

BULLDOG CARNEY.

BY W. A. FRASER.

(Copyright, 1898, by W. A. Fraser.)

Two miles from Dan Stolar's whisky dive, and eighteen from Golden, the Missouri trail took a sudden turn in its fish-colored ribbon and wound around the butt of a big fir stump.

Behind the stump a man was kneeling that gladdened September day—all among the tawny gold and crimson of the dead rose leaves and the soft gray and cream of the bleached hemlock.

He might have been praying, so quietly was he kneeling there, but he wasn't—he was blaspheming softly to himself, and his impatient eye wandered in and out among the boulders and trees that fringed the trail.

The morning sun picked out little bright jewel-like spots on the instrument he had leveled across the top of the big stump. He seemed to be a surveyor taking levels.

Just as three men riding bronchos came in sight at a sudden turn in the trail, he bowed his head to the level of the instrument and looked carefully along its smooth length.

The bronchos were coming along at a swinging walk, their heads on a level with their withers, and the bridge reins hanging loosely in the hands of the riders.

Suddenly there was a nervous tightening of the right hand grasping the instrument; a sharp click close to it; a puff of smoke followed by a sharp crack, and the man riding the second broncho tumbled from the saddle, splashing through the brush.

He fell on his back, and the horse reared and plunged madly forward. As he took the first bound in the air, the bright light of the high horn in front of the man and went through the leather flaps of the big Mexican saddle.

The rider yelled and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead scorching its way close to his skin.

yellow-striped pants, as they saddled and bridled the strong-limbed bay horses which were to gallop and gallop after—the mud.

Sergeant Hetherington and his merry men picked up the tracks the tall man told Blazes they would find, and followed them for many a goodly mile, which time thereof the tall man with the long neck was working his way along the mountain side to the ford.

Many miles beyond Dan Short's place the tracks vanished. Perhaps some one else had put bags on his horse's feet and led him across country.

"Corporal" Ball was the official recognition of Mr. Ball's efficiency, but "Lanky" Ball was the goddess form of expression his lathlike superstructure provoked among the fellows.

"Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than the sergeant; he discovered something. Twenty-four hours after he started out he discovered that he could not find the man with the neck like an eagle—Arvil Santley—therefore he had disappeared—had lit out—had hit the trail—had packed his outfit and dashed; those were the bits of local-colored knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent and sold whisky on the side, that he found out about Santley. "He lit out south yesterday," she said.

"He got started up again a skin game up to Dan Short's, an' 'is corpal his last resistance from home. It was about broke he did get out, for they had him stone broke. But he was a gentleman, all the same," said mammy, as she stood with her hands on her fat hips and looked up and down the corporal's ungainly figure.

"What did you want him for? Has he been cracking some of the constables' heads? He'd do it quick enough for them if they bothered him."

"I guess he's done more than that," said the corporal, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

"Looks as though he'd done the trick," said the major, when Corp Ball made his report.

"He's got a good start and will likely head for the second crossing on the Columbia and work his way down into Montana."

known that he had been cleaned out before he went away. He would not tell where he got it, either. "None of your blessed business," he told them.

"It may hang you," said a friend, "if you don't tell."

"Hang it is, then," he replied doggedly. "But worst of all was Baptiste Gabrielle's evidence."

"Yes, by Goss! That fell, he s'oot free, for time me. Steek has had up from dat stump. See him me s'oot."

Then Mammy Nolan went out to the place where Whiskey Sanderson had met his fate and she found something, too. The bullet that had killed poor Sanderson had been in a terrible hurry and had gone clean through and through him.

Mammy Nolan followed up the line of sight from the stump across where Sanderson had fallen and luckily located the bullet in a sand bluff thirty yards beyond. It was a case-hardened 38.5 Winchester bullet.

"That's the bullet that killed him right enough," mused mammy, "but it might possibly have been fired there some other time. It wasn't quite conclusive."

Then she found the bullet that had scorched the leg of the foremost rider that day imbedded in his saddle. That was conclusive.

Then commenced the search for the rifle itself. There was only one such rifle owned in Golden and it had belonged to Bulldog Carney.

Now, Carney had been back in Golden after the murder and he hadn't taken his rifle with him when he went away with Lanky Ball, so he must have hidden it somewhere.

When he returned to Golden after killing Sanderson he would cross the ford at Kicking Horse. It was a forlorn hope, but she made up her mind to drag the ford for the rifle.

Finest Flavor and Fragrance are found in a cup of Japan Tea. Absolutely the Purest, Cleanest, Most Wholesome. OFFICIALLY INSPECTED BEFORE EXPORTATION.

up the narrow stair which led to his room and silently slipped through the door. How still and dark the room was. Ah! not so dark now, for like the headlight of an engine a hollow lantern was throwing its full glare upon them and they were looking into the dark depths of two murderous looking revolvers as Carney held them above the counterpane.

LOUISIANA EDITORS LEAVE. Conclude Their Visit to Omaha by Thanking Everybody Concerned with Its Success.

Walter Skips with a Big Bill. CHICAGO, July 15.—E. D. Rowland said to be a member of a prominent and wealthy New York family after eating dinner at the Grand Pacific hotel, gave a \$500 bill to Frederick Keller, a waiter in payment.

Insurance Company Gets Injunction. TOPEKA, July 15.—United States Judge Post has enjoined State Superintendent of Insurance Webb McCall from putting into effect an order made on July 7, revoking the Kansas license of the Connecticut Fire Insurance company and from in any manner interfering with the company in the transaction of its business in the state.

Harrison Goes to Adirondacks. NEW YORK, July 15.—Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, who has been here with his wife and baby at the Fifth avenue hotel, left today for Vallee Forge, General Harrison's cottage in the Adirondacks.

Roseberry's Horse Wins Rich Stake. LEXINGTON, July 15.—Lord Roseberry's 4-year-old bay colt, Velasquez, won the year-old stakes of 10,000 sovereigns at the Sandown park second summer meeting today.



THE MAN RIDING THE SECOND BRONCHO TUMBLED FROM THE SADDLE.

There's a rough town at the crossing and he's dead sure to head for that. And then because the sergeant was away with two men and because the whisky man and the gamblers and those who were cussed simply because they couldn't help it, needed much guidance in their daily life, and because the post was always short of men anyway the major had to put a special constable on with Lanky Ball to go after Santley.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUE DELEGATES. Own boys, the same as us common people—they know how hard it is as a usual thing to get a shoe that the boy can wear a few days without going to pieces—After adjournment Drexel L. Shoeman invites them all to come and see our \$1.50 shoe or boys—don't think because the price is low that the shoe is no good—you can't duplicate it for wear and looks for less than \$2.00—We know this to be a fact so have no hesitancy in recommending to you this \$1.50 shoe—made of good prime leather—heavy oak sole—leather soles and honest work—We've sold this same shoe for years.

Drexel Shoe Co., Omaha's Up-to-date Shoe House, 1419 FARNAM STREET.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS. Wouldn't have a thing to do with our selling the best lawn hose ever sold in Omaha at the price of 10c—We guarantee every foot of this hose—and recommend it for lawn use—Our hammock stock is complete despite the fast selling of the past two weeks—Our prices start at 75c and stop at \$3.50—and we will put our \$3.50 hammock against any \$5.00 one in Omaha—Exposition stands at 50c—just the thing for Saturday—It's hold any one of the only ways to have comfort is to carry your own stool with you.

A. C. RAYMER, WE DELIVER YOUR PURCHASE, 1514 Farnam St.

DID YER SEE ME. At de convenshun—Say den Jewellers wuz hot fellers—but dey wuzn't a circumstance ter de Tennessee editors—dey skared de life out of 2 girls at de bee bidding an dey shocked dis kid to de way dey used up Steecker cigars—I don't believe dey ever had so much smoke for five cents before—but den der is lots of de blinks—and den fellers wuz blinks, I gess—but dey by no more ten centers—dey just smoke de Steecker koz its like most of de ten cent ones—All dealers sell de Steecker.

W. F. Steecker, 1404 DOUGLAS.



CONVENTIONS AND CONGRESSES. Are all the go in Omaha now—we have a musical congress at our store every day in the year—while now, during these exposition times, we make an especially attractive showing of pianos—many of them made for this occasion—the Knabe—the Kniball—the Kranch & Bach—three of America's greatest productions—We have a special Kimball exhibit in the Liberal Arts building on the grounds—you should see this—particularly the automatic pipe organ—the only one of its kind ever made—pianos all kinds of music if you push the button.

A. HOSPE, 1513 Douglas.

TAKING PICTURES. Nowadays is a very easy matter—you put the button and the camera does the rest—We have dozens of different kinds and sizes of cameras that attend strictly to business—some as low as \$4—from that up to \$35—It's just as easy for you to develop and print your own pictures—after you know how—Do you know we will show you how—and sell the chemicals and all other things necessary at the right price—We want out-of-town visitors to use our dark room while in the city—it will be free—and we want to have you come in when ever you can.

The Aloe & Penfold Co. Amateur Photo Supply House, 1405 Farnam Street, OMAHA, Opposite Paxton Hotel.

NOT EVERYBODY. Can tell you how to preserve your teeth—not every dentist knows how—the dentist with a record for "good, honest work" usually does the bulk of it—This may account for our being busy all the time—then too we've been in the same location for over ten years—that's a pretty good recommendation—Our prices are reasonable for the class of work—small gold fillings at \$2.00—silver and gold alloy \$1.00—Extracting without pain or gas \$5.00—a set of teeth \$5.00—We keep open till 8:30 in the evening to accommodate those that can't come in the day time—electric fans and all modern appliances known to dentistry—Lady attendant.

BAILEY, 13 Years, 3d Floor Paxton Bldg., Experience, 10th and Farnam.



THEY WERE LOOKING INTO THE DARK DEPTHS OF TWO MURDEROUS LOOKING REVOLVERS.

little, and he leisurely threw his leg over the cayuse and disappeared down the Missouri end of the trail.

He had not gone far before he turned short to the left, and there, in a bare tree, he saw a pair of eyes staring at him. Here he stopped, and, dismounting, proceeded to wrap some old bags he pulled out from behind a rock about the feet of the cayuse.