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close at once upon the defenders, leap over their barriers and overwhelm them in the dark interior. In three minutes the signal would be given. He himself would lead the dash of the party within the corral. Pasqual was shrewd enough to know that where there was only one doorway instead of two there would be better chance of dodging the bullets. But keen eyes and ears and wits were there alert. Feeny and Harvey well knew that this was but the lull before

"Lay low, boys, and be ready. Shoot the first man that shows," was the last caution old Plummer heard before the bursting of the tempest.

All on a sudden a wild cry went up n the corral. All on a sudden from north and south the assailants dashed forward with answering yell. In an instant the dark apertures flashed their lightning, and rifle and revolver shots rang on the still night air. Harvey's Henry barked like a Gatling. Feeny's

old Springfield banged like a six pounder. Two of the assailants on the south side went down in the dust, face foremost, the others swerved, broke and scurried for shelter. Pasqual Morales, leading his men close under the north wall, made a pantherlike spring for the crest of the barley parapet and was saved from i stant death when he fell Rheumatism, Nervous Disby being dragged feet foremost, with a Colt's 44 tearing through his thigh.

er shot through the wooden door. Their bullets buried themselves deep in the improvised traverse, but let no drop of blood, while two return shots scattered the attack with the splinters from the heavy panels. Pleading, raging, mad-dened, Morales learned that the dash had failed and that two of his most daring men, the two Americanos who had ridden forward to personate prospectors and who had led the rush in the south-P. A. LEONARD & CO., ern front, were knocked out of the fight. And then it was that the inhuman brute gave the order to resort to Indian methods, and even old Moreno begged and prayed and blasphemed, all to no purpose. Furious at their repulse, the band were ready to obey their leader's maddest wish. The word was, "Burn them out." Ned Harvey, crouching

ing; nine miles from railroad staral suddenly lighted up with a broad what he had sought to take, and now tion. One farm contains a fine red glare. The match had been applied there lay the dollars almost within their proved. For further particulars covered shed, close to the brush grasp, but unless captured at once BOX 45, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

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wretched garrison when driven out. and you can come out as soon as we are

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Maxwell, Neb. and hit him if you can."

ises to pay." "Bravo, Feeny!" shouted young Harvey from the adjoining room. "We're not smoked out yet, by a good deal," he added in lower tones. "But if the worst comes to the worst we can make a rush for the barley stack in the corral. Lie still, Ruth, little sister. It won't be any time now before the soldiers will come galloping to us." And, hiding her terror stricken face in her sister's

breast, the girl obeyed. out above the roar of the flames, and understand every word. Even hampered

hope and courage. Beyond the wounding of one of their number, no impression apparently had been made, whereas the bandits had a sorry loss to contemplate. Ramon shot dead, Pasqual crippled and the two "gringos," the daring, enterprising leaders of the attack, painfully wounded, one probably mortally so. And now, with the flames lighting up the whole valley between the Picacho and the Christobal, with cavalry known

strance came. Even in their extremity weakening. They had had enough of counter further peril in their defense. One of the drugged troopers was beginning to regain some atom of sense, and sitting up was miserably asking what

> worthless head, Mullan," he heard the sergeant say. So Feeny was evidently alert as ever and must have heard the thick smoke was least distressing, Fanax and Buth still clung to one another the latter trembling at the sound of the voice from without. But Fanny had quickly, eagerly, raised her head to lis-ten. For a moment no reply was made. Then came the impatient query : "Harvey, do you hear? You have no time

to lose. You have but a minute in which to answer." "Major," he burst forth at last in ar agony of doubt, "you hear what they say, you see how I am fixed. If I were here alone, you would never need to ask my services-I'd fight with you to the bitter end-but think of my father, my mother, if anything befall my sisters. Can nothing be done?' From the lips of the stricken paymas-

ter there came only a groan in reply. "I fear he cannot hold out long, Mr. Harvey," muttered the clerk. "I doubt if he heard or understood you." "Well, why not let them have the safe if they'll guarantee that that is all they want? How much have you there?

I feel sure my father would make it

There's over \$25,000, Mr. Harvey. "Well, if it was only 25 cents, Mr. Ned Harvey, all I've got to say is devil a wan of them would they get so long as I could load a shot or pull a trigger. Go you, if you will. Take the leddies by all means if you think it safer, but before I'd trust the wan sister I ever had-God rest her soul-to the promise of any such blackguard party as this, I'd bury my knife in her throat." Mullan, staggering about in search of his carbine, the quickened breath and low moaning of poor old Plummer. Then again came the loud hail from

"Once more, Ned Harvey, will you come out and be saved or stay there and roast? Surrender now and you're all right; but, by the God of heaven, here. Think for your sisters, man. There's no hope for one of you if you delay another minute." And then it was a woman's voice,

tremulous but clear. our sake he gave up all his escort?" "It was, Fan, yes-at least he thought

"And now you would desert him, would you? Leave him to be murdered by these robbers, the worst gang we ever had or heard of? I say you shall not. I for one will not go into their hands. Ruth cannot go without me. Stay and fight it out, Ned, or you're

"Fan! Fan! you're a trump! God bless your brave heart!" cried Harvey. "It seemed cowardly to go, yet the re. sponsibility was more than I could

"May the saints in heaven smile on your purty face for all eternity!" mut-tered Feeny in a rapture of delight.
"The young leddy is right, Mr. Har-vey, though it wasn't for me to say it. Shure you can't trust those scoundrels. They'd stab ye in the back, sir, and rob you of your pretty sisters and drag them less. Shure we'll fight till rescue comes, for come it will. I tell you the boys are spurring toward us, h-ll to split, from every side now, and we'll whale

these scoundrels yet." Then from without came the final "What answer, Harvey? Now or

worse than a greaser!" yelled Feeny.
"If you had a dhrop of Irish blood in yer veins, ye'd never ask the question. Now, if you think you can take this money, here's your chance. No Harvey ever went back on his friends." Even brain muddled Mullan felt a maudlin impulse to cheer at Feeny's

enthusiastic answer. Even poor old Plummer gave a half stifled cry. Possibly he dreamed that rescue was at hand, but there was little time for rejoicing. Springing back whence ne came, the unseen emissary was heard shouting some order to his fellows. The next instant the rifles began their cracking on both sides, and the bullets, with furious spat, drove deep into the adobe or whizzed through the gunnysacks into the barley. The unseen foe was once more investing them on every side

and not a shot could be wasted in re-Once more the furious crackle and roar of the flames were heard close at hand, and then the smoke grew thicker, the heat increased, and poor Ned Harvey, his eyes smarting, knelt, steadfast, at his post and prayed—prayed for the coming of rescue, for the return of the loved father, all the gallant troop at his back-and then, even as though in answer to his prayer, there came a sudden lull in the fight.

"Something's coming!" shouted Feebody sure. Look, Mr. Harvey, ain't

scudding like hounds over toward the "Is it rescue? Are our people com-

lip. "God grant it!" Heavens, how hearts were beating! How ears were straining underneath that now blazing roof! Louder, fiercer roared the flames. Furious became the

snapping of sun baked branch and twig.

the boys. Hurroo!" And mad with

"Steady, steady there! Keep togeth-

"God be praised!" screamed Feeny

full glare of the flames, sprang from bluest New England blood."

his foaming steed, waving his hat and Charity Bradford, the wife of old Am-

Down went Harvey's rifle as he leaped

stunned, senseless from a crashing from coming over in the Mayflower. blow, even as Ned Harvey, his legs jerked from under him by the sudden clip of a rawhide lariat, was dragged at racing speed out over the plain, bumping over stick and stone, tearing through cactus, screaming with rage his ear was the shriek of agony from his sisters' lips, telling him they were and infuriated men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

By DAN DE QUILLE.

[Copyright, 1506, by American Press Ass CHAPTER X FICTORIOUS AT LAST-"A BEE" IN MY PA

THER'S "BONNET. No sooner were our ancestors safely deposited in their respective vaults than An awful stillness followed Feeny's my father inclosed his burial lot with words. For an instant there was no a fine iron fence and set up a nummutterings and complainings of poor ling vines. To these he from time to Mullan, staggering about in search of time added such other ornaments and improvements as were suggested by Rev. Nantucket Sperm, Captain Shrimp and others. These works occupied his days, of the genealogy.

Rev. Walter Mowbray created so favor-

become the pastor of a church in the are unknown and despised. hose you were fool enough to bring he had now become reimbued with the the seal of secre makes full and humble confession to the "Ned, wasn't it to save us that Major our assistance, and the story of Jepson Plummer sent his men? Wasn't it for | was made known to only a few discreet persons. In his preaching he is said to be doing good work. The pictures he draws in his warnings to young men are

have had any personal experience. My father's example caused many iron agessit cemetery is not only the pride of is in progress. Rev. Nantucket Sperm is always loud in his praise of my father for his inauguration of the good work which is now being carried on with so

But that which gave my father the greatest pleasure was the following inciaway before your dving eyes. That the cemetery he was stopped by a womman Pasqual is a devil, sir, nothing an apparently about 90 years of age, an apparently about 90 years of age, who, cane in hand, stood before her cottage. "Mr. Johnson," said the venerable dame, "I want tew thank you. I've been a-holdin back for years all I knew self more and more to his genealogical been a-holdin back for years all I knew heow jist to keep from bein stuck deown out there among the weeds and briers, but now I'm willin tew go whenever the Lord calls. The homes of the dead of the village are neow as bright as the homes of its living, and changin from one to the other don't seem dreadful like it used tew. I've always been tidy in my home among the livin, and I'd like to be tidy in my home among the

It is my father's delight to accompany my sisters when they go forth to strew fresh flowers on the tombs of our ancestors. On such occasions he favors them with long extracts from the genealogy. He never tires of discoursing of the career of the Johnsons of England, and in speaking of the trials and tribulations of Sir Archibald his face is at one moment flushed with righteous wrath, and at the next he becomes pathetic, and tears roll down his cheeks. He has now not only fully adopted our imported ancestors, but has also so fondly studied their history that he has come to firmly believe them of his own flesh and blood.

I was made aware of this the day after our grand funeral ceremonies when said to my father, "So ends the grimmest, most protracted and elaborate practical joke ever perpetrated on the soil of New England."

body sure. Look, Mr. Harvey, ain't cannot doubt them. Not a man in Amerthat two of their fellows scudding away westward out there?"

In carrying through to an efficacious conclusion our scheme for curing the been done may have been commenced in Pasonagessit people of their ailment, it Surely enough. In the glare of the a spirit less serious than was befitting a is very evident that my father has abburning sheds the besieged caught a glimpse of two of the gang bending low in their saddles 100 yards away and scudding like hounds over toward the open plain.

Spirit less serious than was bentting a sorbed a very malignant type of the very disorder we sought to eradicate. So I find that in all good works we must expect some drawbacks. Absolute perfection is almost unattainable, even in the tors, and in all we have since done we most pure, noble and praiseworthy unhave had his aid. Thus has our work dertakings in which we can embark. ing?" was the query that rose to every | been made to prosper and bring forth

> "How you can doubt that those whose remains we have so dutifully honored are our ancestors I cannot conceive, especially in the face of all the proofs you have brought home from the mother country. In the Bible we read that the patriarchs of old experienced certain in-ternal physical commotions termed vearning of the bowels' when brought Formerly I could not understand the pnenomenon, but now I never approach the tomb of Sir Archibald that I do not experience similar internal sensations in the region of the diaphragm, which I accept as a sign given me from one now in the other world."

My father, being thus curt and decided with me, his own son and fellow conspirator, convinced me that had any stranger dared to even so much as hint a suspicion that our imported ancestors were not all we claimed the old gentleman would have belabored the doubter

As I had no desire to detract from the family enjoyment, I ever thereafter kept whatever light thoughts I may have had to myself. Indeed it was to me always s great pleasure to observe my sister Eleanor strewing fresh flowers with pi-

loping steeds! A distant cheer! A sol-dierly voice, in hoarse command: ous care upon the tomb of Lady Elea nor, her great-great-grandmother - by

If there were any who were previous ly inclined to stand aloof from our famin ecstacy. "Look up, major, look up, lly, the discourse of Rev. Walter Mow-We're all safe now. Here come bray brought them into the fold of our friends. Still old Amariah Bradford relief and delight the sergeant sprang | was by no means disposed to at once adfrom his lair just as a tall trooper in mit that I was worthy of alliance matthe Union blue shot into sight in the rimonially with a family of the "truest,

ariah, was in full sympathy with her daughter and through her mother Prudence was able to learn something of the state of her father's mind. She informed out into the blessed air to greet the me that after he had listened attentively coming host. Down went Feeny's car- to the discourse of Rev. Mr. Mowbray bine as, with outstretched hand, he her father had said in a conversation sprang to grasp his comrade trooper's. with her mother that, though a member With rush and thunder of hoofs a band of my family had landed at Salem in of horsemen came tearing up to the spot | 1680, still it was 10 years later than the just as Feeny reached their leader— pilgrims, and, besides, arriving in an or-reached him and went down to earth, dinary trading vessel was very different However, as Lady Arbella Johnson

ble Puritan family, her not coming to the country 10 years earlier might be overlooked. As her husband's name was Isasc, he was inclined to the belief that and pain, until finally, battered into oblivion, the last sound that fell upon As for titles, they were all mere worldly vanities. He therefore pretended to care nothing at all for Sir Archibald and struggling in the rude grasp of reckless | Lady Eleanor. He said they were probably persecutors of the righteous. Soon after this was reported to me I one day by chance found the Bradford of all the Bradfords at the cemetery contemplating with much satisfaction the tombs of Sir Archibald, Lady Eleanor and Lady Arbella. I remained aloof, being content with the knowledge that the leaven was working.

Upon consultation with Prudence we arrived at the conclusion that I might now safely "speak to her father." In a long time he had said nothing about Standish Bradford and had winked at my escorting Prudence to and from the

When I bearded "the Bradford" in his den, he gave his consent to my making Prudence Mrs. Johnson, but almost understand that through Lady Arbella and her husband Isaac, as the earliest representatives of the Johnson family in New England, we need never expect to rank with the true blue Bradfords. As said he looked upon them as mere vanities not to be taken into consideration

speak openly of the important part he | the establishment of a pawnshop to be had played during the courtship. My | run in connection with the newly estabaffairs to which he had long devoted his except that the rate of interest charged time that he had never thought of such | will be only 4 per cent. Dr. Donald a thing as my taking a wife in Pasona- says he is assured of the success of the gessit. He did not go out to the cemetery for a week, but gave his whole time

records and almost daily regales some one with the exploits of old Geoffroi at the sacking of Thetfort by the Danes. Of late he has developed some new symp

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needs of the people of that section than any paper farther East. It is in accord with the people of the West both in Politics and Literature. Please remember that the price of The Weekly Inter Ocean IS ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. Address

THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago.

In vain Moreno's squad fired shot aft-

with exultant yells and taunts, the cor- lives of any of the paymaster's men, were

as well be under the grating of some

High in air shot the leaping flames. can win their ear. They will be but Far and wide over the desert spread the too glad to be spared to go on their way lurid glare. Screaming with terror, the unharmed. Yonder are their mules women of Moreno's household were al- across the corral. Hitch them in at ready dragging into the corral their few once. Save the others for the ambuat the corral gate, where the bullets of the besieged could not find them, Pasqual Morales and his exulting band

ing fronts of the threatened rancho, ready to shoot down, Indianlike, the 160 acres of land in section 18, town-It was at this juncture that from somewhere in the middle room, behind ship 13, range, 27, four miles northeast of Maxwell, in Lincoln county, Nebraska; 90 acres good farm land, 12 acres of which is broke; the remainder good grazing land. Pawnee creek, a live stream, runs through the land. Frame house, two stables and other outbuild increase good well as invigation ditch and a Moreno's heavy door, a voice was heard: peace. Every man of us will ride away,

gone. Answer, for you have no time "Answer him, you!" shouted Feeny to Mr. Dawes. "Send a shot through

But before the clerk could drop the fan with which he was striving to re- the idea that already the shed was in himself, now suddenly sprang from his covert, and placing the muzzle of his Henry rifle close to the door deliberately popped three shots in quick succession through the splintering woodwork, and in the confusion and dismay which re-

corner again before the answering shots "Take that for your answer!" shouted Feeny again, "you black hearted, black bellied thafe, and take this, too, bad scran to ye! Every dollar of that money's in greenbacks that'll burn as and get it now. 'Tis you that's got no

the government ought to be mighty glad of the chance of saving all those prom-

Out at the corral gate meantime a vehement council was being held. Feeny's bold defiance and threat had produced their effect. His voice had rung what Morales could not hear was promptly reported by those who had crawled up nearer to the bar and could by the care of their helpless women, the defense was undismayed. The little garrison was fighting with magnificent

it and were quite ready to slink away, but Pasqual was a raging lion. We venge for the death of his brother wrath over his own crippled conditi fury at the failure of the assault hatred on general principles of all b of the attack, all served to madden him to such a degree that even burning his adversaries to death seemed simply a case of serving them right. What cared he that two of the besieged were fair young girls — noncombatants? They were George Harvey's daughters, and that in itself was enough to bring balm to his soul and well nigh cause him to forget his physical ills. One or two of the band point out that the faintest indignity of-fered to the sisters would array not only all Arizona, but all Mexico against

them. Like dogs they would be hunted to their holes and no quarter be given. Returning hitherto with their spoils, Chihuahua or Sonora had welcomed them with open arms, but what outlaw could find refuge on Mexican soil who had dared to wrong the children of George Harvey and Ines Romero? It was even as they were pointing this out to Pasqual and urging that he consent to be lifted into the ambulance and driven away southward before the return of the cavalry that Moreno himself appeared. Slipping out of his western window, dropping to the ground and making a complete circuit of the corral, he suddenly joined in the

excited conference. What he said was

in Spanish, or that pan-Arizona patois

that there passes current for such, and was a wild, fervid appeal. They had ruined him-him and his. He was unmasked, betrayed, for now his connection with the band was established beyond all question. Now he was known and would soon be branded as an outlaw. His home was being destroyed before his eyes-not that that amounted to much now that he could no longer occupy it-his wife and child must flee at once for Sonora, and he go with them, but recompense for his loss he must have. Never again could he venture into Arizona. He would be known far and wide as the betrayer of his benefactor's children, though he called God and all the saints in the Spanish calendar to witness he never behind his barley bags, felt his blood dreamed of their being involved in this turn to ice water in his veins when, plot. The paymaster's funds, not the

bish was stored. It could be a question the flames of hell envelop him for all of only a few moments; then they, too, eternity!" he cried. "He will not scruwould be a mass of flames, spreading ple to do as he says. He will cast evrapidly westward. The stout adobe ery package into the seething furnace. wall separating the ranch proper from Mira! Look! The shed is now all the sheds would protect the occupants ablaze! In one minute the roof of the from direct contact with the flame, but rancho will burst into flame! There is what could save the roof? Stretching not an instant to lose! I adjure you, let from wall to wall were the dry, resin- the daughters of Harvey, the son, the ous pine logs that formed the basis of the bulky structure. Over these the safety, honor, protection. Let them go lighter boards of pine and over all, their way now, now! Then you will thickly piled, dry as bone and inflammable as tinder, heap on heap of brush.

Once this was fairly ablaze the hapless occupants of the rooms beneath might

shed next the rancho! Hurl it, drag it down so that its fire cannot reach the brush beyond; then we can parley; we

treasures and rushing back for such lance and the buckboard here and for raiment as they could save. Far over our noble chief. Is it not so, captain? Approving murmurs followed his fiery words. So long as the Yankees held towere gathered, the chief lying upon his gether there was little likelihood of the serape, with bloody bandages about his outlaws gaining the ground except by leg, his followers dancing about him in burning out, and that now meant the frantic glee, all keeping carefully out of range of the black doorways, yet after, the utter loss of the fortune that, three or four crack shots lay flat in the divided even among so many, would sands, their rifles covering the now glar- enable them to live like princes in Hermosillo or beyond. They would be he-roes, conquerors. But if that were lost after all their plotting, planning, labor and crime, there was absolutely no recompense. Even through the brain clouding fury of his revenge Pasqual Morales "Hand out the safe. Hand out your saw the sound sense of Moreno's plea. money now, and we'll leave you in He made no effort to check the men

who ran to do his bidding and were even now with lariats and stalwart arms dragging the props from under the shed and letting its western end come pattering down. Within the eastern room the dense smoke was already finding its way. The sound of falling beams and timber only conveyed to the occupants vive his fainting chief, the young fel- embers and that any instant the roof low from Harvey's party, he who was over their heads would burst into a tor-stationed at the north door and had rent of fire. Ned Harvey's brave spirit been so fortunate as to shoot Morales was taxed to the utmost. Unless relief could come, and come at once, nothing remained for him but death, nothing

for those fair sisters but a fate far in the confusion and dismay which re-sulted was able to leap nimbly into his with the outlaw's demand, pledging himself and his father's fortune to make good to the government every cent so sacrificed. His father could pay it four times over and would rather sink his last cent than that the faintest harm should come to those beloved children. but the next moment Feeny's splendid atsy as tissue, and if you want it come defiance had so thrilled him that he could not frame the words he thought time to lose. Come and get it, I say, to speak, and yet here was awful peril for be the soul of St. Patrick you'll close at hand. What right had he to never have another chance. Just as further jeopardize the life, the honor sure as ye let that fire reach this ranch of these, his father's fondest treasures? and harm those young leddies—old Harvey's daughters that never did ye a harm in the world—every dollar in the But if the robbers could now be content safe goes whack into the fire, and sorra | with the money alone and pledge safea shinplaster will you have for all your guard for the property, was it not his pains. Ain't that so, paymaster? Shure duty, would it not be his father's mandate were he there, to buy the safe and contents from the agent of the general government and pay the ransom levied?

But he little dreamed of the fury of revenge and hatred burning in the soul of Pasqual Morales. He little fathomed the treachery and cunning of the outlawed scoundrel. Even as he was revolving these thoughts in his mind, ever and again listening with new hope for the sound of rallying trumpet, the beat of rescuing hoofs, there resounded through the night the sonorous and ringing voice that so short a time before had called for the surrender of the safe. "Edward Harvey, we pledge safe conduct for you, your sisters and your party. Here is your wagon ready, your team hitched in. Throw your arms out of the door. Come forth as you please. Put the senoritas in the wagon. Look neither to the right nor left, but drive away, and God be with you. We have no quarrel wi'l you and yours. We

killed our chief." Put yourself in his place. Death for him, perhaps for them-dishonor anvway-was all they could look for if no rescue came. Was it not his duty to his parents, to his sisters, even to God. to accept these terms-to withdraw his little force? Why should he be periling such precious lives and names in the defense of a government official who had been so wreckless as to part with his guard and put himself and his funds and the Christobal, with cavalry known to be out in several squads within easy march, some of the men were already feebly moaning, no word of remon-

war only with these soldiers who have The sergeant sprang from his lair just as a tall trooper shot into sight.

Stiffing and thick the smoke. "Quick! Come here for a breath of air," called Harvey to his sisters. "It's safe for a moment at least." And in-

'gatherings" of the young folks. sound but quick beating hearts, the ber of huge stone vases to contain hang- in the same breath plainly gave me to and his nights were given to the study for Sir Archibald and Lady Eleanor, he able an impression that he was invited to for a moment in a country where titles

if you refuse it's the last chance for you | neighboring village of Weenipsit. As | Captaim Shrimp was delighted when spirit of the true and earnest Christian his tongue and he was at liberty to ity church a collection was taken for soldier and teacher, he felt it his duty to speak openly of the important part he the establishment of a pawnshop to be bishop in authority and beg to be rein-stated. In this my father and I lent He had been so absorbed in the "grave" The place will be run as any pawnshop, the good old man is able to so faithfully portray the many evils of this wicked world, of none of which he can possibly have had any measurement of the genealogical tree, making many measurements for the new branches that must soon be added. My sisters were "not at all surprised." They "had had their area over." their eyes open."
On the occasion of my wedding I sur-

My father's example caused many iron railings and handsome monuments to be erected by his neighbors, and the Pasonim London. On a bracelet I had a beaumade to find out the real trouble. Up agessit cemetery is not only the pride of the village, but also is the model for all the neighboring villages, in nearly every one of which the work of improvement is in progress. Rev. Nantucket Sperm the trailing arbutus, the mayflower of New England, composed of suitable recious stones.

I think the placing of the mayflower

in some shape on every article of jewel-ry that I gave Prudence had its effect upon the Bradford of all the Bradfords, dent, which he was never tired of relating: One day as he was coming in from the cemetery he was stopped by a wom-



practical joke ever perpetrated on the soil of New England."

"Joke, sir!" sternly cried my father, staring at me as though he thought me losing my wits. "Do you call that which has been wrought by the hand of Providence a joke? Let me never again hear you speak in that light manner of what the Lord has brought about. I am as certain as that I live that Sir Archibald Johnson was my great-grandfather. The proofs are so many and so strong that I proofs are so many and so strong that I prove their descent from the pilgrim fa-

James Stanley a Widow. Another of the strange stories for which the English chancery court is remarkable is astonishing everybody today. The Widow Cullener had a life interest in her husband's estate, terminating on her remarriage. It is alleged that she married a certain James Stanley in 1865. The answer is that into the presence of those to whom they the widow is Stanley. She has lived as were united by ties of consanguinity. a man for the past 28 years and carried on business as a plumber. She went through a marriage ceremony in 1866 with another woman named Newland, and they lived as man and wife till

> Docen't Know His Own Mother. George C. Hunter of Oakland has lost | Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment his memory completely. He is alive Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, and well, but can recall nothing of his Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, past life. He does not remember his Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, wife or his mother. Though he has a good education, he has forgotten how to read or write. Young Hunter was working on a locomotive in the railroad

-San Francisco Examiner.

don Cor. New York Sun.

The announcement was followed by visible emotion, and it was some moments before the daughter could con-trol her feelings sufficiently to thank him, but looking rather than speaking her gratitude she took the pardon, and a few moments later her mother was released after eight years' confinement. "That is one of the most peculiar cases that I ever met," said the governor as his visitor left the room. "Mrs. Martin was convicted and sentenced for life for infanticide. She had been deserted by her friends and had three small children depending upon her for support. These she supported by bending over the washtub, and when a fourth child was born dead she was arrested and charged with its murder.

A GIRL'S GRATITUDE.

Rewarded at Last.

A bright eyed, rosy cheeked young lady was waiting for Governor Mat-

thews when he reached the executive

office the other morning, and as he en-

tered she extended her hand. The governor recognized her as the daugh-

ter of Mrs. Martin of Dubois county,

who was pardoned out of the female

reformatory the day before, and in an-

swer to her excited inquiry if it was true that he had pardoned her mother he replied, "Yes, and you may take the pardon and deliver it to her."

explained away or accounted for by natural causes, but she was given a life Several years ago her daughter came here and secured work as a domestic in order to be near the mother, and she has called to see me several times in the effort to secure the pardon. It was she who left a moment ago, and I am more than gratified over an act which I believe is one of justice to the mother and which rewards the devotion of the daughter."-Indianapolis Cor. Cincin-

There was, in fact, no evidence to sup-

port the charge except what could be

Wyoming Elk In England. An interesting attempt is being made to acclimatize the Wyoming elk in this country. Sir Peter Walker acquired 20 head while on a tour in the United States, and the animals have arrived safely, after a journey of 2,600 miles across America and the voyage from New York. They have now been deposited in Sir Peter's park at Osmaston. -London Tit-Bits.

nati Enquirer.

A Charitable Pawnshop. At the Thanksgiving service in Trinventure. - Boston Transcript.

The artesian well on the property of A. S. & W. H. Masterman, Notre Damo street, has refused to work since the earthquake of last month. It is 800 feet deep, and it is thought that some made to find out the real trouble. Up to the shaking up it had been an excellent well .- Mentreal Dispatch in Toronto Globe.

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