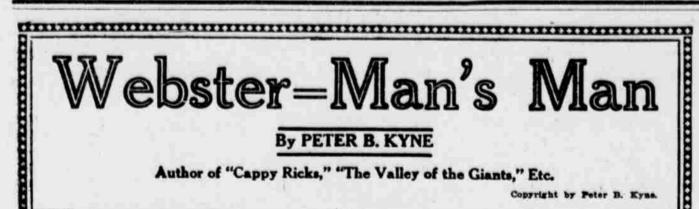
DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD



CHAPTER XV-Continued. -- 17---

"Stay by the wall, you madman," Webster ordered. "There'll be enough left to ride down those men in the street and saber them !"

And there were! They died to a man, and the sadly depleted troop of guards galloped on, leaving Don Juan and Webster unscathed on the sidewalk, the only two Hving men unhurt in that shambles.

Not for long, however, did they have the street to themselves. Around the corner of the palace wall a limousine, with the curtains drawn, swung on two wheels, skidded, struck the carcass of a horse and turned over, catapulting the chauffeur into the middle of the street.

"Sarros!" shricked Don Juan and ran to the overturned vehicle. It was quite empty.

"Bully boy, Senor Sarros," Webster laughed. "He's turned a pretty trick. hasn't he? Sent his guards out to hack a pathway for an empty limensine! That means he s hoping to draw the watchers from the other gate!"

But Don Juan Cafetero was not listening; he was running at top speed for the south gate of the palace grounds-and Webster followed.

As they swung into the street upon which this south gate opened, Webster saw that it was deserted of all save the dead, for Sarros' clever ruse had worked well and had had the effect of arousing the curiosity of his enemies as to the cause of the uproar at the north gate, in consequence of which they had all scurried around the block to see what they could see, thus according Sarros the thing he desired most-a fighting chance and a half minute to get through the gate and headed for the steamship landing without interference.

Webster and Don Juan came abreast the high, barred gate in the thick, 20foot masonry wall as the barrier swung back and a man, in civilian clothes, thundered through on a magnificent bay thoroughbred.

"That's him. Shtop the divil!" screamed Don Juan. "They'll do the decent thing be me if I take him alive."

To Webster, who had acquired the art of snap shooting while killing time in many a lonely camp, the bay charger offered an easy mark. "Hate to down that beautiful animal," he remarked-and pulled away.

The horse leaped into the air and

doubtless did have, his faults, but cowardice was not one of them. And he did have the ghost of a sense of humor. An evil smile flitted over his ollve features.

"Without taking into consideration the bayonets at my back," he replied, "it strikes me the odds are even now. And yet you patronize me."

Webster was nettled. "Td rather do that than kill you, Benavides," he retorted. "Don't be a fool. Run along and sell your papers, and take your pltiful little sandal-footed brigands with you. Scat!"

Benavides' hand, holding his pistol, had been hanging loosely at his side. With his furious glance meeting Webster's unfalteringly, with the merest movement of his wrist and scarcely without movement of his forearm, he threw up his weapon and fired. Scarcely a fifth of a second had elapsed between the movement of his wrist and the pressure of his finger on the trigger; Webster, gazing steadily into the somber eyes, had noted no hint of the man's intention, and was caught actually off his guard.

The bullet tore through his biceps. momentarily paralyzing him, and his automatic dropped clattering to the sidewalk; as he stooped and recovered it, Benavides fired again, creasing the top of his left shoulder. The Sobrantes took aim for a third and finishing shot, but when he pulled the trigger the hammer fell on a defective cartridge, which gave to John Stuart Webster all the advantage he craved. He planted a bullet in Benavides' ab-



Benavides might have had, and | ember of manhood in the wreck that drink and the devil had cast up on the Caribbean coast.

For Don Juan Cafetero it had been a long, joyous, thirsty day, but at last the day was done. And in order to make certain, a soldado jabbed him once more through the vitals before he fled with the other survivors.

For half an hour after Webster left her to assist the great-hearted Mother Jenks in the rough care of the wounded, Dolores, absorbed in her work of mercy, gave all of her thought to the grim task before her. The cries, followed by the sudden, savage outbreak of fire when the guards made their dash from the palace, brought Webster and Don Juan to mind instantly. In a quick access of terror and apprehension she clung, trembling, to stolid old Mother Jenks.

"Somebody's breakin' in or breakin' out," the veteran decided calmly. "Come to the corner, dearie, an' 'ave a look"

She half dragged Dolores to the corner, from which they had an unobstructed view down the cross-street to its intersection three blocks distant with the Calle San Rosario; consequently they saw the dozen or more survivors of that Ill-fated dash from the north gate of the palace flash for a second across their line of vision. Mother Jenks croaked dismally, like a disreputable old raven; she was trying to cheer.

"The rats are leavin' the sinkin' ship," she wheezed. "Come an' see them tyke the devils as killed my sainted 'Enery." She broke eagerly from Delores' detaining grasp and ran down the street. Dolores hesitated a moment; then, reasoning that her duty lay in pursuing Mother Jenks and preventing her from rushing headlong

Evidently the fleeing guards had scurried around a corner into a crossstreet shortly after Dolores and Mother Jenks had seen them gallop past, for the firing down the Calle San Rosario had ceased entirely by the time they reached it. They stood a moment at the corner, gazing up the street at the dead-man and beast-with the wounded crawling out of the shambles to the sidewalk.

Mother Jenks nodded approvingly as triumphant shouts from the north gate told her the Ruey men were pouring into the palace; with their arms about each other the two women watches

art Webster and welcome the chance! Mother Jenks held his body a little

while, gazing into the face no longer rubicund; then gently she eased it to the ground and for the first time was aware that Dolores knelt in the dirt opposite to her striving to lift the body upon which Don Juan had been

lying. The strength of Dolores was unequal to the task; so Mother Jenks, hardened, courageous, calm as her sainted 'Enery at his inglorious finish, rose and stepped around to her side to help her. She could see this other was a white man, too; coolly she stooped and wiped his gory face with the hem of her apron. And then she recognized him!

Water Water and Water and Advantages and

"Lift him up! Give him to me!" Dolores sobbed. "Oh, Callph, my poor dear, big-hearted blundering boy !"

She got her arm under his head; Mother Jenkins aided her; and the limp body was lifted to a sitting position; then Dolores knelt on one knee, supporting him with the other, and drew his head over on her shoulder; with her white cheek cuddled against his, she spoke into his deaf ears the little, tender, foolish words that mothers have for their children, that women have for the stricken men of their love. She pleaded with him to open his eyes, to speak to her and tell her he still lived; so close was his face to hers that she saw an old but very faint white scar running diagonally across his left eyebrow-and kineted

Presently strong arms took him from her; clinging to somebody-she knew not whom-she followed, moaning broken-heartedly, while eight men, forming a rude litter with four rifles passed under his body, bore Webster to the shade of a tufted palm inside the palace gate.

As they laid Webster down for a moment there Dolores saw a tall, youthful man, of handsome features and noble bearing, approach and look at him. In his eyes there were tears, a sob escaped him as with a little impulsive, affectionate movement he patted John Stuart Webster's cheek. "My friend !" the fainting Dolores heard him murmur. "My great-hearted, whimsical, lovable John Webster. You made it possible for me to meet

you here tonight-and this is the meet-

While Ricardo watched beside the unconscious Webster one of his aides galloped up the street, to return presently with a detachment with stretchers, into which Webster and Don Juan Cafetero were laid and carried up the palace driveway into the huge golden reception hall where only the night before Sarros had greeted the belles and beaux of his capital. In the meantime Mother Jenks had succeeded in restoring Dolores to consciousness; supported by the indomitable old woman the girl slowly followed the grim procession until, at the door of for you tomorrow morning."

along the blued steel close to the vulcanite butt. When Ricardo glanced at Pachece after his scrutiny of the pistol and

holster, the doctor's dark eyes were regarding him mirthfully. "I have been unnecessarily alarmed,

my general," said Pacheco. "Our dear friend has been most fortunate in his choice of wounds-

Walker and the second second

"He's a lucky Yankee; that's what he is, my dear Pacheco. A lucky Tapkee!" Ricardo leaned over and en amined the bayonet-wound in Webster's left side. "He took the point of the steel on his pistol he happened to be wearing under his left arm." he went on to explain. "That turned the bayonet and it slid along his riba,

making a superficial flesh-wound." Pacheco nodded. "And this bullet merely burned the top of his right shoulder, while another passed through his biceps without touching the bone. His most severe wound h this jab in the hip."

They stripped every stitch of clothing from Webster and went over him carefully. At the back of his head they found a little clotted blood from a small split in the scalp; also they found a lump of generous proportions, Pacheco laughed briefly but contentedly.

"Then he is not even seriously mjured?" Ricardo interrupted that laugh.

"I would die of fright if I had to fight this fine fellow a month from today," the little doctor chirped. "The man is in superb physical condition] It is the bump on the head that repders him unconscious-not loss of blood."

As if to confirm this expert testimony Webster at that moment breathed long and deeply, screwed up his face and shook his head very slightly. Thereafter for several minutes he gave no further evidence of an active interest in life-seeing which Pachece decided to take prompt advantage of his unconsciousness and probe the wounds in his arm and shoulder for the fragments of clothing which the bullets must have carried into them. After ten minutes of probing Pacheco announced that he was through and ready to bandage; whereupon Jokn Stuart Webster said faintly but very distinctly, in English:

"I'm awfully glad you are, Doc. It hurt like h-1! Did you manage to get a bite on that fishing trip?" "Jack Webster, you scoundrel "

Ricardo yelled joyously, and he shoon the patient with entire disregard of the latter's wounds. "Oh, man, I'm glad you're not dead."

"Your sentiments appeal to me strongly, my friend. I'm-too-tired to look-at you. Who the devil-are you?"

Fell a silence, while Webster prepared for another speech. "Where am I?" "In the palace. We won pulled-

up, and that forty-thousand dollar bet of yours is safe. I'll cash the ticket

the reception room, they found their "D--n the forty thousand. Where's

"My wild Irish blackthorn, Don

"I hope, old man, he has ere now



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nineteen days is all they have lived. As I was going to have another, I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Com-pound and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on

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Insisted Upon a Magnate,

"How would you like to sign up with me for a life game?" was the way a baseball fan proposed.

"I'm agreeable," replied the girl, "Where's your dlamond?"-Indlanapolts Star.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it



Jungle Fashion.

The Elephant-Goodness, just suppose I had to cover up my ears as the



ing !" CHAPTER XVI.

into the conflict, she followed.

came down stiff-legged ; Sarros spurred it cruelly, and the gallant beast strove to gather itself inte its stride, staggered and sank to its knees, as with a wild Irish yell Don Juan Cafetero reached the dictator's side.

Sarros drew a revolver, but before he could use it Don Juan tapped him smartly over the head with his rifle barrel, and the man toppled inertly to the ground beside his dying horse.

"More power to ye sor," Don Juan called cheerily and turned to receive Webster's approval.

What he saw paralyzed him for an instant. Webster was standing beside the gate, firing into a dozen of Sarros' soldiery who were pouring out of a house just across the street, where for an hour they had crouched unseen and unheard by the Ruey men at the gate. They were practically out of ammunition and had merely been awaiting a favorable opportunity to escape before the rebels should enter the city in force and the house-to-house search for snipers should begin. They had been about to emerge and beat a hasty retreat, when Sarros rode out at the gate, and with a rush they followed, gaining the sidewalk in time to be witnesses to the dictator's downfall.

For a moment they had paused, huddled on the sidewalk behind their officor, who, turning to scout the street up and down, beheld John Stuart Webster standing by the gate with an automatic in his hand. At the same instant Webster's attention had been attracted to the little band on the sidewalk : in their leader he recognized no less a personage than his late acquaintance, the fire eating Capt. Jose Benavides. Coincidentally Benavides recognized Webster.

It was an awkward situation. Webster realized the issue was about to be decided, that if he would have it in his favor, he should waste not one split-second before killing the mercurial Benavides as the latter stood staring at him. It was not a question, now, of who should beat the other to the draw, for each had alrendy filled his hand. It was a question, rather, as to who should recover first from his astonishment. If Benavides decided to let bygones he bygones and retreat without firing shot, then Webster was quite willing to permit him to pass unmolested; indeed, such was his aversion to shooting any man, so earnestly did he hope the Sobrantean would consider that discretion was the better part of valor. that he resolved to inculcate that idea In the Hotspur.

"Captain Benavides," he said suavety, "your cause is lost. If you care to the steamer. I will see to it that you are not removed from her hefore she sails; if you care to surrender to me now, I give you my Tord of bonor you will not be exe-

Webster Planted a Bullet in Benavides Abdomen.

domen with his first shot, blew out the duelist's brains with his second. and whirled to meet the charge of the little sandal-footed soldados, who, seeing their leader fallen, had without an instant's fiesitation and apparently by mutual consent decided to avenge him.

Webster backed dazedly toward the wall, firing as he did so, but he was too dizzy to shoot effectively, and the semicircle of bayonets closed in on his front. He had wounded three men withown stopping them; a second more, and their long, eighteen-inch bayonets would have been in his vitals, when into the midst of the melee, from the rear, dashed Don Juan Cafetero, shrieking like a fiend and swinging his rifle, which he held grasped by the barrel.

Webster saw a bayonet lunging toward him. He lifted his leg and caught the point on his boot-heel while with his last cartridge he killed the man behind the bayonet, just as the latter's next-rank man thrust straight and true in under the American's left arm, while a third man jabbed at his stomach and got the bayonet home in his hip. These two thrusts, delivered almost simultaneously, by their impact carried their victim backward against the wall, against which his head collided with a smart thud. He fell forward on his face: before his assailants could draw back for a finishing thrust, in case the gringo needed it, which they doubted, Don Juan Cafetero had brained them both.

Standing above the man he loved. with the latter's body between his outspread legs, Don Juan Cafetero stood for the final accounting, his buttermilk eyes gleaming hatred and warmadness, his lips drawn back from his snaggle teeth, his breast rising and falling as they closed in around him. For a few seconds he was visible swinging his rifle like a flatl, magnificent, unterrified-and then a bayonet slipped in under his guard. It was the end.

With a final great effort that used up the last strength in his drinkcorroded muscles he hurled his rifle into the midst of his four remaining enemies, before he swayed and toppled full length on top of Webster, shielding with his poor body the man who had famined to flame the dying and waited-and presently the national flag on the palace came flactering down from its staff, to be raised again with the red banner of revolution fluttering above it, the insignla of a nation reborn.

"My lamb," Mother Jenks said softly to Dolores, "the war is over. Wot's the matter with goin' in the south gate an' wytin' on the palace steps for the provisional president to make his grand ountray? If we 'esitate five minutes they'll have a bloomin' guard on both gates, arskin' us 'oo we are an' wot we want."

"But Mr. Webster will come back to that back street looking for me: I must go back and wait there for him."

"Wyte, nothink !" Mother Jenks overruled the girl's profest roughly. 'E'll 'ave gone into the palace with the crowd for a look-see; we'll meet 'im there an' syve 'im the trouble o' 'untin' for us. Come !" And she half dragged the shrinking girl toward the gate, a block distant, where only a few minutes before Webster and Don Juan Cafetero had made their ineffectual stand.

"Don't look at the blighters, honey," Mother Jenks warned Dolores when, in approaching the gate, she caught sight of the bodies strewed in front of it. "My word! Regular bally mess -an' all spiggoties! Cawn't be. Must 'ave been some white meat on this bird, as my sainted 'Enery uster s'y. Hah! Thought so! There's a redheaded 'un! Gawd's truth! An' 'e done all that-Gor' strike me pink! It's Don Juan Cafetero."

Mother Jenks stepped over the gory corpses ringed around Don Juan and knelt beside him. "Don Juan!" she cried. "You bally, interferin' blighter, you've gone an' got it!"

She ran her strong old arms under his dripping body, lifted him and laid his red head on her knee, while with her free hand she drew a small flask of brandy from her dress pocket.

Don Juan opened his buttermilk eyes and gazed up at her with slowly dawning wonder, then closed them again, drowsily, like a tired child. Mother Jenks pressed the flask to his blue lips; as the brandy bit his tongue he rolled his fiery head in feeble protest and weakly set his teeth against the lip of the flask. Wondering, Mother Jenks withdrew it-and then Don Juan spoke.

"Have ye the masther's permission. allanah? I give him me worrd av honor-not-to dhrink-till-he-givepermission. He-was good-to metroth he was-God-love-me-boss

His jaw dropped loosely; his head rolled sideways; but ere his spirit fled, Don Juan Cafetero had justified the faith of his muster. He had kept his word of honor. He had made picked it up, withdrew the pistol, and good on his brag to die for John Stu- I found a deep scratch, recently made,

further progress barred by a sentry. my Croppy Boy?" "The red-haired man is dead," he "Your what?"

informed them in response to their eager queries. "If you want his body." Juan Cafetero." he continued, hazarding a guess as to their mission, "I guess you can have that which all brave Irishmen and it. There he is." And the sentry true deserve-a harp with a crown. pointed to the stretcher which had In life the Irish have the harp without the crown, you know." been set down along the wall of the reception hall.

"'Ow about the other?" Mother Jenks demanded. Don Juan Cafetero had, unfortunately, been so much of a nuisance to her in life that she was not minded to be troubled greatly over him in death, although the Spartanlike manner of his exit had thrilled the British buildog blood in her.

"The big fellow isn't quite dead yet, but I'm afraid he's a goner. The surgeons have him in this room now. Friend of yours, Miss?" he inquired in tones freighted with neighborly sympathy.

Dolores nodded.

"Sorry I can't let you in, Miss," he continued, "but the General ordered me to keep everybody out until the doctors have finished looking him over. If I was you, I'd wait in that room across the hall; then you can get the first news when the doctors come out."

Mother Jenks accepted his advice and steered her charge into the room indicated. As they waited, Ricardo Ruey stood anxiously beside the table on which John Stuart Webster's big, limp body reposed, while Doctor Pacheco, assisted by a Sobrantean confrere, went deftly over him with surgical seissors and cut the blood-soaked clothing from his body.

"He breathes very gently," the rebel eader said, presently. "Is there any hope?"

The little doctor shrugged. "I fear not. That bayonet-thrust in the left ade missed his heart but not his ung."

"But apparently he hasn't bled much from that wound."

"The hemorrhage is probably inrernal. Even if that congestion of blood in the lungs does not prove fatal very shortly, he cannot, in his weakened state, survive the traumatic fever from all these wounds. It is bound-hello, how our poor friend still lives with the bayonet broken off in his body-for here is steel-hah! Not a bayonet, but a pistol."

He unbuttoned the wounded man's coat and found a strap running diagonally up across his breast and over the right shoulder, connecting with a holster under the left arm. The doctor unbuckled this strap and removed the holster, which contained Webster's spare gun; Ricardo, glanc-

ing disinterestedly at the sheathed weapon, noted a small, new, triangublie." lar hole in the leather holster. He

girls do !- New York Sun.

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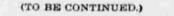
Hearts are trumps only on February 14.

Weak and Miserable

"How did he die?" Webster whispered.

"He died hard, with the holes in front-and he died for you."

Two big tears trickled slowly through Webster's closed lids and rolled across his pale cheek. "Poor, lost, lonesome, misunderstood wreck," he murmured presently, "he was an extremist in all things. He used to sing those wonderfully poetic ballads of his people-I remember one that began: Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt.' I think his heart was in Kerry-so we'll send him there. He's my dead, Ricardo; care for his body, because I'm-going to plant Don Juan with the-shamrocks. They didn't understand him here. He was an exlie-so I'm going to send himhome."



AMERICA WORLD IN ITSELF

Englishman Writes Enviously of Our Variety of Climate and Other Blessings.

Here in England we settle down in a town and only a violent exertion of will power can extricate us. In the United States a man may try twenty different towns and twenty different states before he finds one that suits him, Raymond Radeliffe writes in the New Witness (London).

Here we have practically no choice of climate (or lack of climate). On the other side you can get the bitter cold of North Dakota or the almost tropical heat of Florida. You can be blown to pleces on the prairies or lie snus in a cleft of the hills looking over Connecticut or grow it in Georgia, You | writes Mrs. Ellen Harris, have a world to yourself, and one of the most beautiful worlds that has ever been discovered. You are not crowded, there is plenty of room for everybody. You can rough it anywhere, but if you want luxury, Fifth avenue has more wealth than any othing Bond street.

That is why people go to the United States, and why they stop there. They get freedom. It is no mere catch-penny phrase, it is the basic fact of life

No Longer His.

"I thought you owned an automo-

"I do, but I taught the wife to drive it and now I'm back to the street

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