



INDIAN JOE! Synopsis.—Tom Shelby, a rancher, rides into the frontier town of Fivica, looking for a good time...

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Shelby visioned all this in his memory, questioning his chance of ever successfully invading such a spot without arousing suspicion. It was plainly proven by their testimony that Macklin was taking his captive to this spot for safe hiding.

Apparently, there was no other feasible way in which he could hope to serve Olga. He weighed this with no conscious thought of himself, coldly and deliberately counting the chances, and decided to make the attempt.

The first faint gray of dawn gave him glimpse of his surroundings and on a slight ridge of land, he finally drew up, his tired mount, and eyed curiously about. He dismounted, and after a few moments' scrutiny of the ground, decided that he was still safely on the trail of those traveling ahead.

and his companion had not ventured the passage until dawn, the marks of their horses' hoofs so fresh as to convince their trailer they were scarcely beyond the sound of his voice.

Shelby loitered an hour before venturing to follow. There was no other way out, and so he munched at a cold meal, and permitted the buckskin to browse along the bank of the stream.

Shelby stopped, holding the horse back below the summit and gazed anxiously about. The soil left no trail and, with the naked eye, Shelby was unable to distinguish a sign of life within the radius of vision.

He was an hour reaching this objective, but once there he found the trail plainly traced along the edge of the bank. It led in and out amid the intricacies of the hills, taking, of necessity, so winding a course as to give Shelby no view ahead and soon confused him in point of direction.

The sun gave him the proper directions, but all about stretched the same dreary, bare ridges of rock, offering no guidance. There was no life visible anywhere and although he waited for some time, sweeping his glasses back and forth, he gained no glimpse of the two he endeavored to follow.

He came upon it so suddenly and unexpectedly as to almost daze his faculties. Almost without warning he stood at the very edge of a yawning hole and stared in amazement down into those depths below.

Into those depths below. Again and again he had heard this scene described, yet had never before comprehended its reality. A huge cut straight down, fully a mile wide, cleft the plain in two, until no stood at the very crevice's edge. At night he would have ridden off without the slightest warning of danger.

"Virginia; he's my father." "Oh, h—l, an' where you been?" "Soldierin' mostly."

And he must invade the Hole, alone, if he would be of service to this woman captive! By sheer recklessness he must pierce the thing to the heart.

"God, what a hole," he breathed; "it is like looking straight into hell. The only way down must be somewhere to the left. Case told me they passed in under that waterfall."

There was no way he could escape observation; no possibility of hiding on that bare plain. Shelby's brain worked like lightning. There were five riders; he could count them now; Indians mostly, although one was surely white.

"Indian Joe" Laud! When hadn't he heard of him? For years certainly, ever since he had been in this north country, yet in appearance the fellow was not at all what he previously had imagined that desperado to be.

"What the h—l is all this, Juan?" he questioned roughly. "Who is the fellow?" "He travel with Matt Hanley an' get lost, so he say."

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either hand, leaving them, through the gloom. Yet even here they had not attained the full depression of the Hole, which required another sharp descent along the border of the stream.

"Back again, Joe! Where'd yer pick up that bunch?" "Up on the Cottonwood; easy pickin'." And Laud flung one leg over his saddle in a posture of rest.

"Well, not much, Joe," he answered drawlingly, "most of the Indians have struck out; ain't mo'n a dozen bucks left, I reckon. They tell me they're raisin' h—l already over Ponca way; maybe yer heard about it?"

"Because you are a woman, I guess, and because I think you are straight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TREE WAS ONCE A HANDSPIKE

Old Cottonwood at Norris City, Ill., Has Interesting History—Was Planted by Boy in 1815.

At Norris City, Ill., there is a tree known as the "vaulting-pole cottonwood" that has an interesting history which is told by the American Forestry Magazine (Washington) as follows:

Hosen Pierce and a boy comrade returned from the war of 1812 to their homes, near Norris City, in the spring of 1815, and on January 8 of that year they had helped General Jackson whip the British in the Battle of New Orleans.

British Warship's Great Guns. At first sight it may seem strange that the Hood should carry only the same armament as the Queen Elizabeth, built some eight years before the Hood.

Bower-Bird's Weaving. A cynical method of enticing a matrimony is furnished by the bower-bird, which builds a structure of sticks formed into a kind of passage or avenue and beautifully ornamented with feathers and shells.

Within the Law. "Look at that fellow in there with a loaded revolver," said our wagfish friend at the beach yesterday—and there, somewhat startled, we gazed through the doorway what we saw was merely a big merry-go-round full of young folks and in the center the proprietor thereof.

rough, senior; yet there is no other way to get cattle in." "The man with you; who is he?" "Juan emitted a cloud of blue smoke in the air, smiling pleasantly.

"Laud!" in undisguised astonishment. "What Laud? Not 'Indian Joe'?" "Sl, senior; they call heem that," confidently. "He verra bad man. You know heem, what?"

Shelby gripped himself tightly. "I've heard of him, that's all. He's a Sioux squawman, but I never knew what he looked like before."

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CONDENSED CLASSICS ADAM BEDE By GEORGE ELIOT Condensation by Mr. Elbery Sedgwick, Editor of the Atlantic Monthly



George Eliot was the pen name of the famous English writer, Mary Ann (or Marian) Evans. She was born in 1819 at Arbury farm in Warwickshire and died at Chelsea Dec. 2, 1880. Her father, Robert Evans, was the agent of Mr. Francis Newgate, and the first twenty-one years of the novelist's life were spent on the Arbury estate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"No, by God," said Adam, "it'll not be soon forgot as you've come in between her and me when she might have loved me. It'll not be soon forgot, as you've robbed me of my happiness when I coveted and a scoundrel, and I despise back to Arthur's face. He dealt a lightning blow which sent Adam staggering back, but the delicate-handed gentleman was no match for the workman's great strength.

Arthur struggled, suffered, promised, and Adam half comforted, left, not knowing that there, in the waste basket, hastily stuffed under the papers, lay a woman's silk kerchief.

When Hetty read Arthur's letter, she gave way to despair. Then, by one of those convulsive motiveless actions by which the wretched leap from temporary sorrow to life-long misery, she determined to marry Adam. The big carpenter was in the seventh heaven, Hetty fitful and depressed.

On Arthur, meanwhile, life seemed again to smile. After rejecting his regiment, his sharpest regrets for Hetty began to lose their sting. Soon he was transferred to Ireland, and there learned that by his grandfather's death he was lord of the manor.

Clutching the letter, Arthur rushed from the room like a hunted man, and springing to the saddle of a waiting horse, set off at a gallop.

That very evening a young woman knocked at the door of the village jail. There was about her a deep concentrated calmness which induced the jailer to grant her request to visit the condemned cell. As the heavy door closed behind her, she hesitated before the pallet bed.

"It was because I was so miserable, Dinah, I didn't know where to go. I tried to kill myself, and I couldn't. I went to Windsor to find him. He was gone, and I didn't know what to do. I daredn't go home again. Then the baby was born. . . . I did do it, Dinah. I buried it in the wood—the little baby. It cried. . . . I heard it all night—and I went back. And then I thought I would go home, and all of a sudden I saw a hole under a nut tree, and it darted over me like lightning I'd lay the baby there, and cover it with grass and chips. I couldn't cover it quite up, Dinah. I thought somebody'd come and take care of it. Dinah, do you think God will take away that cry and the place in the wood, now that I've told everything?"

Though spared from death, Hetty was sentenced to transportation. Dinah returned to her work of mercy at Snowfield. In remorse and shame, Arthur Donnithorne went back to the army, while Adam Bede, squaring his shoulders to the world, turned again to his workbench.

There are plenty of monsters in the sea, such as the giant devilfish, or manta, which grows to be over 20 feet between the tips of its great fins. The manta has hornlike processes directed forward, one at either side of its broad head, and there are well-authenticated instances of a devilfish "flying" through the water, catching a boat's anchor between its horns by chance, lifting the anchor and towing the astonished boatman out to sea.

JAPANESE NEWSPAPERS.

Japanese newspaper publishers pride themselves on the taste and individuality of their title-pages. In Tokio alone there is quite a variety of title pages, and in at least one instance, the Tokio Mainichi, flowers that ornament the title page are changed with the seasons.

DEVILFISH UGLY CUSTOMER.

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