

LOVE AND DEATH.

Two, from the Heights of Quiet, Come, one day, to men;

I turned, looked every whither, Nothing could I see;

She came with touch and odor Of a summer breath;

Swiftly my soul unfolded, Flashed, and reached awide;

I reckon not the seasons, The years that fall and flow;

Since, none has met me seeking Up and down the ways;

And, surely, he shall find me, Whether I rest or roam,



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CHAPTER XVII. CONCLUSION.

Finding it impossible to keep awake in this position, he arose and paced slowly up and down in front of the hut,

He did not see a dark form which drew nearer each time his back was turned.

Closer and closer it crept until it reached a tree at the end of his route. The next time he turned his back to it he was seized by the throat from behind with a grip which completely shut off his breath while a stern whisper sounded in his ear:

"Make a sound and I'll kill you like a dog!"

Obed Rider made no attempt to struggle after the first involuntary start of surprise. The cold rim of steel pressed against his ear was too strong an argument in addition to the viselike grip on his windpipe.

The latter was loosened when he ceased struggling and the voice whispered:

"Come with me quietly, or it'll be the worse for you!"

The speaker pushed him along a few yards until he reached a spot where he could readily distinguish the outlines of several men under a tree. As they approached the group, his captor said:

"Here he is. Now, what shall we do with him?"

It was Tarbox who stood behind the prisoner, and he added:

"One of you take away his weapons."

Tom Scott sprang to the side of his old enemy, and to his delight found two loaded revolvers in his belt, which he secured, giving one to Taylor. Avery had taken the one from his daughter, and Tom found that the cartridges in the weapon just secured fitted the empty revolver he had found in the hut.

To slip three of them into it was the work of a moment. Then our friends found they had four weapons ready for use, and determined to lose no time in recovering their golden treasure.

"Let's surround the hut," said Tom, eagerly, "and call them out. They'll surrender when they find they have no show with us."

But Avery advised caution. "They're desperate men," he said, "and they will fight when cornered. We don't want any bloodshed over this affair if we can help it. When daylight comes they may be glad to give us the gold to save their skins, but if we surprise them in the dark somebody is likely to get killed."

"See here," said Tarbox, suddenly, still gripping Rider's collar with his sinewy hand, "why can't this rascal help us? Send him back, and let him get hold of the guns in the hut and bring them out. If he tries any crooked business I'll put a bullet through him myself at the first sign."

"You hear?" said Taylor. "Now be off, and remember we are six to your three. We already have the horses safe, and if you serve us well you shall go free, although you ought to be hung for what you have done. Go back and get all the weapons you can out of the hut. Hurry up!"

"But Bowers will shoot me in a minute if he wakes," whispered Rider, fearfully.

"Shoot him first, then," was the prompt response. "I'll shoot you if you act the least bit suspicious. No more talk now. Start!"

The muzzle of a revolver poked smartly into the small of his back left

the wretched man no alternative and he stole away toward the hut, where his two confederates were sleeping, his heart beating so loudly that it seemed to him it must arouse them the instant he reached the threshold. He dared not pause, however, and as he picked his way along through the trees he began to realize that the way of the transgressor is sometimes not so rosy as it is painted.

When he reached the door he could plainly hear the deep snoring of both men, and, mustering all his courage, he stepped lightly inside.

In order to reach the rifles in the corner he was forced to step over the body of Turner, and it seemed to the mate that he lived an hour in the few seconds so employed.

His hand trembled so that it was with the utmost difficulty he managed to secure the three weapons noiselessly, but fortune favored him. With bated breath he stole out of the hut with them in his arms, and when he reached the edge of the clearing he was met by Tarbox, who said, grimly:

"Good! You make a capital burglar! Now, how many revolvers have they got in there?"

"They've got two apiece," replied Rider, "but you might as well shoot me as to ask me to try to get them off the men. Bowers sleeps with one eye open and he—"

The rest of the sentence was lost by a startling interruption.

While he was speaking he had unwittingly raised his voice above a whisper and aroused the very man of whom he was speaking, and who now stood in the doorway saying:

"What the —, Rider! Who's that you're talking to?"

Even as he spoke the moon's edge appeared over the tops of the trees behind the hut and a bright shaft of light illuminated the spot with startling distinctness.

At the sound of his voice the entire party sprang from the dark shadows, and Tarbox shouted, as he leveled his revolver:

"Surrender peaceably and we will only take our own! If you show fight we'll shoot. We are two to your one!"

"Treachery!" snarled Bowers, as he jerked his revolver from his belt with lightning speed and fired pointblank at Rider.

The bullet sped true to the mark and with a groan the unfortunate man sank to the ground, grasping his side convulsively.

Tarbox fired almost at the same instant, his bullet striking Bowers' hand and sending the weapon spinning to the ground.

Although the wound must have caused him exquisite pain, the desperado drew his remaining weapon instantly with his left hand and at the moment Turner appeared and coolly took his place at his side.

"There's too many of 'em," he said, after a comprehensive glance about him. "We'd better light out!"

Bowers' reply was to send a bullet within half an inch of Tom's head, but it was his last shot, for the second mate, who had stolen behind the hut, suddenly sprang at him with a heavy club and stretched him senseless on the ground.

When Turner found himself alone and looking into the muzzles of so many weapons, he dropped his own, held his hands up above his head and said quietly:

"Don't shoot, pards! I gives in!"

"He him up!" ordered Tarbox.

It was soon done, and while Tom was assuring his sweetheart that he had not been injured one of the other men started a fire. Obed Rider was evidently mortally wounded, and all that could be done was to make him as comfortable as possible. He was gently lifted and carried inside the hut, while Bowers was secured as soon as he recovered consciousness.

The mate had been shot through the lungs, and after examining his wound Taylor shook his head and said bluntly:

"I might as well tell you the truth. You are a dying man."

Rider did not dispute him. Perhaps with the approach of death some warning came to him, for he said in feeble tones:

"Die! Yes, I feel that I've made my last voyage. Call Scott here."

Tom came at once, and as he knelt by the dying man and gazed into his pale face, upon which the shadow of death was already beginning to settle, he forgot his long cherished vengeance and said softly:

"I'm here, Rider. I can guess what you want to say. It's all right now. Don't fret over what you've done to me. It doesn't matter. Can I do anything to make you any easier? Have you any message to send to your folks?"

"Tell 'em anything but the truth," said the dying man. "They mustn't know what a bad end I came to. I must tell you something while I can. It's about your father."

"My father!"

Tom drew closer to Rider and exclaimed:

"Quick! What do you mean?"

"Get me some brandy," whispered the other. "I'm getting faint."

Tom darted off, and soon returned with the stimulant which they had provided in case of sickness. He administered a small portion to the mate, who revived at once and said:

"Don't interrupt me. I must be quick. This wound is burning me up.

Your father got the Alaska fever and left his ship at Frisco. He gave me all the money that belonged to the owners to take to them. I gambled it away. To hide my crime I said he ran away with it. I saw him in Dyea—"

"What!"

Tom stared at him as if inclined to think his mind was wandering but the mate went on:

"He's rich. He's struck gold somewhere, and was going home to find you. He was wild when I told him you was dead and started off for Frisco to see you was buried in good shape. That's all, and it's enough, too."

As he uttered the last words he fell back exhausted. Tom tried to give him more of the fiery liquor, but he could not swallow it. His lips moved feebly and his eyes were turned on Tom in mute appeal.

"I forgive you! God knows I do!" whispered the young man huskily, and a flash of joy on the dying man's face told him that he was heard and understood. Then a single long-drawn breath followed, and with it Obed Rider's earthly career ended.

There was no desire for sleep in the little party that night. By the light of the camp fire a grave was dug and the body of the unfortunate sailor placed beyond the reach of any wild animals, and by the time this was done the dawn was near.

Avery dressed Bowers' fingers to the best of his ability, the latter grinding his teeth with pain and rage as he realized how he had been outwitted the second time.

His partner, however, took the whole matter as coolly as if he had not been caught in any act that might cost him his life. He spoke but once, and that was to ask one of his captors to accommodate him with a chew of tobacco.

"Wouldn't trouble yer, only yer've tied my hands," he explained.

When it was fairly light a council was held to determine what disposition should be made of the prisoners. This proved a somewhat difficult matter. To take them to Dyea involved a vexatious delay, for there were no horses for them to ride, and to turn two such desperate men loose seemed a dangerous thing to do. Moreover, they would starve without provisions.

After talking the matter over some time without arriving at any conclusion, Taylor exclaimed, impatiently:

"They ought to be hung, but I don't want the job! We'd better give them grub enough for a week or two and turn them loose. We can't be bothered with them!"

His advice was agreed to by the rest and the little outfit was at once prepared. When they were ready to start he walked up to the two desperados and said:

"There's your grub. Take it and light out. I shall give a full description of



He could plainly hear the deep snoring of both.

you to the authorities at Dyea and see that it is sent to Dawson. Somebody is sure to hang you both before long."

As he spoke he cut their bonds and then mounted his horse.

Half an hour later our friends were well on their way, while the baffled robbers were trudging tediously along toward Fort Selkirk in moody silence. Their plots had failed, and here we must leave them to their fate.

It was a happy party that rode into Dyea five days later. The capitalist was eager to close his advantageous bargain, and the business was soon transacted. Taylor received a draft for \$100,000 on responsible San Francisco parties, and when the bags of gold dust had been safely deposited on board the steamer all care was at an end.

It was the first night out from Dyea that Tom Scott found Avery alone on the deck, and in a few manly words declared his love for Clara, asking her father's permission to marry her.

"What does she say?" asked the old miner, soberly.

Tom blushed like a schoolgirl and replied:

"I haven't asked her yet."

"Then do it, my lad. She's been the boss this long time. Strikes me you're pretty sure what she'll say to ask me first, you rascal."

But Tom was already gone, and we cannot follow him. Suffice it to say that the other men saw but little of him for the rest of the voyage.

At Seattle the party decided to remain a day in order to procure more suitable clothing. They went at once to a hotel and registered, and half an

hour later a stranger accosted Tom, saying:

"Mr. Thomas Scott, I believe?"

Tom admitted his identity, and the man continued:

"I have been hired by Capt. Scott, your father, to find you. He is at the Palace hotel in San Francisco, waiting for news of you. Will you wire to him, or shall I do it?"

For a moment Tom was too astonished to speak; then he bolted for the telegraph office.

Three days later there was a joyful reunion of father and son, and all misunderstandings were explained. The gold was found to be worth nearly \$140,000, and after a division had been made the friends separated. Within a week Clara Avery became Mrs. Thomas Scott, the two parents being present at the ceremony.

The wedding trip was to New England, which Tom declared should be his home for the rest of his days, although he had found riches elsewhere.

"And what else did you find?" pouts his bride.

Reader, how would you have answered her?

THE END.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Romantic Betrothals of Garibaldi and Bismarck to Their Life Partners.

One is always afraid that when a man falls suddenly love he may fall out of it equally quick, but among celebrated men of the century who have fallen in love at first sight and married happily are Garibaldi and Bismarck.

In Garibaldi's autobiography the story of his love is told. He relates how, feeling the need of some one who would love him, and believing women to be "the most perfect beings," he determined to seek a wife for himself. He was then pacing the deck of the Itanarica, and he chanced to look upon the houses of the Barra, a little hill at the entrance of the Laguna of St. Catherine, in Brazil. With the aid of a glass which he carried he saw a young girl, and he ordered the men to put him ashore. On landing he tried to find the house which he had seen from the ship, but failed, and, meeting an acquaintance, he accepted an invitation to take coffee at his house.

"On entering the house," says Garibaldi, "the first person on whom my gaze fell was the one who had caused my coming ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my children. We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other like two persons who do not meet for the first time and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall revive remembrance. At last I saluted her and I said: 'You must be mine.' I spoke but little Portuguese, and I said these audacious words in Italian. However, I seemed to have some magnetic power in my insolence. I had tied a knot which death only could break."

Bismarck's courtship was equally brief. Bismarck met and lost his heart to Fraulein von Puttkammer at a wedding, and thereupon wrote to her parents and boldly demanded her. As at this time he was a wild youth, whose pranks were the talk of the country, it is not surprising that the young lady's father should say: "It was as if some one had struck me on the head with a heavy ax." However, Bismarck's love being evidently returned, the lady's parents invited him to visit them that they might know something more about him than report told them.

At the time of his arrival the parents were ready to greet their guest with proper solemnity, and their daughter stood by with downcast eyes. Bismarck rode up and, hastily alighting, threw his arms around his sweetheart's neck and kissed her before anyone had time to protest. The result was a formal betrothal. The "iron chancellor" was fond of telling this tale, and he generally added to it the remark: "It is she who made me what I am."—Chicago-Times-Herald.

From the Crucible.

We often give another strength by leaning upon him.

Confidence is born of ignorance, but it becomes the father of knowledge.

To be learned is to have a full reservoir; to be wise is to have an unfailling spring.

Friendship is too often only an elevation where men stand to see better, in order to be able to hurt you more.

Be a disappointment in love ever so great the fact remains that there are other things to think about sometimes.

Some men see all things as individuals, others see things only in groups, while he with the really great mind separates such an individual as he wishes to study and makes all else background. The power to do this is genius.—Penny Magazine.

A Pleasant Thing.

"Wall, yes," replied a prominent citizen of Arkansas to the query of a prospective land purchaser, "we have considerable ague yere. It hain't the pleasantest thing in the world, mebbe, but it has its advantages. When yo' have a chill yore shakin' amuses the baby, an' it saves a right smart sum, in the cou'se of a year, in the cost of rattle boxes."—Harper's Bazar.

Nine tailors may succeed in making a man a pauper.—Chicago Daily News.

THE ARMY CANTEN.

Adj. Gen. Corbin Issues a Statement on the Vexed Question, Declaring It Promotes Sobriety Among Troops.

Washington, Sept. 1.—Adj. Gen. Corbin has written a letter to Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, a member of the senate military committee, on the post exchange or army canteen. He says that the sale of spirituous liquors by the canteen is absolutely prohibited; that only beer and light wines are sold; that the canteen was established and is maintained in the interests of temperance and the betterment of discipline with most satisfactory results; that the exchange is a co-operative store and supplies are sold at cost, for the benefit of officers and men, and that the canteen is a department of the exchange constituting an enlisted men's club and rooms are furnished with reading matter and games, but no gambling is allowed; and that the percentage of desertions has been reduced since the introduction of the canteen. He also says that the anxiety of temperance people outside the service about the canteen is unwarranted.

GEN. OLIVIER'S CAPTURE.

Eight Queenstown Volunteers Take the Boer General, His Three Sons and 24 Others Prisoners.

London, Sept. 1.—A Queenstown dispatch dated yesterday describes the dramatic capture of Gen. Olivier during the Boer attack on Winburg. Eight Queenstown volunteers sortied from the town and took up a position in a donga through which the road passed and behind the Boer position.

As the Boers retired through the donga in single file they were stuck up one by one and put under charge of a couple of men, out of sight, until the colonials had captured 28, including Gen. Olivier and his three sons.

As 200 Boers were following behind in fairly close order the colonials then began hard volley firing, with the result that they killed six Boers and frightened off the others, who had no idea of the actual number in the donga.

WILL STUMP FOR BRYAN.

Bishops Turner, Grant and Derrick, of the African Methodist Church, Have Bolted Mr. McKinley Outright.

Chicago, Sept. 1.—Bishop Henry W. Turner, of the African M. E. church, with the possible exception of Booker T. Washington, the most influential negro in the United States, has bolted McKinley outright and will take the stump for Mr. Bryan. With Bishop Turner go Bishop Grant and Bishop Derrick. They will take a tent with them and stump the states of Kansas, Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and Illinois.

Circular to Presbyterians on Creed.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1.—The committee on creed revision appointed at the last meeting of the Presbyterian general assembly has issued a circular to the presbyteries of the church to ascertain the general feeling in regard to the proposed revision of the creed and requesting the presbyteries to consider and answer certain questions propounded.

Patriotism to Be Taught.

Chicago, Sept. 1.—With assets and pledges amounting to upward of \$500,000, the Sons of Veterans are making active preparations to begin work on a national college, which is to be dedicated to the G. A. R. and in commemoration of the men and women of civil war times. The location has not been decided upon.

Poured the Beer into the Gutter.

Cincinnati, Sept. 1.—Mrs. John Stanton, of Home City, president of the W. C. T. U. of that village, was arrested for interfering with the liquor traffic. She is alleged to have intercepted a small boy returning from a saloon with beer for his employer, Harry Gradel, a druggist. The beer was poured into the gutter.

Traveled 2,000 Miles to Do It.

Rockford, Ill., Sept. 1.—Frank Alling, a wealthy ranchman of Tacoma, Wash., publicly horsewhipped his brother-in-law, Philip Danky, of this city, at the Nelson hotel. "I came 2,000 miles to do this very thing," said Allings, as he put on his coat, "and I did it because he slandered my aged mother, who lives with him."

Train Could Not Be Controlled.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1.—Two Wabash locomotives and three freight cars of a fast freight train plunged through an open draw bridge into the Rouge river at Del Ray. The engine crews had remarkably narrow escapes and no one was injured. The heavy train approached the bridge too rapidly to be controlled.

Bryan to Speak to Drummers.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 1.—Mr. Bryan announced yesterday afternoon that he would deliver a speech in opposition Men's association at St. Louis on the 15th of September. He will prepare the speech in advance and will make a careful presentation of his opposition to combinations in restraint of trade.