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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

A few inquiries informed him where Bowers had deposited his source of supplies, and he watched until the miner went for a fresh portion one evening. Rider was helplessly intoxicated, and Bowers had been indulging freely himself. He placed a little pouch containing about \$300 in dust in his pocket, and reeled out in the darkness without the faintest thought of danger.

A heavy blow behind the ears suddenly sent him to his knees, and a pair of strong hands grasped his throat at the same moment, but the owner had no easy task to accomplish his object. The realization of his danger fully sobered Bowers, and with a stifled curse he tore the grip from his throat and gained his feet by main strength.

It was too dark to see his assailant, but Hank Bowers was no coward, and instead of attempting to flee or call for help, he grappled silently with the would-be robber.

It did not last long. Once his arms were about his enemy, Bowers was master of the situation. Inch by inch he bent the other back until human endurance could bear no more, and with a groan the man's muscles relaxed and he fell heavily with Bowers on top of him.

"Struck a snag that time, didn't yer?" he demanded, grimly, seating himself on the other's breast and holding his wrists so that he could not draw a weapon.

"Let me up, blast yer!" was the sullen reply as the man tried in vain to move.

"Want ter get up? All right, pard. Jest remember I've got a gun agin yer ribs, though, an' if yer don't go all quiet I'll let a hole through yer!"

As he spoke he arose and allowed the man to do likewise, keeping a stout grip on his collar. Then he said, sternly: "Go on where I push yer. I want ter see yer face."

A short walk brought them to the tent where Rider and Bowers slept, and into this the latter conducted his prisoner and lit a candle.

The light showed the face of a man about 30 years, with an expression of ferocity which was revolting, but Bowers surveyed it with satisfaction as he asked:

"Well, Mr. Man, what made yer tackle me? Hard up?"

"Yes."

The fellow gazed at him unflinchingly as he spoke.

"I s'pose yer know I could come pretty near hevin' yer hung fer this job?"

"Do it, d—, yer, an' don't talk about it," was the prompt reply.

Bowers released his grip, produced a bottle of liquor from his pocket and held it toward his companion, saying: "Take a drink. You're a man after my own heart, you be. You an' I kin do business, I guess. How would yer like ter lay yer paws on a couple o' hundred t'wos, all in dust an' nuggets?"

"What's that yer sayin'?" replied the man, wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve as he lowered the bottle. "Are yer makin' game of me or what the—?"

"Do I look like a chap that fooled?" snarled Bowers, angrily. "I ain't that kind. I know some chaps as has got a few hundred pounds o' the yaller stuff all dug, an' if I had two or three good men they'd whack up the swag with me."

"I'm yer man!" exclaimed the other, looking him full in the eye. "I ain't scared of a little blood. I'm desperate and I'll join yer!"

"Know another good man we could trust?" asked Bowers. "I've got a white-livered cuss with me as I'm goin' to cut loose from pretty quick. There will be plenty ter do the job."

"Plenty ter divide with, too. Why can't we manage it between us?"

"Course we kin," said Bowers, "an' the fewer in it the better. Two good men is better'n twenty fer such a job. Will yer stick ter me, no matter what happens?"

"I never went back on a chum yet," was the prompt reply.

"All right. Now, what's yer name, pard?"

"My name's Turner."

"Wall, Turner, let's finish this lickin' the fast thing."

It did not take long to accomplish this, and then Bowers said:

"I'll furnish the outfit an' take yer where the game is fer be played. You go one-third of the way, I'll give two-thirds. That's fair, ain't it?"

"I can't kick on that."

"All right. Now we'll git some sleep an' to-morrow we'll see if that's any hosses ter be got. If I hadn't been a chump I'd hold on ter what I brought in with me when I come."

On the following day, however, he took a different view of the matter. It would be impossible to start off on the trip without arousing the suspicions of Obed Rider, and Bowers decided that he must be of the party.

"He's just the chap ter split on us if we happened ter have a scrimmage an' that was any fuss here over it. I darsent leave him behind. We'll take him an' then he'll hev ter keep his mouth shut when he's in the same boat with us."

But after two days' search he was unable to procure a single horse, so great was the demand. His gold was running low besides, and at last he dared not wait any longer. Each man took as much provisions as he could carry on his back, and early one morning, they started over the trail, armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they had proceeded a few miles on their way, Bowers said:

"Now, pard, we're out fer big game an' we've got ter be mighty smart if we want ter come out all right. We're likely ter meet some o' the party we after any time. They can't tote all their dust in on their backs an' then that's that girl. They must hev 'bout enuf by this time an' they'll like enuf send one o' the men ter Dyea after hosses fer the gang. See?"

"That's hoss sense," replied Turner. "Wall," continued Bowers, "we must keep our eyes peeled that we don't let ourselves be seen by any such man. I'll spile everything if we do."

It was well for his plans that he did keep a sharp lookout, for before night he saw a speck far ahead on the trail which he knew at once to be a man. He was standing on the edge of a piece of woods, and his companions were behind him at the time. Stepping in the shadow of the trees, he explained:

"That's a man comin', an' I'll bet it's one o' them we're after. He may hev seen me, an' it won't do fer us all ter hide. He won't know you, Turner. You keep on an' pass ther time o' day with him. Yer bound fer the fort, yer know. Keep right on, an' we'll hide till he's out o' sight, then we'll overtake yer."

Turner at once walked ahead, while his two companions secreted themselves in the underbrush. They saw Turner stop and converse with the stranger a few moments, when the latter drew near them, and Bowers whispered:

"It's the man they call Taylor! He's goin' after hosses sure!"

All unconscious of the proximity of the two men, Taylor tramped sturdily on, and was soon out of hearing in the woods. Then the two left their ambush and hurried after Turner, who awaited them far out on the plain.

"What did he say?" inquired Bowers, eagerly.

"Asked me where I was bound an' whether there was any hosses ter be got in Dyea," said Turner, who never seemed to waste a word.

"I knew it!" declared Bowers. "Now all we've got ter do is find a snug place this side whar the trail splits an' take it easy till the dust is under our eyes. He'll be back pretty quick if he gits any hosses an' then we won't hev much longer ter wait."

Several days later saw them securely hidden in a piece of dense woods, but each day was divided into watches, when they took turns standing on sentinal duty. From a knoll a short distance from the hut they had built, the trail was visible for fully a mile, and from daylight to dark they watched it closely.

Their patience was rewarded when, late one afternoon, they saw Dick Taylor riding along to the north, leading a string of horses behind him.

"Our time is most up now," said Bowers, grimly. "He'll fetch the mine by to-morrow. Them two chaps with him I've seen round Dyea. They're rich chaps, I've heard. He's picked 'em up an' is goin' ter sell out."

"How many will there be of them?" asked Turner. "An' how's the trick ter be done when they git here? Dyer reckon a regular holdup, or what?"

"We might do it in that way," said Bowers, "an' stan' the risk o' gittin' wiped out, but it won't do ter risk it. There'll be too many o' 'em. I've got a scheme I'm goin' ter spring on 'em. Let's git back under cover an' I'll tell yer what it is."

When they reached their rude shelter and lighted their pipes he outlined his plan as follows:

Upon sighting the party Rider was to conceal himself in the woods near the hut. Bowers himself was to remain in the hut on the boughs which served him for a bed, while Turner's part was to meet the travelers and play the role of a decoy.

"They all know my phiz," said Bowers, "an' some o' them knows Rider. You are the only one they don't know. Of course, Taylor will remember meetin' yer the other day when he was goin' in, an' yer can tell him you've met a chap as is shot himself by mistake, an' is almost dead. Ask one o' 'em ter come an' see if there's any chance fer him, or sumthin' like that. One o' 'em is sure ter come, an' when he gits inside the shanty we kin hold him up darned quick."

"But what about the rest of them?" asked Rider.

"Why, yer chump, when this one don't come back it's ten ter one that another feller'll come lookin' arter him, an' we'll fix him too. Then if the rest don't come we'll go out with our guns all of a sudden an' hold 'em up. We'll take all that gins an' horses an' get out lively fer Dawson City. They'll be sure we've gone ter Dyea an' we'll git clean with the gold. It's nigher ter Dawson anyhow, then it is ter Dyea. We kin git down by water an' then take ther steamer fer Seattle, while they're lookin' fer us round Dyea or Skagway. See?"

"Great head," said Turner, sentimentally, while even Rider began to be impressed with the clever scheme. It was also a great relief to know that there was to be no bloodshed, for, bad as he was, he had not the heart for such deeds when he was sober.

After carefully discussing every phase of their villainous plot and arranging the details the trio stretched themselves on their rude beds and were soon sleeping as soundly as though no guilt rested on their minds.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROBBER.

All unconscious of the snare ahead of them, the successful gold hunters rode cheerfully along over the trail, their gold secured on their animals and their bags filled with natural thanksgiving at their success. They were rich—rich beyond their wildest hopes, and it had all been done in a few short weeks.

They had registered their claims in Dyea, but there was considerable doubt whether they were located in American or British territory, as the boundary line was not exactly known. This, however, had been fairly explained to the purchasers, who declared their willingness to take the risk. This they could well afford to do, for they had bought the claims for about one-quarter their actual value, and were well aware of the fact. They had only to register them in Dawson also to make themselves safe.

Their progress was necessarily slow, for each horse carried not only a rider, but a large amount of gold as well. Where the trail was very rough the men were forced to dismount at times, so that it was nearly night on the second day when the party drew near the piece of woods where Hank Bowers and his rascally confederates were hidden.

Taylor was leading the way as they reached the first trees, where already the lengthening shadows were stretching across the trail. The others were straggling along behind him, while Tom and Clara Avery rode side by side in the rear.

In fact this had already become his usual place, and his devotion was so apparent that the others had come to regard it as a foregone conclusion that the young couple had met their fate in each other.

Taylor was some ten yards ahead of his party when suddenly a man hurried out of the woods at his left and came directly toward him, shouting:

"Stranger! Hold on!"

Checking in his horse, Taylor allowed the man to reach his horse's side and then exclaimed:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

By this time the rest of the party had reached the spot and halted.

"There's a man back in the woods a little way here that is hurt bad," replied the newcomer. "Won't one o' yer come an' see if sumthin' can't be did fer him? He's in a bad way."

Taylor looked hard at the stranger. He was apparently about 40 years old, rather tall, a scar across his thin nose, which made his eyes seem close together. It was not a face to inspire confidence, but Dick Taylor had not the slightest suspicion of danger as he asked:

"Who is the man and where did he come from? What's the matter with him?"

"He's a sailor sort of a chap an' his horse throwed him, he says. Then his partner skipped off an' left him ter kick ther bucket alone."

As the man spoke Taylor suddenly remembered his face.

"Didn't I meet you not long ago on this trail?" he demanded.

With a well-assumed air of surprise the man drew nearer and stared at him a moment, then exclaimed:

"Right yer are, stranger! Yer was boun' fer Dyea afore an' I was comin' this way. Didn't know yer at first. Yes, I got 'long here an' found this feller most dead. I knocked up a sort of a shanty in the bush an' got him into it, but he's dyin' sure yer born."

"What's his name?" asked Avery, "and who is he?"

"Says his name's Rider. Obed—" "Obed Rider!" cried Tom and the second mate, simultaneously.

"That's it! Dyer know him?" asked the stranger, looking at them with well-feigned surprise.

"The second!" cried Tom, jumping from his horse. "Come, Green, let's go and see if it is really him!"

But Avery spoke up at this point and said:

"Hold on, boys! Don't go rushing off like that! I don't take much stock in this story. Suppose it is some sort of a trap? Remember what we are taking with us."

"It's all right, boss," urged the newcomer. "You needn't be scared o' one man. This Rider begged me ter stay with him an' I hadn't ther heart ter leave him. I wouldn't leave a dog ter die in the bush alone. If yer don't want ter come, all right, but I hoped yer was men enuff fer that. I'm goin' back ter him. He may be dead by this time."

"Where does your man say he's from?" demanded Tom, his anger melting away as he thought of his enemy dying miserably by himself in this wilderness.

"He says he's from Dyea. He had a partner named Butters or some such name. He's out of his head sometimes an' goes on 'bout a lot o' gold an' how some one's goin' ter git held up an' see nonsense. Then he's got some papers an' all he thinks about when he sees 'em is some gold mine an' a chap named Scott."

"That settles it," cried Tom. "Come on, Green, we'll go."

Without waiting to hear another word the man turned on his heel and led the way among the stunted pines from whence he had emerged. Tom and Green followed him and the rest dismounted to await their return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

The Perversity of Human Nature Crops Out Even Under the Most Advantageous Circumstances.

How true it is that what man cannot get he desires most. From the little lad of a few summers, to the aged gentleman of 80 years, there is no one to whom this truth does not apply. The boy sees a toy and he wants one like it. The world will not give it to him, he thinks, until he has a right in the box like that of his playmate, whom his mother takes him to visit once in a while, and then his glory fades, and he must needs have a set of blocks and build houses with them. He builds houses for a brief space, then sees something else and wants that. Dresses must soon give way to short trousers or he will never be satisfied. He is finally put into short trousers and for a few days he is quite the proudest creature in the household. But the pleasure he gets in thinking what a man he is soon gives way to his desire to go to school; that is followed by his anxiety to get out of school and to college. But a few years of college life, notwithstanding its freedom from care, and its delightful friendships, cannot keep away the restlessness to get out into active life and to become a man of the world, taking part in its struggles and its progress. And then ambitions of one kind or another come to him and he strives and strives in this direction or that until he has attained his desire. But the attainment thereof does not bring with it the happiness he had anticipated. He must become rich, or he must make an artist, or a physician, or a literary man out of himself. But when he has done so there seems to be just as great a distance as before between him and his long-pursued happiness. And thus it goes the whole life through, one thing following another, and each one seeming to be the great object of living, that upon which he must center all his energies. This is "divine unrest."—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Various Articles of Furniture That Are in Order for the Summer Season.

All sorts of pretty things are to be found now for summer homes. The wicker and bamboo furniture has never been as attractive as it is this year. It comes in all colors and the strands of the material can be seen at the shops in a sufficient quantity to give an idea of the shade, and the furniture can then be ordered as desired. Green, as always, is popular, the prettiest pieces being not in the solid green, but woven in geometrical designs. The broad swinging seats which are so delightful for the piazza come in both wicker and bamboo. Comfortable cushions for them are made thin and rather hard, of straw, and, covered with some of the inexpensive Chinese or eastern cottons, they are most attractive, says the New York Times.

Everything shows the growing tendency of the American people to spend much of their time in the open air. Round tables of wood come with large umbrellas raised from the center to keep off stray rays of sun in taking tea on the lawn or to prevent the invasion of insect intruders. These tables are painted in pretty shades, and the umbrellas are made to match, or of white with bands of the color, and are finished around the edge with a deep fringe.

Screens of wicker have shelves and pockets for books, and big chairs of the same material have shelves on the outside, where the lounge can collect his or her belongings, to be reached without moving.

A pretty two-sided wicker settle, similar in shape to those which are so attractive around the fireplace in winter, has a round table of wicker rising from the corner where the two sides join. These are all of green. Broad wooden seats are divided in half by a long, broad arm or table. These wooden seats are painted in any cool-looking color to suit the taste, and when upholstered with cushions for the back and seat are as pretty as they are comfortable.

The hammock which is the most popular this year, and which people are already beginning to buy, is the pulley hammock, though that may not be the actual name for it. This hammock has many advantages. Across the center are several strips of wood, which make it possible, by dropping one end and raising the other, to have a comfortable lounging chair. The hammock is very simply constructed, and is regulated with pulleys by the person occupying it. One convenience which many women will appreciate is the ease of getting in and out. To get in and out of an ordinary hammock with anything like grace is almost an impossibility. The hammock is strong, and is guaranteed to carry 600 pounds.

There's nothing much in a shirt waist when a man wears it, but when a girl wears it—well, there's the girl.—N. Y. Press.

"It's never too late to mend," quoted the school teacher to the hard man from the foundry. "How about a biler when she's busted?" remarked the latter.—Star of Hope.

Patience—"What shocking language that parrot uses!" Patriotic—"Isn't it dreadful!" Did it belong to a sailor before you got it?" "No; to a golf player."—Yonkers Statesman.

An All-Around Success.—"That man says his merry-go-round is one of the finest in this country." "Yes; I heard him bragging that his patrons move in the best circles."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Morrow.—Now at last they were man and wife. As they swept down the aisle from the altar he whispered softly to her. "You are all the world to me!" he said. "Oh, I'm the whole choice to everybody, I'm!" she answered. "But to-morrow!" There was a touch of sadness in all this.—Detroit Journal.

Beaker—"Tippins has a peculiar memory. It is so capricious, you know." Hollis—"Capricious?" In what way?" Beaker—"Well, you see, he never forgets that I am one of the fellows he borrows from, but he inevitably fails to remember to include me among those whom he pays."—Boston Transcript.

Produced Weariness.—"I don't see any sense in these collecting fads," said Mr. Wooph. "Nor I," agreed Mr. Gooph. "Why, some of these fellows seem to make a regular passion of it. They make me tired!" And he gazed out of the window, and glared at the rent collector, who had just left.—Baltimore American.

Their Only Turnout.—McNann—"He says his people was of the carriage folk in the old country. I wonder was they?" McGraw—"Phwat makes yer think they was?" McNann—"Shure, he says their family turnout always attracted attention." McGraw—"Av course. There does be always a cow at an eviction."—Philadelphia Press.

Helps Himself There.—The man who is driven to desperation usually assists in the driving.—Chicago Daily News.

Medal Awarded Walter Baker & Co.

Paris, Aug. 20.—The judges of the Paris Exposition have just awarded a gold medal to Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., for their preparations of Cocoa and Chocolate. This famous company, now the largest manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate in the World, have received the highest awards from the great International and other expositions in Europe and America; this is the third award from a Paris Exposition.—New York Tribune.

At the Summer Hotel. Miss Gabby (speaking of the mountain)—It was terribly high, and papa like to never got over it.

Papa (who thinks she is speaking of something else)—Yes, and I told the landlord he had better just get a sandbag and work like any other footpad if he expected to make charges like that.—Baltimore American.

Good Hair. If you are bald, or getting so, or want a new growth of hair, or are interested in preserving what you have and want information free, write Good Hair Remedy Company, Lock Box 977, Newark, Ohio. A free sample sent for 2c stamp.

Part of the Cure. Mr. Henpeck (the doctor says I absolutely must go away next week for a rest, Mrs. Henpeck—Goodness! I can't possibly manage to get away to go with you then. "Umm! I guess the doctor must have known that."—Philadelphia Press.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. His simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

A Serious Pow-wow.—"Hush, not so loud! We're having a conference of the powers." "Eh! Who is conferring?" "My wife, my mother-in-law and the cook!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

If a woman wants to work the tremulo stops on her husband, she should put on her prettiest dress when she does it. Nothing spoils the effect of a quickener than a soiled wrapper.—Atchison Globe.

Cartier's Ink Is Scientifically compounded of the best materials. If your dealer does not keep it he can get it for you.

Some lawyers receive a larger fee for keeping quiet than others do for talking.—Chicago Daily News.

The Mexicans allay their thirst by chewing Chicle, which is the main ingredient of White's "Yucatan" Gum.

Customer—"What would be the price of a ring like this?" Jeweler—"The buying or selling price?"—Town Topics.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

De Ruyter sent his daughter abroad to be "poised." "Well, I can see her finish."—Town Topics.

A fool at 20 may be wise at 40.—Chicago Daily News.

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FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

The Best Prescription Is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.

Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that