we can go back, but we've a few minutes yet."

"But how in the world did you get here, man? Fancy you're chokey!"

"I'll tell you that when it's time. I'm going to see where we are first."

As he spoke he made another step downward.

Old Remnant, losing his foothold, falling, swooning and coming to his senses with the frightful conviction that he had buried himself alive, had shouted in the desperate hope that he might be rescued and taken out.

But at the moment of his fall he was within a few feet of liberty.

Some half dozen steps brought Fairfax to the bottom of the flight. Here, however, the way was barred by another mass of stone, but Fairfax, remembering the point of light his dream had revealed to him, groped until he came upon a small round hole in the wall. Was this another door with a spring? He pressed, and it yielded as the wall of the cell had done!

"Quick!" he whispered to Old Remnant, but before the burglar had descended Fairfax had the second door open. In another moment they stood together by the swift running Tene. The governor's boat lay moored at the bank. Liberty at last!

For both?

Even as he stood there Fairfax had taken his resolve. For the burglar, at war with all authority, freedom at any price, but the course which was natural to Old Remnant was denied to the "political." For a moment, with the sweet air of freedom in his nostrils and the thought of the quarters on the morrow, flight tempted him, but he could not steal away with the felon.

He judged that he had still some two or three minutes left him.

Silently poling to the boat, he held out his hand to Old Remnant.

Astonishment was written in capitals on those repellent features, but Fairfax gave him no time for words.

"Coozy, old chap, and good luck!" he said, and, slipping behind Old Remnant, whom he never saw again, he made fast the door in the wall.

Then he mounted to his cell, and, closing noiselessly behind him the second of those magic doors, he stretched himself once more upon his plank.

The night warder approached the door on tiptoe, peeped in and passed on.

SLATER'S RAID...

By Frank L. Pollock

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It was a cosmopolitan group that sat around the campfires of Slater's horse. The troop numbered twenty men all told, drawn from every one of the Anglo-Saxon races of the planet. There were Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, Australians and South Africans, and they had come from the ends of the earth to take part in such a row as promised to follow when Cuba Libre set up her flag against that of Spain. Their leader was a Virginian. There was not a Cuban or a Spaniard in the company, and the name of Slater's troop was a name of terror to the government forces from Pinar del Rio to Sagua la Grande.

To see them thus encamped no one would have supposed that they were engaged in one of the most daring raids that had been adventured since the "one" of 1895. The officers (there were but two) sat demagogically on the ground among their men. There was a tinkling of banjos, a mingled sound of confused talking and of jovial, free handed profanity. The shadows of the men loomed big and dark against the background of tropical vegetation, where the red firelight flashed fitfully from time to time, and showed now the form of a tethered horse and now the figure of a sentry leaning against a smooth log and palm.

It was no small affair that these men were engaged in, nothing less, in fact, than a raid on the trocha itself. It was not the policy of the Cuban leaders to risk a pitched battle, so to arouse the enmities of the men and to give the time to keep the enemy on the alert such expeditions were undertaken from time to time.

They had encamped some fifty miles from the Spanish lines, and the attack was fixed for the next day. A dash across the country, a stealthy advance on the fortifications, another dash, a sabre and revolver, and a triumphal retreat—this was the programme that Slater's horse proposed to itself.

Next morning they rode up and down the rolling hills in the early dawn for two hours and then rested for the hour of the day in a cool and very secluded grove, where they would be screened from any wandering guerrillas. Late at night they saddled again and rode cautiously forward till they were not more than forty rods from the trocha itself. They could see the watch fires on the farther side of the great redoubt uniting between the strands of the barbed wire fence stretched along the brink.

Between them and the trocha lay a dangerous obstacle, an ingenious device, composed of a number of wires drawn six inches apart and a foot above the ground. This formed a network over which it was impossible to ride and, as its width was uncertain, dangerous to leap. Slater knew of this impediment, however, and had made his plans accordingly. Half a dozen men then dismounted in silence and, taking snippers from their saddlebags, crept forward into the darkness. The rest of the troop sat silently on horseback hearkening to the sounds and to the occasional clicking noise right ahead where their comrades were cutting the hostile wires.

In the course of half an hour the main came back and in whispers reported the way clear. The wires had been cut and dragged aside, so as to leave a road of sufficient width for the passage of the troop even in the hurried retreat which must follow. The whole party then dismounted and led the horses stealthily forward till they were at the very brink of the trocha. The Spaniards on the other side were clearly visible, while they themselves were hidden in deep shadows. Three men were left with the animals, and the rest scrambled into the ditch and up the other side.

So quietly was all this done that the whole performance passed unobserved till Slater sprang upon the parapet and began slashing at the wire with his machete. Then came a shout and

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As they rode, Slater said to the man nearest him, a graduate of Harvard, "We have sinned the Spanish king's beard, eh?"

And the other replied, "Precisely." Then, after a mile or so, "They won't let this pass, do you think?"

"What do you mean—that they'll follow us?"

"Yes."

"Nonsense! Not a bit of it!"

He was wrong, for there was at that moment rage and cursing in the Spanish camp. The officer in command at that point had laid a heavy wager that the rebels would never break the lines. Naturally he was furious. That the majesty of the power of the Spanish monarch should be thus had been an inconceivable insult, and he should lose his gold doubloons—this was the thought that flamed in his mind and called to him a captain of guerrilla cavalry.

"Captain,"

"Senior,"

"You have a hundred men in your troop?"

"A hundred and fifty."

"Good. Pursue these accursed Americans. There are not more than thirty. Follow them to Santiago if necessary, but catch them dead or alive!"

"Very well, general," replied the guerrilla, and he retired to muster his men and to sound "Boots and saddles!"

A hundred to twenty would be long odds, even for Slater's horse.

So it came about that when Slater's men drew rein fifteen miles from the trocha and sat silent, a clustered black spot on the moonlit road, they heard a low thunder come rolling up from the west, the thunder of hooves and hoofs.

"By Jove!" said the Englishman who was related to the eminent author.

"Not three miles away," assented the Canadian who had just come from the Sudan.

"Forward, then!" said Slater, and away they went, up and down the rolling hills whither the ill made road led. The country was too rough to allow of taking to the fields, where the Spaniards might be thrown off the trail, but it would be smoother in the course of a few leagues. All night they rode hard, and sometimes the following thunder was loud and often faint, but never wholly died away. The guerrillas were well mounted, and Slater's horses were not fresh. The peary dawn came up before them, and then the sun was trailing long shadows behind as they galloped. It was 4 o'clock and forty miles back to the trocha.

And now at last they seemed to have distanced their pursuers, for no rumble came out of the west. They fed their horses a few mouthfuls of the green tops they saw, refreshing and stimulating, gave them a little water from a roadside brook and rubbed them down as time would permit. That was not much, for before they had finished the sound of pursuit again grew upon them.

"Forty miles farther and we will be in our own lines," remarked Slater.

For three hours more the wiry little Slater and his riders sped swiftly, though the sun grew hot and angry. They had struck off the highway, had ridden through a field of cane and were now galloping down a wide stretch of sloping prairie dotted with coccin palms. They were pressed to the limit, and would fall to notice, where the chase had left the road, so they were not dis-

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The guerrillas next the troop were exchanging desperate sword strokes with their antagonists, while those farther out were pressing to get in and strike wildly into the swirl of the fight with revolvers. Five of Slater's men had gone down beneath the blows that came from front and rear alike. There were but twelve left, and these redoubled their efforts to break through the trap that held them so fast. Slater rode in front, slashing to right and left with a huge machete. He cut down an opposing trooper, pistolled the horse as the rider fell and hurried forward into the space thus provided. His men followed and by sheer dint of blows managed to gain a few yards more. But the foe gathered close, and again two of the handful went down. The air was all a-quiver with steel blades about the fight, but now that the insurgents had got so near, the Spanish women were slowly, yet surely, thrusting their way through the circling crowd. But they lost a man for every yard they won. Pistol bullets hummed through the air, striking down friend and foe alike. One of the women was hit as she first into the dense gray ranks. The other, either wounded or fainting, fell from her saddle, and both disappeared beneath the press.

While Slater's horse was thus melted away, Slater rode in the front and knew not how the others fared. He only knew that he was leaving his desperate way forward as a bushman hews his way through the tropical jungle. He had lost his hat, and his hair was clogged and dripping with blood,

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The guerrillas next the troop were exchanging desperate sword strokes with their antagonists, while those farther out were pressing to get in and strike wildly into the swirl of the fight with revolvers. Five of Slater's men had gone down beneath the blows that came from front and rear alike. There were but twelve left, and these redoubled their efforts to break through the trap that held them so fast. Slater rode in front, slashing to right and left with a huge machete. He cut down an opposing trooper, pistolled the horse as the rider fell and hurried forward into the space thus provided. His men followed and by sheer dint of blows managed to gain a few yards more. But the foe gathered close, and again two of the handful went down. The air was all a-quiver with steel blades about the fight, but now that the insurgents had got so near, the Spanish women were slowly, yet surely, thrusting their way through the circling crowd. But they lost a man for every yard they won. Pistol bullets hummed through the air, striking down friend and foe alike. One of the women was hit as she first into the dense gray ranks. The other, either wounded or fainting, fell from her saddle, and both disappeared beneath the press.

While Slater's horse was thus melted away, Slater rode in the front and knew not how the others fared. He only knew that he was leaving his desperate way forward as a bushman hews his way through the tropical jungle. He had lost his hat, and his hair was clogged and dripping with blood,

SLATER'S RAID...

By Frank L. Pollock

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between them, and then up another, where an astonishing sight met them as they topped the rise.

Away to the left in the following valley smoke was rising from a burning house. The yard before it was filled with the dead soldiery. Two women stood bound in the center of them.

There seemed to be an altercation. A soldier began to shove a rope over a convenient tree bough.

All this flashed before the men's eyes in a moment. There was no hesitation, nor were any orders given. Those of Slater's troop were accustomed to follow where Slater led, and they galloped at his heels as he spurred furiously down the slope. The Spaniards by the house were suddenly aware of a mingled rattle of hoofs and pistol shots and beheld a rush of men sweeping down upon them, brandishing weapons and yelling forth curses and bullets.

"The women are across your saddles!" roared Slater. They were jerked up in an instant by two brawny troopers. It was no time for ceremony.

"The women are across your saddles!" Slater had recovered from the shock their assaults were dashing past the outbuildings of the hacienda and had disappeared behind the sheds. At the same time the guerrillas swarmed in, and the soldiers also flouted and followed the chase.

Meanwhile Slater's men had met an unexpected obstacle. A high and strong wire fence stood firmly across their way. It was apparently designed to be horseproof. There was no gate, and the ends were not in sight.

"Well, cut it, then!" shouted the leader, with a rattle of oaths, when his impregnable became apparent. And he drew his machete and slashed as furiously at these wires as he had done at those of the trocha.

In a minute or less an opening was made and the riders were through. When the wire was cut Slater was at the same point, the greater numbers and the narrowness of the gap caused a tremendous crush, which gave the insurgents a much needed start.

It was soon lost, however. The fresh horses of the Spaniards recovered, and rapidly overhauled the little troop, and to add to their difficulties, a deep ravine suddenly appeared ahead. To scramble in and out of it with sufficient speed was impossible for the tired horses, two of which carried double loads. To have cast the women aside might have facilitated their escape, but no one seemed to dream of such an act, nor was there a word of regret for the soldiers had captured them to be overtaken. Slater drew in his horse, and the others gathered round.

"Way's closed," said the leader sententiously. "Got to fight here or surrender."

"Or cut our way through," suggested the man from Harvard.

"The women!" remarked Slater, and the other accepted the fact.

"If they were only mounted!" muttered a trooper.

The Spanish riders were now drawing in, and a volley of carbines ran before. They had aimed high, with the result that the women had escaped unhurt from their saddles. This left that number of mounts free.

"Can you ride, senora?" said Slater. Both replied in the affirmative.

"Then mount to cut our way out. Are you afraid?"

"It is the privilege of a Cuban woman to fear nothing, except capture by these!"

The man from Harvard was struck by her courage, but he could not stop to admire it. The women were helped astride the dead troopers' saddles (if there was no time for false modesty), and the rest formed up around them. One of the men from Harvard had drawn Slater's holsters, but he pointed out the fact that there were pistols already in the holsters before them. They took these out and handled them with familiarity to the music of the carbines.

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