

LOVE AND DEATH.

Two, from the Heights of Quiet, Come, one day, to men: Two, Love and Death, come hither, Come once, and not again.

breath he stole out of the hut with them in his arms, and when he reached the edge of the clearing he was met by Tarbox, who said, grimly: "Good! You make a capital burglar! Now, how many revolvers have they got in there?"

As he uttered the last words he fell back exhausted. Tom tried to give him more of the fiery liquor, but he could not swallow it. His lips moved feebly and his eyes were turned on Tom in mute appeal.

HE WASN'T SUPERSTITIOUS. And yet he was bound he wouldn't travel without his lucky coin.

Solid Trains to Northern Michigan. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is now running solid trains of palace sleeping cars, dining cars, etc.

My Mother Had Consumption. "My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.



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CHAPTER XVII. CONCLUSION.

Finding it impossible to keep awake in this position, he arose and paced slowly up and down in front of the hut, as he had been accustomed to do on shipboard.

He did not see a dark form which drew nearer each time his back was turned. Closer and closer it crept until it reached a tree at the end of his route.

Obed Rider made no attempt to struggle after the first involuntary start of surprise. The cold rim of steel pressed against his ear was too strong an argument in addition to the viselike grip on his windpipe.

The latter was loosened when he ceased struggling and the voice whispered: "Come with me quietly, or it'll be the worse for you!"

The speaker pushed him along a few yards until he reached a spot where he could readily distinguish the outlines of several men under a tree.

"Surrender peacefully and we will only take our own! If you show fight we'll shoot. We are two to your one!" "Treachery!" snarled Bowers, as he jerked his revolver from his belt with lightning speed and fired pointblank at Rider.

The bullet sped true to the mark and with a groan the unfortunate man sank to the ground, grasping his side convulsively. Tarbox fired almost at the same instant, his bullet striking Bowers' hand and sending the weapon spinning to the ground.

Although the wound must have caused him exquisite pain, the desperado drew his remaining weapon instantly with his left hand and at the moment Turner appeared and coolly took his place at his side.

"There's too many of 'em," he said, after a comprehensive glance about him. "We'd better light out!" Bowers' reply was to send a bullet within half an inch of Tom's head, but it was his last shot, for the second mate, who had stolen behind the hut, suddenly sprang at him with a heavy club and stretched him senseless on the ground.

When Turner found himself alone and looking into the muzzles of so many weapons, he dropped his own, held his hands up above his head and said quietly: "Don't shoot, pards! I gives in!" "Tie him up!" ordered Tarbox.

It was soon done, and while Tom was assuring his sweetheart that he had not been injured one of the other men started a fire. Obed Rider was evidently mortally wounded, and all that could be done was to make him as comfortable as possible.

He could plainly hear the deep snoring of both. He slipped three of them into it was the work of a moment. Then our friends found they had four weapons ready for use, and determined to lose no time in recovering their golden treasure.

"Let's surround the hut," said Tom, eagerly, "and call them out. They'll surrender when they find they have no show with us."

But Avery advised caution. "They're desperate men," he said, "and they will fight when cornered. We don't want any bloodshed over this affair if we can help it. When daylight comes they may be glad to give us the gold to save their skins, but if we surprise them in the dark somebody is likely to get killed."

"See here," said Tarbox, suddenly, still gripping Rider's collar with his sinewy hand, "why can't this rascal help us? Send him back, and let him get hold of the guns in the hut and bring them out. If he tries any crooked business I'll put a bullet through him myself at the first sign."

"You hear?" said Taylor. "Now be off, and remember we are six to your three. We already have the horses safe, and if you serve us well you shall go free, although you ought to be hung for what you have done. Go back and get all the weapons you can out of the hut. Hurry up!"

"But Bowers will shoot me in a minute if he wakes," whispered Rider, fearfully. "Shoot him first, then," was the prompt response. "I'll shoot you if you act the least bit suspicious. No more talk now. Start!"

The Typewriter Invention. A Statistician has proved that the invention of the typewriter has given employment to 300,000 men, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs and dyspepsia it has induced.

Not Good Kitchers. I never heard but one Porto Rican man make a kick about anything. I was sitting on the hotel veranda at Ponce one day when a merchant came down the street to see me.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies.

The True Connoisseurs. "Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?"

Tip the waiter and he serves you right.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS. Cincinnati, Dec. 18. LIVE STOCK.—Cattle, com'n 3 40 @ 4 10. Select butcher 4 75 @ 5 00.

Cuba. W. C. Rinecarson, G. P. A. Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, has a beautifully illustrated pamphlet now in press descriptive of Cuba and Puerto Rico.

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