

THE DOGS OF DEATH.



"LISTEN!" SAID Harkins, lowering his pipe, and lifting one hand warningly.

A strange, doleful sound came down the night wind, faint and far away, yet awesome and blood-chilling.

"What is it?" I asked.

Making no immediate reply, my companion leaped up and scattered the burning brands of our camp-fire with two deft kicks of his heavy boot.

From his manner I plainly saw there was danger in the air, and my hand sought my Winchester.

"Wait and you'll see, I reckon," answered Harkins. "Ef I don't mistake, ther dern critters are coming this way."

True, the sounds were growing more and more distinct with each passing moment.

"A dog?" I said interrogatively.

"Dogs," replied the old prospector—"the Dogs of Death."

"I hear but one."

"'Tother runs silent, an' he's ther worst brute of ther two. Hark! Hear that?"

"Horses?"

"Yes."

The ring of iron-shod hoofs could now be heard. Several horses were coming down the opposite bank of the creek at a mad gallop.

We had not long to wait. Seven horses appeared, bearing on their backs as many dark riders. The animals were being lashed and spurred to their highest speed.

As they went by in the moonlight I saw the faces of two or three of the riders. They flung hasty glances over

curled them, an' told them they'd all die afore six months. The story goes that she fit so hard the skunks wiped her out. Anyhow, northin' was ever found of her ner ther boy. Ther hut was burned flat that night.

"The Dogs of Death run them down inside of the six months limit."

"They did not stop there?"

"No; ther dogs are determined ter wipe out ther hull derned gang, I reckon, an' a service it will be ter ther country. They killed old Mis' Dugan out of pure cussedness, and now they're gittin' ther deserts."

We rebuilt our campfire. Long hours we sat and talked of the Death Dogs. The stars had swung around, and the moon was low down before we slept.

That night made a strong impression on me. I was continually thinking of the uncanny Dogs of Death as they bayed weirdly on the trail of the hunted and fear-stricken outlaws.

"We found no trace of 'yellow' along the Medicine Bow. Our expedition was a failure."

But we did not return to Cheyenne till the coming of winter drove us in. I was broke, and Harris was little better.

He wondered how we'd get through the winter, and who would grub-stake us in the spring.

One night Harkins dropped into Tommy Gringo's "Little Monte Carlo."

Harkins had a passion for gambling, and he had sworn never again to touch a card.

That night he broke his oath.

With something like \$25 to start with, he went into a game of faro.

When the game was stopped at 5 o'clock the next morning he had \$4,700 in his pocket.

He came in and pulled me out of bed by the heels, got me by the neck, chucked my head into a bucket of cold water, thumped me till I got mad and waded in to lick the stuffing out of him.

Then he took me down and sat on me, while he told me all about it.

"We don't need any galoot ter grub-stake us in ther spring, pard!" he cried.

No. There was nothing human about that beast. It crouched and growled over the dead man, its eyes gleaming red.

"Who are you?" my companion finally managed to ask.

"Me Lute Dugan," was the reply. "Poor old mammy! Bruno and me hunt 'em all down. They kill no more. This be the last. The moon is in its grave. The new day will weep. Now I shall laugh! Ha! ha! ha!"

Then, before a hand could check him, he dashed away, whistling to his dog.

He was gone—the dog was gone—we were alone with the dead man.

"That was old Mis' Dugan's fool boy," said Harkins, slowly. "They didn't kill him, after all. He has hunted down Murdell's gang with the aid of his dog."

"But—but the strange light on his shaggy coat?"

"Phosphorus."

"How could he run so swiftly on all fours?"

"I heard once that he was stolen by a she b'ar as had lost her cubs, an' ther critter kept him near a year. When they recovered him he was jest a wild little b'ar."

"Do you believe it?"

"I don't know what to believe. I've seen him run on hands an' hoofs."

We buried the dead man. Then we moved our night camp.

More than half the night we talked over the marvel. It seemed absurdly impossible. Had we not seen it with our eyes, no one could have made us believe such a story.

In the morning the "new day wept," as our strange visitor had predicted.

And we never again saw anything of the Dogs of Death. Nor of "Mis' Dugan's Fool."

I believe Harkins and myself saw the last man of Murdell's gang die. Further than that, I know not what to believe.

I have told the story. Every incident is given exactly as it occurred.

The reader is welcome to form his own opinion.

REACHED THE POINT AT LAST.

Poor Jane Was Not at Home on Earth and Never Would Be.

It takes some persons a long time to come to the point of a story. They are lacking in that quality which newspaper man terms "news sense," or in other words, they do not appreciate the value of giving prominence to the important factor of their information.

It was such a one as this, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, by the way, who participated in a brief dialogue with a newspaper correspondent one day last summer. The man had been sent on a long journey to obtain some information and eventually brought up at a house which proved to be vacant. Proceeding to the house of the nearest neighbor, the Dutchman, he asked: Can you tell me where I can find Jane Smith. She's not at home?"

"Nein, Chane's nod at home."

Best the Judge Could Do.
A story is told of a judge who recently had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling," that he did it automatically and unconsciously, under the direction of a hypnotist. The judge said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to ten years in state prison, but told him that he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist and have himself made unconscious for the term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary, and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labor and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."—Albany Times-Union.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure. offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Aristocracy of Brains Plus Cash.
Scribner's for May: An aristocracy of brains—that is to say, an aristocracy of composed of individuals successful and prominent in their several callings—seems to be the logical sequence of our institutions under present social and industrial conditions. The only aristocracy which can exist in a democracy is one of honorable success evidenced by wealth or a handsome income, but the character of such an aristocracy will depend on the ambitions and tastes of a nation. The inevitable economic law of supply and demand governs here as elsewhere, and will govern until such time as society may be reconstructed on an entirely new basis. Only the leaders in any vocation can hope to grow rich, but in proportion as the demands of the nation for what is best increase will the type and characteristics of these leaders improve. The doing away with inherited orders of nobility and deliberate, patented class distinctions, gives the entire field to wealth.

A new dining car service between Chicago and Burlington via the Nickel Plate Road has recently been placed at the disposal of the traveling public, which will enable patrons of this favorite low rate line to obtain all meals on trains when traveling on through trains between Chicago, New York and Boston. For reservations of sleeping car space and further information see your local ticket agent or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, Chicago.

Harper's Bazar: "They say that Miser Mendel is sick." "What is the trouble?" "Remorse. He gave a tramp a counterfeit dollar and the fellow passed it at his store."

Mrs. Belva Lockwood will not be permitted to practice before the Virginia supreme court. Masculine tyranny seems to cling to the Old Dominion.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The Parkhurst memorial fund amounts to \$29,000. The form of the testimonial has not been decided upon, but it is presumed tiger hide will figure in it.

Removal of Ticket Office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad—(Nickel Plate Road).
On May 1st the Chicago city ticket office of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R. (Nickel Plate Road) will be moved to 111 Adams street, opposite the postoffice.

Next Time You Go West
Take the Burlington Route's "Black Hills, Montana and Puget Sound Express." Leaves Omaha at 4:35 p. m. daily. Fastest and best train to the Black Hills, northern Wyoming, the Yellowstone National Park, Helena, Butte, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma.

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Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

A Poisonous Mist.
Describes miasma, a vaporous poison which causes and fever, biliousness, ague, chills, and in the most severe cases, typhoid fever. It is caused by the presence of miasma in the atmosphere, and is cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which purify the blood, and restore vitality.

Women Who Play Poker.
It is all the rage just now among the upper element of society women to play the rose, and only those in the permitted to sit at the green and dally with the seductive ladies play like men—that they put their money up before the game, and cash in their chips at the end of the game, according to rules and regulations provided. It has been a good deal of comment recently about the stiff played by some of these women, it is predicted that if the practice up a scandal of huge proportions the result.—New York World.

Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.
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The Locomotives Superior to Steam.
The reason for May: Comparing the electric with the steam locomotive as animals pure and simple, there is no difference between them as regards simplicity. On the one hand we have an aggregation consisting of boiler, pumps, cylinders, valves, piston connecting rods, with reciprocating motions, while on the other hand the electric locomotive has but a single part, the armature, having a rotary motion. It follows that the electric locomotive would be simpler in mechanism than the steam locomotive, and that of which we need only cite the name of Mr. Alexander Siemens, president of the English institution of engineers, that the electric locomotives operating in the London Underground railroad ran 60,000 miles out costing a cent for repairs.

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Time of war France puts 370 out of 1,000 of her population in the field; many, 310; Russia, 210.

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"SAVE ME! SAVE ME!"

their shoulders. Never have I beheld abject terror more strongly depicted than it was on the white faces of those men.

On they went, disappearing from view.

Then we heard the doleful baying once more.

It was near at hand.

"The Death Dogs are running their herd," whispered Harkins, and I felt him clutch my arm with a strong grip. Something sent a shuddering chill all over me. I waited expectant, my heart seeming to throb in my throat.

They came—two great gray beasts, one running in advance of the other. The foremost had its nose close to the ground, lifting it now and then to send a wild wail shuddering through the night.

The leader was the smaller of the two. The other seemed almost as large as an ox, with a great mishapen body, long hind legs, and feet that flapped with an unpleasant sound.

This creature seemed actually to glow with a dull, white light, which it apparently emitted from its body.

For all of its awkwardness, it followed the smaller beast with great speed.

On they went. Soon they disappeared, holding hard to the track of the fleeing horsemen.

triumphantly. "I've got ther rocks ter do it."

"You'll run up against the game again, and lose every dollar!" I declared.

He swore he wouldn't play again for six months. And he kept his word.

As soon as we could move in the spring, we struck for the Sweet Water region.

We had two pack-mules and an extra horse, the latter to be used in case one of the saddle animals became injured.

We were crossing the Laramie range, when, one night, we fell to talking of the Dogs of Death.

We had heard nothing of the creatures all winter, save a few odd reports brought in by stragglers and "drifters."

And we did not know it went with Murdell's men.

Strange though it seemed, while we were talking that night of the uncanny dogs, the baying of the wierd hunters came to our ears.

We knew the sound the instant we heard it.

Is or Will Be.

One of those grammarians fends me the other day and asked me which was correct: "Tomorrow is Sunday" or "Tomorrow will be Sunday." I told him the following story: Years ago the Reading railroad company issued an order requiring its brakemen, as soon as a train started from any station to call out the name of the next stopping place. For awhile the trainmen, instructed doubtless by some grammarian of the road, would do this by saying, "Next station will be"—Allentown, Reading, etc. An editor took them to task for it, pointing out the absurdity of using the future tense in speaking of that which always is in the same place. After that the brakemen dropped "will be," and cried: "Next station"—Allentown, Reading, etc.—Philadelphia Call.

Wants No Germs in His Barber Shop.
A Philadelphia barber, who has become a convert to the germ theory of disease, has discharged the bootblack and coat brusher connected with his shop, and refuses to keep a brush on hand for the individual use of his customers who may want to shine their shoes or dust their coats. He holds that the doctors are right, and that the germs of consumption and other diseases are so plentiful that they settle on every particle of the human wearing apparel, and he is not going to have any brushing going on about his place that will disturb disease germs and send them hunting for a new place down his throat, where they can do more damage than on clothing.

Balm of Gilead.
The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeds sixty drops a day. According to Josephus the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia.

Trusting Man.
One of the uses of thorns is to protect the plant from animals which feed on herbage. Says La Nature: Nearly all plants that have thorns in their wild state lose them after generations of cultivation. It is as if plants brought under the protection of man gradually lay down their arms and trust themselves entirely to his protection.