

NYPH OF THE WEST.

BY HOWARD SEELY

COPYRIGHTED 1893 BY D. APPLETON & CO.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THEM.

CHAPTER I.

Midway between Lampasas and Saba the Colorado river runs—a wild, romantic, winding stream.

whirling waters. But the rocks were slippery and moss grown, the current dizzy and swift.

The girl threw her head back and laughed long and musically in her sylvan bower.

Cynthia now noticed that he carried a gun, the barrels of which had been filled with water during his recent immersion.

At least Cynthia acted upon it promptly. She leaned far over the cliff, holding on by the low branches of a scarred and time beaten hemlock.



The dilatory stranger stood revealed before her.

Strangely enough, it needed this pitiful incident to restore Cynthia to her natural composure.

The man glanced at her in amazement and burst into a ringing laugh.

"Certainly, if you say so," he said good naturedly, arresting his oar.

"I reckon that gobbler'll weigh right onto 25 pounds. I had all I could swing to it.

She laughed and touched the great turkey with her foot as she exulted over her exploit in girlish triumph.

Her companion, having his attention for the first time attracted to the recovery of his game, thanked her warmly and applauded her achievement.

Meanwhile the struggling dog had overtaken the drifting boat and was making impotent efforts to clamber in, falling back repeatedly with agonized whining.

The girl sprang forward suddenly and caught him by the collar. She attempted to lift him in bodily, but without success.

seemed in keeping with the athletic build, the manly face and bearing of the figure it surmounted.

Such was probably his own opinion, for after a few moments' hesitation he acted with promptness and dispatch.

The man recoiled, opened his mouth as if in angry protest, abandoned the idea with grimness and then looked wrathfully around for a stone as more direct and persuasive in canine logic.

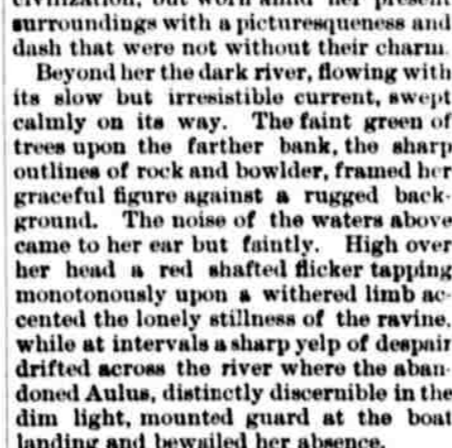
But here both were surprised in their diversions by a loud call down the river— that indescribable vocal effort which indicates a search.

Cynthia awaited the stranger. She was seated in a flat bottomed boat at a wide bend of the river, where the water that raged above dimpled past her in sullen eddies.

"What do you think, old boy?" said the girl affectionately, taking the hound by both his large ears and gazing critically into his intelligent eyes.

Aulus wagged his tail and looked interested. All at once he raised his head and bayed loud and deep, with a sharp recoil, as if he stood in awe of his own vocal efforts.

At least Cynthia acted upon it promptly. She leaned far over the cliff, holding on by the low branches of a scarred and time beaten hemlock.



The dilatory stranger stood revealed before her.

Strangely enough, it needed this pitiful incident to restore Cynthia to her natural composure.

The man glanced at her in amazement and burst into a ringing laugh.

"Certainly, if you say so," he said good naturedly, arresting his oar.

"I reckon that gobbler'll weigh right onto 25 pounds. I had all I could swing to it.

She laughed and touched the great turkey with her foot as she exulted over her exploit in girlish triumph.

Her companion, having his attention for the first time attracted to the recovery of his game, thanked her warmly and applauded her achievement.

Meanwhile the struggling dog had overtaken the drifting boat and was making impotent efforts to clamber in, falling back repeatedly with agonized whining.

The girl sprang forward suddenly and caught him by the collar. She attempted to lift him in bodily, but without success.

She responded with promptness to this appeal.

"I reckon you're right," she said quickly and with a sudden blush that was very becoming.

She pointed out a small oar that had hitherto laid unperceived in the bottom of the boat.

ex. She stood a moment irresolute, surveying the easy possession of the man before her.

Such was probably his own opinion, for after a few moments' hesitation he acted with promptness and dispatch.

The man recoiled, opened his mouth as if in angry protest, abandoned the idea with grimness and then looked wrathfully around for a stone as more direct and persuasive in canine logic.

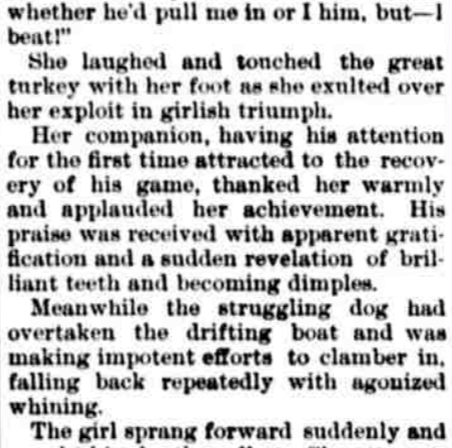
But here both were surprised in their diversions by a loud call down the river— that indescribable vocal effort which indicates a search.

Cynthia awaited the stranger. She was seated in a flat bottomed boat at a wide bend of the river, where the water that raged above dimpled past her in sullen eddies.

"What do you think, old boy?" said the girl affectionately, taking the hound by both his large ears and gazing critically into his intelligent eyes.

Aulus wagged his tail and looked interested. All at once he raised his head and bayed loud and deep, with a sharp recoil, as if he stood in awe of his own vocal efforts.

At least Cynthia acted upon it promptly. She leaned far over the cliff, holding on by the low branches of a scarred and time beaten hemlock.



The dilatory stranger stood revealed before her.

Strangely enough, it needed this pitiful incident to restore Cynthia to her natural composure.

The man glanced at her in amazement and burst into a ringing laugh.

"Certainly, if you say so," he said good naturedly, arresting his oar.

"I reckon that gobbler'll weigh right onto 25 pounds. I had all I could swing to it.

She laughed and touched the great turkey with her foot as she exulted over her exploit in girlish triumph.

Her companion, having his attention for the first time attracted to the recovery of his game, thanked her warmly and applauded her achievement.

Meanwhile the struggling dog had overtaken the drifting boat and was making impotent efforts to clamber in, falling back repeatedly with agonized whining.

The girl sprang forward suddenly and caught him by the collar. She attempted to lift him in bodily, but without success.

She responded with promptness to this appeal.

"I reckon you're right," she said quickly and with a sudden blush that was very becoming.

She pointed out a small oar that had hitherto laid unperceived in the bottom of the boat.

seen them both had been in marked contrast to their previous merriment.

Such was probably his own opinion, for after a few moments' hesitation he acted with promptness and dispatch.

The man recoiled, opened his mouth as if in angry protest, abandoned the idea with grimness and then looked wrathfully around for a stone as more direct and persuasive in canine logic.

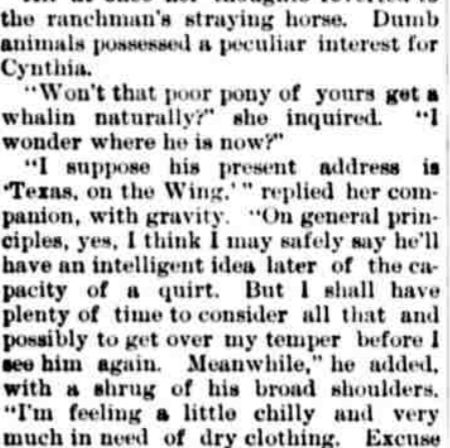
But here both were surprised in their diversions by a loud call down the river— that indescribable vocal effort which indicates a search.

Cynthia awaited the stranger. She was seated in a flat bottomed boat at a wide bend of the river, where the water that raged above dimpled past her in sullen eddies.

"What do you think, old boy?" said the girl affectionately, taking the hound by both his large ears and gazing critically into his intelligent eyes.

Aulus wagged his tail and looked interested. All at once he raised his head and bayed loud and deep, with a sharp recoil, as if he stood in awe of his own vocal efforts.

At least Cynthia acted upon it promptly. She leaned far over the cliff, holding on by the low branches of a scarred and time beaten hemlock.



The dilatory stranger stood revealed before her.

Strangely enough, it needed this pitiful incident to restore Cynthia to her natural composure.

The man glanced at her in amazement and burst into a ringing laugh.

"Certainly, if you say so," he said good naturedly, arresting his oar.

"I reckon that gobbler'll weigh right onto 25 pounds. I had all I could swing to it.

She laughed and touched the great turkey with her foot as she exulted over her exploit in girlish triumph.

Her companion, having his attention for the first time attracted to the recovery of his game, thanked her warmly and applauded her achievement.

Meanwhile the struggling dog had overtaken the drifting boat and was making impotent efforts to clamber in, falling back repeatedly with agonized whining.

The girl sprang forward suddenly and caught him by the collar. She attempted to lift him in bodily, but without success.

She responded with promptness to this appeal.

"I reckon you're right," she said quickly and with a sudden blush that was very becoming.

She pointed out a small oar that had hitherto laid unperceived in the bottom of the boat.

Cancers in the Neck

Terrible Choking Sensation



Mrs. James Baker of Leost Valley, Long Island.

"Four years ago, while living in Trinidad, Colorado, a small lump appeared on my neck, which gradually swelled and developed into an intensely painful tumor with a center filled with granulations like shot.

Performed An Operation for their removal. I suffered a great deal before the operation, and far worse since. One of the cancers, the smaller one, healed over but was as sore as ever, while the other did not heal and was worse.

I said I would Die First A similar lump a year ago came on the right side of my neck. For many months I could swallow only liquid or very soft food, and sometimes found great difficulty in speaking aloud.

Completely Cured and, I am satisfied, permanently healed up. The lump on the right side of my neck has nearly all dried up, and no longer causes me any inconvenience.

Hood's Cures

any inconvenience. I can eat anything once more, and can use my voice as well as ever."

SAFE, CLEAN, ECONOMICAL, and SATISFACTORY.

The Lincoln Gas Co.

Furnish the very finest gas at the lowest figures obtainable anywhere in the United States, under similar conditions.

Call up Telephone No. 75 and arrange for a trial of this unapproachable fuel.

PROTECT YOUR FURS

FURS and FUR GOODS

STIFF HATS MADE TO ORDER

Insured and guaranteed against fire, theft and moth. For terms and further particulars, call on

J. E. VOELKER, PRACTICAL FURRIER.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

STIFF HATS MADE TO ORDER

From \$2.50 to \$4.50.

Lincoln Stiff Hat Factory,

W. W. Cor. 12th and O Sts.

STIFF HATS MADE TO ORDER

Old Hats Blocked, Cleaned, Dyed, and made as good as New.

PLANS FOR 25 CTS.

Send for the NATIONAL BUILDER, a monthly journal devoted to building interests.

Send for catalogue of plans, free. THE NATIONAL BUILDER, Adams Express Building, Chicago.