

"Black Dick-curse his soul. And he's

"There's maybe an hour left in me.

ional grunt of approval.

"Indeed, yes."

man may."

e, after all," was her comment.

"Well, Mother Borton, Tom Terrill's

"Safe-safe?" mused Mother Borton,

SYNOPSIS.

roasting in hell for it this minute," Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative cried Mother Borton, savagely. Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The re-markable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passencite yourself." gers on the ferry. They see a man with make eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to pershe. form, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning budley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend. Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the ton listened eagerly, giving an occaspuzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the se-cret mission his friend had entrusted to im, Dudley continues his disguise permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with secreting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wil-ton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley that he didn't." finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about th laid up in Livermore with a broken mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are head, and I'm safe here with you, after him. Dudley visits the home of ready to serve you in any way that a Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprison-ed in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprised A battle ensues One an absent look coming over her skinny features, as though her mind wandered. Then she turned to me imimprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly form-ed mob is checked by shots from Giles volver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple Lucila thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no traces of the previous night's debauch. Following his instructions Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employ er of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soor after the party is guartered in the hote a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang," including Darby Meeker and Tin Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and en-deavor to capture "the boy." who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong " Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked un-conscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room conscious under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by steal-ing a locomotive. Doddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley and Knapp prevent a coup to control the directors and declare Knapp's stock invalid.

put a knife into Barkhouse first, and then you'll be the fourth belike." "He's in the Den-on Davis street, you know. I was near forgetting to i

tell ye. Send your men to get him to-They may have to fight. No-don't our plans. leave me now." "I wasn't going to leave you." Mother Borton put ner hand to her

throat as though she choked, and was silent for a moment. Then she continued: "I'll be to blame if I don't tell youmust tell you. Are you listening?" Her voice came thick and strange,

and her eyes wandered anxiously about, searching the heavy shadows with a look of growing fear.

"I am listening," I replied. "Hush!" I said. "You mustn't ex-"You must know-you must-know -I must tell you. The boy-the wom-

We must hurry. Tell me about your an is-" On a sudden Mother Borton sat bolt trouble-at Livermore, was it?" said upright in bed, and a shriek, so long.

I gave her a brief account of the ex- so shrill, so freighted with terror. pedition and its outcome. Mother Bor- came from her lips that I shrank from her and trembled, faint with the horror of the place. "They come-there, they come!

"Well, honey; I was some good to she cried, and throwing up her arms she fell back on the bed. "And you had a closer shave for The candle shot up into flame, sput

tered an instant and was gone. And your life than you think," she continued. "Tom Terrill swore he'd kill I was alone with the darkness and the ye, and it's one of the miracles, sure, dead.

> CHAPTER XXVII. A Link in the Chain. I sprang to my feet. But before

had covered the distance to the door, it was flung open and Corson stood on the threshold. At the darkness he

wavered and cried: "What's the matter here?" "She is dead."

I shuddered as I stood beside him, pressively. "You'll never be safe till and brought the lamp from the brackyou change your work and your name. et in the hall.

ing rooms, some the meeting rooms while I'm alive, but maybe you'll think while the one we had first entered apof 'em when I'm in my coffin. I tell frightedly at the mystic being who had peared to be the guardroom. come for her, but settled into peace as you now, boy, there's murder and



"Step quietly," I cautioned my men, as we neared the dark and forbidding "Barkhouse-do you know where he entrance. "Keep close to the shadow of the buildings. Our best chance is

the darkness.

dark hall.

prisoners.

"Who's there?"

in a surprise." There was no guard at the door that stood open to the street, and we halted night, for he's hurt and like to die. a moment before it to make sure of

> "It's a bad hole," whispered Corson. "A fine place for an ambush," I returned dubiously.

'Well, there's no help for it," said the policeman. "Come on!" And drawing his club and revolver he stole noiselessly up the stairs. We were not two-thirds the way up

There was no more need for silence.

and Corson and I reached the landing

just as a door opened that let the light

stream from within. Two men had

sprung to the doorway and another

The two men jumped back into the

room and tried to close the door, but I

was upon them before they could

swing it shut. Four of my men had

followed me close, and with a few

blows given and taken the two were

"Aren't there any more about?"

"Where's Barkhouse?" I asked.

"Find him!" was the defiant reply.

room after another. Some were sleep

We began the search, opening one

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed

"It's locked, sure enough," said

"It must be the place we are look

"It's a sledge we must get," said

"Hould on," said Corson, "I was

Owens, starting to look about for one

near forgetting. I've got a master-key

that fits most of these locks. It's

handy for closing up a warehouse

when some clerk with his wits a-wan-

dering forgits his job. So like enough

of the darkness as I struck a match

and lit the gas. It was evidently the

"but your man isn't here, I'd say."

"Well, it looks as though there

might be something here of interest."

replied, seizing eagerly upon the

papers that lay scattered about upon

the desk. "Look in the other room

A rude diagram on the topmost

paper caught my eye. It represented

a road branching thrice. On the third

council room of the enemy.

while I run through these."

The search was without result.

Corson, tapping an iron door, such as

closes a warehouse against fire.

Owens, after trial.

's good at unlocking

for keys."

hastened to see how Corson fared.

who had given the alarm.

left in the gang."

prisoners.

could be seen faintly outlined in the

"I see that they're a-goin' to uplift the flight before a voice shot out of us farmers!"

"What do they calc'late ter useballoons or dynamite?"

BOTH UPLIFTING.

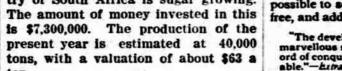
\$100 Reward, \$100.

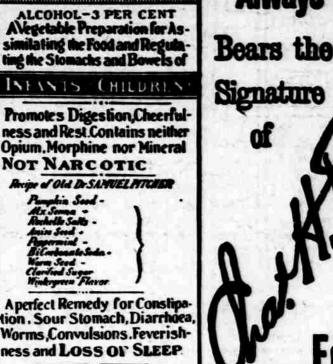
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Ontarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive yure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitu-tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken in-ternally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and siving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assiststrength by building up the constitution and assist-ing nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Tie them fast," I ordered, and A Cure for Poison Ivy. Before the skin blisters scrub the I met the worthy policeman in the affected parts with a brush and soap hall, blown but exultant. Owens was and water. Then apply a saturated following him. and between them they solution of sugar of lead in 50 per half-dragged, half-carried the man cent. of alcohol. The alcohol must contain some water. Pure alcohol would not dissolve the sugar of lead. asked. "There were more than three This relieves the burning of the poison ivy, and it is supposed that the al-"If there had been more of us, you'd cohol dissolves the poison and the never have got in," growled one of the sugar of lead neutralizes it.-Suburban Life.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the ing for," I said. "Search those men improved appearance of your work.

> **Big South African Industry.** Next to mining, the greatest indus try of South Africa is sugar growing. The amount of money invested in this is \$7,300,000. The production of the





900 DROPS



waranteed under the Food

Exact Copy of Wrapper.



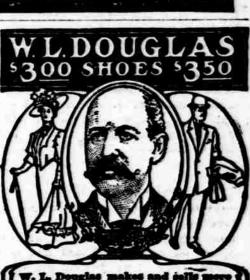
the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres ree, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvellous strides. It is a revelation, a rec-ord of conquest by settlement that is remark-able."-Litract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

purchased from railway and land companies.

Super

Ottawa, Canada



USA

For Over

Thirty Years

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have

Always Bough

men's \$3.00 and \$3.50

as at All Prices, for Every Number By, Mon, Boys, Women, Misses &

artiss \$1.00 and \$5.00 GHz Edge Set at any price. W. L. Dough 2.00 sheet are the best in the

Color System Used J to No Substitute, d price is stamped on ere. Shoes mailed from

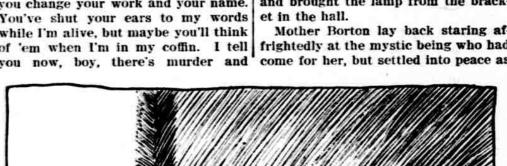
Live Stock and Miscellaneous

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 45, 1908.

CHICAGO

W. L. DOUGLAS, 157 Spart St., Brue

cause they hold their shape, : and wear longer than any oth



CHAPTER XXVI.-Continued.

There was none of the sounds of riot I had expected to hear as we drew up before it. The lantern blinked outside with its invitation to manifold cheer within. Lights streamed through the window and half-opened door, and quiet and order reigned.

I found the explanation of the change in the person of a policeman. who stood at the door.

"Has there been trouble here, of ficer?" I asked.

"Oh, is it you, sor?" said Corson's hearty voice. "I was wondering about ye. Well, there has been a bit of a row here, and there's a power of broken heads to be mended. There's wan man cut to pieces, and good riddance, for it's Black Dick. I'm thinking it's the morgue they'll be taking him to, though it was for the receiving hospital they started with him. It was a dandy row, and it was siventeen arrists we made."

"Where is Mother Borton?"

"The ould she-divil's done for this time, I'm a-thinking. Whist, I forgot she was a friend of yours, sor."

"Where is she-at the receiving hospital? What is the matter with her?" "Aisy, aisy, sor. It may be nothing.

She's upstairs. A bit of a cut, they say. Here, Shaughnessy, look out for this door! I'll take ye up, sor."

We mounted the creaking stairs in the light of the smoky lamp that stood on the bracket, and Corson opened a door for me.

A flickering candle played fantastic tricks with the furniture, sent shadows dancing over the dingy walls, and gave a weird touch to the two figures that bent over the bed in the corner. The figures straightened up at our entrance, and I knew them for the doctor and his assistant.

"A friend of the lady, sor," whispered Corson

The doctor looked at me in some surprise, but merely bowed. Mother Borton turned her head on

the pillow, and her gaunt face lighted up at the sight of me.

"Eh, dearie, I knew you would come," she cried.

The doctor pushed his way to the bedside.

"I must insist that the patient be quiet," he said with authority.

"Be quiet?" cried Mother Borton. "Is it for the likes of you that I'd be quiet? You white-washed tombstone think you're the man to tell me to hold I die." my tongue when I want to talk to a

gentleman?" Mother Borton had raised herself throat will be cut yet, dearie, and I'm But Perhaps the World Might Not upon one elbow; her face, flushed and to blame. Drop it, dearie, drop it.

"I TELL YOU NOW, MY BOY, THERE'S MURDER AND DEATH BEFORE YOU!" death before you. Do you hear? Mur- | I closed her eyes and composed her der and death." limbs She sank back on her pillow and "She was a rare old bird." said Corgazed at me with a wearied light in son when I had done, "but there was her eyes and a sibyl look on her face. some good in her, after all." "I think I understand," I said gently. "She has been a good friend to "I have faced them and I ought to me," I said, and we called a servant know them." "Then you'll-you'll quit your job room to his guardianship. -you'll be yourself?" "I can not. I must go on." to be done. There's one of my men a "And why?" "My friend-his work-his murderget him out." "I'm with you, sor," said Corson "Have you got the man who murheartily. "I'm hopin' there's some dered Henry Wilton?" heads to be cracked." I had not counted on the police "Have you got a man who will give a word against-against-you know man's aid, but I was thankful to accept the honest offer. In the restaurant I who?" found five of my men, and with this "I have not a scrap of evidence against any one but the testimony of force I thought that I might safely atmy own eyes," I was compelled to tempt an assault on the Den. The Den was a low, two-story buildconfess "And you can't use it-you dare not ing of brick, with a warehouse below, use it. Now I'll tell you, dearie, I and the quarters of the enemy, ap- while there were but four in mine. know the man as killed Henry Wil- proached by a narrow stairway above. ton. "Who was it?" I cried, startled into eagerness. "It was Black Dick-the cursed scoundrel that's done for me. Oh!'

she groaned in pain. "Maybe Black Dick struck the blow, but I know the man that stood behind him, and paid him, and protected him, raiser, you body-snatcher, do you and I'll see him on the gallows before "Hush," cried Mother Borton trem-

bling. "If he should hear you! Your

branch was a cross, and then at intervals four crosses, as if to mark some features of the landscape. Underneath was written: "From B-follow 11/2 m. Take third road—3 or 5." The paper bore date of that day, and guessed that it meant to show the way to the supposed hiding-place of the boy. Then, as I looked again, the words and lines touched a cord of memory. Something I had seen or known befor was vaguely suggested. I groped in the obscurity for a moment, vainly reaching for the phantom that danced just beyond the grasp of my mental fingers. There was no time to lose in speculating, and I turned to the work that

pressed before us. But as I thrust the papers into my pocket to resume the search for Barkhouse, the elusive memory flashed on me. The diagram of the enemy recalled the single slip of paper I had found in the pocket of from below and left the grewsome Henry Wilton's coat on the fatal night of my arrival. I had kept it always "And now, there's another little job with me, for it was the sole memorandum left by him of the business that

prisoner down on Davis street. I must had brought him to his death. I brought it out and placed it side by side with the map I had before me. The resemblance was less close than I had thought, yet all the main features were the same. There was the road branching thrice; a cross in both marked the junction of the third road

as though it gave sign of a building or some natural landmark; and the other features were indicated in the same order. No-there was a difference in stranger. this point; there were five crosses on the third road in the enemy's diagram, sinned and done wrong, I must pa-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Defiance Starch-Never sticks to farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-It needed a little coaxing, but the the iron-no blotches-no blisters, raising, mized farming and dairying are bolt at last slid back and the heavy makes ironing easy and does not in- the principal industries. Climate is exceldoor swung open. The room was furlent; social conditions the best; railway adjure the goods. nished with a large table, a big desk vantages unequalled; schools, churches and and a dozen chairs, which sprang out markets close at hand. Land may also be

ton.

There are two sides to every story -and some have four and a ceiling.

from bruises and wounds. He met a

tiently suffer the most extreme agony

tion. Can you tell me some supreme

"Certainly," answered the other,

The extraordinary popularity of fine

white goods this summer makes the

with an air of experience. "Go to a

boarding house and live there for a

test of repentance?"

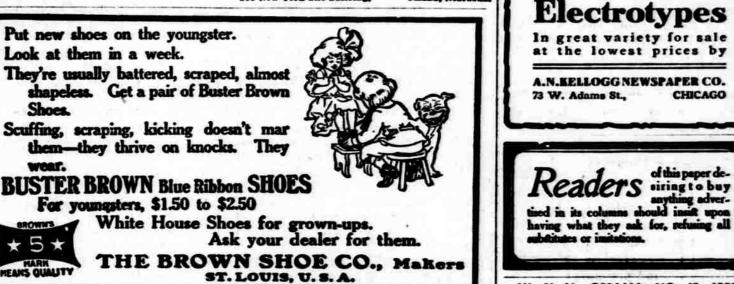
vear."

"Friend," he exclaimed, "I have

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest rail-way rates, apply to "This is illigant," said the police-man, looking around with approval; Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

or to the authorized Canadian Gov't Agent You don't have to go to a rink to see a lot of cheap skates.

W. V. BENNETT, Omaka, Nebraska 891 New York Life Building,







Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises.

It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly - relieves any inflammation and congestion,

