GREAT deal of

nonsense has been

written-and be-

lieved, about blood purifiers.

What purifies the

blood? .. ..



## THREE PARTNERS,

The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

BY BRET HARTE.

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ranks of pines, etching out the interstices thing, and yet it holds me here. All the of broken boughs, fading away and then same, I doubt if anybody will come up—exflashing suddenly out again like sparks in burnt-up paper. Then the night wind swept them rather sore down the hill, for all they're coming to the dinner tomorrow." down the whole mountain side and began its usual struggle with the shadows up- orest. elimbing from the valley, only to lose itself in the end and be absorbed in the all-con-quering darkness. Yet for some time the was passing the 'Old Kentuck' tunnel, where quering darkness. Yet for some time the pines on the long slope of Heavy Tree Hill pines on the long slope of Heavy Tree Hill for four years without making a single murmured and protested with swaying arms; strike, I felt ashamed to look at them; and but as the shadows stole upward, and cabin as they barely nodded to me. I slinked by as after cabin and tunnel after tunnel were swallowed up, a complete silence followed. Only the sky remained visible—a vast concave mirror of dull steel, in which the stars did not seem to be set, but only reflected.

A single cabin door on the crest of Heavy Tree Hill had remained open to the wind.

A single cabin door on the crest of Heavy Tree Hill had remained open to the wind and darkness. Then it was slowly shut by an invisible figure—afterwards revealed by the embers of the fire it was stirring. first only this figure brooding over the hearth was shown, but as the flames leaped up two other figures could be seen sitting motionless before it. When the door was shut they ac-knowledged that interruption by slightly changing their position. The one who had risen to shut the door sank back into an in-visible seat, but the attitude of each man was one of profound reflection or reserve, apparently upon some common subject. which made them respect each other's sil-ence. However, this was at last broken by a laugh. It was a boyish laugh and came from

the youngest of the party. The two others turned their profiles and glanced inquiringly toward him, but did not speak.
"I was thinking," he began in apologetic explanation, "how mighty queer it was that while we were working like niggers on grub wages, without the ghost of a chance of making a strike, how we used to sit here, night after night, and flapdoodle and specu-late about what we'd do if we ever did make one; and now. Great Scott! that we have made it, and are just wallowing in gold. we are sitting as glum and silent as if we'd had a washout! Why, Lord! I remember one night-not so long ago, either-that you two quarreled over the swell hotel you were going to stop at in 'Frisco, and whether you wouldn't strike straight out for London and Rome and Paris, or go away to Japan and China and round by India and the Red

"No, we didn't quarrel over it," said one of the figures, gently; "there was only a little

"Yes, but you did, though," returned the young fellow, mischievously, "and you told Stacy, there, that we'd better learn something of the world before we tried to buy it or even hire it, and that it was just as well to get the hayseed out of our hair and the slumgullion off our boots before we mixed 'Well, I don't see what's the matter with

that sentiment now," returned the second speaker, good humoredly; "only," he added, gravely, "we didn't quarrel—God forbid!" ere was something in the speaker's tone which seemed to touch a common chord in their natures, and this was voiced by Barker with sudden and almost pathetic earnest ness. "I tell you what, boys, we ought to swear here tonight to always stand by each -in luck and out of it! We ought to hold ourselves always at each other's call. We ought to have a kind of pass-

any quarter of the globe 'Come off the roof, Barker," murmured Stacy, without lifting his eyes from the fire. But Demorest smiled and glanced tolerantly at the younger man.
"Yes, but look here, Stacy," continued

"comrades like us, in the old days, used to do that in times of trouble and adventures. Why shouldn't we do it in our

"There's a good deal in that, Barket boy," said Demorest, "though as a general thing passwords butter no parsnips, and the ordinary, everyday, single yelp from a wolf brings the whole pack together for business about as quick as a password.

you cling to that sentiment and put it away with your gold dust in your belt."

"What I like about Barker is his commodiousness," said Stacy. "Here he is, the only man among us that has his future forced and his great put in lines laid out. fixed and his pre-emption lines laid out and registered. He's already got a girl that he's going to marry and settle down with on the strength of his luck. And I'd like know what Kittle Carter, when she's Mrs. Barker, would say to her husband being signaled for from Asia or Africa. I don't seem to see her tumbling to any password. And when he and she go into a new partnership-I reckon she'll let the old

"That's just where you're wrong!" said Barker, with quickly rising color. "She's the Barker, with quickly rising color. "She's the sweetest girl in the world and she'd be sure to understand our feelings. Why, she thinks everything of you two; she was just eager for you to get this claim, which has put us where we are, when I held back, and if it hadn't been for her, by Jove! we wouldn't have had it." have had it.

That was only because she cared for you." returned Stacy, with a half yawn, "and now that you've got your share she isn't going to take a breathless interest in us. And, by the way, I'd rather you'd reaind us that we owe our luck to that she should ever remind you of it."
"What do you mean?" said E said Barker

quickly. But Demorest here rose lazily and throwing a gigantic shadow on the stood between the two with his back to th fire. "He means," he said slowly, you're talking rot, and so is he. Howev comes from the heart and his from th head, I prefer yours. But you're both making me tired. Let's have a fresh deal."

Nobody ever dreamed of contradicting emorest. Nevertheless, Barker persisted agerly: "But isn't it better for us to look at this cheerfully and happily all around? There's nothing criminal in our having made a strike! It seems to me, boys that of all ways of making money it's the squarest and most level; nobody is the poorer for it; our luck brings no misfortune to others. The was put there ages ago, for anybody gold was put there ages ago, for anybody to find; we found it. It hasn't been tarnished by man's touch before. I don't know how it strikes you, boys, but it seems to me that of all gifts that are going it is the straightest. For whether we deserve it or not, it comes to us first-hand—from God!"

two men glanced quickly at the speaker, whose face flushed and then smiled embarrassedly as if ashamed of the enthus lasm into which he had been betrayed. But Demorest did not smile, and Stacy's eyes one in the firelight as he said languidly 'I never heard that prospecting was a re-igious occupation before. But I shouldn't ligious occupation before. But I should wonder if you're right, Barker boy. So lat's

Nevertheless he did not move, nor did the The fire leaped higher, bringing out the rude rafters and sternly economic details of the rough cabin, and making the occupants

their seats before the fire look gigantic 'Who shut the door?" said Demorest, after

a pause.
"I did," said Barker. "I reckoned it was Better open it again, now that the fire's zing. It will light the way if any of the men from below want to drop in this even

Stacy stared at his companion. "I thought whice that it was understood that we were giving

am," said Stacy; "that this good fortune PROLOGUE.

The sun was going down on the Black
Spur range. The red light it had kindled there was still eating its way along the serried crest, showing through gaps in the legs, as if I ought to lite out and do some-

2.11

"That's only human nature," said Demthose Marshalls have been grubbing along

As he did so it seemed as if the night were their only guest, and had been waiting on the threshold to now enter bodily and per-vade all things with its presence. With that cool, fragrant inflow of air they breathed freely. The red edge had gone from Black Spur, but it was even more clearly defined against the sky in its towering blackness. The sky liself had grown lighter, although the stars still seemed mere reflections of the solitary pin-points of light scattered along the concave valley below. Mingling with the cooler, restful air of the summit, yet penetratingly distant from it, arose the stim ulating breath of the pixes below, still hol and panting from the daylong sun. The silence was intense. The far-off barking of a dog on the invisible river bar nearly a mil beneath them came to them like a sound in a dream. They had risen, and, standing in the doorway, by common consent turned their faces to the east. It was the frequent attitude of the home-remembering miner and t gave him the crowning glory of the view For, beyond the pine-hearsed summits, rarely seen except against the evening sky, lay thin white cloud like a dropped portion of the milky way. Faint with an indescribable pallor, remote, yet distinct enough to asser itself above and beyond all surrounding obects, it was always there. It was the snow ine of the Sierras.

They turned away, and silently reseated themselves—the same thought in the minds of each. Here was something they could not take away-something to be left ever and irretrievably behind-left with the life they had been leading, the cheerful endeavor, the undying hopefulness which it had fostered and blessed. Was what they were taking away worth it? oddly enough, frank and outspoken as they had always been to each other, that common thought remained unuttered! Barker was silent; perhaps he was also think-

ing of Kitty! Suddenly two figures appeared in the very doorway of the cabin. The effect was start-ling upon the partners, who had only just reseated themselves, and for a moment they had forgotten that the narrow band of light which shot forth from the open door renlered the darkness on either side of it more impenetrable, and that out of this darkness, although themselves guided by the light, the figures had just emerged. Yet one was familiar enough. It was the Hill drunkard, Dick Hall, or, as he was called, "Whisky Dick," or indicated still more succinctly by the Hill humorists "Alkey

word or signal, you know, by which we could summon each other at any time from but good-humored face; everybody had felt don't wonder it makes you feel d—d sassy. the flery exhalations of that enormous red beard, which always seemed to be kept in a state of moist, unkempt luxuriance by of manner and attempted precision of statement with which he was wont to disguise his frequent excesses. Very few, however, knew, or cared to know, the pathetic wearl-ness and chilling horror that sometimes ooked out of those bloodshot eyes.

He was evidently equally unprepared for he three silent figures before the door, and a moment looked at them blankly with the doubts of a frequently deceived percep-

panion for verification, but smiled vaguely. "Good evening," said Demorest, pleasantly.

evenin', good evenin' yourselves, boys—and see how you like it! Lemme interdrush my ole frien' William J. Steptoe of Red Gulch. Steptoe—is shtay—ish stay—" He stopped, hiccoughed, waved his hand gravely and with an air of represental discussions.

and with an air of reproachful dignity con

cluded: "Sojourning for the present on the bar. We wish to offer our congrashulashen and felish—felish—" he paused again and,

caning against the door post, added se-

coarsely, and, pushing past Dick, entered the cabin. He was a short, powerful man, with a closely cropped crust of beard and hair that seemed to adhere to his round head like moss or lichen. He cast a glance—fur-

tive rather than curious around the cabin, and said, with a familiarity that had not

even good humor to excuse it, "So you're the gay galoots who've made the big strike? Thought I'd meander up the hill with this

old bloat Alky, and drop in to see the show. And here you are feeling your oats, ch? and not caring any particular G—d d—n if school

keeps or not."
"Show Mr. Stepto-the whisky," said De-

merest to Stacy. Then quietly addressing Dick, but ignoring Steptoe as completely as Steptoe had ignored his unfortunate com-

panion, he said: "You quite startled me at first. We did not see you come up the trail." "No. We came up the back trail to please

Steptoe, (who wanted to see around the cabin," said Dick, glancing nervously yet

companions, however, laughed

in the laugh.

to give me the same chance that they did at the mint, eh?"

Although the remark was accompanied

with his usual coarse, familiar laugh, there was a look in his eye so inconsequent in its significance that Stacy would have made

some reply, but at this moment Demorest re-entered the cabin ushering in a half dozen miners from the bar below. They

were, although youngish men, some of the older locators in the vicinity, yet, through

years of seclusion and uneventful labors.

they had acquired a certain childish sim-plicity of thought and manner that was al-

ternately amusing and pathetic. They had never intruded upon the reserve of the three partners of Heavy Tree Hill before. Nothing

but an infantine curiosity, a shy recognition of the partners' courtesy in inviting them with the whole population of "Heavy Tree"

to the dinner next day, and the never-to-be-resisted temptation of an evening of "free

liquor" and forgetfulness of the past had brought them there now. Among them, and yet not of them, was a young man, who,

although speaking English without accent, was distinctly of a different nationality and

race. This, with a certain neatness of dress

and artificial suavity of address, gained hin the nickname of "the count" and "Frenchy,"

treasure.

Whisky Dick's face brightened.

erely, "Itations

the liquor good enough to pay you for the trouble." Barker stared at Demorest. This extraordinary tolerance of the drunkard was something new in his partner. But at a glance from Demorest he led Dick to the demijohn and tin cup which stood on a table in the corner. And in another moment Dick had forgotten his companion's rudeness. had forgotten his companion's rudeness.

Demorest remained by the door, looking out into the darkness, "Well" said Steptoc, putting down his emptied cup, "trot out your strike. I reckon our eyes are strong enough to bear it new." Stack drew the blanket from the vague pile that stood in the corner and discovered a deep tin prospecting pan. It was heaped with several large fragments of quartz. At first the marble whiteness of the quartz and the glittering crystals of mica in its veins were the most noticeable, but as they drew closer they could see the yellow of gold filling the decompose honeycon bed portion of the rock as I still liquid and molten. The eyes of the party sparkled like the mica—even those of Barker and Stacy, who were already familiar with

the treasure. "Which is the richest chunk?" asked Steptoe in a thickening voice. Stacy pointed it out.

'Why, it's smaller than the others." "Heft it in your hand," said Barker, with oylsh enthusiasm.

The short, thick fingers of Steptoe grasped It with a certain aquiline suggestion; his whole arm strained over it until his face grew purple, but he could not lift it.
"That uster to be a little game "Thar uster to be a little game in the 'Frisco Mint,' said Dick, restored to fluency by his liquer, "when thar war women visit-ing it, and that was to offer to giv' 'em any of those little boxes of gold coin, that con-tained \$5,000, of they would kindly lift it from the counter and take it away! It wasn't no bigger than one of these chunks; but, Jimminy' you oughter have seed them gals grip and heave on it, and then hev to give it up! You see, they didn't know any-thing about the paci—(hic) the speshif—" He stopped with great dignity, and added however, affect his precision of utterance, and with painful precision, "the specific gravity said:

"Dry up!" said Steptoe roughly. Then turn- to-to-

duced, however, was quickly forgotten when the blanket was again lifted from the pan of the blanket was again lifted from the pan of treasure. Singularly enough, doo, the samt leverish light came into the eyes of each as they all gathered around this yellow shrine. Even the polite Paul rudely elbowed his way between the others, though his artifical "pardon" seemed to Barker to condone this act of brutal instinct. But it was more instructive to observe the manner in which the old locators received this confirmation of the fickle Fortune that had overlooked their weary labors and years of waiting to their weary labors and years of waiting to lavish her favors on the new and inexperienced amateurs. Yet, as they turned their dazzled eyes upon the three partners there was no envy or malice in their depths, no reproach on their lips, no insincerity in their wondering satisfaction. Rather there was a touching, almost childlike resumption of hope as they gazed at this conclusive evidence of Nature's bounty. The gold had been there—they had only missed it! And if there, more could be found! Was it not a proof of the richness of Heavy Tree Hill? So strongly was this reflected on their faces that a casual observer, contrasting them with the thoughtful countenances of the real owners, would have thought them the lucky ones. It touched Barker's quick sympathies, it puzzled Stacy, it made Demorest more serious, it aroused Steptoe's active contempt. Whisky aroused Steptoe's active contempt. Whisky Dick alone remained stolid and impassive in a desperate attempt to pull himself once more together. Eventually he succeeded, even to the ambitious achievement of mounting a chair and lifting his tin cup with a dangerously unsteady hand, which did not,

"Order, gentlemen! We'll drink success



IT WAS AN OLD DREAM.

ing to Stacy he said abruptly: "But where's the rest of it? You've got more than that."
"We sent it to Boomville this morning You see we've sold out our claim to a com pany who take it up temorrow and put up a mill and stamps. In fact, it's under their charge now. They've got a gang of men on the claim already."

"And what mout ye hev got for it, if it's a fair question?" said Steptoe with a forced Stacy smiled also. "I don't know that it's a business question," he said. "Five hundred thousand dollars," said

Demorest abruptly from the doorway, "and The eyes of the two men met. There was no mistaking the dull fire of envy in Step-too's glance, but Demorest received it with a certain cold curiosity and turned away as the sound of arriving voices came from with

"Five hundred thousand's a big figger," But it was a fair question.'

Unfortunately it here occurred to the whisky-stimulated brain of Dick that the friend he had introduced was being treated with scant courtesy, and he forgot his own treatment by Steptoe. Leaning against the wall he waved a dignified rebuke. "I'm sashified my olo frien is akshuated by only businesh principles." He paused, recollected himself and added with great precision: When I say he himself has a valuable claim in Red gulch and to my shertain knowledge has received offers-I have said enough." oubts of a frequently deceived percepture. The laugh that broke from Stacy and Was he sure that they were quite Barker, to whom the infelix reputation of

"The next strike!" said Barker, leaping impetuously on another chair and beaming upon the old locators, "and may it come to those who have so long deserved it!" His sincere and generous enthusiasm seemed to break the spellrot silence that had fallen upon them. Other toasts quickly followed. In the general good feeling Barker attached himself to Van Loo with his usual boyish effusion, and in a burst of confidence imparted the secret of his engagement to Kitty Carter. Van Loo listened with polite attention, formal congratulations, but inattention, formal congratulations, but in

scrutable eyes, that occasionally wandered to Stacy and again to the treasure. A slight chill of disappointment game over Barker's quick sensitiveness. Perhaps his enthusi asm had bored this superior man of the world. Perhaps his confidences were in bad taste! With a new sense of his inexperience he turned sadly away. Van Loo took that opportunity to approach Stacy.

"What's all this I hear of Barker being en-gaged to Miss Carter?" he said, with a faintly superior smile. "Is it really true?" Why shouldn't it be?" Van Loo was instantly deprecating and

smiling. "Why not, of course? But isn't t sudden?" "They have known each other ever since he's been on Heavy Tree Hill," responded

"Ah, yes! True," said Van Loo. "But "Well-he's got money enough to marry "Well—ne's got money enough to marry, and he's going to marry."
"Rather young, isn't he?" said Van Loo, still deprecatingly. "And she's got nothing. Used to walt on the table at her father's hotel in Boomville, didn't she?"

"Yes. What of that? We all know it. "Of course. It's an excellent thing for her and her father. He'll have a rich son-inlaw. About two hundred thousand is his isn't it? I suppose old Carter is de-

Stacy had thought this before, but did no: stacy had thought this before, but did not care to have it corroborated by this superfine young foreigner. "And I don't reckon that Barker is offended if he is," he said curtly as he turned away. Nevertheless, he felt irritated that one of the three superior partners of Heavy Tree Hill should be thought

Suddenly the conversation dropped, the laughter ceased. Every one turned round, and, by a common instinct, looked toward the below came a wonderful tenor voice, modu lated by distance and spiritualized by the

last red cent."

sider the influence that such a man has of the hard-working tunnel men, who are ready to gamble their whole week's earnings to him? Perhaps not. Bull I know the difficulties of getting the discharates from these men when he has been in camp."

He glanced around him with some importance, but only a ladd followed his speech. "Come Frenchy, said an old locator, "you only say that because your little brother wanted to play with Jack like a grown man, and when rack ordered him off the board and he became safety, Jack scooted him outer the saloon."

Here the ravishing tenor voice, which had een approaching, ceased, and was succeeded by a heart-breaking and equally melodious whistling to finish the bar of the singer's song. And the next moment Jack Hamlin appeared in the doorway. Whatever was his present financial condi-

his previous description. He was as clean

But since the irruption of the strangers they had lost their former sluggish contemplation, and now busied themselves in preparation or their early departure from the cabin or next morning. They had arranged to spend the following day and night at Boomville and Carter's hotel, where they were to give their farewell dinner to Heavy

Van Loo, reddening.

But you're wrong about me, boys.

if I never saw the one or the other before. and am not likely to see either again. I believe in luck! And it comes a mighty

Resisting all attempts of his hosts-who

accountably under the magic of his manner to detain him longer, he stepped lightly away, his voice presently rising again in

melody as he descended the hill. Nor was at all remarkable that the others, appar-

ently drawn by the same inevitable magnetism, were impelled to follow him, nat-urally joining their voices with his, leaving

Steptoe and Van Loo so markedly behind them alone that they were compelled at last

in sheer embarrassment to close up the

oe yonder

Pree Hill. They talked but little together; since the rebuff his enthusiastic confidences had received from Van Loo, Barker had been grave and thoughtful, and Stacy, with the irritating recollection of Van Loo's criticisms in his mind, had refrained from his usual rallying of Barker. Oddly enough, they spoke chiefly of Jack Hamlin-till then personally a stranger to them, on account of his infelix reputation—and even the crit-

you had known Jack Hamlin earlier and professionally, a great deal of real value uld have quitted you before he did. who have played Jack's game and lost," returned Demorest derisively. "I'd rather trust him than—" He stopped, glanced at

They were silent for a few moments, and then seemed to have fallen into their former dreamy mood as they relapsed into their old seats again. At last Stacy drew a long breath. of with the others this morning."

"Why?" said Demorest, suddenly.
"Why? Well, d-n it all! they kind o' oprwhy? Well, d-n it air, they kind o by-press me, don't you see. I seem to feel 'em here, on my chest—all the three," returned Stacy, only half jocularly. "It's their d-d specific gravity, I suppose. I don't like the idea of sleeping in the same room with 'em

"You don't mean that you think that any-

"I know just what Stacy means," said Barker, breathlessly, rounding his gray eyes. "I've felt it, too. Couldn't we make a sort of cache of it—bury it just outside the cabin for tonight? It would be sort of putting it

and the absence of bolt or bar. caught his eye. "We'll miss this security in

Barker had begun to undress themselves with intervals of yawning and desultory talk. one stocking off and his trousers hanging on his arm, until at last both men were snugly curled up in their respective bunks. Presently Stacy's voice came from under the blankets:

"Hallo! aren't you going to turn in, too?" "Not yet," said Demorest from his chair before the fire. "You see, it's the last night in the old shanty, and I reckon I'll see the

tringgling violently with his blanket. "I tell you what, boys, we just ought to make a watch night of ti—a regular vigil, you know—until 12 at least. Hold on! I'll get up, too?" But here Demorest arose, caught his youthful partner's bare foot, which went and heaping them on the top of him, patted the bulk with an authoritative, paternal air.

"You'll just say your prayers and go to sleep, sonny. You'll want to be fresh as a daisy to appear before Miss Kitty tomorrow early, and you can keep your vigils for tomorrow night, after dinner, in the back drawing room. I said 'Good night,' and I mean it!"

Protecting feebly, Backer feetly with the protection of the party of the protection the bulk with an authoritative, paternal air.

Protesting feebly, Barker finally yielded

with my love." he warbled in gentle continuance from the doorway. Then dropping clousness that neither Staryinor Demorest shared his feelings had restricted their acquaintance. Nevertheless he was proud now to see the bow with which Paul VanLoo entered the cabin as if it was a drawing room, and perhaps did not reflect upon that want of real feeling in an act which made the others uncomfortable.

The warbled in gentle continuance from the doorway. Then dropping cheerfully into speech, he added, "Well, boys, I am here to welcome the little stranger, and to trust that the family are doing as well as can be expected. Ah! there slowly chaping liself out of the obscurity as the vision of a fair young girl seated in one of the empty chairs before him. Always the same slender, graceful figure, but always glimmering in diamonds and satin, Frankness was an essential quality of Heavy Tree Hill. "We were just saying, Jack," said an old locator, "that giving you a fair show and your own game, you could manage to get away with that pile before daybreak." always glimmering in diamonds and satin, or spiritual in lace and pearls, against his own rude and sordid surroundings. Always silent with parted lips until the night wind smote some churd of recollection, and then "And I'm just thinking," said Jack cheerfully, "that there were some of you here that could do that without any such useless preliminary." His brown eyes reated for a moment on Steptoe, but turning quite abruptly to Van Loo, he held out his hand. Startled and embarrassed before the others, the young man at last advanced his when

For at those times he seemed to speak also, albeit with closed lips and an utterance inaudible to all but her.

"Well?" he said sadly.

"Well?" the voice repeated, like a gentle echo blending with his own.

"You know it all now," he went on. "You know that it has come at last—all that I had worked for, prayed for. All that would have made us happy here; all that would have saved you to me has come at last, and all too late!" the young man at last advanced his, when Jack coolly put his own, as if forgetfully, in his pocket. "I thought you might like to know what that little brother of yours is doing," he said to Van Loo, yet looking at Steptoe. "I found him wandering about the hills here quite drunk."

"Too late," echoed the voice with his.
"You remember," he went on, "the last
day we were together. You remember your
friends and family would have you give up "I have repeatedly warned him-" began 'Against bad company, I know," suggested Jack gayly; "yet in spite of all that I think he owes some of his liquor to Stepa penniless man. You remember when they repreached you with my poverty, and told you that it was only your wealth that I was seeking, that I then determined to go away and never to return to claim you until that "I never supposed the fool would get drunk over a glass of whisky offered in fun," reproach could be removed. You remember dearest, how you clung to me and bade me said Steptoe harshly, yet evidently quite as much disconcerted as angry.
"The trouble with Steptoe," said Hamlin, thoughtfully spanning his slim walst with both hands as he looked down at his polished stay with you, even fly with you, but not to leave you alone with them. You wore the same dress that day, darling; your eyes had the same wandering, childlike fear and trouble in them; your jewels glittered on you as you trembled, and I refused. In my pride, or rather in my weakness and cow-ardice, I refused. I came away and broke shoes, "is that he has such a soft-hearted liking for all weaknesses. Always wanting to protect chaps that can't look after themselves, whether its Whisky Dick there when he has a pull on, or some nigger when my heart among these rocks and ledges, yet grew strong; and you, my love, you, sheltered ho's made a little strike, or that straying lamb of Van Loo's when he's puppy drunk. and guarded by those you loved, you.-" He stopped and buried his face in his hands. The night wind breathed down the chimney You can't draw me in any game tonight. This is one of my nights off, which I devote exclusively to contemplation and song. But," he added suddenly turning to his three hosts with a bewildering and fascinating and from the stirred ashes on the hearth came the soft whisper: "I died."

"And then," he went on, "I cared for nothing. Sometimes my heart awoke for this change of expression, "I couldn't resist com-ing up here to see you and your pile, even young partner of mine in his innocent, trust-tul love for a girl that even in her humble station was far beyond his hopes, and I pitied myself in him. Home, fortune, friends, no longer cared for—all were forgotten. An sight oftener than a fellow thinks it does. But it doesn't come to stay. So I'd advise now they are returning to me-only nay see the hollowness and vanity of them. you to keep your eyes skinned and haug on to it while it's with you like grim death. may see the hollowness and vanity of them, and taste the bitterness for which I have sacrificed you. And here, on this last night of my exile, I am confronted with only the jealousy, the doubt, the meanness and selishness that is to come. Too late!

The wondering, troubled eyes that had looked into his here appeared to clear and brighten with a sweet prescience. Was it the wind mosning in the chimney that seemed to whisper to him: "Too late, be-loved, for me, but not for you. I died, but love atill lives. Be happy, Philip. And in your happiness I, too, may live again." He started. In the flickering firelight the chair was empty. The wind that had swept down the chimney had stirred the ashes with the sound like the passage of a rustling skirt. There was a chill in the air and a smell like that of opened earth. A nerv ous shiver passed over him. Then he sat upright. There was no mistake; it was no superstitions fancy, but a faint, damp cur rent of air was actually flowing across his feet toward the fireplace. He was about to rise, when he stopped suddenly and became motionless. He was suddenly conscious now of

strange sound which had affected him even in the preoccupation of his vision. It was a gentle brushing of some yielding substance like that made by a soft broom on sand, or the sweep of a gown. But to his mountain ears, attuned to every woodland sound, i was not like the gnawing of gopher or squir rel, the scretching of wild cat, nor the hairy rubbing of bear. Nor was it human; the long, deep respirations of his sleeping companions were distinct from that monotonous sound. He could not even tell if it were in the pile in the corner. The blanket that covered the treasure was actually moving.

(To be Continued.)

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America has 3,000,000 working women. Georgia cotton mills have 50,000 employes California will ship 10,000 carloads of

ng the lowest wages that may be paid to workmen in factories. The older countries of Europe, notabl Germany and Scotland, have met the prob

In 1894 the sum of \$1,500,000 was given b 118 English unions to members sick and dis ibled by accidents. Superannuated member

received \$700,000. Organized labor is gradually asserting influence all over the world. In France lately the committee on labor conceded the

right to fix a minimum wage and maximum number of hours of labor. For the first time in seventeen years all the judges of England are about to meet in the

A pair of gloves passes through about 200 hands from the moment that the skin leaves the dressers until the gloves are purchased by the intending wearer.

Arizona's monthly output of copper at pres ent is over 5,000 tons, which, at 12 cents per pound, returns to Arizona annually over \$14.-000,000, or an average of nearly \$40,000 per day. Most of the copper produced in Arizona gives also a yield of gold or silver.

At least 30,000 men have been thrown out of work by the drowning out of industrial establishments in the Monongahela valley, Pennsylvania. The waters have receded and the work of cleaning up the debris begun.

Governor Smith, the new executive of Montana, advises the amending of the state constitution to provide that the million acres of land owned by the state be not sold, but leased, and that persons residing on these lands be exempt from all taxation on personal property and improvements.

tractors at the government Chickamauga park, Tenn., has been decided in favor of the employed. This decision practically overthrows the system whereby employers have compelled employes to rent and live in company houses, or to employ and have the pay stopped in the office for the company

by the Master Builders' association for re-jecting the lowest bid on a city job and giving it to a contractor employing unionists The gist of the mayor's reply was that trade unionists are not necessarily more skilled. but the best skilled workmen are within the union, and employers who do best work generally employ them. A cotton mill is the latest addition to the industries at Depew, a suburb of Buffalo.

DRUNK FOR TWENTY YEARS.

A correspondent writes: "I was drunk on and off for over 20 years, drunk when I had money, sober when I had none. Many dear friends I lost, and numbers gave me good advice to no purpose, but, thank God, an angel hand came at last in the form of my more wife, who administered some of your medicine to me without my knowledge or consent. I am now saved, completely trans-formed from a worthless fellow to a sober and respected citizen." Full particulars of this marvelous remedy will be gladly sent free for two two-cent stamps to cover post-

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minutes, night and day, while life

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

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his previous description. He was as clean and refreshing looking as a Madrono tree in the dust-blown forest. An odor of scented scap and freshly-ironed linen was wafted from him; there was scarcely a crease in his white waistcoat, nor a speck upon his varnished shoes. He might have been an auditor of the previous conversation, so quickly and completedy did he seem to take in the whole situation at a glance. Perhaps there was an extra tilt to his black-ribboned Panama hat, and a certain dancing deviltry in his brown eyes—which might also have been an answer to adverse criticism.

"When I, his truth to prove, would triffe in the dust for him at night by the fireside when his partners were at rest. A dream of the with a forced indifference toward the whisky which Stacy was offering to the stranger. "What yer gettin off there?" said Steptoe, facing Dick almost brutally. "You know them that dinner at Boonville tomorrow night, so that we might have the last evening here by ourselves in peace and quietness."

"Yes, but if any one did want to come it would seem churlish to shut him out," said licker at the top you'd have never found it." although he was really of Flemish extraction He was the Union Ditch company's agent on the Bar by virtue of his knowledge of "Yes, but if any one did want to come it bendibus Gosh! if you hadn't scented this languages.

could seem churlish to shut him out," said licker at the top you'd have never found it."

The country of the languages of the languages of the languages of the languages of the languages.

The country of the languages of the languages

darkness;

When at some future day
I shall be far away,
Thou wilt be weeping,
Thy lone watch keeping.
The men looked at one another. "That's
Jack Hamlen," they said. "What's he doing back to its old place, for the time being. It might like it." The two others laughed. "Rather rough on Providence, Barker, boy," said Stacy, "hand-ing back the heaven-sent gift so soon! Be-"The wolves are gathering around fresh meat," said Steptoe, with his coarse laugh and a glance at the treasure. "Didn't ye sides, what's to keep any prospector from coming along and making a strike of it? You know that's mining law—if you haven't know he came over from Red Dog yesterre-empted the spot as a claim." But Barker was too staggered by this ma-Well, give Jack a fair show and his own game," said one of the old locators, "and ho'd clean out that pile afore sunrise." "And lose it next day," added another. terial statement to make any reply, and Demorest arose. "And I feel that you'd both better be turning, in as we've got to get up early." He went to the corner of the cabin and threw the blanket back over the pan and its treasure. "There! that'il keep "But never turn a hair or change a muscle in either case," said a third. "Lord! I've heard him sing away just like that when he's been leaving the board with \$5,000 in the chunks from getting up to ride astride of you like a nightmare." He shut the door als pocket, and going away stripped of his "ORDER GENTLEMEN! WE'LL DRINK SUCCESS TO-TO-" THE NEXT and gave a momentary glance at its cheap STRIKE!" SAID BARKER, LEAPING ON A CHAIR. Van Loo, who had been listening with a real? He had not dared to look at his com-Red gulch was notorious, did not allay Step toe's irritation. He darted a vindictive glance at the unfortunate Dick, but joined

peculiar smile, here said in his most depre cating manner: "Yes, but did you never con-sider the influence that such a man has of the laugh. "And what was ye goin' to with that?" he said, pointing to the "Oh, we're taking that with us. There's a chunk for each of us as a memento. We cast lots for the choice and Demorest won. That one which you couldn't lift with one hand, you know," said Stacy.
"Oh, couldn't I? I reckon you ain't goin."

Van Loo's face reddened with anger that had the apparent effect of removing every trace of his former polished repose, and leaving only a hard outline leneath. At which

Demorest interfered:
"I can't say that I see push difference in gambling by putting modey into a hole in the ground and expecting to take more from it than by putting it of a card for the same

tion, Mr. Jack Hamlin, in perfect self-posses-sion and charming sangfroid, fully bore out

ical Demorest expressed a wish they had known him before. "But you never know the real value of anything until you're quit-tin' it, or it's quittin' you," he added sen-Barker and Stacy both stared at their companion. It was unlike Demorest to re gret anything-particularly a mere social diversion. "They say," remarked Stacy, "that if

"Don't repeat that rot flung out by men he meditative Barker, and then abruptly, "the whole caboodle of his crit-

They're altogether to much for us three men to be left alone with."

"You don't mean that you think that any-body would attempt—" said Demorest. Stacy curied a fighting lip rather super-ciliously. "No; I don't think that—I rather wish I did. It's the blessed chunks of solid gold that seem to have got us fast, don't you know, and are going to stick to us for good or ill. A sort of Frankenstein monster hat we've picked out of a hole from be-

San Francisco-perhaps eyen in Boomville, It was scarcely 10 o'clock, but Stacy and Barker continuing an amusing stary

est of it out."
"That's so," said the Impulsive Barker,

searching painfully for the ground, hand, tucked it back under the bl

rear of the procession. In another moment the cabin and the three partners again relapsed into the peace and quiet of the night. With the dying away of the last voices on the hillside the old solitude reasserted itself.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

ranges. Victoria, Australia, has adopted a law fix

lem of the unemployed by establishing labor

House of Lords to decide what constitutes intimidation in labor cases, the Law Lords

of the House having divided equally in a recent case sent up to them.

The appeal case of the employes of con

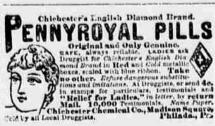
Mayor Quincy of Boston was called to task

Count Erwin von Neipperg, who died re count Erwin von Neipperg, who shed re-cently in Vienna at the age of 83, was the last surviving son by his first marriage of Count Adam von Neipperg, the chamber-lain and subsequently the husband of Napoleon's empress, Marie Louise. His half-brother, the prince of Montenuovo, Nelp-perg's son by Marie Louise, born three months after Napoleon's death at St. Helena, lied two years ago.

age by the Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broad-way, New York City.

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