THE A VANDOM STAR THAT STATES

(Copyright, 1895, by Bret Harte.) CHAPTER II.

But Key's attention was presently directed to something more important to his present purpose. The keen wind which he had faced In mounting the Grade had changed and was now blowing at his back. His experience of forest fires bad already taught him that this they easily broke in a gritty grayish powder in his hands. In spite of his preoccupation fill the vacuum made by the conflagration, and it needed not his sensation of an acrid smarting in his eyes, and an unaccountable fryness in the air which he was now facing. to convince him that the fire was approaching him. It had evidently traveled faster than he had expected, or had diverged from its course. He was disappointed, not because it would oblige him to take another course to He then crumbled some of the calcined frag-Skinner's, as Collinson had suggested, but for a very different reason. Ever since his vision of the preceding night he had resolved to revisit the hollow and discover the mystery. He had kept his purpose a secret, partly because he wished to avoid the jesting cup which formed a part of his culinary traveling kit. Into this he put three or four remarks of his companions, but particularly because he wished to go alone, from a very singular feeling that while they had witnessed the incident it was something vaguely personal to himself. To this was also added the uneasy impression he had experienced during the night, that this mysterious habitation and its occupants were in the track of the conflagration. He had not dared to dwell upon it on account of Uncle Dick's evident responsibility for the origin of the evident responsibility for the origin of the fire and the reflection that the inmates of the dwelling would have had ample warning in

direction if he wished to make a detour of the burning woods to reach Skinner's. His momentary indecision communicated itself to the burning woods to reach Skinner's. His stroke of his knife left upon the sediment and the cup a luminous streak of burnished the horse, who halted. Recalled to himself he looked down mechanically, when his athe looked down mechanically, when his attention was attracted by an unfamiliar object lying in the dust of the trail. It was a small slipper—so small that it must have belonged to some child. He dismounted and picked it up. It was warrand shaped to the charred heaps without a thought of what

evidently changed. It was growing clearer before him; the dry heat seemed to come more from the right, in the direction of the detour he should have taken to Skinner's. This seemed-almost providential, and in keeping with his practical treatment of his romance, as was also the fact that in all probability the fire had not visited the little hollow that he intended to explore. He knew of divine interference, as he thought of them ability the fire had not visited the little hollow that he intended to explore. He knew he was nearing it now; the locality had been strongly impressed upon him even in the darkness of the previous evening. He had passed the rocky ledge; his horse's hoofs no longer rang out clearly; slowly and perceptibly they became deadened and lost in the springy mosses and finally the netted grasses and tangled vines that indicated the vicinity of the densely wooded hollow. Here, too, were already some of the wider spaced vanguards of that wood—but here a neculiar cir. scending the slight declivity, but the distance, instead of deepening in leafy shadow, was actually growing lighter. Here were the outskirting sentinels of the wood, but the wood itself was gone. He spurred his horse through the tall gums between the opened

columns and pulled up in amazement.

The wood indeed was gone, and the whole hollow filled with the already black and dead stumps of the utterly consumed forest! More then that, from the indications before him ie catastrophe must have almost immediately followed their retreat from the hollow on the preceding night. It was evident that the fire had leaped the intervening shoulder of the spur in one of those unaccountable but by no means rare phenomena of this form of disaster. The circling heights around were yet untouched; only the hollow and the ledge of rock beside it, against which they had blun-dered with their horses when they were seeking the mysterious window in the darkness of the evening before, were calcined and de-stroyed. He dismounted and climbed the ledge, still warm with the spent fire. A large mass of grayish outcrop had evidently been the focus of the furnace blast of heat that must have raged in this spot. He was skirting its crumbling debris when he started at a discovery which made everything fade into utter insignificance. Before him, in a slight depression formed by a fault lapse in the upheaved strata, lay charred and calcined remains of a dwelling house, levelled to the earth! Originally half hidden by a natural abatis of growing myrile and ceanothus that covered this counterscarp of rock toward the trail, it must have stood

within 100 fect of them during their halt.

Even in its utter and complete obliteration by the furious furnace blast that must have swept across it the evening before, there was still to be seen the unmistakable ground plan and outline of a four-roomed house. While everything that was combustible had succumbed to that intense heat, there was still enough half-fused and warped metal, fractured fron plate, and twisted and broken bars to indicate the kitchen and tool shed. Very little had evidently been taken away; the house and its contents were consumed where it stood. With a feeling of horror and despera-tion Key at last ventured to disturb two or three of the blackened heaps that lay before But there were only vestiges of clothing, bedding, and crockery—there was no hu-man trace that he could detect. Nor was there any suggestion of the or ginal condition and quality of the house, except its size; whether the usual unsightly cabin of frontier "partners" or a sylvan cottage—there was nothing left but the usual ignoble and un-savory ruins of burned-out human habitation. And yet its very existence was a mystery It had been unknown to Collinson's, its near-est neighbor, and it was presumable that it was equally unknown to Skinner's. Neither he nor his companions had detected it in their first journey by day through the hollow, and the telltale window at night had been a hint of what was even then so successfully concealed that they could not discover even when they had blundered against its rock foundations. For concealed it certainly was

and intentionally so. But for what purpose? He gave his romance full play for a few minutes with this question. A recluse, pre-ferring the absolute simplicity of nature, or porhaps wearled with the artificialities of society, had secluded himself here with the company of his only daughter. Proficient as ther way of provisioning his house from the collinson's or Skinner's. But recluses are not usually accompanied by young daughters, whose relations with the world not being as antagonistic would make them uncertain companions. Why not a wife? His pre-sumption of the extreme youth of the face he had seen at the window was after all only based upon the slipper he had found. And if a wife, whose absolute acceptance of such confined seclusion might be equally uncertain. pisode, not unknown even in the wilderner And here was the Nemesis who had overtaken them in their guilty contentment! The story,

why not somebody else's wife? Here was a reason for concealment, and the end of an even to its moral, was complete. And yell did not entirely satisfy him, so superior in the absolutely unknown to the most elaborate

toward the crumbling wall of outcrop, which during the conflagration must have felt the full force of the flery blast that had swept through the hollow and spent its fury upon it. It bore evidence of the intense heat in cracked frames and the crumbling debris that lay at its feet. Key picked up some of the still warm fragments, and was not surprised that with the human interest, the instinct of the prospector was still strong upon him, and he almost mechanically put some of the pieces in his pockets. Then, after another careful survey of the locality for any further record

of its vanished tenants, he returned to his horse. Here he took from his saddle bags, half listlessly, a precious phial encased in wood, and opening it, poured into another thick glass vessel a part of a smoking fluid. ments into the glass and watched the ebuli-tion that followed with perfunctory gravity. When it had almost ceased he drained off the contents into another glass which he set down, and then proceeded to pour some water pinches of sait from his provision store. Then dipping his fingers into the sait and water he allowed a drop to fall into the glass A white cloud instantly gathered in the color less fluid, and then fell in a fine film to the bottom of the glass. Key's eyes concentrated suddenly, the listless look left his face. His fingers trembled slightly as he again let the salt water fall into the solution, with exactly his own face grew as gray.

His hand trembled no longer as he carefully poured off the solution so as to not disturb the precipitate at the bottom. Then time to escape. But he and his companions might have helped them, and then—but here he stopped. Preble Key had not passed the age of romance, but, like other romancists he thought he had evaded it by treating it practically.

He had reached a point where the trail diverged to the right, and he must take that diverged to the right, and he must take that the companion of the golution so as to not disturb the precipitate at the bottom. Then he drev out his knife, scooped a little of the gray sediment upon its point, and emptying his tin cup turned it upside down upon the head reached a point where the trail began to spread it over the dull surface of its bottom with his knife. He had intended the procipitate at the bottom. Then he drev out his knife, scooped a little of the gray sediment upon its point with the sediment upon it and began to spread it over the dull surface of its bottom with his knife. He had intended the control of the control of the procipitate at the bottom. Then he drev out his knife, scooped a little of the gray sediment upon its point and emptying his tin cup turned it upside down upon the knife began to spread it very the sediment upon its point and emptying his tin cup turned it upside down upon the knife began to spread it very the sediment upon its point and emptying his tin cup turned it upside down upon the procipitate at the bottom. Then he drev out his knife, scooped a little of the gray sediment upon its point and emptying his tin cup turned it upside down upon the procipitate at the bottom. practically.

He had reached a point where the trail diverged to the right, and he must take that diverged to the right, and he must take that to rub it briskly with his knife blade. But direction if he wished to make a detour of the huening woods to reach Skinner's. His stroke of his knife left upon the sediment

small shipper—so small that it must have belorged to some child. He dismounted and
pleked it up. It was worn and shaped to the
foot. It could not nave lain there long, for
it was not filled or covered with the windblown dust of the trail, as all other adjacant
objects were. If it was drepped by a passing
traveler that traveler must have passed
Collinson's going or coming within the last
twelve hours. It was scarcely possible that
the shoe could have dropped from the foot
without the wearer's knowing it, and it
must have been dropped in an urgent flight
or it would have been recovered. Thus
practically Key treated his romance. And
having done so he instantly wheeled his
horse and plunged into the road in the direction of the fire.

But he was surprised after twenty minutes
riding to find that the course of the fire had
evidently changed. It was growing clearer
before him, the day was not an unrefined one; he
was a gentleman by instinct, and had an
intuitive sympathy for others, but in that
instant his whole mind was concentrated
upon the calcined outcrop! And his first impulse was to see if it bore any evidence
of previous examination, prospecting, or
working by its suddenly evicted neighbors
and laid bare to the open sunlight and open
revisiting it. An immense feeling of relief
came over the soul of this moral romancer;
a momentary recognition of the Most High cumstance struck him. He was already descending the slight declivity, but the distance, instead of deepening in leafy shadow, was so complete was his preoccupation in his the later discovery that he was about to throw the it away as a useless impediment until it occurred to him vaguely that it might be of service to him in its connection with that discovery—in the way of refuting possible false claimants. He was not aware of any faithlessness to his momentary romance, any more than he was conscious of any disloy-alty to his old companions in his gratification that his good fortune had come to him alone. This singular selection was a conscious experience of prospecting. And there scious experience of prospecting. And there was something about the magnitude of his discovery that seemed to point to an individual achievement. He had made a rough calculation of the richness of the lode from the quantity of precipitate in his rude exthe quantity of precipitate in his rude ex-periment; he had estimated its length-breadth, and thickness from his slight-knowledge of geology and the theories thus rife and the yield would be colossal! Of course he would require capital to work it; he would have to "let in" others to his

scheme and his prosperity, but the control of it would always be his own. Then he suddenly started as he had never in his life before started at the fists of man for there was a footfall in the charred brush, and not twenty yards from him stood Collinson, who had just dismounted from a mule. The blood rushed to Key's pale face. "Prospectin' agin?" said the proprietor of the mill, with his weary smile.

"No," said Key quickly, "only straighten-ing my pack." The blood deepened in his cheek at his instinctive lie. Had he care fully thought it out before he would have welcomed Collinson and told him all. But now a quick, uneasy suspicion flashed upon him. Perhaps his late host had lied and knew of the existence of the hidden house. Perhaps he had spoken of some "silvery rock" the night before-he even knew som thing of the lode itself. He turned upon him with an aggressive face. But Collinson's next words dissipated the thought.

"I'm glad I found ye, anyhow," he said.
"Ye see, arter you left, I saw ye turn off the
trail and make for the burning woods instead
o' goin' 'round. I sez to myself, that feller is making straight for Skinner's. He's sorter worried about me and that empty pork bar'l. I hadn't oughter spoke that way afore you boys anyhow, and he's takin' risks to help me. So I reckoned I'd throw my leg over Jimmy here and look arter ye, and go over to Skinner's myself and vote.

"Certainly," said Key with cheerful alacrity, and the one thought of getting Collinson away, "we'll go together and we'll see that that pork barrel is filled." He glowed quite honestly with this sudden idea of remembering Collinson through his good fortune. "Let's get on quickly, for we ma find the fire between us on the outer trail. He hastily mounted his horse.

"Then you didn't take this as a short at?" said Collinson, with dull perseverance his idea. "Why not? It looks all clear abead.

"Yes," said Key hurriedly, "but it's been only a leap of the fire; it's still raging round the bend. We must go back to the cross trail." His face was still flushing with his very equivocating and his anxiety to get his companion away. Only a few steps further would bring Collinson before the ruins and the "notice," and that discovery must not be made by him until Key's plans were perfected. A sudden aversion to the man he had a moment before wished to reward began to take possession of him. on!" he added almost roughly.

But to his surprise Collinson yielded with his usual grim patience, and even a slight look of sympathy with his friend's annoyance. "I reckon you're right, and mebbee you're in a hurry to get to Skinner's all along o' my business. I oughtn't hev told you boys what I did." As they rode rapidly away he took oc-casion to add when Key had reined in slightly with a feeling of relief at being out of the hol-low. "I was thinkin', too, of what you'd asked

about any one livin' here unbeknowns: to me."
"Well!" said Key with nervous impatience.

thought I saw a woman's face," he added with a forced laugh.

Collinson glanced at him half sadiy. "Oh! you were only funnim, then! I oughter guessed that. I oughter have knowed it was Uncle Dick's talk!" They rode for some mo
"Yes."

"I tore it up."
"You tore it up." ejaculated Key.

ments in silence; Key preoccupied and fever-ish, and eager only to reach Skinner's. Skinner was not only postmaster, but "registrar" of the district, and the new discoverer did not feel entirely safe until he had put his formal notifications and claims "on record," This was no publication of his actual secret, not any indication of success, but was only a record that would in all probability remain unnoticed and unchallenged amidst the many other hopeful dreams of sanguine prospectors. But he was suddenly startled from his pre occupation

"Ye said ye war straightenin' up yer pack just now." said Collinson slowly. 'Yes!" said Key, almost angrily, "and I

"Ye didn't stop to straighten it up down at the forks of the trail, did ye?"

ye no woman's shoe?"

Key felt the blood drop from his cheeks. "What do you mean?" he stammered, scarcely daring to lift his conscious eyelids to his companion's face. But when he did so he was amazed to find that Collinson's face was alnost as much disturbed as his own.

"I know it ain't the square thing to ask ye, but this is how it is," said Collinson hesitat-ingly. "Ye see, just down by the fork of the trail where you came I picked up a woman's shoe. It sorter git ms. For I sez to myself, 'Thar ain't no one bin by my shanty, comin' or goin', for weeks but you boys, and that shoe, from the looks of it, sin't bin there as many hours. I knew there wasn't any standing in the express wagon giving a fare-wimin hereabouts. I reckoned it couldn't hev well shake to his patient companion's hand, been dropped by Uncle Dick, or that other and the inquiries pleasantly passed unnoticed, man, for you would have seen it on the road. Nevertheless, as the express wagon rolled So I allowed it might have been you. And away his active fancy caught at and disposed

"I tore it up?" ejaculated Key.
"You tore it up?" ejaculated Key.
"You hear me—yes!" said Collinson.
Key stared at him. Surely it was again providential that he had not intrusted his secret to this utterly ignorant and prejudiced man! The slight twinges of conscience that

his lie about the slippers had caused him disappeared at once. He could not have trusted him even in that; it would have been like this stupid fanatic to have prevented Key's pre-emption of that claim until Collinson had satisfied himself of the whereabouts of the missing proprietors. Was he quite sure that Collinson would not revisit the spot when he had gone? But he was equal to the emer-

He had intended to leave his horse with Skinner as security for Collinson's provisions, where Marblehead Rock reared its brown but Skinner's liberality had made this unpyramid above the restless lashing of the the forks of the trail, did ye?"

"I may have," said Key, nervously. "But why?"

"Ye won't mind my axin' ye another question, will ye? Ye ain't carryin' round with the mill by the wagon road and "outside" trail," as more commodious for the two ani- | Corinthian Yacht club of Marblehead and |

> "Ye ain't afered o' the road gents?" suggested a bystander; "they swarm on Gallope's ridge, and they 'held up' the down stage only last week.

been lying low in the brush near Bald Top,"
returned Skinner. "Anyhow, they don't stop
teams nor 'packs,' unless there's a chance of
their getting some fancy horseflesh by it,
and I reckon thar ain't much to tempt them
thar," he added with a satirical side glance at
the control of the course twenty helmsmen
breathed more freely. I had made fast the
Rosalie's jib sheet, which was my especial
care that day, and had stretched myself
across the deck, when Burbage said:
"We were in ghastly close quarters there
one time. I thought we were in for a his customer's cattle. But Key was already



NOT TWENTY YARDS FROM HIM STOOD COLLINSON.

yer it is." He slowly drew from his pocket- of this new changer that might threaten the fair fugitive had evidently lost them both. Collinson off this unexpected scent. And his companion's own suggestion was right to his hand—and again—almost providential! He laughed, with a quick color, which, however.

retained the slipper while he gravely exmined it.

mint of money."

"You wouldn't mind telling me where you mout hey got that?" he said meditatively.
"Of course I should," said Key, with a well affected mingling of mirth and indignation.
"What are you thinking of, you old villain?
What do you take me for?" What do you take me for?

But Collinson did not laugh, "You wouldn't mind givin' me the size and shape and general heft of her as wore that shoe? "Most decidedly I should do nothing of the cind!" said Key half impatiently. that it was given to me by a very pretty girl. That's all you will know."

"Given to you?" said Collinson, lifting his "Yes." returned Key audaciously Collinson handed him the slipper gravely. "I only asked you," he said slowly, but with a certain quiet dignity which Key had never before seen in his face, "because thar was suthin" about the size and shape and fittin' out o' that shoe that kinder reminded me of of some'un. But that some'un—her as mout hey' stood up in that shoe ain't o' that kind

as would ever stand in the shoes of her as you know at all." The rebuke—if such were intended—lay more in the utter ignoring of Key's airy gallantry and levity than in any conscious slur upon the fair fame of his invented Dulcinea. Yet Key oddly felt a strong inclination to resent the aspersion as well as Collinson's gratuitous morality, and with a mean recollection of Uncle Dick's last with a mean reconection of Unite Dicks last evening's scandalous gossip, he said sarcas-tically, "And, of course, that some one you were thinking of was your lawful wife." "It was," said Collinson gravely.

Perhaps it was something in Collinson's manner or his own preoccupation, but he did not peruse the subject, and the conversation lagged. They were nearing, too, the outer wood of the present conflagration, and the smoke, lying low in the unburnt woods or creeping like an actual exhalation from the soil, blinded them so that at times they lost the trail completely. At other times, from the intense heat, it seemed as if they were being caught in a closing circle. It was remark able that with his sudden accession to for-tune Key seemed to lose his usual frank fearlessness, and impatiently questioned his companion's woodcraft. There were intervals when he regretted his haste to reach Skin-ner's by this shorter cut, and began to bit-terly attribute it to his desire to serve Col-linson. Ah, yes, it would be fine, indeed, if just as he were about to clutch the prize he should be sacrificed through the ignorance and stupidity of this heavy-handed moralist at his side! But it was not until, through the moralist's guidance, they climbed a steep ac-clivity to a second ridgs and were compara tively safe that he began to feel ashamed or his surly silence or surlier interruptions. And Collinson, either through his unconquerable patience, or, possibly, in a fit of his usual exorious abstraction, appeared to take no

A sloping table land of weather-beaten book ders now effectually separated them from th fire in the lower ridge. They presently be-gan to descend on the further side of the crest, and at last dropped upon a wagon road and the first track of wheels that Key had seen for a fortnight. Rude as it was it seemed to him the highway to fortune. For he knew that it passed Skinner's, and then joined the great stage road to Marysville, his ultimate destination. A few rods further on they came in view of Skinner's, lying like a dingy. forgotten winter snow drift on the rocky

It contained a postoffice, tavern, black smith's shop, "general store," and express office, scarcely a dozen buildings in all, but all differing from Collinson's Mill in some vague suggestion of vitality, as if the daily regular pulse of civilization still beat, albeit ianguidly, in that remote extremity. There were expectation and accomplishment twice a day, and as Key and Collinson rode up to the express office, the express wagon was standing before the door ready to start to meet the stage coach at the cross roads three miles away. This again seemed a special providence to Key. He had a brief official about any one livin' here unbeknownst to me."

"Well!" said Key with nervous impatience.

"Well!" I only had an idea o' proposin' that you and me just took a look around that holler whar you thought you saw suthin'!" said Collinson tentatively.

"Nonsense!" said Key hurriedly. "We really saw nothing—it was all a fancy, and Uncle Dick was joking me because I said I

what Key was fully prepared to see—the mate hidden wealth of his claim. But he reflected of the slipper Key had in his saddlebag! The that for a time, at least, only the crude ore would be taken out and shipped to Marysville fair fugitive had evidently lost them both.

But Key was better prepared now—perhaps the sort of dissimulation is progressive—and quickly alive to the necessity of throwing Collinson off this unexpected scent. And his ner's with a foreman and ten men and an un-limited credit to draw upon at Marysville. laughed, with a quick color, which, however, seemed to help his lie, as he replied half hysterically. "You're right, old man; I own up, it's mine! It's silly, I know, but then we're all fools where women are concerned, and I wouldn't have less that slipper for a and I wouldn't have lost that slipper for a orated, none knew when or where-often, alas! with an unpaid account at Skinner's. In a week a rambling shed of pine logs-tecuhad been made and the whole face of the outcrop was exposed. In three weeks every ver ige of former tenancy which the fire had not consumed was trampled out by the alien fees of the toilers of the "Sylvan Silver Hollow ompany." None of Key's former companions would have recognized the hollow in its blackened leveling and rocky foundation. Even Collinson would not have remembered this stripped rock and the heaps of debris as the place where he had overtaken Key. And Key

> his success. Perhaps it was well, therefore, that one night, when the darkness had mercifully fallen upon the scene of sylvan desolation, and more incongruous and unsavory human restoration, and the low murmur of the pines occasionally swelled up from the scathed mountain side, a loud shout and the trampling of horses' feet awoke the dweller in the shanty. Springing to their feet they hurriedly seized their weapons and rushed out, only to be confronted by a dark, motion less ring of horsemen, two flaming torches o pine knots, and a low but distinct voice authority. Even in their excitement, halfwakened suspicion, and confusion it had a singular note of calm preparation and consclous power.

himself had forgotten in his triumph every thing but the chance experiment that led to

"Drop those guns. Hold up your hands We've got you cornered!"

Key was no coward; the men, though flustered, were not cravens, but they obeyed.
"Trot, out your leader! Let him stand ou there clear, beside that forch!" One of the flaming pine knots disengage itself from the dark circle and moved to the center as Preble Key, cool and confident stepped beside it.

"That will do," said the voice, unemotion 'Now we want Joaquin Raymon, Sydney Jack, French Pete, and One-eyed Char-

scene in the hollow of his own and his companions' voices, and the "flash" in the dark-ness flashed across Key. With an instinctive premonition, he said quietly: "Who wants them?" "The state of California," said the voice. "The state of California must look further,"

sald Key in his old pleasant voice. are no such names among my party." "Who are you?"
"The president of the Sylvan Silver Hollow

The president of the Sylvan Silver Hollow company, and these are my workmen."

There was a movement and sound of whispering in the filtherto dark and silent circle. Then the voice fose again.

"You have the papers to prove it?"

"And—in the cabin. And you?"

"I've the warrant of the sheriff of Sierra."

There was a pause, and the voice continued:
"How long have you been here?"

"How long have you been here?"
"Three weeks. "I came here the day
the fire and took up this claim."

"There was he other house here?"
"There were ridins. You can see them still. It may have been a burned-up cabin."
The voice disengaged itself from the vague background and came slowly forward. "It was a den of thieves! It was the hiding place of Joaquin Raymon and his gang of road agents. 1 I've been hunting this spot for three weeks. And now it's all up." There was a laugh from Key's men, but it was checked as the owner of the voice slowly ranged up beside the burning torch and they saw his face. It was drawn and grim with the defeat of a brave man.

'Won't you come in and take something? sald Key kindly. "No. I'm sorry to have disturbed ye as is. But I suppose it's all in the day's ork. Good night. Forward there, get!" The two torches danced forward, with the tracing of vague shadows in dim procession; there was a clatter over the rocks and they were gone. And as Key gazed after them he felt that with them had passed the only shadow that lay upon his great future. With the last tenant of the hollow a proscribed outlaw and fugitive, he was henceforth for-

A Collision at the Start

Two Yachts Smashed Up Before the Race Began.

ran brimming in long, foam-topped ridges to swooping hither and thither over the vexed a vain attempt to keep away, bosom of the sea. It was a race day in the the crack flyers of Salem and Lynn and a dozen other seaport towns were maneuvering for advantageous positions at the start. At length the gun sent them all away upon "They're not so lively since the deputy sheriff's got a new idea about them, and have sails straightened itself out on the first long

Burbage heaved a sigh, rolled up his eyes, and said: "Well, I suppose I'm in for it. This collision was one in which I had an active personal interest, and I am free to admit that I don't care about another experience of the sort. It just goes to show that in maneuvering for position at the start you are liable to all sorts of trouble. This particular start took place on one of the cruises of the New York Yacht club. The The runs from port to port had been rather slow and all hands were wishing for a little ex-

citement, and they got it.
"The citizens of Newport had offered several handsome cups to be raced for off that place. All the fast yachts in the fleet were entered for the contests, and when the day opened with a brisk wind from the southeast all hands were happy. I was a guest aboard the fifty-toot sloop Florina, which was entered for the cup offered for her class. There was also a cup for the big single-stickers, one for bg schooners, another for schooners of eighty feet, and still another for forty-six-foot There were thirty-seven entries in all the classes, and every one of them passed out by Fort Adams with her racing number up. The steam yacht Magnetic, the flagship of the flest, with Commodors Perry and the regatta committee aboard, anchored abreast of Brenton's Reef light ship and sent up signals which informed the racers that the course would be fifteen miles dead to windward and return. Now if there was anything in the world that suited the Florina, that was it. She was one of the smartest that was it. She was one of the boars in going to windward that was ever bad played. And I wondered at my own presumption.

Then I determined to watch them and learn the rource of the name, but, though I have not found that out yet, I found so good a game that I decided to give it a wider circle of friends, for I have reason to believe

going to be too much wind to make a club that it originated with one of those children on the lawn.

maneuvered for position off to the westward of the lightship, and of course we all maneuvered for position off to the westward of the flagship, so as to come down to the line with the wind nearly abeam, luff under the stern of the Magnetic and haur by the wind on the starboard tack. You may easily understand that with a fresh southeasterly breeze we were bound to come around the Magnetic's stern at a pretty lively pace. The Florina was in a beautifu position when the skipper started her for the ine. Only two yachts were to windward of us and they reached the line almost in the smoke of the gun. We were not more than thirty seconds behind them, and we rushed down to the line with our lee rail under water and our sloping deck adrip with the

flying spray. The big schooner Maybird was on our weather quarter, and before we reached the line she established a lap on us, so that we had to keep away, and let her cross the line a little nearer to the flagship than we Just before we crossed I looked were.



I HEARD SHOUTS AND YELLS IN EVERY DIRECTION.

stern and saw the ninety-foot sloop Seaastern and saw the ninety-foot sloop Sea-flower coming down like an express train right astern of us. I tell you, boys, she looked like a great iceberg running amuck, and I wished we were well out of her way. But we were at the line, and I had to jump to my station. The skipper luffed the Flor-ina up and let her shoot ahead with her canvas shaking." THE COLLISION.

"'Now, then,' he shouted, 'get all sheets down flat!"

"We bent our backs to the ropes and got the canvas flat as boards before he had to let her off again in order to keep all draw-ing. The Maybird's big bowsprit was just even with our forestaysail as she tore through the water fifty yards to windward of us. I looked astern again and saw the Seaflower come boiling past the flagship and luff sharp up in an endeavor to squeeze out to wind-ward of the Maybird. The big sloop was going at a terrific pace, and now came the trouble Her bowsprit end sprung up to windward in answer to the movement of her helm. But she was going so fast that she forereached on the Maybird slarmingly. Before her owner, who was at the helm, knew what was the matter, the ex-trems tip of her bowsprit caught under the lee of the extereme end of the Maybird's heavy main boom. The Seaflower's bowsprit forced that heavy boom up to windward and carried the whole stern of the big schooner up with it. A second or two later the boom

(Copyright, 1895, by W. J. Henderson.)

The wind was brisk and from the southest. The blue waters of Massachusetts bay ran brimming in long, foam-topped ridges to ran brimming in long, foam-topped ridges to the bright horizon, where the pale clouds fled like frightened ghosts before the hurrying breeze. In the foreground, near the spot where Marbiehead Rock reared its brown pyramid above the restless lashing of the milk-white foam, a fleet of yachts was scurrying about, like a flock of great guils swooping hither and thither over the yexed a valu attempt to keep away.

MAN OVERBOARD.

"The Maybird's bowsprit went through our weather rigging, smashing things right and left, so that our topmast was carried away and went tumbling down to leaward, taking our bowsprit off short. The Maybird's bow force that the Florina was thrown on her beam ends, the water rising to the companlonway and pouring into the cabin.

"The next instant I went over backward and found myself some ten feet under water. across the deck, when Burbage said:

"We were in ghastly close quarters there one time. I thought we were in for a collision like the big one at Brenton's Reef."

"What was that?" I inquired.

"Do you mean to say you didn't read about it at the time?" demanded Burbage.

"Of course, he didn't," said Eton, the owner of the yacht, "and that's why you are going to tell us all about it. You'li just have time to do it before we have to luff around the first mark."

BURBAGE'S STORY.

Burbage heaved a sigh, rolled up his eyes, and said: "Well, I suppose I'm in for it, and said:

"Meanwhile the Seaflower had luffed up at shernly that she just missed striking a big cat boat with several women aboard, and their screams added to the confusion. As for myself I was in a pretty ticklish position till the Maybird stopped going ahead. Then her crew hauled in the mainsheet and I climbed aboard her. An hour of hard work get her clear from the Florica and the got her clear from the Florina, and then we of the sloop's company found that we were aboard of a wreck. Our topmast and bowsprit were gone, our standing rigging all in a snarl, and our yacht with two feet of water in her. We put back to Newport astern of a tug; and that's the story of a pretty lively collision at the start of a yacht tace."

"MORELEANS" MOLASSES.

A New and Novel Came for Boys and Girls. There were at least a dozen children play-

ing upon the front lawn and they were having such a good time that I could not refrain from asking the name of the game that afforded so much fun. "Moreleans Molasses," came the respons-

in chorus. "What!" I exclaimed with grown-up superiority, "You mean New Orleans Molasses.

Molasses."

"No," they replied again in chorus, "Moreleans Molasses," and they smiled at my
pretending to know the name of a game I
never had played. And I wondered myself

topso'll comfortable, so we set our working topsail. We were glad afterward that we did, because it gave us just that much less hamper aloft and probably saved us from an upset. The ninety-foot sloops had their balloon canvass aloft, however, and from the way they went ripping through the water on the way out of the harbor I made up my mind that it wouldn't be healthy to be in the way one of them at the start. The mind that it wouldn't be healthy to be in the mind that it wouldn't be healthy to be in the way of any one of them at the start. The schooners, too, had a lively move on, and altogether it was a pretty brisk morning.

"The start was made in the usual way. A preparatory gun was fired and ten minutes later the starting gun, after which all yachts have five minutes in which to cross the line. It was stupid to start all classes at once, and after that day they never did it again. The Magnetic was to the west-ward of the lightship, and of course we all mannavered for position off to the west-mannavered for position off to the west-mannavered for position off to the west-mannavered for position of to the west-mannavered for position of the lightship in the start and the pursued as possible.

The they then marched back across the lawn, stopped before the opposite line and announcing motion. When, for instance, they decided upon "pulling weeds" they said as they stopped, "P. W.," and then stooping down made the motion of pulling weeds. The others began to guess, any one announcing whatever guess he made aloud. When the right guess was made the line "took their heels" and the opposite line and announcing motion. When, for instance, they decided upon "pulling weeds" they said as they stopped, "P. W.," and then stooping down made the motion of pulling weeds. The others began to guess, any one announcing whatever guess he made aloud. When the right guess was made the line "took their heels" and the opposite line and announcing the letters, began the accompanying motion. When, for instance, they decided upon "pulling weeds" they said as they stopped, "P. W.," and then stooping down made the motion of pulling weeds. The others began to guess, any one announcing was the letters, began the guescompanying motion. When, for instance, they decided upon "pulling weeds" they said as they stopped, "P. W.," and then stooping down made the motion of pulling weeds. The others began to guescompanying motion.

Those "tagged" had to join the line of their opponents.

The lines were then formed again and

the play was repeated.

The game combines exercise for both mind and muscles and its author is a success in her line, even if she could not do the family marketing—when it came to buying molasses PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Well, what do you want, sonny?" asked the grocer. "I 'most forget what mamma sent me for," replied the perplexed little boy on the outside of the counter, "but I think it's a can of condemned milk."

Little Dick—Miss Mamie is awfully shy, isn't she? Little Dot—Why? Little Dick— She has most of her clothes made just like men's, so men won't get in love with her.

Mother (to twins)—Why are you so naughty today, Jack? Jack—'Coz it's my

naughty today, Jack? Jack—Coz it's my turn. Tommy was naughty yesterday. "Mamma, why can't I have all the coffee I want?" "Because it isn't good for you, Willie." "Does the Lord know it isn't good for me?" "I have no doubt he does." (After a thoughtful pause)—Then, what does he make it taste so good for?

Robbie (in a sober mood)—Oh, mamma, I wish I only had all the money I've spent for sweets. Mamma (proudly)—My boy would in his savings bank, wouldn't Robbie (deliberately)-No, mamma; I'd buy

The little girl had amputated her doll's head, legs, and feet, scattered their sawdust and otherwise reduced them to a condition of primitive chaos. She was discovered in the act of trying to reconstruct them, "What are you doing, Katie?" asked her mother am playin' the first chapter of Genesis,

"Tommle, your spelling report is very bad," said Mr. Hicks to his boy. "That's all right, papa," said Tommle. "When I grow up I'm going to dictate all my letters, like you do. it's the typewriter that'll have to know spelling, not me."

"Mamms, I think it's awful funny about Jimmie Watts."

"What is?"

"You know he can best any of us boys swimming."

"Yes?"

"Well, he das'n't brag about it at home, 'cause his daddy'd lick 'im for goin'."

"Johnny." said the school teacher. "Sant "Johnny," said the school teacher, "wh the meaning of a compromise?" "Well said Johnny. "a compromise is what a boy tries to make when he has a pocket full of apples, and a good deal bigger boy comes along, and tells him that if he doesn't give

ar SWEET SAVORY SATISFYING SWIFT'S PREMIUM

up those apples he will get his face pushed

HAMS AND BACON

Think of the thousands of hams and bacon that go out from South Omaha daily! We select but the best ones for the brand, "SWIFT'S PREMIUM." Smoked lightly trimmed nicely-extra mild-not salty. No man could make them

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers. SWIFT AND COMPANY, SOUTH OMAHA. NEB. de escessos accessos.

ANSY PILLS no substitute. For sale by all druggists. \$2.00. Send 4c. for Woman's Safeguard. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., 228 SOUTH EIGHTH ST. PHILADA. PA.

THE DOCTOR'S COLUMN.

L. D., Kansas City.—I feel languid and all the time. No energy, and very nervous. pimples on my face. What shall I take? lave pimples on my face. Take Cebrine, extract of the brain, in five-

drop doses, three times daily. Twice a week take a dose of Nathrolithic Salts. Alex. C., New York.-What is a good remedy

Febricide; one pill three times daily. A dose of Nathrolithic Salts twice a week. Mrs. H. B., Phila.—For the nervous de-bility take Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in five-drop doses, on the tongue, three times daily. For the catarrh, use Witch Hazel ointment snuffed up the nose; also take a tea-spoonful of Nathrolithic Salts in a half tumbler of hot water, a half hour before break-fast, twice a week.

S. S. P., New York .- For your trouble take Ovarine, in four-drop doses, twice daily, on the tongue. A dose of Nathrolithic Saits, twice a week would be advisable.

C. L. H., Fort Worth.-What can you recom Take Thyrodine, extract of the thyrold gland, in three-drop doses, twice daily, or

S. H. C. M. Y., Detroit.-Give the patient Testine, in five-drop doses, on the tengue, three times daily Every morning he should take a cold sponge bath. Keep the bowels regular with Nathrollthic Salts.

James Doty, New York:-Gastrine, one caspoonnful three times a day, after meals, W. T. PARKER, M. D.

Med. Dept., Col. Chem. Co. THE ANIMAL EXTRACTS

CEREBRINE, From the Brain, MED-ULLINE, From the Spinal Cord, CAR-DINE, From the Heart, TESTINE, OVARINE, THYRODINE.

Price, Two Drachms, \$1.25. Don., 5 Drops. GASTRINE. A new and valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, \$1.2% FEBRICIDE PILLS.

OR MALARIAL AFFECTIONS, NEURALGIA, AND SICK HEADACHE 50 cents. NATHROLITHIC SALTS. or Habitual Constipation, Torpor of the Bowell and inaction of the Liver, 50 cents.

At all Druggists, or from COLUMBIA CHEMICAL CO., Send for Literature, Washington, D.C. For sale by KUHN & CO., 15th and Douglas.

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Test thary syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price undersame guaranty. It you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and botel bills, and no charge, if wa fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, lodide potash, and still have sches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Plimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows failing out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obsticate cases we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. 3500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent seeled on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO. 307 Masonia Temple, CHICAGO, HL.

PATRONIZE

turers as to what dealers handle their goods.

BAGS, BURLAP AND TWINE.

BEMIS OMAHA BAG CO. Manufacturers of all kinds of cotton and bur-

lap bags, cotton flour sacks and twine a spec-latty. 614-616-618 S. 11th-St. BREWERIES.

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION.

Ca. load shipments made in our own refrige-rator cars. Hise Ribbon, Elite Export, Vienna Export, and Family Export, delivered to all

COFFEE, SPICES, BAKING POWDER.

CONSOLIDATED COFFEE CO...

Coffee Roasters, Spice Grinders, Manufactur-

ers German Baking Powder and German Dry Hop Yeast, 1414 and 1416 Harney-at., Omaha, Neb

CARRIAGES, ETC. DRUMMOND CARRIAGE CO.

put rubber tires and ball bearing axles on thei own make vehicles, and sell a top buggy for \$50.00 besides. Write them. 15th and Harney.

> S. F. GILMAN. Manufacturer of Gold Medal Flour

FLOUR.

C. E. Black, Manager. Omaha FURNITURE FACTORIES.

OMAHA UPHOLSTERING CO.

Manufacturers of Parlor Furniture, Lounges, Dining Tables and Folding Beds. 25th ave.

ICE AND COAL.

SOUTH UMAHA ICE AND COALCO.

Comestic and Steam Coal. We have the best Office 1601 Farnam-st. Telepho

yard, 1766. J. A. Doe, General Manager. IRON WORKS.

INDUSTRIAL IRON WORKS. Manufacturing and Repairing of all kinds of machinery, engines, pumps, elevators, printing preses, hangers, shafting and couplings 1466

and 1408 Howard-st., Omaha. PAXTON & VIERLING IRON WORKS.

Manufacturers of Architectural Iron Work, General Foundry, Machine and Blacksmith Work. Engineers and Contractors for Free Proof Buildings. Office and works: U. P. Ry, and So. 17th street, Umaha.

MATTRESSES, COTS, CRIBS.

L. G DOUP. Manufacturer Mattresnes, Spring Beds; Jobbes Feathers and Pillows. N. 14th and Nicholas

Sts., Omaha. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS.

THE MERCER CHEMICAL COMPANY.

Manufacturers of Fluid Extracts, Elixirs, yrups and Wines, compressed triturates hypo-ermic tablets, pills and scientific medical nov-lities. Omaha.

MINERAL WATER.

MEDESSA MINERAL WATER CO., 209 So. 11th st., Tel. 254 Medessa Mineral Water, Carbonated, unequalled, Plain for table

NEAHT WATCH, FIRE SERVICE, AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH. The only perfect protection to property. Examine it. Best thing on earth.) Reduces insurance rates. 1304 Douglas-st.

OVERALL FACTORIES.

KATZ-NEYINS CO.

Manufacturers of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Pants, Shirts and Overalla 202-212 S. 12th st. PAPER BOXES

THE OMAHA PAPER BOX CO. Manufacturers of all kinds of Paper Boxes, Sheif Boxes, Bample Cases, Mailing Tables, etc., Wedding cake and fancy candy boxes, druggist and jewelry boxes, 1208-19 Jones-st., Omaha.

SHIRT FACTORIES

J. H. EVANS --- NEBRASKA SHIR T CO.