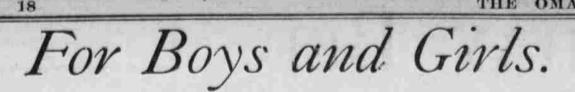
## THE OMAHA DAILY BEEL SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1894.



## SECRET OF THE GHAUTS. By William Murray Graydon,

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.) CHAPTER VI.

"WHICH TREATS OF TIGERS, BRUTE AND HUMAN."

The Hindoo's warning shout cleared up the seeming mystery, and accounted for all of the little community being in doors at so comparatively early an hour of the night. Doubtless one or more man-oating tigers had been terrorizing the village of late, and were at this very time within the walls.

So the visitors surmised as they recalled the gruesome monument of stone and bamboo back in the forest, and they little liked the prospect of being shut in between two

"Looks as though we'd 'ave to give pro-tection instead of claim it," muttered Pink, throwing himself out of the saddle. "I've 'eard of tigers putting a 'ole town at their wits end, but I never saw it befire. The first thing is to shut the gate against the rajah's cutthroats. We're safer inside than out, and if it comes to a slege, I've got my fighting temper on. Rifles ready, there, lads, in case the man-caters take a notion for white meat-

Just then a low angry snarl drew attention to a pair of huge animals crouching in the strest about thirty feet away. They were the man-cating tigers. With

caming eyes and madly-oscillating tails they crept closer.

The horses snorted with terror. The gray mare Jerked loose from Plak, and went out the open gate like a streak. Jack's charger imply sto d still, trembling like a leaf. Pink's first act was to hurl the torch at.

the man-eater, and so sure was his aim that the blazing brand struck within a foot of the brutes and drove them back into the gloom, roaring savagely. He then banged the gate shut, and dropped a heavy iron bar into the sockets on each side

By this time Jack was on his feet, holding fast to his fright ned horse. Myles and Paltu were not hurt by the fall, and fortunately the runaway steed had not taken their weapons along.

The village was in an uproar. From the



unseen occupants of every hut came shrill and his party were well satisfied to have cries and supplications. The torch now having faded to a mere

The tirch now having faded to a more spark, one of the tigers suddenly reappeared. At the end of an hour the situation in the spark, one of the tigers suddenly reappeared. It was plainly rabid with lust for human unchanged. The troopers could still be dimly seen gathered about their campfires on the seen gathered about their campfires on the seen gathered. eaters mostly are. A light spring landed it within fifteen

feet of the party, and there it crouched for final leap, quivering from head to tail. At this critical moment Myles had courage to lift his rifle and fire. At the sharp rethe tiger rose in the air with a fright

LOST OPAL OF MYSORE OR THE EEORET OF THE GHAUTS. BY William Marray Graydon. the gloomy and narrow road.

wall and gate. Pink secured one of these points of vantage

wall and gate.
Pink secured one of these points of vantage and reported events to his companions, who were at his elbow.
"Ere the cuttbroats are," he whispered.
"I can't tell 'ow many, because they're they traveled steadily and for more than an hour they torches away on purpose. I've they traveled steadily and fast. Behind them the solitudes of the great forest 'alf a mind to drop the leader. I could do it eavy now. There's a bit of moonlight shines right down on 'is face, and —by Jove'.
This discovery gave the boys an unpleasant

ads, if it ain t Mogul Mir. This discovery gave the boys an unpleasant hock, and even Pink felt something like a "I believe it, lad," said Pink, "and likely This discovery gave the boys an unpleasant shock, and even Pink felt something like a chill run down his spinal column, as he ruffian who commanded the troopers. He might have been tempted to fire but for the intervention of the headman, who

He might have been tempted to are the had straight ahead from the crest of had straight ahead from the crest of ridge. "They don't look far," exclaimed Jack.

"In the name of the rajah of Mysore we demand the Feringhee dogs who have taken shelter within your walls," replied Mogul Mir, thus openly avowing his purpose. "But they are sacred to us," answered the afternoon

eadman evasively. "This very night have hey rid us of two man-enting tigers who ong feasted on our people. It is the will of Brahma that we protect them in turn." "Dog of a Har!" thundered the enraged

soubadar, "know you not that Brahma punishes with loss of casts all those who consert with heretics? Yield us the Feringhees or not one stone of your village shall be left standing on another."

hees of house on another." left standing on another." "You shall not have them," was the day fiant reply. "They are safe here. Depart whence ye came, sons of burnt fathers. Think you that we men of Coorg tremble the threats of such bluatering dogs? The abyss was used on each bank was bridge. To a tree on each bank was screwed a cable nearly a foot in diameter, made of twisted vines. A little higher up were two handralls of the same material. It was a rude and perilous looking con-

With this the headman dropped nimbly to the gr und, and by so doing he narrewly "Escaped a ball from Mogul Mir's pistol, fired with deadly !utent.

So treacherous a dood stirred the villagers the troopers don't know that. They'll 'ave o fury, and as many of them as had match-to go three miles down stream to a fording So treacherous a died stirred the villagers the troopers don't know that.

It may be imagined that the antiquated firearms were (f little account, since the man-caters had defied them for two whole Myles. months. Yet either a slug or a spear cer-

away

though.

next move?.

"Yes, in single file. And before long it, will be trodden by Mogul Mir's troopers. We 'ave no time to waste, so come on." tainly found a billet across the wall. A loud cry was heard, followed by a crash-The swaying bridge proved to be stronger ing noise and the clatter of a runaway steed. than it looked, and one by one the fugitives crossed safely to the other side. Then Pink drew his knife and severed the two A rifle volley was instantly fired by way of reprisal, but it did no more damage than to rip splinters from the top of the gate.

hand supports. "Now the ruffianz are sure to go around Then an unexpected using happened. The trumpet sounded the retreat, and the troopby the ford," he muttered as he led the way ers wheeled their horses around and spurred forward. "They might 'ave taken a notion to pursue us on foot." Evidently they were discomfited by

so stubborn a resistance. "And wouldn't that give us the better chance of keeping ahead of them?" said Pink once m re glued his eyes to the loophole and watched steadily for several min-Myles.

"I don't believe it, lad," Pink answered. "They're camped about fifty yards down the road," he finally announced. "They're building fires to scare off the wild animals." "The rest of the road is likely to be so rough that a 'orse can't travel any faster than a man." Herein Pink erred, as the future was

"Can you see who was hurt " asked Myles. "No, it's too far away." replied Pink. "I "pe Mogul Mir 'as kicked the bucket,

"It's wide enough for horses, then?" asked

path. It led in zigzag fashion up and down the These tactics of the enemy were hard to understand. Had they some deep motive in endless and lateral spurs that formed the waiting, or were they merely planning the foothills of the ghauts; it wound through foothills of the ghauts; it wound through dense jungle and forest, where the trees

were festooned with creepers of brilliant red and blue blossoms; it was obstructed by rocks of all sizes, and by tough outcropping The villagers wanted to open the gate and make an attack, but their more sensible leader managed to dissuade them. Truth to roots. tell they were a villalnous and sinister-lock-ing set of ruffians, and well bore out the

Thus it happened that noon found the lugitives only half way to their destination. In the shadow of a great mountain peak they sat down for a short rest and a snatch such vallant protectors, even though they of food.

A faw feet ahead the road they had been pursuing was crussed at right angles by an-other ancient path. The latter was very narrow and its growth of tangled vegetation showed that no traveler had passed over it Then the monotony was broken by a start-

for months. Just as Pink opened the bag of provisions ling incident. From the far side of the vil-lage came a human cry of agony-loud and Just as Pink opened the bag of provisions a faint sound was borne from the rear. All started up in alarm. "That was the clutter of boofs" cried "That was the clutter of boofs" cried blood-curdling. Not a sound preceded or followed it.

"That was the clatter of hoofs," cried That must be looked into," exclaimed Jack. "The troopers must be spurring their

COUNTRY.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

(Copyrighted 1891.)

PART II.

Mrs. Meadows, Mr. Rabbit, Chickamy

Crany Crow and Tickle-My-Toes were very

glad to see the children, especially Mrs.

Meadows, who did everything she could to

make the youngsters feel that they had con-

"I'll be bound you forgot to bring me the

But Sweetest Susan had not forgetten.

"Now, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Meadows.

"To think you should remember an old

woman. You are just as good and as nice

apple I told you about," said she.

-3

THERE THE THUNDER LIVES.

to come nearer and grow louder, and then it about it. "Who knocked at the door?" it were ensconced in the eld mission of the died away in the distance. "What is shat?" asked Mr. Meadows, in "Its voice sounded so loud that the little and Colonel Bowie, who was wounded and an impressive whisper. "Thunder,", answered Mr. Rabbit, who had listened intentity, 1 "Thunder, as sure as ""Dou't talk so loud, please," she said. "Tim n=t deaf." Santa Ana demanded surrender, but the

But the lighting king poope some-times," said Buster John. "The lightning? Oh, yes, but I was talk-ing about old man Thunder," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "When I was a boy, I once heard of a little girl-" Mr. Thimblefinger suddenly put his hand over his mouth and hung his head as if he had been caught doing semething wrong. "Why, what in the world is the matter?"

asked Mrs. Meadows. "Oh, nothing," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "I simply forgot my manners.

"I don't see how," remarked Mr. Rabbit, frowning. "Why, I was about to tell a story before I had been asked."

"The distance is about seventeen miles." Pink answered, "for the village is three miles behind. If all goes well we ought to reach our destination about the middle of the "Well, you won't disturb me by telling a story, I'm sure," said Mr. Rabbit. "I can nod just as well when some one is talking as when everything is still. You won't

ster me at all. Just go ahead." "Maybe it isn't ctory telling time," sug-Down the rugged slope the little party hastened with light hearts and feet. From ahead now grew a dull, rearing sound, and gested Mrs. Meadows, presently the road ended on the brink of a "Oh, don't say that,

don't say that," cried Sweetest Susan. "If it's a story, please tell it." "Well, it's nothing but a plain, every-day gorge, which was fifty feet across and about

wenty-five in depth. Through its stony bed brawled a foam-Well, it's nothing but a plain, every-day story. After you hear it you'l lean back in your chair and wonder why somebody didn't take hold of it and twist it into a real, old fashboned tale. It's old fashboned enough, the way I heard it, but I always thought ing torrent, and from m'd-channel a pier of masonry with a fragment of an arch attached thereto reared itself. The abyss was now spanned by a native that the person who heard it first must have forgotten parts of it."

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"Is this your secret, Pink?" asked Jack. "That's it, lad," was the reply. "There was an ancient bridge 'ere until a few weeks ago, when the floods washed it away. But

"We won't mind that," said Sweetest "Susan. Mr. Thimblefinger settled himself comfort-ably and began: "Once upon a time—I don't know how long ago, but not very long, for the tale was new to me when I first heard it. Once upon a

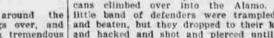
came through the spring gate." 'T must be getting nervous in my old age," 'T must be getting nervous in my old age," 'T must be getting nervous in my old age," 'That may be so," replied Mr. Thimble-finger, "Dut is's never too late for old man Thupdar to neve too late for old man 'Come in,' said the Thundar. Thimble-''Come in,' said the Thundar. Thimble-That may be so," replied Mr. Thimble-finger, "but it's never too late for old man Thunder to push out on his front porch and begin to cut up his capers. But there's no harm in him." "But the lighting kills people some-times," said Buster John. "Bat the lighting capers and have been appealed for, but "Come in,' said the Thunder. "It lan't often I have company from the people below, and I'm glad you found me at home." "The Thunder led the way down the hall and into a wide sitting room, where a fire was burning brightly in the higgest free.

At last Captain Smith joined the ex-based band with thirty-two men. Three places the little girl had ever seen. A two-horse wagon could turn around in it without touching the andirons. A pair of tongs as tall as a man stood in one corner, and in the other was a shovel to match. A long pipe lay on the mantel. "There's no place for you to sit except hay on the mantel. 'There's no place for you to sit except the floor,' said the Thunder. 'There's no place for you to sit except the floor,' said the Thunder. 'There's no place for you to sit except the floor,' said the Thunder. 'There's no place for you to sit except the floor,' said the Thunder. 'There's no place for you to sit except the floor,' said the Thunder.

"There's no place for you to the for failing him; he simply gives them and the floor,' said the Thunder. "I can sit on the bed here,' suggested the choice of deaths. They can surrender and be shot down, or be killed fighting out their be shot down, or be the same a line and said:

little girl. "The Thunder laughed so loudly that the little girl had to close her ears again. 'Why, that is ne bed,' the Thunder said when it could catch its breath; 'that's my footstool,' "'Well,' said the little girl, 'it's big enough for a bed. It's very soft and nice.' "'T find it very comfortable,' said the Thunder, 'especially when I get home after piloting a tornado through the country. "The Thunder took the long pipe from the fame of which flashed through the windows

flame of which flashed through the windows with dazzling brightness. and was verily the only man who escaped to tell the tale. And then came the terrible 'Folks will say that is heat lightning,' day. Santa Ana brought all his forces to bear



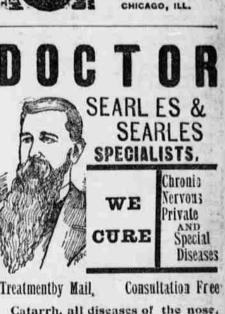
"Once upon a time-I don't know how long ago, but not very long, for the tale was new to me when I first heard it. Once upon a time there was a little girl about your age and size who was curlous to know some-thing about everything that happened. She wanted to know how a bird could fly and why the clouds floated, and she was all the base of the source of the source of the source of the provide the p to fury, and as many of them as nat match-locks deliberately blazed away through the blazed away through the wall and shouted insulting names. (b) go there mus down structure to a boxes off, you can see wall and shouted insulting names. (c) go there mus down structure to a boxes off, you can see why the clouds floated, and she was all the time trying to get at the bottom of things. (Well, one day when the sky was covered the big armchair)

through. The great battle is over. The Mexicans have won. Out of the 172 Texans are 172 dead. No Spartans were braver and more tenacious, for they killed 522 of their ene-mies, and wounded 500 more. Texas though was finally freed, and whenever great deeds

Cincinnati Commercial. When you wish to read at a headlong speed, Or to write a sentence fleetly, You should mind your stops, or the mean-

Which we use in our punctuation; For the sign that's best (though I like the Is the note of interrogation.

Now a clever child has been sometimes styled The most perfect type of beauty: But the infant mind is to knowledge blind, So to teach is an elder's duty. Yet I would not ask for a harder task Than a juvenile's education: For each child I know (until twelve or so) Is a note of interrogation.



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ing drops, And the sense gets lost completely. So I write these lines to commend the sign

Of a love throughout life's duration; On its strains they dote-but the sweetest

Is the note of interrogation.

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ful roar, and fell, mortally wounded, within six feet of the lad. As Myles jumped hastily cut of the way

Pink's rifle cracked twice, and the maneater rolled over dead. There was no time to exult at the victory for a second tiger was yet at large. Its

whereabouts was just then made known by a weird, unearthly scream of agony from the far end of the village street.

"What's that?" cried Jack, with a shudder. "The beast 'as grabbed the 'orse," should Pink, running fearlessly in the direction of the sound. "Stay 'ere, lads."

It was scarcely three minutes later when

"Two 'orses gone now," he growled bitterly. "The man-eater knocked the charger over, right is front of the rear gate-which 'appened to be open-and then 'e dragged the body outside. It was no use going after 'in, I shut and barred the gate, and 'urried k. But there's one danger the less, lads, and now for the troopers. 'Ow near are

'I don't believe they're near at all," said Jack, and, strange to say, he seemed- to be

Brief as was the time that had elapsed since the fugitives entered the village, it was yet long enough for their bloodthirsty pursuers to have arrived. Perhaps their torches had failed them, or they had halted or hearing the rifle shots.

companions listened in vain for the clatter of hoofs on the forest road. Then the silence was turned into a deafening hubbub munity.

The death of one tiger and the flight of the other had spread like wildfire, and men, women and children crowded about the strangers with heartfelt protestations of

It appeared, from their incoherent stories that the man-eaters had kept them in a state of terror for the past two months, and in that time had claimed twenty victims. this occasion a gate carelessly left open had allowed the animals to enter the walls.

Pink struck while the iron was hot; that is, he promptly singled out the head man of the village, gave him a partly true account of the situation, and claimed protection for

himself and party. The village really belonged to the sate of Coorg, and for this reason the head man was the more willing to accede to Pink's de-

mand He at once spread word around that "the white sahibs, who slay man-saters," were in danger from mutinous troopers of the rajah of Mysore, and it was greatly cheering to the fugitives to see how readily and gladly the flerce, half-naked Hindoos ran for their spears and swords and antiquated old matchlocks

"This is luck and no mistake," said Pink "We'll stay 'ere till morning and then strike for the ghauts. We'll 'ave to go on foot though. The 'eadman says there shi't a 'orse to be 'ad—or an elephant either. Jack's charger won't do for four, and we'll be just

charger won't dout it." as well off without it." "But can we spend the night here safely?" s. "I don't mean that there's of the village being taken by asked Myles. any danger storm, but the troopers may ride around it and get to the ghauts before us." "They can't, lad," Pink replied. "The

only road toward the mountains is straight through this 'ere village. To right and left the jungle is so thick that a man can 'ardly lip through-let alone a 'orse. So the sadman says, and I take 'im to be a true "Then we ought to feel safe enough." re-

marked Jack. "It's not likely the troopers will abandon their horses and take to the jungle on foot. But there's sure to be some stirring times when they arrive." "I doubt if they are coming," exclaimed

"It looks mighty queer-" o, what's that?" interrupted Pink. Myles. " 'Ark, lads!

on the night air, above the scurrying feet and shrill volces of the natives, rang the dull pounding of hoofs. Over the top of the archest gate shone the glimmer of approaching torches.

loudly before the gate.

cried an angry voice, and villagers accompanied them that far. The a low run

'ink. "Who's gling with me?" The boys were the first to offer, and then Pink horses like mad. "Hurry." Myles shouted, "we must get it of this." the headman and three or four others volum They hastened in a body to the end "Yes," muttered Pink, "it means teered. chase, and there's no telling stop, hads," he idded, in a hoarse whisper. "Drop flat and of the parrow street, and cautiously mounted

the platform on each side of the rear gate. It was a thrilling scene that met their On the moonlit road outside the wall down the cross road." (To be continued.) crouched a huge tiger on the body of a man whose uniform stamped him as one of the rajah's troopers. Close by lay the torn car-MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS OUEER cass of Myles' black charger.

Before a shot could be fired the tiger seized his human victim in his m uth and bounded lightly into the jungle with a roar of defance. Pursuit would have been useless and hazardous, for the man was probably dead. "Any more of the spies about, ch?" mut-

Pink, pearing to right and left. "I d n't think so," replied Jack. "The fellow was alone." "He must have worked around through

the jungle to discover if the village wa equally well protected on this side," said 88.10 Myles.

'And walked right into the jaws of th ferred a great obligation on her by coming man-eater, who 'appened to prefer 'Im to 'orzeflesh," added Pink, with a graphic ges-ture. "Serves the bloody 'eathen right, too. back again. Mogul Mir won't send another spy in a 'urry. We're safer than ever, lads."

The inactivity of the troopers now appeared n a plainer light. No doubt they were She had one in her pocket. It was not very large, but the sun bad painted it red and For possibly half a minute Pink and his waiting for their absent companion to reyellow, and the north winds that kissed it

turn. In spite of protest Pink opened the gate had left it fragrant with the perfume of silence was turned into a deafening hubbub and slipped out. He tok the two colls of summer. by the sudden irruption from their houses of rope from the saddle bags of the dead horse "Now" and as soon as he returned the gate was

closed and barred. "We 'ad to 'ave this," he said. "We won't burden ourselves with the other stuff. The as you can be!" Mrs. Meadows thanked gray mare carried off the spades, but we Sweetest Susan so heartily that Buster John

an easily get two more from the villagers." began to look and feel uncomfortable-see-"Are we going to start now?" asked Myles. "Not till near daylight," Pink responded. ing which, Mrs. Meadows placed her hand

"We're going to 'ave a good sleep if the gently on his should:r. "Never mind," 'eadman can provide quarters." said she, "boys are not expected to be as said she, "boys are not expected to be as On being consulted the headman declared that he could, and he furthermore assured thoughtful as girls. The next time you

his guests that they might rest in perfect safety f r as long a time as suited their convenience

The party first returned to the other gate where Pink made sure by a personal inspec tion that the troopers were still bivouacking

by their camp fires. Then he and his companions were led to an empty hut near the center of the village. They dropped wearily on the rude charpoys

of straw, and were soon slepping as soundly as though no bloodthirsty fees were near. After what seemed but a brief time Jack and Myles were awakened by the sound of voices. They sat up, stupidly rubbing their eyes. Palto was already on his feet. In the doorway stood Pink and the headman

gaged in carnest c nversation. The latter had a torch in his hand.

"What's wrong?" cried Jack. Pink turned quickly to the boys, showing

a very troubled face. "Stir yourselves," he said. "We've got to start right away. What do you think 'as 'appendi? Those sneaking cutthroats cut yonder were waiting on reinforcements, who must 'ave left Mystre a few hours later.

'eadman says about twenty more troop ers arrived just now." The boys turned pale at this startling

piece of news. They were amazed to learn that they had slept until nearly daylight. Pink went on to explain that an attack was shortly expected, and that the village could not long hold out against so large a

"The 'eadman says 'e and 'is people parley as long as they can," Pink added, "and then they'll 'ave to let the troopers in or suffer for it in the end. So we'd bet ter leave at once."

An instant later the flashing lights van-ished, the clatter of hoofs was stilled and the hoarse notes of a cavairy trumpet pealed the besiegers when Pink and the boys gained

istened and wondered what the thunder was It wasn't long before "The whirlwind or the south will hear that and where it want to. he thunder came rumbling along again, makthe thunder came rumbling along again, mak-ing a noise like a four-horse wagon running and come fly the the west wind will hear it and come fly the state with the state of t

ay on a covered bridge. "While the little girl was standing there clouds after them, thinking that I am ready to take my ride. But it's all my fault. In-stead of turning the winds in the pasture, I wondering and listening an old man with a added, in a hoarse whisper. "Drop flat and keep out of sight. I 'ear some one coming down the cross road." bundle on his back and a stout staff in his mand came along the road. He bowed and smiled when he saw the little girl, but as ought to have put them in the stable. they come now!

"I CAN SIT ON THE BED HERE."

"The little girl listened, and, sure enough the didn't return the bow or the smile, being too much interested in listening for the the Whirlwinds from the South and the Wes came rushing around the house of the thunder, he paused and asked her what Thunder. The West Wind screamed around the trouble was.

the windows and the Whirlwinds from the 'I hope you are not lost?' he said. " 'Oh, no, sir,' she replied, 'I was listening for the thunder and wondering where it goes." " 'Well, as you seem to be a very good little girl,' the old man said, 'I don't mind telling you. The thunder lives on top of South whistled through the cracks and key holes I guess I'll have to go with them,' said vonder mountain.

word we'll go together."

asked what they meant.

ot very tired.

them.

tonight.

ing you here

augry.

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way to quiet them. It is not so far away. "'Oh, I should like ever so much to go there,' exclaimed the little girl. 'Do you always wear your overcoat?' the little girl asked.

'Always,' replied the Thunder. "There's The " Why not?' said the old man. 'The mountain is on my road, and if you say the no telling what moment Til be called. Some times I go out for a frolic and sometimes "The little girl took the old man's hand and they journeyed toward the mountain where the thunder had his home. The way am obliged to go. Will you stay until I

is too large. I should be afraid to stay here was long, but somehow they seemed to go very fast. The old man took long strides forward, and he was strong enough to lift

and see me get in my carriage." "They went to the door. The Whirlwinds from the South and the Winds from the the little girl at every step, so that when they reached the foot of the mountain she was But as the mountain was very steep and into these the Thunder climbed. high the two travelers stopped to rest them-

solves before they began to climb it. Its sides seemed to be rough and dark, but far up on the topmost peak the clouds had gathsight.

ered, and from these the lightning flashed in-cessantly. The little girl saw the flashes and sound, a rattling crash and the Thunder The little girl saw the flashes and with the clouds for his carriage and the winds for his horses, went roaming and 'Wherever the Thunder lives,' replied the and old man, "there the lightning builds its nest. rumbling through the sky, over the hills and unllavs

No doubt the wind has blown the clouds Mr. Thimblefinger paused and looked at the about and torn them apart and scattered children. They, expecting him to go on, said The lightning is piling them together othing again and fixing a warm, sift place to sleep

"How do you like my story?" he asked. "Is it a story?" inquired Buster John. "Well, call it a tale," said Mr. Thimble-When they had rested for a while the 逊 old man said it was time to be going, and

then he made the little girl climb on his "Hit's too high up in the elements for ter back. At first she didn't want the old man to carry her, but he declared that she would suit me," said Drusilla, candidiy.

do him a great favor by climbing on his back and holding his bundle in place. So veetest vectest Susan. "When the Thunder rolled away," said she sat upon the bundles, and in this way they went up the high mountain, going almost as rapidly as the little girl could Mr. Thimblefinger, "she went back to where the old man was waiting for her, and he, having nothing else to do, carried her to the

run on level gr und. She enjoyed it very much, for, sithough the old man went Jumping-Off Place." swiftly, he went smoothly, and the little girl felt as safe and as comfortable as if

she had been sitting in a rocking chair. "When they had come nearly to the top of the mountain the cld man stopped and lifted the little girl from his back. 'I can go no farther,' he said. 'The rest of the way you

eleven boys who are proficient in the use of will have to go alone. There is nothing to fear. Up the mountain yonder yon can see the gable of the Thunder's house. Go. a bowie knife have not the slightest idea where the instrument got its name. to the door, knock, and do not be alarmed at any noise you hear. When the time

omes for you to go you will find me await-"The little girl hesitated, but she had come so far to see where the Thunder lived that she would not turn back now. So she went that heroic fight of which

forward and soon came to the door of Mr. Thunder's h use. It was a very big door to a very big house. The knocker was so heavy that the little girl could hardly lift it, and when she let it fall against the panel, the noise it made jarred the building and sent a loud echo rolling and tumbling

down the mountain. The little girl thought, What have I done? If the Thunder is taking a nap before dinner, he'll be very "She waited a little while, n t feeling very 172 heroes of 1836. Behind these walls the

ter leave at once." "Of course," replied Myles, "we don't want these poor Hindoos to be massacred for protecting us." "But won't the troopers be at our heels in a short time" Jack questioned anxiously. "That depends on what sort of a start of the time to repeat it. Come, lad.." No demonstration had yet been made by the besiegers when Plink and the boys gained the rear gate. The headman and a dozen willagers accompanied them that far. The



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alone "'I am sorry,' said the Thunder, 'Come

West had drawn the Clouds to the steps, and

"'Goodby,' he cried to the little girl. 'Stay where you are until we are out of

"There was a flash of light, a

finger.

邎 "What became of the little girl?" asked

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(To be continued.)

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And when one writes of the Texas hero. me must needs think of the battle of Alamo. our American boys and girls seem to think so little, and half of them know nothing whatever. They read how the brave coldiers fought and held the pass of Thermopylae, but they seldom think of how a mere handful of men defended the Alamo mission. How they dropped fighting on their knees, and then

died facing the foe. If you should go to the historical city of is San Antonio in Texas you will see the old mission building standing with battered, bullet-pierced walls, a monument to the

ost important battle in the war between comfortable. Presently she heard heavy most important battle in the w footsteps coming down the wide hall to the Mexico and Texas was fought. That when Santa Ana was president, and the Texans were fighting for their independence,



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