でのののののののの The GUARDIANS O OF DEATH

By Charles Lee Taylor

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000000000 It was a forlorn looking house, long since forsaken of human tenantry, one would have said. Scurrying lizards did sentry duty upon its porch, and the predacious ants had eaten into its woodwork. But to a civil engineer in the unsettled center of Mexico any shelter is a matter of gratitude. Darrel and I took possession without any qualms of guilt, for it was evident that the owner had moved out years before. While the cook built a fire and prepared dinner in the main room we proceeded to explore, not without caution, for the old shack looked like a promising resort for snakes. I had Just dispatched a couple that were keeping house in a side room when a shout from Darrel summoned me to the second story.

"Here's a queer thing to turn up in an abandoned bouse," he called.

He was bending over a small box bound in horsehide, the lid of which he had pried open. Together we carried it downstairs and went through the contents. They were surprising enough; at least it was surprising that the tenants should have left such papers behind them, for here were deeds to property, leases, some mortgage papers and other valuable documents, besides a number of family records, all dated many years before, but all in a good state of preservation. What interested me most, however, was a small map drawn on prepared paper, the work of an amateur. Whoever drew it knew something about surveying, for he had his ranges and scales fairly correct. He had started at a spring at the foot of an unlocated hill in the foothills of the San Luis range and run a line up a ravine 520 feet. Then he had run 125 feet up a cross ravine, turning to the left, and had marked a cross on the face of a wall rising sheer ninety feet. His marks showed the elevation of this cross to be thirty-two feet above the bed of the ravine. Here was food for speculation, "Darrel," said I to my companion,

"the man that drew that map didn't do it for fun.' "I guess that's right," replied Dar-

"There's something behind the place marked by that cross, but what "What's the most likely thing to be

in the side of a cliff in this country?" "Oh, I see!" said he. "A cave, you mean. But what's in the cave, then?" "That's what we'll find out if we can locate the cave," said I.

Luck was with us in the matter. It wasn't a week later when one of our surveyors came in with a tale of having located a fine spring at the foot of a hill and near one of the wildest ravines that he had ever set eyes on. Neither Darrel nor I rested easy until we were on the way to the spot with the little map tucked under my belt. We were to split even on whatever we found. Poor Darrel! When I think of that bargain, I have a chill even to this

It took us nearly a day on muleback to reach our destination. There were the spring, the hill and the ravine runping back just as in the map. It was one of the wildest spots I ever saw in a wild country; one couldn't help feeling a bit put out with its loneliness. Up the big ravine we trudged until we reached the cross guich, a sheer cut through the solid rock, the work of centuries of fierce torrents.

It took us a long time to make out the cross, as the cliff was in semidarkness and patches of moss were growing over the surface, but we located it at last and saw that the only way to reach it was from the top of the cliff.

Having foreseen this contingency, we had brought along a stout rope, and near the edge of the cliff, which we mounted after a long detour, we found a convenient tree. For one of us to lower the other would be an easy matter. Both of us were eager to go. Which should it be? The good old American method of a flipped coin was the arbiter, and Darrel won. Presently he was sitting in the bight of the rope before the spot where the cross was marked and calling up his reports to me.

"Yes, there's a cave here all right, but it's walled up. Lower ma down that geologist's hammer of yours, and I can break the flimsy thing in."

I sent the hammer down on a string, and for five minutes Darrel ban mered and panted, and the sound of crumbling masonry told me that he was making headway. Presently there came a sort of gasp from him.

"Phew! That's bad air! Don't dare go in there for a bit."

"Throw in a lighted match, and if it burns the air is pure enough, I called excitedly, for I was in a harry to know what was in that cave. "There she goes," said Darrel a min-

nte later; "burns all right. Oh, great

"What's the matter? What is it?" I cried, dancing on the edge of the

"It's gold, that's what it is-a tig bracelet of it right near the entrance. There's something that looks like bones

"Just what I expected!" I cried Jubilantly. "An Aztee burial cave probably, and the fellow that drew the map found it out some way. They buried their finest treasures with their dead. It's a fortune, Darrel."

"Ghastly enough place to find it in," he said. "But here's for it anyhow," And he entered the opening that he

For what seemed to me long minutes

I lay peering over the cliff at the twitching rope that gave indications of Darrel's movements. Then there ech- His Crazy Anties on an Unfinished oed from the opposite side of the ravine a strange sound as of the rattling mysterious cavern. Then I rushed missai. down to the aid of my motionless comrecall his mind. "What was it, old man? What was

tt?" I asked him.

being strangled.

Help! He tore at his throat with mad strength. Then his limbs relaxed, and was, he fell back in my arms lifeless. I believe in my inmost soul that it was not the fall from the cliff, but sheer

terror, that killed him. How I ever lived through that fear-I don't know. I was crazy with fever It wasn't till weeks afterward that they told me of the expedition that went out to find and bury Darrel. My ravings and the map that they found when they undressed me gave them a working clew to the tragedy. They found the rope tied to the tree, and two of the men went down and entered the Cassier's Magazine. cave armed with stout clubs, for their theory was that poor Darrel had been killed by a venomous snake. That would not have explained his last words, but what they found did. A few yards in from the entrance lay sprawled a heap of articulated skeletons. Darrel's hat was beneath the heap. Groping his way in, he had displaced a slender post which held in place on a shelf above him the grim, dead guardians of the dead. They had turn the furrow toward the tree, and

him for their own. The men searched the cave. Row found, but little treasure. The brace exhausted soil or one not properly let that had cost Darrel his life and drained. one or two small gold carvings-that was all. But what of the map and the cave and perish there of terror? Were good or bad. his bones those that Darrel saw from the entrance of the cave? That is a and that other mystery of who set, against the profaning incursion of the living, that grisly trap of the dead.

Report on Mental Patigue.

A very interesting report by Mr. Parez of Edinburgh, issued by the board of education, discusses the question of mental fatigue. Attempts have been made to estimate fatigue by such land that has been exhausted by croptests as the loss of muscular power, ping. the decrease of sensibility in the skin, or increase of inaccuracy in the work done. Mathematics and (strange to say) gymnastics prove to be the most exhausting subjects, foreign language and religious instruction comes next, but at a long interval; the mother tongue, natural science, geography and history make but little calls on the system; singuig and drawing still Afternoon work is inferior to morning, and even in the latter effithen begins to decline,—Chicago Post.

Advertising Pointers. Only poor advertising is an expense. Good advertising is always a paying

investment. Judicious advertising is a desirable investment. What's the use of having anything for sale if the fact that you have it is not made known?

Advertising is a faithful advocate, and to the merchant whose trade is dull and who desires to increase his business advertising is like a flame in a dark night.

If a merchant were to close his store lags, he would rightly be branded as a simpleton. And yet in what essential would be differ from the advertiser who stops everything for the same reason?-Profitable Advertising.

A Paste That Will Keep.

A paste which, it is said, will keep several months is made by dissolving a tablespoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in flour to give the consistence of cream, beating out all the lumps. Then stir in as much powdered rosin as will lie on a dime. Pour boiling water over the mass and stir until it is thick as treacle, which will occur in a few minutes. Cool in an earthen vessel by covering and putting in a cool, dry place. When needed, take out a portion and thin with warm water.

Sweet Innocence.

He-I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot.

She (after a pause)-Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something! The anchor fell overboard a short time ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?

Then She Smiled.

He-You always remind me of something very disagreeable. She-Sir! I-I-

He-Yes, you remind me of all the time I have to spend where I can't see

And the clouds lifted.

A DARING WORKMAN.

Bridge Across the Magara. "I remember," sald a bridge conof many castanets, followed by a tractor some time ago while on the shrick of such grisly terror as I never subject of workmen's daredeviltries, again want to hear. The next instant "when working at the big bridge Darrel plunged forth from the mouth across the Ningara when the two canof the cave, swung out from the face talever arms had approached within of the cliff, swung back again against fifty feet of each other a keen rivalry the rock and, still shricking horribly, as to who should be the first to cross so that the ravine reverberated with sprang up among the men. A long the sound of it, slipped through the plank connected the two arms, leaving bight of the rope and fell headlong to about two and a half-feet of support the rocks below. For a moment I lay at each end. Strict orders were issued there stricken, waiting for I knew not that no one should attempt to cross the what thing of horror to issue from the plank upon penalty of instant dis-

"At the noon hour I suddenly heard panion. Half the contents of my flask a great shout from the men, who were hed been forced down his throat be- all starting up. Raising my eyes, I fore he opened his eyes. But not to saw a man step on the end of that consciousness did he open them. The plank, stop a minute and look down glare in them told me that. I tried to Into the whirlpool below. I knew he was going to cross, and I shouted to him, but he was too high up to hear. Deliberately he walked out until he He half raised himself and tried to reached the middle of the plank. It speak, gasping and choking like a man sagged far down with his weight until I could see light between the two short "The hands! The hands of the dead! supporting ends and the cantilevers on At my throat! They're throttling me! which they rested. He saw the end in looked back to see how the other end

"I thought he was going to turn. He stopped, grasped both edges of the plank with his hands and, throwing his feet up, stood on his head kicking his legs in the air, cracking his beets ful, horror haunted ride to the camp lookers. This he did for about a mintogether and yelling to the terrified onute. It seemed to me like forty. Then and delirium when I reached there. he let his feet drop down, stood up, waved his hat and trotted along the plank to the other side and regained

the ground. "We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory, his fellows envied him, and he could command work anywhere."-

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In planting the orchard care should be taken to allow each tree plenty of

A layer of charcoal in the bottom of a flower bed is very beneficial in keeping the soil fresh. In plowing in the orchard always

fallen upon the invader and claimed be careful not to injure the fine, fibrous The life of an apple tree is often after row of long dead mummles they shortened because it grows in a poor,

When ill or ailing, handle the flowers little or wear gloves. Delicate plants maker of it? Did he perhaps visit the are sensitive to human magnetism,

The roots of the strawberry often reach out five feet from the main mystery that I shall never solve-that stem; hence the plants should not be set too thickly. An apple or cherry tree is much

more valuable if it shoots out low. Trim from the top, as this will cause the lower branches to grow out. Land that has been too rough for plowing may yet be sufficiently fertile to grow fruit trees and is better than

Too Gorgeous Books.

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," writing on the "Giving of Books" in the Century, says:

Gifts of books addressed solely to the spirit should never be editions de luxe. Of what use is a book to me, however much I may want to read it, if it is so gorgeous that it must not be and more tiring than that done in the taken anywhere where rain might fall on it, or where it might get muddy, or clency increases to a maximum, and where a heedless gnat, caught by the quick turning of a leaf, might leave its legs in the pages, angering the owner of the defiled book, who does not want its legs, almost as much as it is itself angered by having to go on being a gnat without them? I can no more take an overgorgeous book to my heart than I can fold my child in my arms when it is dressed for a party.

A Light Sentence?

A gentleman now living in New York tells the following story of a negro in Tennessee whose son had been convicted of killing a fellow workman. A few days after the trial the father and suspend business every time trade | was asked what disposition had been made of the case.

"Oh," he answered, "dev done send Johnson to jail for a monf." "That's a light sentence for killing a

man, don't you think?" "Yes," answered the darky, "but at de end of de monf dey done goin' to

hang 'im."-New York Times. A Remarkable Petition.

The keeper of the menagerie at Versailles during the reign of Louis XVI.

had orders to administer six bottles of burgundy every day to a dromedary which had grown feeble with old age and which the king was very anxious to keep alive. In spite of this ultra generous treatment the animal died, to the great despair of his nurse, who petitloned the king with a view of obtaining the "succession of the dromedary" -that is to say, all the advantages attached to his person.

"He boasts very proudly that he's a

self made man."

"I thought it was his money that made him."

"But, then, it was that machine he invented that made his money." "Ah! Then he's really a 'machine made man.' "-Philadelphia Press.

The Day and the Text.

"Hit wuz a mighty cold day," said the old deacon, "en dey wuz some excuse fer de passon makin' dat big mistake in his text, fer stidder sayin' 'Many is called, but few is chosen,' he give hit out, 'Many is cold, en a few is frozen.' "-Atlanta Constitution.

The Wrath of the Bee.

dangerous. When this is the case, woe to him who touches the hives. Smoke has lost its spell, and you shall scarce have emitted the first puffs before gers aboard, was selected for observing 20,000 acrid and enraged demons will dart from within the walls, overwhelm your hands, blind your eyes and blacken your face. No living being except, experience of that trip is that an immithey say, the bear and the sphinx atro- grant of this class has to put up with pos, can resist the rage of the malled legions. Above all, do not struggle. The fury would overtake the neighboring colonies. There is no means of safety other than instant flight through Ing what he is, he has not yet learned the bushes. The bee is less rancorous, to protect himself. The picture conless implacable, than the wasp and rarely pursues her enemy. If flight be the minds of those who have their care impossible, absolute immobility alone might calm her or put her off the scent. vision that arises before us with the She fears and attacks any too sudden movement, but at once forgives that which no longer stirs .- Harper's.

Always Something to Learn.

President Ellot was arguing in favor of education by "showing how" before the kindergarteners Wednesday night. scant, underpaid labor, ignorance, op-He illustrated his point by describing the training of medical students, and concluded by telling of an old front of him do this, hesitated and friend of his who had suddenly become deaf in one ear.

> "Well, I was blowing my nose the other day when I felt something snap

"How did this happen?" I asked

in my ear, followed by an aching and duliness "When the doctor came he said the drum had split and asked how I did

"'I only blew my nose,' I told the doctor. "'Well, had you opened your mouth when you blew your nose you would

not now have a damaged eardrum,'

was the medico's reply." "You see, my friend had lived sevenhow to blow his nose," concluded President Eliot. The application was appreciated and greeted with a great ourst of laughter.-Boston Journal.

A Scriptural Weapon.

Children tumble into strange morasses when they grapple with theology. They trip over words. For example, the other day a teacher at Stepney took for the Bible lesson the story of Samson. At the end of the lesson questions were put to test the understanding of the scholars. "With what weapon did Samson slay a thousand Philistines?" was the question. For a space there was silence. Then a little girl spoke up. "With the ax of the apostles," she sald.-London Chronicle.

We ought to avoid the friendship of the bad and the enmity of the good .-Epictetus.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES.

Men and Women and Their Effect Upon Public Meetings.

American audiences are strangely alike in some things and strangely dissimilar in others. A good committee will take as much pains in the arrangement of its audience as of its speakers. An audience seated without crowding is seldom enthu sastic. Nelther is an audience whose hands are occupied with bundles or umbrellas, an audience largely composed of women or an audience in a cold room. The easiest audiences to address, the most responsive and inspiring, are those composed of men crowded and packed together and warm.

Women naturally do not applaud or cheer. They are by instinct more self restrained in the public expression of their emotions than men. Ever, public speaker is complimented by their presence, knowing that their quiet word at home is oftentimes more effective in results than the most enthusiastic shouting on the street corners by the other sex. In a public meeting, however, the audience gets its cue from those nearest the speaker. I remember well two audiences, both from the same social class, both crowded, both in large theaters and both largely attended by women. One happened to be in Colorado, one in Massachusetts. In one meeting the orchestra was reserved for women. In the other meeting the men had the orchestra and the women had the lower gallery and all the boxes. In both cases the audiences were entirely friendly to the speakers. The second meeting was marked by wild enthusiasm, the first one by respectful attention. In the second case the mass of men in the orchestra urged on the speakers by continued applause. In the first case the men in the gallerles who started to applaud were checked because between them and the speakers was a mass of absolutely silent femininity in the orchestra. I do not say that one meeting was less effective than the other, but the deference in the strain on the speaker was marked.-From "The Spellbinder." by Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., in Scrib-

A Supreme Court Coincidence. While in session the associate justices of the United States supreme court are seated on either side of the chief justice, in the order of their commissions, the oldest in commission on his right, the next oldest on his left; the third is second on the right and the fourth second on the left, and oon alternately, the youngest in commission occupying the seat on the extreme left.

When Justice Fild was the senior associate, this arangement produced this curious result: The names of the justices on the right had but a single syllable-Field, fray, Brown and White -while the nades of those on the left had two symbles-Harlan, Brewer, Shiras and feekham. All were married, but noone of the justices on the right had e'er had any children, while each of these on the left had both children and grandchildren. The colors were allon the right-Gray, Brown and White while the left was colorless .-Youth's Companion.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS. At the end of winter most hives have

exhausted their stores and become Immigrants For America Are Looked Upon as Cargo.

One of the biggest liners sailing out of France, with 800 steerage passenthe manner of handling steerage passengers bound for America

A firm conclusion reached after the much unnecessarily unpleasant treatment-first, simply because he is an immigrant and therefore in judgment meriting it, and, secondly, because, bejured up by the term "immigrant" in en route is not at all the color of the word. Here in America we have a notion of a band of earnest and, it may be, if we are uncharitable, worn and unwashed men and women with fam-Ilies, though the family and the washing are really outside for the moment, hurrying from hard conditions of lifepression, misrule-pressing on to what they must conceive to be a bright land of promise or they would not be rushing here; to a glorious young country, where all men are free and equal and all that sort of thing. But the man who has to see that these immigrants are given food and bunk and that they do not fall sick below has no such fancies. His sympathy, he will tell you, is not for the immigrants, but for the country that is to get them.

Those in charge of the immigrant from southern Europe will tell you that he is not a desirable creature. They have handled many, many thousands of his kind, and they should know something of him now. The company transports him, it is true, but as to ty years and had never been shown that, he is freight, freight of good profit. The company would take freight to the highest degree distasteful if so be the rates were paid. Indeed, yes, it is a business. There is a large profit in the immigrant-oh, yes-but as a fellow passenger he is-oh, well, repulsive, repugnant or whatever you say in your language.-James B. Connolly in Scribner's.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

German Hotel Keeper's Opinions on Hothended Peoples.

"I think that the Americans are altogether too quick to pick a quarrel," said a German hotel keeper in Harlem who had just had a petty tussle in putting out an unwelcome customer.

"They are not to be compared with the French," said an American lawyer who happened to drop in. "Why, you know about those French apprentices, how they are always ready to fight and often lose their lives over a few words."

"I've heard about these apprentices," said the German. "We have them in our country. They roam around the country. But what of that?"

"Yes," was the answer. "A party of them, with a leader and representing some craft, will, for instance, meet another party of apprentices. They are organized into different societies, each intensely jesious of the other, and if two such bands are different societies there is a fight in an instant. First the leaders come to blows, and then the melse becomes general. They fight with fists and sticks until the road is fittered with the wounded and some-

times the dead." The German, not to be outdone by the French, said before he had thought twice: "That's nothing. Why, our students in the universities have fights. They belong to different societies and fight with sabers. Because of some little insult often one will have his head

fairly cut open." "And yet you complain about the Americans!" said the lawyer as he laughed to see how the German had stepped into his own trap.—New York

Monumental Brasses. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it occurred to some one to preserve the likeness of his departed friend, as well as the symbols of his rank and station. So effigies were introduced upon the surface of the slabs and were carved flat, but ere fifty years had passed away the art of the sculptor produced magnificent monumental effigies. Knights and nobles lie clad in armor with their ladies by their sides, bishops and abbots bless the spectators with their uplifted right hands, judges lie in their official garb and merchants with the emblems of their trade. At their feet lie animals, usually having some heraldic connection with the deceased or symbolical of his work-e. g., a dragon is trodden down beneath the feet of a bishop, signifying the defeat of sin as the result of his ministry. The heads of effigies usually rest on cushlons, which are sometimes supported by two angels,--Gentleman's Magazine.

A True Friend.

It takes a great soul to be a true friend-a large, catholic, steadfast and loving spirit. One must forgive much, forget much, forbear much. It costs to be a friend or to have a friend. There is nothing else in life except motherhood that costs so much. It not only costs time, affection, strength, patience, love-sometimes a man must even lay down his life for his friends. There is no true friendship without self abnegation, self sacrifice.

Born With Them. "Mamma," said the little girl, her eyes wide with excitement, "I do be

lieve the minister told a story!" "Why, the idea!" said her mother. "You don't know what you are say-

ing." "But I do, mamma. I heard papa ask him how long he had worn whiskers, and he said he had worn them all his life."



MOTHER'S FRIEND makes childbirth easy by preparing the system for parturition and thus shortening

labor. The painful ordeal is robbed of its terrors, and the danger lessened to both mother and child; the time of confinement is shortened, the mother rested, and child fully developed, strong and healthy.

Morning sickness, or nausea arising

from pregnancy, is prevented by its use. As pregnancy advances, the breasts enarge, become swollen and hard. Long before the child is born, they are preparing for the secretion of milk. It is important that they receive early attention. Mother's Friend softens the skin and facilitates the secretion of Life Fluid. Undeveloped breasts, hard-caked shortly after delivery, are the result of non-treatment, and likely to culminate in Mammary Abscess, from which so many suffer excruciating pain and are left with

these organs permanently impaired.
Softness, pliability and expansion are given to
the muscles and sinews, thus bringing comfort
and causing an easy issue of the child. Try it.
Of druggists \$1.00. Our book "Motherhood" free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Demon of Indigestion.

Cooks and housekeepers have a nobler mission than they as a class seem to be aware of. It is that of feeding the human being and keeping him in health and good working condition. A poorly fed man is likely to be miserable. Few if any of us are able to rise above conditions.

"A sick man, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is always a scoundrel." The language is perhaps somewhat strong and lacking in charity, but it contains a good grain of truth. The dyspeptic, who sees the world given over to evil and daily growing worse, is very likely to think himself unable to swim against the current and to drift to disaster. "We are saved by hope," but without a good digestion faith, hope and charity are almost impossible.

Stories of Children. Teacher-What is velocity, Johnny? Johnny-Velocity is what a feller lets go of a bumblebee with.

The Parson-My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath. Small Boy-Dat's all right, mister. Dis kite's made uv a 'ligious pa-

per. See? Small Ned, hearing a number of frogs in a pond making a hideous noise, exclaimed, "My goodness, but the froggies must sleep awful sound!" 'Why do you think so?" asked his mother. "'Cause they snore so loud," replied Ned .- St, Louis Post-Dispatch.

Limited Choice.

Father-Johnny, I see your little brother has the smaller apple. Did you give him his choice, as I suggested.

Johnny-Yes, father; I told him he could have his choice-the little one or none-and he took the little one .-Chums.

The Color of It.

"And you loaned him \$2? Did you ever see the color of his money?" "Well, yes. There was a good deal of dun to it before I got it."-New

York Herald.

Experienced. "Mamma," she said, "what preacher do you think I ought to have marry Cecil and me? I feel as though Mr. Goodman is so young, and, not being married himself, he could hardly"-"Oh, pshaw! Have Dr. Easleigh. I've had him for four of mine, and he

Chicago Record-Herald. Showed What She Could Do. Phoxy-I got a good square meal last night, the first in several weeks, and I have you to thank for it.

always gave thorough satisfaction."-

Friend-Me to thank? Well, that's news to me. Phoxy-Yes, I know. I telephoned to my wife yesterday morning that you were coming out to dinner with me .-

No one can read the Bible out loud in the same voice in which he would read a selection from a newspaper .-Atchison Globe.

Men and Women



Philadelphia Press.

best medical treatway at once, as he is recognized as the leading and most suc-cessful specialist. You are safe in placing your case in his hands, as he is the longest established and has the best rep-utation. He cures where others fail: there is no patchwork or experimenting in his treatment. Personal attention by Dr

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DR. HATHAWAY.

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