HE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

- [Written for the Globe.] When starting out in early life,
 I had a fund of knowledge:
 A fund which every young man has
 Who graduates from college.
 I knew it all, and took no pains
 My learning to conceal;
 Could scan the metered vault above
 And wisdom's wealth reveal.
- And wisdom's weath reveal.

 I had but one deficiency,
 Experience was lacking:
 And then experience was naught
 If one had lots of backing.
 Commercial life was lucrative,
 And lucre helps ambition;
 So unto commerce did I turn,
 Much to my own contrition.
- In unity there's strength, they say;
 There's strength in onions, too;
 I took a business partner, one
 Who knew just what to do.
 That's where t: matter gets involved,
 The fact does seem so funny,
 He furnished the experience
 White I put up the money.
- Affairs went smooth till recently
 When we agreed to settle,
 I wanted nothing but my share,
 While he claimed all the metal.
 He showed the books to prove his claim,
 The figures told the story;
 What could I do but acquiesce;
 He gave me all the glory?
- I've learned a thing or two since then,
 Some facts you':l all admit;
 The man who thinks he knows it all
 Don't know a little bit.
 And he who thinks there's no one else
 Is half so shrewd or skilitul,
 Will some day meet a big surprise
 To vanity so willful.

 —G. Wh

BY BRET HARTE. PART II.

THE SHERIFF OF SISKIYOU.

[Copyright, 1894, by Bret Harte.] Dawson was not astonished, the next morning, to see Mai. Overstone and the half-breed walking together down the gully road. For he had already come to the conclusion that the major was planing some extraordinary reprisal against the invaders that would insure the perpetual security of the camp. That he should use so insignicant and unimportant a tool now appeared to him to be quite natural, particularly as the service was probably one in which the man would be sacrificed. "The major," he suggested to his companious, "ain't going to risk a white man's skin when ne can get an Injin's hide handy."

The reluctant, hesitating step of the half-breed as they walked along seemed to give some color to this hypothesis. He listened sullenly to the major as he pointed out the strategic position of the bar. "That wagon road is the only approach to Wynyards, and a dozen men along the rocks could hold it against a hundred. The trail that you came by, over the ridge, drops straight into this gully, and you saw what that would mean to any blanked fools who might try. Of course, we could be shelled from that ridge if the sheriff had a howitzer, or the men also knew how to work one, but even then we could occupy the ridge before them. He paused a moment and then added: "I used to be in the army, Tom; I saw service in Mexico before that cub you got away from had his first trousers, I was brought up as a gentleman-blank it

The man slouched on by his side, casting his surly, furtive glances from left to right as if seeking to escape from these confidences. Nevertheless the major kept on through the gully, until reaching the wagon road they crossed it and began to ascend the opposite slope, half hidden by the underbrush and larches. Here the Major paused again and faced about. The cabins of the settlement were already behind the bluff; the little stream which indicated the "bar," on which some perfunctory mining was still continued, now and then rang out quite clearly at their feet, although the bar itself had disappeared. The sounds of occupation and labor had at last died out in the distance. They were quite alone. The major sat down on a boulder, and pointed to another. The man, however, remained sullenly standing where he was, as if to accent as strongly as possible the enforced companionship Either the major was too self-absorbed to notice it, or accepted it as a satisfactory characteristic of the half-breed race. He continued confidently:

"Now look here, Tom! I want to leave this cursed hole and get clear out of the state! Anywhere!-over the Oregon line into British Colambia, or to the coast, where I can get a coasting vessel down to Mexico! It will cost money, but I've got it! It will cost a lot of risks, but I'll take them! I want somebody to help me-some one to share risks with me, and some one to share my luck if I succeed. Help to put me on the other side of the border line, by sea or land, and I'll give you a thousand doilars down before we start-and a thousand dollars when I'm safe."

slouching attitude. It seemed more indolent on account of the loosely hanging



THERE," HE SAID SAVAGELY, "GO ON.

strap that had once held his haversack, which was still worn in a slovenly fashion over his shoulder, as a kind of lazy sling for his shiftless hand.

"Well, Tom, is it a go? You can trust me, tor you'll have the thousand in your before you start. I can trust you, for I'll kill you quicker than lightning if you say a word of this to any one before 1 go or play a single trick on me afterward."

Suddenly the two men were rolling over and over in the underbrush. The half breed had thrown himself upon the major, bearing him down to the ground. The haversack strap for an instant whirled like the loop of a lasso in the air and descended over the major's

his ragged blouse stripped off his waist I that held his prisoner, he turned and belt, and as dexterously slipped it over the ankles of the struggling man.

the sheriff, slowly. "I enlisted as Injin

passed that ridge yesterday. I could be

took tomorrow by the sojers, if they caught sight o' me, and court martialed

have my posse, under a deputy, draw

reached the ridge. And bere I am."
"And you're no half-breed?"

tage of it."

He was absent scarcely ten minutes; It was all over in a moment. Neither yet when he returned the major's eyes had speken a word. Only their rapid were half closed. But not his lipt. "If panting broke the silence. Each prob- you expect to hold me until your posses ably knew that no outcry would be comes you had better take me to some less exposed position," he said, drily. overheard. "There's a man just crossed the gully For the first time the half-breed sat

umph or satisfaction in his face, which | wood." wore the same lowering look of disgust as he gazed upon the prostrate man. "I want to tell you first," he said,

down. But there was no trace of tri- coming into the brush below in the

lightly bounded up the hill

"None of your tricks, major."
"Look for yourselt!"
The sheriff glanced quickly below him. A man with an ax on his shoulslowly wiping his face, "that I didn't kalkilate upon doin' this in this yer kind | der could be seen plainly making his o' way. I expected more of a stan' up | way through the underbrush not a hunfight from yot - nore risk in gettin' you dred yards away. The sheriff instantly out o' that hole-and a different kind of clapped his hand upon his captive's a man to tackle. I never expected you | mouth, but at a look from his eyes took to play into my hand like this, and it it away again. goes against me to hev to take advan-

"I see," he said, grimly. "You don't ge of it."

"Who are you?" said the major, pantmy revolver by calling to him." "I could have called him while you

"i'm the new sheriff of Siskiyou." were away," returned the major, quietly. He drew from beneath his begrimed The sheriff, with a darkened face, shirt a paper wrapping, from which he loosened the sash that bound his prisgingerly extracted with the ends of his oner to the tree, and then, lifting him dirty flugers a clean, legal-looking fold- in his arms, began to ascend the hill ed paper. "That's my warrant; I've cautiously, dipping into the heavier kept it fresh for you. I rekon you don't | shadows. But the assent was difficult, care to read it-you've seen it afore. It's the load a heavy one, and the sheriff just the same as t'other sheriff had- was agile rather than muscular. After a few minutes' climbing he was forced "Then this was a plant of yours and that whelp's escort?" said the major.
"Neither him nor the escort knows in the underbrush were no longer in any more about it than you," returned view.

"Come," said the major, quietly, "unguide or scout ten days ago. I deserted strap my ankles and I'll walk np. We'll just as reg'lar and nat'ral like when we never get there at this rate." The sheriff paused, wiped his grimy face with his grimler blouse, and stood

looking at his prisoner. Then he said -it's as reg'lar as that! But I timed to slowly: "Look yer! Wot's your little game?

you off by an attack just as the escort Blessed if I kin follow suit." For the first time the major burst into "And you're no half-breed?" a rage. "Blast it all! Don't you see "There's nothin' Injin about me that that if I'm discovered here, in this way, water won't wash off. I kalkilated you there's not a man on the bar who would wouldn't suspect anything so insignifi- believe that I walked into your trap-cant as an Injin when I fixed myself up. not a man, by God! who wouldn't You see Dawson didn't hanker after me | think it was a trick of yours and mine much. But I didn't reckon on your together." tumbling to me so quick. That's what

"Or," interrupted the sheriff, slowly gets me! You must hev' been pretty fixing his eyes on his prisoner, "not a low down for kempany when yoe took a man who would ever trust Maj. Overton man like me inter your confidence. I for a leader again."

"Perhaps," said the major unmovedly He looked inquiringly at his captive again. "I don't think either of us would with the same wondering surliness. ever get a chance of being trusted Nor could be understand another thing again by any one."

which was evident. After the first The sheriff still kept his eyes on his shock of resistance, the major had ex- prisoner, his gloomy face growing darkhibited none of the indignation of a be. er under its grime. "That ain't the trayed man, but actually seemed to ac- reason, major. Life and death mean cept the situation with a calmness that | much more to you than they do to me,



"AN UNDEFINABLE TERROR WAS IN THE AIR."

unemotional as he said:

away from here?"

"That's my lookout, and needn't trouble you, Major; but, seeing as how confidential you've been to me, I don't "And even this way out of it will suit mind tellin' you. Last night that posse The half-breed had changed his louching attitude. It seemed more in- halted at the crossroads till them soldiers went by. They has only to see leaning down, he unbuckled the strap them to know that I had got away. from the major's ankles. A wild hope They'll hang round the crossroads that his incomprehensible captive might till they see my signal on top seize that moment to develop his real of the ridge, and then they'll intent; that he might fly, fight, or in make another show agin' that pass. some way act up to his reckless reputa-Your men will have their hands full, I tion, sustained him for a moment, but reckon, without huntin' for you or no- in the next proved futile. The major ticin' the three men o' mine that will only said, "Thank you, Tom," and come along this ridge where the sodiers stretched his cramped legs. come yesterday-to help me get you down in the same way. You see, Major,

> pride in it myself." the major, "and look here! I'll double prisoner's pinioned arms made it imthat offer I made you just now. Set possible for him to balance or help himme down just as 1 am, on the deck of self on that steep trail, and once or me down just as I am, on the deck of some coasting vessel, and I'll pay you say, 300. You may have all the glory of having captured me here, and of making your word good before your posse. But you can arrange afterward on the way to let me give you the slip somewhere near Sacramento."
>
> The sheriff's face actually brightened.
> "Thanks for that, major. I was gettin' were both obliged to drag themselves."

> "Thanks for that, major. I was gettin' a little sick of my share in this job, but, by God! you've put some sand in me. a little sick of my share in this job, but, by God! you've put some sand in me. Well, then, there ain't gold enough in Californy to make me let you go! You hear me; so drop that. I've took you, "How did you signal?" asked the and took you'll remain until I land you in Sacramento jail. I don't want to kill you, though your life's forfeit a dozen times over, and I reckon you don't care for it either way, but if you try any

this," said the major, curtly.

The sheriff looked at him again, curiously. "I never had my hands in another man's pockets before, major, but I reckon I'll have to take your derriagers from yours." He slipped his hand into the major's waistcoat and secured the weapons. "I'll have to trouble you for your sash, too," he said. unwinding the knitted silken girdle from the captive s waist. "You won't want it, you ain't walking, and it'll

come in handy to me, just now." He bent over, and, passing it across the major's breast with more gentleness and solicitude than he had yet shown, secured him in an easy sitting

his captor lacked. His voice was quite in this yer game. I know that you'd kill me quicker nor lightning if you got "And how are you going to get me | the chance; you know that I'm takin you to the gallows."

"The reason is that I want to leave

some way act up to his reckless reputa-"Get up and go on," said the sheriff,

roughly. your little trap in that gully ain't in this The major began to slowly ascend the fight! we're the other side of it. I ain't hill; the sheriff close on his heels, alert, much of a soldier, but I reckon I've got tingling and watchful of every moveyou there; and it's all owing to you. I ment. For a few moments this strain ain't," he added gloomily, "takin' much upon his faculties seemed to invigorate him, and his gloom relaxed, but pres-"I shouldn't think you would," said ently it became too evident that the

major, abruptly.
"Made a smoke," said the sheriff as

abruptly. "I thought so. Well, you've set the wood on fire."

They both plunged upward again, now tricks on me I may have to main ye to make you come along com'fable and easy. I ain't hankerin' arter that, either, but come you shall."

"Giv' your signal and have an end of this," said the major, curtly.

"They both plunged upward again, now trick the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with each other to reach the summit, as if with the one thought only. Already the sting and smart of acrid fumes were in their eyes on level ground again it was hidden by a thin film of grayish blue haze that some the summit as if with the one thought only. Already the sting and smart of acrid fumes were in their eyes on level ground again it was hidden by a thin film of grayish blue haze that some the summit as if with the one thought only. Already the sting and smart of acrid fumes were in their eyes on level ground again it was hidden by a thin film of grayish blue haze that the summit as in with the one the summit as in with the one the summit as in with the original the summit as in with the o seemed to be creeping along it. But above was the clear sky, seen through the interlacing boughs, and to their surprise, they who had just come from the breathless, stagnant hillside, a fierce wind was blowing! But the roaring was

louder than before. "Unless your three men are already here your game is up," said the major calmly. "The wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and fee."

It was indeed true! In the scarce It was indeed true! In the scarce twenty minutes that had elapsed since the sheriff's return the dry and brittle underbrush for half a mile on either side had been converted into a sheet of

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

shriveled side bark were crackling and lighted dead limbs falling in all directions. The whole valley, the gully, the bar, the very hillside they had just left, were blotted out by creeping, stifling smoke-fog, that scarcely rose breast high, but was beaten down or cut off cleanly by the violent wind that swept the higher level of the forest. At times this gale becamela sirocco in temperature, concentrating its heat in withering blasts which they could not face or focusing its intensity upon some mass of foliage that seemed to shrink at its touch and open a scathed and qu vering alsle to its approach. The enormous skeleton of a dead and rotten redwood, not a hundred yards to their right, broke suddenly like a gigantic firework into sparks and flame.

The sheriff had grasped the full meaning of their situation. In spite of his first error—the very carelessness of familiarity—his knowledge of wood-craft was greater than his companions, and he saw their danger.

"Come," he said, quickly, "we must make for an opening or we shall be lines from the angle of the nostril and

familiarly—his knowledge of wood-craft was greater than his companions', and he saw their danger. "Come," he said, quickly, "we must make for an opening or we shall be

The major smiled in misapprehen-"Who could catch us here?"
The sheriff pointed to the blazing tree. "That," he said. "In five min-

utes it will have a posse that will wipe us out." He caught the major by the arm and rushed him into the smoke, and apparently in the direction of the greatest mass of flame. The heat was suffocating, but it struck the major that the more they approached the actual scene of conflagration the heat and smoke became less, until he saw that the fire was retreating before them and the follow-ing wind. In a few moments their haven of safety—the expanse already burned over—came in sight. Here and there, seen dimly through the drifting smoke, the scattered embers that still strewed the forest floor glowed in weird, nebulous spots like will o' the wisps. For an instant the major hesitated; the

fell upon an abrupt, fissure-like de-pression of the soil, which the fire had leaped, and into which they blindly plunged and rolled together. A moment of relief and coolness followed as they crept along the fissure filled with damp and rotting leaves.

"Why not stay here?" said the ex-hausted prisoner.
"And be roasted like sweet potatoes hausted prisoner.

"And be roasted like sweet potatoes when these trees catch," returned the sheriff, grimly. "No." Even as he spoke a dropping rain of fire spattered through the leaves from a splintered redwood, before overlooked, that was now blazing fiercely in the upper wind. A vague and undefinable terror was in the air. The conflagration no longer seemed to obey any rule of direction. The incendiary torch had passed invisibly everything. They scrambled out of the hollow and again dashed desperately forward.

Beaten, bruised, blackened, and smoke-grimed, looking less human than the animals who had long since deserted the crest, they at last limped into a "wind opening" in the woods that the fire had skirted. The major sank exhaustedly to the ground; the sheriff threw himself heside him. Their fallen quarry roared the cheval de frise of flame and fallen timber, impossible to cross. The young officer hesitated, sinuaged his shoulders, wheeled his men. and left the fire to correct any irregularity in his action.

It did not, however, change contemporaneous history. For a week later, when whynvard's Bar discovered Maj. Overstone lying beside the man now recognized by them as the disguised sheriff asheriff a

and rotting leaves.

acted as if they no longer thought of anything beyond the present. And when the sheriff finally arose, and, dis
[THE END.] appearing for several minutes, brought his hat full of water for the prisoner from a distant spring that they had passed in their flight, he found him where he had left him, unchanged and nnmoved.

He took the water gratefully, and

after a pause fixed his eyes earnestly upon his captor. "I want you to do a favor to me," he said slowly. "I'm not going to offer you a bribe to do it either, nor ask you anything that isn't in a line with your duty. I think I understand you now, if I didn't before. Do you know Brigger, restaurant in Sagre you know Briggs' restaurant in Sacra-mento?"

The sheriff nodded. The sheriff nodded.

"Well, over the restaurant are my private rooms—the finest in Sacramento. Nobody knows it but Briggs, and he has never told. They've been locked ever since I left; Pve got the key still in my pocket. Now when we get to Sacramento, instead of taking me straight to jail I want you to hold me there as your prisoner for a day and night. I don't want to get away; you can take what precautions you like—surround the house with policemen and sleep yourself in the anteroom. I don't want to destroy any papers or evidence: want to destroy any papers or evidence; you can go through the rooms and examine everything before and after; 1 only want to stay there a day and night; I want to be in my old rooms; have my meals from the restaurant as I used to,

meals from the restaurant as I used to, and sleep in my own bed once more. I want to live for one day like a gentleman, as I used to live before I came here. That's all. It isn't much, Tom; you can do it and say you require to do it to get evidence against me, or that you want to search the rooms."

The expression of wonder which had come into the sheriff's face at the beginning of this speech deepened into his old look of surly dissatisfaction. "And that's all you want," he said gloomily. "Ye don't want no friends—no lawyer? For I tell you straight out, major, there ann't no hope for ye when the law once gets hold of ye in Sacramento."

"That's all. Will you do it?" "That's all. Will you do no.
The sheriff's face grew still darker.
After a pause he said: "I don't say
After a pause he said: "I don't say
'ves.' But," he

After a pause he said: "I don't say 'no,' and I don't say 'yes.' But," he added grimly, "it strikes me we'd better wait till we get clear o' these woods before you think o' your Sacramento lodgings."

The major did not reply. The day had worn on, but the fire now completely encircling them opposed any bassage in or out of that fateful barrier. The smoke of the burning underbrush hung low around them in a bank equally impenetrable to vision. They were as alone as shipwrecked sailors in an island girdled by a horizon of clouds.

"I'm going to try to sleep," said the "THE HAIR AND EXCELSIOR"

"And if your men come?" said the sheriff dryly.
"Shoot me."

"Shoot me."

He laid down, closed his eyes, and, to the sheriff's astonishment, presently fell asleep. The sheriff, with his chin in his grimy hands, sat and watched him as the day slowly darkened around them, and the distant lires came out in more lurid intensity. The tace of the captive and outlawed murderer was singularly peaceful: that of the captor singularly peaceful; that of the captor and man of duty was haggard, wild and perplexed.

But even this changed soon. The

sleeping man stirred restlessly and un-easily his face began to work, his hips to move. "Tom!" he gasped suddenly, The sheriff bent over him eagerly.
The sleeping man's eyes were still closed; beads of sweat stood upon his

or sheat. At was dreaming.
"Tom," he whispe ed, "take me out of
this place—take me out from those dogs shoulders, pinioning his arms to his side. Then the half breed, tearing open side. Then the half breed the half bree

the pointed moustache and imperial; the face in that light was very haggard; the lines from the angle of the nostril and mouth were like deep half-healed gashes. The major was, without doubt, prematurely worn and played out.

The sheriff's persistent eyes, however, seemed to effect what the ruder hand could not. The sleeping man stirred, awoke to full consciousness, and sat up.

"Are they here? I'm ready," he said "Are they here? I'm ready," he said calmly.

"No," said the sheriff, deliberately. "I only wo ke ye to say that I've been thinkin' over what you asked of me, and if we get to Sacramento all right, why I'll do it and give ye that day and night at your old lodgings."

"Thank you."

The major reached out his hand; the sheriff hesitated, and then extended his own. The hands of the two men clapsed for the first, and it would seem the last

for the first, and it would seem the last

For the "cub of West Point" was, like nebulous spots like will o' the wisps. For an instant the major hesitated; the sheriff cast a significant glance behind them.

"Go on; it's our only chance," he said imperatively.

They darted on, skimming the blackened or smouldering surface which at times struck out spark and flame from their heavier footprints as they passed. Their boots crackled and scorched beneath them; their shreds of clothing were on fire; their breathing became more difficult, until, providentially, they fell upon an abrupt, fissure-like destill a fugitive, not a hundred yards away on the other side of the belt of fire, running down the hill with another ragged figure at his side. The command to "halt" was enforced by a single rifle shot over the fugitives' heads—but they still kept on their right. Then the boy officer snatched a carbine from one of his men, a volley flang out from the little troop—the shots of the privates mercifully high, those

"wind opening" in the woods that the fire had skirted. The major sank exbaustedly to the ground; the sheriff of Siskiyou, they rejoiced at this unfailing evidence of their lost leader's unequalled prowess. That he hadagain killed a sheriff and fought a whole posse, yielding only with his life, was never to have been forgotten; they looked and



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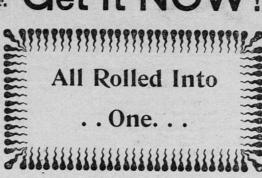
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