THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1900.

sure, the boy here is like him.

With-Dr.-Jameson?" the woman whis-pered, very white, "We heard-on the

"Mr. Brown, will you order a carriage and

FOOD FOR POWDER.

A Tale of Doctor Jameson's Raid on the Transvaal. By P. Y. BLACK.

Author of "The Sergeant of the Guard," "The Way of the Trespasser," Etc. *******

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were freshly tortured.

up at the sky.

man who forced me out to it.

very wrong to curae one's father."

As he halted, shivering, the unmistak-

able and most characteristic sound of lonely

of mind he was too exhausted, too wretched,

too desperately furious, with himself, and

his present state, the punishment of his

past, to desire company. An utterly mis-

crable man neeks no wordy consolation.

Like dying deer, he hunts solitude. His

stomach, however, craved heating food, but,

though he might have asked for coffee from

He came to a puzzled stands ill as some

thing entirely novel and unexpected reached

his ears. Rising above the rumble of the

wagon there now came song. Lawrence bent

forward frowning. He felt as if intrusive

strangers were rudely meddling with his

affairs, offering him advice. He had felt

much the same once when he had wandered

by chance into the evening meeting of a

mission on the Rand and a youth, laying

a familiar hand upon his shoulder, had asked

if he were saved. This song of the dawn

was a hymn, and very well known to him, or

had been once. The words were not those

he had sung when, a rosy boy in white

curplice, he had stood in the choir of the

there is no need to translate music into the

Kaffir tongues; that escaped the curse of

Babel, and therein, at least, all men and

angels can understandingly converse. From

mission trained lips there came the hymn.

sweetly breathing through the grasses. Un-

English:

consciously Lawrence accompanied them in

When other comforts fail, and helpers flee Help of the helpless, then abide with me

hide in the maze of shadows from cloud and

tree which strowed the plain. There was

no tear in his eyes, but his throat was

choked. He shook with unreasoning rage

against the black nonentities who had thus

He stumbled off the trail and sought to

old school chapel at home, but the music-

a Boer, he could not of a native.

of three old Harrovians meeting in desert wilds must not be allowed to pass untoasted. The moon was hanging, a thin cross Won't you take something to kill that chill? cent, just above the borizon when Law- Hi, you' Lay another plate for breakfast."

fortunate "Jameson's raid." They closed the door, and the woman, the unwohted feminine the hotel people had if he were reticent of his past, that was no rence awoke. The stars still shone. Day, At the meal the wreck excrted himself to They closed the door, and the woman, paid no attention to the appearance of the uncommon thing in ranks wherein few men held out to him appealingly, other arrival in a carriage from the train stood save as a last resource. Wyvil, himhowever, could not be far off, and the hours be agreeable in spile of his weariness. before dawn were too chilly to permit sleep misery and longing for sleep and forgetfor percent about for a few storm and them. Piling them together with found follow him were not likely to be long model for attraction. New he stored to think. Those who would follow him were not likely to be long behind, and he recognized the need of do ing something to hide himself. The troopers this case are these: Ab-I am instructed to start the parlor. Nebody noticed his varies in his bor was struck in value. Cursing he turned to head at least a down that a down their old school and varies that my client has been credibly inwas struck in value. Cursing he turned to the come-shaped, abandoned ant hill which had sheltered him to some extent he binned here in the day, shared and groomed, he hetel, have recently—ah-given shelter, and here the band been creation in the binned here in the day, shared and groomed, he hetel, have recently—ah-given shelter, and here the band been creation in the binned here in the day, shared and groomed, he hotel, have recently—ah-given shelter, and here the band been creation in the binned here in the day, shared and groomed, he hotel, have recently—ah-given shelter, and here the band been night wind, and began to roll his blanket. That was as wet with dew as though river-That was as wet with dew as though river- not far distant barracks. He had been many a gentleman whom my client is very anxious kind woman, who left this ?" soaked, and heavy. He rolled it soldiers things in his long exite, and death had to meet. I should say-ah-that it is poswise and slung it across his body. Then, spared him in brawl and desert and fever, sible-ah-that in the use of the poor men who went when still miles away from their devina- was before him. very stiffly, he stumbled back to the road, and curred again as the old veldtschoen he the end of it all might come more surely. and cursed again as the old veldischoen he the end of it all might come more surely. "resenting-" The woman flushed, and the speaker cor-

oxwagons, and his already bruised feet identity of a fallen soldier as of that of a rected himself hurriedly. man scaffold hung. "Misleading-ah-I beg your pardon, my

lady-misleading you. From information re- train-that the raiders were killed and fresh "Blast the country," he groaned, "and the ceived at Capetown and at Kimberley, we captured. Was-he-there? At Krugers-11. The moon was instantly hidden by massy A galloping horseman came sweeping down are of opinion that the gentleman may, by dorp?" clouds as he spoke, and he was left in the trek from the direction of the Transvaal. reason of misfortune and of having assumed Nobody was heard to speak. The man at sudden shadows. He laughed and looked His sweating horse dashed past the railway to some natural extent, the-ah-picturesque, the door slipped quietly in and examined station without stopping, although an official but somewhat uncouth dress and-ah-man- the papers on the floor unobserved. For a "Shocking, isn't it?" he sneered. "No wonder you run away. Of course, it is yelled to the rider as he passed:

"True!" the horseman shouted back and presented the appearance of being-ah-no: steadily: was instantly beyond hearing, as the a gentleman." veldt roads reached him from the front. He anxious-looking railroad man raised his

heard the creak of heavy wheels as a wagon hands in wondering vesation. The horseman put his mount to the steep. The arrivals looked at each other, and jolied toward him, and the clack of oxen's joined toward him, and the clack of oxen's rutted, muddy road which led to the town again the woman flushed. shrill, protesting call of the voerloeper to and pressed it onward without pause. At a

driver's long, unerring lash. Lawrence lowed by his customers. listened at first with some luterest, then "Wacht een beety's!" th "Wacht een beety's!" the landlord cried. cognito."

"We'st Doctor Jim?" with disgust, for the volces borne on the "A prisoner!" shouted the rider and

nerisms of the-ah-interesting, but-ah- moment the woman trembled, then, taking "Is that true we've heard about Dr. Jim" unconventional pioneers, have recently her little bewildered ron's hand, she said,

"What's the man's name?" the landlord horses? I will go there at once.

"My lady, where?" asked briefly. "To the battlefield." "It is late in the day, my lady, and many

"We don't know," said the lawyer's clerk. miles." the leaders, and the rifle crack of the canteen midway a Dutchman ran out, fol- slowly. "That is, his name-ah-may have She bit her lips. "Please order the horses at once." she

The bar was turned over to the care of a "It is him-youth of all work, and the host and his him myself!"

-in fact, he may have been traveling insaid. "No doubt we can find fresh ones The laudlord laughed as at a good joke. "He's not the only one." said he. "Many He looked at her, and opened his lips to

lander, but of Kaffirs. In his present state spurred on, while the Boers retired within and many a man out here was known at protest, but looked at her again and obeyed.



"I KNEW HIM VERY WELL," SAID THE DETECTIVE. "HE WENT UNDER THE NAME OF NOBLE, THOMAS NOBLE."

home by a different name. What's he like? The good woman of the house pitied, but had | wound " his friend asked, reproachfully. added to his despair by flashing his dead with loud jests and happy smiles.

flurried. Guests of her own sex wore rare. In thing she faced the fireplace and on [mind, and abhorrent of such an end, wel- "Excuse me, sir, but my friend is hadle " Shu threw up her hands, and her lips but rare yet ladow so evidently of a him the manicipiere rested a preketbook, a neat coming any fate but that, made hopeless wounden. Even the exertion of talking opered, but no er; came. The boy clung breed as this. The clork asked at once for morocco affair, which, as the landbody had darts for the open veidt in a useless effort. It think, in that came, the stranger said to her, we port breed as this. The clork asked at once for a parler. He was not erro, he said, but at present the lady would like a private room and a word with the handlord or his wife. The bar was to react to the part of a The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the middes to the part of the detailing. The bar was to react to the part of the middes to the part of the middes. The bar was to react to the part of the detailing the detailed to the part of the

Young Wyvil stuck fast to the side of the violence. 'You would have me get well, outpreak in the north of the Transval. You youth of all work, and the bost and his the bost. In more hurry her including fingers man whom first he had met at the canteer on the border, the man of divers names, ing subject of nights the ing subject. Young Wyvil stuck fast to the side of the your" "How asked or the bard who had introduced himself as Lawrence asked or the side of the your".

reckloss troopers on leave from the barracks floor. The lady's loud orr brought in the but had elected to join the raiders under

before they had volunteered for the un-feriumate "Jameson's raid." for the accest of your friend, Robert Lawweeks ago."

"It was in fair fight," he whispered in "emblance. He cannot be here,"

"carsity traditions were fraternally familiar. "I swear it," said Lawrence, and then, carried away, awccaine,

"That" said the landlady. "Why, that period of his chin. He had lost blood, bus, and leaved to render all out the detective! Over the grave of an otterly unknown

close to him and thrust his arm under the he was just in time to must a cuman and the autensi of divers names. boy, who ware being unhered in. The

"Old man," said he, "is it bleeling woman's face was fresh in his minuory. older, but the same-the fa c of the photo-

Lawrence steadied himself resolutely and graph. "Lady Nore!" he oried in autonishment. shock his head, but Wyvil, himself un- as the name on the picture flashed to mind. The woman clasped her hands excitedly and | San Francisco.

"Look here," he said, "that little Hol-lander medicine man don't seem half bad. "You know me" s you know, but he was in a hurry when he have not mer? She said. "But we patched you up. I think we'd better get this patched you up. I think we'd better get this husband? Oh, take me to him! He is herz, Beer fellow to let us drop to the rear and isn't he? We have been at Kragersdorp have the doc make another examination, and he is not among the poor killed enes. Honest, you know, you look pretty near He must be a prisoner. Take me at once

tead." to him, please." "Rot, old boy," Lawrence almost gasped. In his bewilderment Wyvil was already "Thank you all the same. I'll manage to approaching the corner, where the dexterous detective had already rehandaged the

Pretoria, but it hurts-it hurts." wound. His sight, accustomed to the dark-Farther on he spoke again, with pain. "Wyvil," he said, "if they don't shoot ness of the prison, made clear to him what the wife could not see-Lawrence, his face you, you're going home?" all swathed in cloths, sitting up, staring

"And you, too, I hope." Lawrence laughed with weak grimness,

"I can never go home." he said. "Butwait a moment-it hurts-it hurts! Why

didn't those beggars finish me quick like Donne? Look here. I've lost my pocketbook somewhere. There was an address in

it-my wife."

scratched, looked anxious.

other's.

dead."

"Old chap." "I want you to see her-her address is

lost-but I can remember it. I want you to see her and tell her that 1-died honorably. and-and, my God, how it hurts!"

them. The doctor galloped to the prisoner and made a quick examination. The ban- about what accurred long ago-

the side.

ghastly. Why, he must have suffered like groan

the wife, in fear.

The man was patched up, placed in a jolting wagon and so gained the prison at Pretoria, half dead. He fainted as he was keeping his gaze on his prisoner's face "and carried in and, when he came to himself. I also was looking for a-friend who was in he saw that he was in a room crowded with the battle. This is he, but he is badly his comrades-some wounded, some utterly miscrable, some recklessly indifferent. He wounded, and is perhaps a little off hts head." lay in a corner and next day the faithful

the raider's lips murmured.

"Let me look. She

9

"How? What's the matter" Wyvil on Preteria. He had no friends here, but I (ked. "The fact is that I have a warrant here no mistake, I think. This was ha."

He projected in faithfully describe the rence for a morder in Johannesbirg. 1w3 prisoner at his fort,

Wyyll receiled from the hard Lawrence "I am afraid, by dear lady," sold he, Wyyll receiled from the hard Lawrence "Lint you have be a misled by some re-

She had the strangth left to look over all "You will have some difficulty to prove the prisoners, but found no Sir Robert. So, at has believing the kindly Ito, she was

"I must do my duty," sold the detective, exile on the surpressed yeld; stands a shaft

Kautz Transfers His Fing

SAN DIEGO, Cal. Feb. 7 - Admiral Keutz has transferred his flug from the Phila-ochula to the lowa, the transfer being al-tended with the orusi solution and coremonies. The Philadelphia has salled for



A Trial Treatment Sent Free to All Who Suffer From any Stage of the Disease.

Cures Cases That Hot Springs and all Other Treatments Failed to Even Help.

There has been discovered by the State Wyvil stopped. He and Lady Nore and the boy were within a yard or two of the detection of the detection of the boy were within a yard or two of the detection of the detection of the boy were within a yard or two of the detection of the detection of the boy were within a start of the detection o "There is some mistake" said Wyvil to the wife, but with his look questioningly on the wife, but with his look questioningly on Lawrence. Lawrence's face said clearly: "Do not betray me?" "I knew you from your photograph, my hdy," Wyvil stammered. The detective drew back to the walt. "My photograph? In Africa? Then only sir Rebert could have that. He must have shown it to you. Oh, do please take me to him?" him?" Wyvil was wet with prespiration. ⁴He looked imploringly at the eyes between the bloody cloths. And again these answered: "No! Do no: betray mel?" Lody Nora mistook Wyvil's hesitation.

> The Wedding of Miss Flower. Puzzle. The answers are the names of

1. What was her nationality and appear-

2. What was his disposition and name? 3. What did envious people say he wanted

to do? 4. What was his country, and what did "Too late-too late!" he moaned, in an he do when he proposed?

5. What did her mother say she would "What was that? Who said that?" cried do?

6. To whom did she refer him? The detective stepped forward and bowed. 7. How many attended the ceremony? "I had the honor to meet you at Vryburg, 8. Who were the bridesmaids? my lady," he said, speaking to her, but 9. Who were groomsmen and ushers?

10. What did the bride wear on her head?

11. What did the bridegroom wear the last time before the wedding?

12. What did they throw after the car-

. The raider's hand stole out unseen and riage? touched the detective's leg. "Thank you," 12. What did they see at the menagerie? 14. When summoned to the war, what

"I thought-I am rather worn out-I knew | were his parting words? wife in tears "Oh sig". 15. What did he carry with him? the voice. 16. What struck him, and where was he she cried again to Wyvil, "have pity and hit take me to my husband. 17. What did she have during his ab Poor Wyvil was in distress. He know "Look here, Lawrence," he said. "This not what to do. Again the detective felt sence his trouser touched. He bent down, and 18. What flower tells what happened when is consummate bosh, you know. I have no right to inquire into your private affairs. caught the agonized whisper of the prisoner: she saw him returning? "Tell her anything to send her away-she 19. With what did she salute him?

"Walt until we are-wherever they are taking us. What makes you talk of dying him!" from a cut in the cheek? Halloa! Look out! Wacht!" Lawrence had turned gray, had swayed, had fallen into Wyvil's arms, as the latter leaped down to catch him. The guard rode up and the procession moved on, passing

daged wound was doing well. The trouble was not there. The doctor opened the coat and shirt and found a bleeding wound in It was us-me-who were to blame. I want ance?

"Ye gods!" cried Wyvil. "He never men- ask his pardon!"

blazes all those miles!" "Verdamter!" the disgusted doctor ex-

His clothes are soaked in blood."

"Why did you not tell of that bullet

-that's what you seem to be up to."

another try for the stakes."

"It isn't suicide-it was an honest bul

"Poppytalk! Sophistry! You're in a

bad way, but it might have been mended

Now, forget all about that thing at home.

whatever it was. Be a man, get well, have

"I was innocent of any wrong-doing a

You would not think it, Wyvil, but

At the edge of the town the last house Travelers come and go, and we have all sufficient instinctive tact not to press the "No wonder you nearly fell from your sad-

Lady Nora mistook Wyvil's hesitation. "I understand," said she. "You know my

husband, and-and he may have told you may not wish to meet me-and he is right. flowers and ferns.

But that is forgotten. He was innocent, to see him-Oh take me to him at once to

s he not

quietly. "Sir Robert is-dead."

tloned this! No wonder he looked so The wounded man dropped back with a

extremity of agony.

claimed. "He must be in a hurry to die!

Wyvil was by his side with water.

with a look of ghastly horror in his eyes. tive and his prey.

innocence into momentary memory so clearly and vividly. He was too late and too sore eyes to the veldt, but the song censed and the stables, and its rider was met by a he knew they were watching him. The middle-aged woman. swinging oxen lumbered past and the voerloeper's cry and the lash crack sounded soon behind him, but he would not look around Then came pattering bare feet and a child with wide black eyes slipped to his side, and, murmuring "baas," held up to the Englishman a tin cup full of smoking black coffee. He gulped it ravenously without speech and the little negro darted away with the empty cup. For a minute Lawrence stood staring unseeingly before him, his lips | teria.' twitching convulsively. Then he dropped in the road, his face covered by his hands, and sobbed. What matter of remorse and penttence there might be in the chemistry of his shamefaced curse that sprang from his lips

his pride sustained at having fallen so low as to excite the pity even of a naked, halfstarved Kaffir.

A mile more was wearily trudged and at last he came to the boundary line which behind the bar spoke again. separates the Transvaal from British Bechanaland. A low house stood almost on the surveyed line-a canteen, and from of them?" its open door came more melody. The sun was now up and the air was already meats drifted out to the roadway and smoke ascended from the chimney in the building's rear. As Lawrence stopped to reconnoiter a shout gave witness to the existence of a company within, a joyous company. "Three, four-Nap! Hand over, you

foper! "Beastly luck! No more Nap-H you! Alphonise, Jupiter, Gabriel! What' your heathen name? Bring us the dice! I'll throw you for a drink before breakfast's

ready. Come, best of three!" "I'm with you"

O, dig my grave both wide and deep. With a jug of punch at my head and feet Lawrence stepped to the door and looked in. Two tall young fellows were throwing dice at a table, glasses at their elbows. They were dressed in a dull yellowish uniform of corduroy stuff with spurred boots and broadbrimmed campaign hats. Lawrence knew them at once for troopers of the Bechuanaland force. They looked up and eyed him quiet man made out? Him that joined a with swift scrutiny as he stepped inside, week ago and was so silent and sad, and yet still tremulous with hunger and the chill so eager for a fight-the one that played of the heavy dews. He seemed an utter the plane so lovely for the lads when they wreck, a confirmed tramp, but that did not were having their fun here o' nights. There's debar him from a greeting in a restless the pocketbook he forgot the night the lieucountry where nearly every pioneer has at tenant called them off so sudden. Corp some time been a wallaber.

"Morning, matey," said a trooper cheerfully. "Camped on the yeldt last night?" called for-Lawrence slipped off his blanket roll and essayed to answer with some appearance of a similar cheerfulness.

"Good morning." he said. "Yes, that in Africa there are occasionally obtainable ringes from the station. The train must be landlady, excited beyond measure. "To be more sumptuous couches."

The troopers laughed and looked again at him more keenly. In the freemasonry him to sit down.

first speaker, and at once the ruder saluta- drew back to let her pass in, and when she against him. tion of "matey" was discarded. "Most of us have sought the lee of a rock in our time slightly and a little nervously toward the did things." said the lady, crying, "and friend is Wyvil-both guileless products of a'l hats came off. She was not young, a found that in Johannesburg he was known Harrow.

have been long after my time. My name is face was pale and thin, her eyes were deep- her head. "I know none of that name. ab-Lawrence, also of Harrow and Trinity, set and sorrowful. She was accompanied Cam.

called the servant. "Such a coincidence," said he, "as that lawyer's clerk. The hostess was a little everybody who-O' O' O''

on the main street was a hotel, and there kinds. The clerk shook his head dubiously. to get out of sight. They passed close by in the horseman threw himself off. His horse the new awakening morning. He turned his was at once taken charge of and led to He must have changed."

"is it true, John ?" she asked, as he went into the bar, and was surrounded by many the question. "The wires say hardly anything.

"The fellows at Johannesburg did not gaunt, hearded, dusty, ragged, shivering keep their word. They were not ready, or funked or something. Our men were sur- cordials. rounded by the Boers. There was some fighting. A number of English are killed. The rest are prisoners on their way to Pre-

"O, John! Can it be true?" his wife asked in horror.

"I got it straight from the Jew who keeps that's all." the place at Jankill, and Boers were there, tears it would be hard to tell, but the who had come right from the battle. There's nantly. "The rascal! To desertno doubt of it, and for my part, all I've as at last he rose up betrayed the hurt got to say is that Paul Kruger, though he's always praying, has the devil's own luck. that! It was quite the other way." There was silence in the Englishman's hotel, as gloomy as the noise in the Boer's

carteen was hilarious. After awhile the wife "There was many a lad known in Vry-

burg with Dr. Jim. Did you hear of any ing all the long journey from England. "It "Field Cornet Hafbauer was at Jankill, the me to find him, you will, will you not? You

same that bought the farm Mafeking way. look good and kind." warmed. Comfortable smells of cooking I was in too great a hurry to get home to "I will! I will! Tell me all about it." ask much. The Transvaal Boers are too "We were married ten years ago, and his cocky after their victory to make it pleasant father was very angry about it. You see, there for an Englishman, but Hafbauer my husband was in the guards, but deknew Vane and Butler and Corp Donne, and pended on his father. He was in debt, too. he says they were not among the prisoners, How could he help that? He was so young and his father allowed him very little, for

The woman began to cry. "Did you ask after Wyvil, poor boy? He off that little when we married. Robert had a letter saying his acrape was all ar-

The good woman choked,

in from Kimberley."

ranged, and he was going home. "He can-if they don't hang him at Pre-0118.

The customers protested loudly. "Prisoners of war!" they cried. "Oom Paul wouldn't dare!"

'Never mind that, dear." 'I wasn't aware there was any war," said "O, but I must tell you, because Robert the host, drily. "Not more at least than did not do it. A gentleman was robbed in there would be between me and any burgthe club, and it was discovered immediately. ar who broke into this house. This whole and a dreadful waiter said-1 can't tell you. ousiness of the raid was a mistake. but the money was found on-on my hus-"I wonder," said his wife again, "how the

band. His father came in during the disturbance and-he gave Robert some money, and-cursed him and sent him away. And

you know?"

happened.

The hostess looked puzzled.

"Quite the other way," the woman

Robert was a younger son. His father cut

gambled a little-they-they are tempted so.

him to meet his father at a London club and

make friends, and-and a dreadful thing

"But he wasn't bad. Then I persuaded

"I know, dear; I know."

"Poor thing-poor thing!"

"I believed it, and would not see himhe will never forgive me. The waiter took it. The wretch confessed a year ago. Now, Donne was singing-the poor, wild lad, must find my husband-and there are He must have suffered horlittle they knew what business they were other things. ribly, but there is happiness for him yet. His father is dead and his brother. The O, dig my grave both wide and deep. With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

title and estates are his, and everyhody knows of his innocence. O, do-do help me "Heard nothing of him," her hushand anto find him! swered. "Wipe your eyes, Mag. Here are car-"My, my, my! To think of it!" cried the

sure we'll find him-don't you fret, deart Two of the station traps drew up at the To be sure we'll find him. But don't you entrance. The little hotel had to be enknow what name he went by

tered through the bar, but as few ladies "I think-he was disheartened and reckthe voice is countersign. The troopers asked stopped in the little town on the veldt, that less." said the lady, crying, "and got into was no great inconvenience. One of these trouble. That was my blame, poor fellow 'We can sympathize with you," said the few had arrived now. The little crowd No wonder he thought all the world was

My same is Donne, and my men, including them all in one courtly bow, changed his name more than once. woman between 30 and 40, and, if ever she as Lawrence, but he left there suddenly and "Harrow ?" cried Lawrence, with a sudden had so been, she was not now beautiful, we heard that he came in this direction. flush of anxiety. "Ah, yes, but you must Her brown hair was dusted with gray, her "Lawrence?" said the woman, shaking

"O, think, think, think!" cried the wife, by a boy of 10, nattily dressed, and a middle- rising, in her anxiety, and taking both hands They shook hands on that, and Donne aged man, on whom the stamp of Chancery of her new friend's in her own "Think! lane was indelibly branded-an unmistakable in a little place like Vryburg you must see

feverishly agitated wife to remain. The dle. It's a wonder you did not die in it." landlord bustled about and himse ! saw to "It's a pity," said Lawrence. "My client has not seen him for nine years. the guides and horses. Wyvil looked at him, vexedly,

In the meantime the lone traveler took one glass of beer and a sandwich at the Suddenly the woman leaned back in her hair, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and bar and, grabbing his valise, made haste to trembled violently, suppressing sobs. At catch a southbound train for Kimberley. Most of the men in our ranks have done men drinking there, whose eyes reiterated once the landlord's wife grabbed the clerk after consulting for a moment the timesomething at home and perhaps you have and her husband and pushed them out of the tables, which explained how one should I have. But, oh, hang it! nothing is had room, nad in less than a minute was alone quickest reach Pretoria in the Transvaal. enough to make a fellow commit suicide and Wrapped in cloaks, the lawyer's clerk and with the woman and the frightened boy, busily engaged with smelling salts and the tired child slept fitfully through the night, as four horses rattled them over the let.

"Poor thing-poor thing!" the woman wide and lonely veldt. But the wife was whispered, soothing the other, when the sleeplers, staring with anxious eyes into the traveler had regained command of herself. continual shadows. Shapeless shadows of Why couldn't that windbag say so at once? no meaning, they were animate for her-Your're looking for your husband, and this forms and faces of long ago leaping to is his boy-a pretty boy-isn't it that?" fantastic life, forms and faces even more

"Yes-thank you. I'm a little tired- fantastic of a future doubtful and dreaded. home. It was out here I went to the devil. Once or twice her fatigue overcame her Put your hand in my breast. Do you fee "The rascal!" the woman cried indig- anxiety and she slept a little. The last time she woke up with a cry for help. In her a rubber packet. Cut the string round my "No-no-no!" the stranger cried, almost dream she had seen a tall ladder, resting

Wyvil opened the thin package and pros indignantly. "Not that! Never-never in unseen depths of blackness, yet whose duced the photograph of a woman and a top was in sunlight. Her husband was little child. falling, falling to the ladder's foct, to dread-"Your wife?" said he. "She is lovely, ful darkness, but she and an old man were Te-

Now, look here, old man, you're going back eated now in the presence of one of her looking down at him from above. to her." "Oh, dear God!" she sobbed, shuddering. own sex, apparently glad to give vent to the "I can't," said Lawrence, hopelessly, and "Whatever he is-whatever he has done, feelings which she had had to suppress dur-

his voice was weak. blame not him, but me! I pushed him down! was pretty. I'd like to see the boy once was I who deserted him. O, if you can help My God, I pushed him down!" too.

my father and she betwen them pushed me 111. off the ladder-sent me to the devil in the

His friend Wyvil and he had ridden side devil's land. Give/me some water-I feelby side, disarmed after the surrender. 1 love her yet, Wyvil." Triumphant Boers, from whose lips at inter-"Don't try to talk. vals rose hoarse psalms of praise, rode on

"You will know her? Look on the back either side and in front and rear. Some of and see if her name is not there-then you the ruder Transvaalians, the young and hot- will know my real name-but-don't let blooded, were roused to a high pitch of ex- anybody else. citement by their victory, and taunted their

"It's too dark here; let me take it to the prisoners, threatening them with retribu- light at the door

tion as outlawed raiders. The unlucky Out- He slipped away and when he came back anders rode gloomily on, unanswering, in a a stranger in citizen dress, who had been mainer stunned to speechlossness by so silently moving among the prisoners, was overwhelming, unexpected a catastrophe, standing over Lawrence, who, raised on his That spirited dash, that daring gallop to elhow, was looking up at him desperately the Rand, that revival of medieval chivalry, and defiantly.

"You've got me at last," said Lawrence which their hot naught-recking brains had dreamed would be greeted by an empire's | "I think so and I suppose I have a claim cheer, had come to this humiliating defeat, on you prior to that of Paul Kruger," the halfway, and an ignominious procession to stranger coolly replied. "You've changed prison, perhaps to the gallows. Two or three namos pretty often of late

proud hearts, ignorant of their captors' real "What's up?" cried Wyvil, coming back

20. Who was shocked at the performance? nust not know." The detective turned with perfect \$25 for best answer; \$10 for second; \$5 equanimity to the lady. for third and \$2 for fourth. The "best'

"Pardon me, my lady," said he, "but I are the ones which answer the questions scard you mention Sir Robert just now-Sir neatest and cleanest and most intelligent Pohert Nore?" ly with the names of flowers or ferns.

"Yes, yes! Do you know him? He is here, Open to those who send 50 cents for six months' or \$1 for a year's subscription to The detective shook his head. What to Eat. Two trials for \$1. Other "You have been misinformed," said he

prizes for same puzzle. See February number. 10 cents. What To Eat, Minneapolis



Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregorie, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrheea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teeth-ing Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend,

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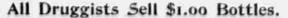
Landersville, Ala., Feb. 28, 1899.

I suffered from female troubles for mearly twenty years and when I commenced to take Wine of Cardui I was so bad off I could not do anything. It has greatly helped me. I am so thankful for what it has done. Many thought I had consumption and would never be better. Mrs. N. C. PARKER.

Women who suffer month after month, with Wine of Cardui so easily obtainable, have themselves to blame for their pitiable condition. Why should you go through agony every month when you can be free from it? Doctors often tell women that "female troubles" will wear off, but Mrs. Parker's experience don't agree with that. She got worse year by year, until she came

very close to the grave. All chances of regaining health were apparently gone. Who can doubt after reading this earnest letter that Wine of Cardui saved this good woman's life? Why should this life-sapping drain, nerve-racking pain, and mind-killing suffering go on? Wine of Cardui stops the drains of irregular menstruation, and relieves the pain caused by every kind of menstrual disorder. The other troubles known as "woman's ills", such as pains in the head, back, lower limbs, lower abdomen and a continual depressed feeling, are banished by Wine of Cardui. Now is the time for you to begin its use.

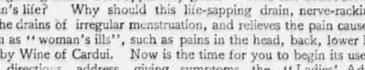
For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.





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