HOW FLANDERS KEPT HIS JOB

By Maximi'ian Foster.

Fowers, the chief gentus of its mysteries, confronted an occasion obviously annoying. Wrath hung out a brick-red danger signal upon his face; his scorn was loud, and Flanders-the victim-writhed, miserably sertain that every echo of these impressive ppinions was audible to the listeners outside. Like all in authority, the chief was teady to shift the blame, and Flanders, it appeared, was the most logical candidate. he had bee the last to fall in the matter at issue. Through some uptoward blunder, the quarry had slipped through the Separtment's fingers, and for this reason heads were being rapped wherever they appeared. In vain Flanders protested, mildly at first, and then with shrill itera-

But I tell yer," he cried, "it ain't me to blame. I tell yer that now-flat! Those subber soles from the railroad d' re it. There's that Piercy at the head er to mwhy, he ain't wuth the fat to fry a doughaut in, much less to go sleuthin' after a big un like Doc Burdle. Why-"

The chief, with a gesture of disdain, cut him short. "That's all right, Flanders; you're pretty forward with your excuses. But you can't dodge me. Piercy is blaming as-leastways he says you're to blame."

"Why, the-the-" Flanders' usually ex-pressive speech failed him at this juncture. though his mind worked busily for some blood-curdling expression to suit his opinion of the railroad detective. "I'll fix him fair when I see him!" he cried. "I'll knock

"You'll do nothing of the sort," the chief sorrected. "I'll have no men from this office mixing up over there. Do you know bim at all?"

"Him-Piercy? No. I don't travel with that kind er cattle. Why, look at here, Shief; that feller went down to Seed City. where Doe Burdle hangs out, like as if it was with a brass band, sayin' he was there to land his man or bust. Why, he might just as well have tried to flag a comet with s crossin' flag. Dust? Did Burdle dust? Why, he went out of that like two-forty on a down grade! You becher that town ain't goin' to let Doc get took without a run for their money. Why, they're all finger in fist together—the whole blooming Seed City was in the heart of the south

western moonshine district and was notoribus in the annals of the service. It was midway on the Altamo & Pekan railroad, a spur that ran couthward from the main line. A month before a gang of train robbers had held up the Western mail, dynamited the express and postal cars and escaped unmolested with their booty. A dozen detectives had gone on the trail-Flanders the last of His investigation virtually assured him that Burdle, a notorious cutlaw, was the leader of the hand, but before he could make certain and lay his man by the heels Piercy had arrived at Seed City in the nick

explanation failed to satisfy the chief. Towers leaned over to his desk and draw but a newspaper clipping-a scrap from the San Inferno Argus, a sheet with a neighborly interest for Seed City. "You read that now, Flanders," the chief exclaimed. "That's why you've got to land that fel

of time, it seemed, to kick the props cut

from under Flanders' trap. But even this

Planders read, his anger rising at every line. The clipping was an anonymous letler from Seed City, warning all detectives, laughed in his face. investigators and officials on similar errands the place under a penalty of a charge of buckshot "rattled agin their

"That's Doc Burdle fur fair," snapped Flanders.

'Then you go after him," the chief said "You get him or we say goodbyis it goodby, Flanders?"

The three men outside grinned when City, Hank?" cried one with a loud laugh. 'You'd better put on a biler-plate vest sfore yer go. They're jes' layin' for a party from this department.

take my chance, I guess. But I give yer the tip I'd feet better fixed if I c'd land one on that chap Piercy. I'm riled, I am.". There are four trains daily on the Altamo

in the afternoon. A desultory freight sometimes plies up and down the line, but usually the freight cars are linked on shead of the passenger coaches. The second day after Flanders left the department office it carried a free passenger astride the buffers forward. Piercy, the road detective, was sprawling on the express chest in the blind baggage when the conductor looked in with a demand for his services. The train was just drawing into San Inferno; there was an unruly passenger in the a sudden effort, the man writhed free and. amoker and he must be put off, the conductor said. "It's a hobo; he started on the buffers an' come into the car at the stant Piercy had arisen, roaring, and aimed last stop. Got a ticket that's no goodgan out afore the flood, and he offered struck: its force fell short, and yet before to make me look like the day after the he could recover himself his opponent night afore of I so much's lay a finger to deshed a fist full in his face and ran. him. I ain't a-goin' to tackle him alone. but you 'n' me can lay him out stiffer 'n' a cakwood tie. Come on."

The detective rose and swaggered aft ductor interposed. to the smoker. "Hey, you!" he growled, leaning over the man, "that ticket don't go

The man looked up. His legs were sprawled upon the seat in front and his target reached the shelter of the railroad hat was pulled down over his eyes. The menace in the detective's eye filled him, apwith no other sensation than amusement, and when the detective looked bim over as if measuring his might, he ; returned the stare with interest. "Hey, you hear me?" Piercy asked.

"Sure-think I'm deaf?" "You look at here, young feller. You pay up for this here ride or I'll sling yer off this car harder 'n' a cotton bale. Hear

"Say, boss, who is this chap?" the man demanded of the conductor. "He ain't got no brass fixin's like them er yournnawthin' but a mean hat and a cheap ot er hand-me-downs fur clothes. Who's the guy, anyhow?"

"I'll learn ye who I am!" cried the detective, but the conductor pushed him

"Come now, you. Pay up, and don't be lookin' for trouble. That's the rathroad detective and yer tikely to be thrown off and yanked in. too."

"Who-Piercy?" roared the man in the seat. His legs dropped from their attitude was the tall mountaineer who had sat beof case, and he rese with a gesture that hind him in the car. "Why, boys," laughed drove back the others in sudden preparation for an affray. But then he fell to on them!" He was still laughing when a laughing outrageously. "Guess I'll settle. then, if it's Piercy. You takes the ticket to them.

Polktown, I'll throw in two bits, and-"Yer will not!" cried the conductor. "Here, I sin't goin' to fool all day long er you. Pay up arter we leave here or I'll pull yer outer here and sling yer off

"Yer will-hey? Well, jus' yer try it Wunst!"

BB\$0\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ (Copyright, 1901, by S. S. McClure Co.) | once more drew his hat brim over his eyes, Behind the baize-covered portal that and folding his arms fell into an attitude of screens the penetralia of the secret service case. Behind him was a long, thin mountaineer, a fellow with broad, bony hands and glittering eyes. He had awaited the climax of the negotiations between the train hands and the passenger, and now he leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. "Don't yer give in, friend. It's Seed City nex', and there'll be a right smart crowd there to give yer a hand." Then he fell back into his seat, and the other, smiling grimly, once more resumed his repose. Come now-pay up, young feller!" It

was the conductor returning. Piercy stood at his shoulder, one hand on a seat back to steady himself against the swaying of the breeze, a veritable furnace breath, the car. But the other hand was ready to added to the inferno with the dust it drew grapple with his subject when the time up in its train. In desperation the opshould come, and Piercy, figuratively speak- erator set to filing points on his sounders in his wrath. The passenger rose, "Say," he demanded, manifold sounds from the superheated are, are you, Piercy?"

'how long's take to git ter Seed City?" be put off." Here, with ostentatious dis-play, he drew forth his watch and the other "Say-you there!"

meet ver. My name's Burdle " Burdle, then?" "Right yer air-yer must hearn tell on

ing, "I surely have!"

harsh, too ready to send him upon this at the operator's shoulder. missing man.

operator at Guamo Siding, in solitary possession of the place, was deeply lamenting the chance that had set him down as the he cried. surveying monarch of all its loneliness. Outside the face of the landscape glimmered in the torturing heat; the air droued with the shrill voices of a myriad of insects, and world outside, driving him to the brink of . The road detective bustled in, a crowd of "Three minutes runnin' time, snapped desperation. In disgust he threw down

"Oh," said the other, slowly, "yer Doc wire. Guess he's rattled some." tion east of Guamo Siding. "Tell him to the cold rim of the revolver muzzle into keep his mouth shu!" roared the dis- the other's ear, and with a suggestive wrig-"Yes," said the other, his eyes gleam- patcher, snatching up the message from gle of the weapon, made his meaning Guame and rushing to the rail to meet the clearer. The shots had died away, but the Six weeks had passed since Flanders' superintendent, who had burst through the uproar continued. "Flanders' Oh. Fland-

mission, where death, in a sense, was Outside in the yard the western mail -there's a lot out by. Won't yer " wagered as the stakes. Now the best that lay at the platform, a fresh engine backing Towers could do was to promise himself that down through the switch. "Hold her five to be writin" things to the papers? on the following day he would send out a minutes," the dispatcher ordered, "and tell much. Doc. Yer come near to makin' me trailer to find what had become of the those deputies to hurry. Have you heard lose the job wunst, ole man, and I'll not from Towers yet? Ring up on the 'phone take chances agin. Lie easy, now."

Down the main line at this moment the there. We can't wait all night." But Towers himself at this moment bustled into the office. "It's all right!" "Flanders is one of my men. He's a dalsy. I thought they'd stretched Your men ready? I'm going,

The dispatcher jumped from his chair and strode down the room. "Where's that idiot Piercy?" he demanded. "Ain't he ready "He's coming, sir," was the answer. "Coming, is he?" growled the dispatcher, ing, was a colossus of engerness and a hero and keys, but this only increased his tor- testily. "He's always coming, but he don't ment; the rasp of the tool added to the ever seem to get anywhere. Oh, here you

deputies at his shoulder. "What's the orthe conductor, wrathfully, "and they ain't his file, shook the beads of hot sweat from ders?" he asked. The dispatcher thrust another minute comin' to ye, either. I'll his brow and was tapping a glass of tepid the message into his hand and then pushed give yer thirty seconds now to put up or water from the barrel in the corner when him toward the door. "Read that, and git!" he cried. "The old man and Towers' going, too. They'll tell you what to do.'

on the board and got the news hot off the easy answer. 'It's been a bot chase to land yer, but it's did, ole man. Easy there, H-M was Hapey's Mill, the next sta- now. No monkey shipes, or- " He pressed departure without word or sign from him, doorway. "Here, read this, boss!" The ers!" a voice reared from the engine The chief, uneasy at his long absence, was disputcher thrust the message into the "Here, wir!" answered the man in the white wondering whether he had not been too superintendent's hand and then was back hat. The outlaw writhed again. "Ah-r, let me go, won't yer! I'll make it wuth while

"What!" roared Flanders. "Let yer go

"Flanders! Flanders!" cried the voice of Tower again. "Here, sir." he answered meekly.

"Well, come in here, then." Tower cried testily. "Can't, sir. I've got some one with me.

"Got what?" "Got Doc Burdle, sir." A half-dozen lanterns came flickering on s run toward him. "Hello, Chief," said Flanders. "I've filled that hand-got a full house, too. Make yer acquainted with Chief

Tower, Doc Burdle-Doc-Chief; Chief-Then, as they clamped the handcuffs on the outlaw's wrists. Flanders arose and wiped his brow. "Guess I squared myself," he muttered.

"And now," said the chief, when he con fronted Flanders in the baggage car, "perhaps you'll explain all this." 'Ain't much to explain, chief." Flanders

answered. "I jus' got next to the Doc, and when the shootin' played up lively give him a clip on the ear and sat on his chest when he come to."

"But how in thunder did you get next to him?" demanded the chief.

"Real easy, chief. Evenin', Mr. Piercy." For an instant the detective stared at Flanders; then, with a menacing gesture, leaped to his feet. The superintendent clutched him by the collar. "What's this mean?" he growled.

"Mean!" roared Piercy. "Why, it was this blanked outlaw here that hit me in the face at Seed City and wrecked all the windows in the car. Why, I'd 'a' given my lob to 've met him wunst out there in the bush. reckon, then, yer'd never taken him

Flanders turned to his chief, his face transfigured with merriment, but Tower stared in astonishment. "Outlaw-what d' ye mean, Piercy? This is no outlaw-it's

Flanders, one of my men." Piercy's face fell and Flanders laughed aloud. "Yer see, chief," he explained. "I needed a good excuse to get off at Seed City If I'd jus' dropped in there without a good reason, why, some er them guns might 'a rattled a charge er buckshot agin my ribs So I sorter got Piercy, here, to throw me off. He did his best, too, but I had it in for him, yer know, and made time fly. Then yer see, when I was shook off at the station why, the Doc and his gang took right natch erally to me-see? They let me in on the hull thing, and what I got on to'll give us the right to go down there and run to the whole outfit from A to Z. Say, chief, guess my job's good yet, ain't it?"

"Good? Why!" and the chief fell te laughing uproariously.

His Wardrobe.

A Buffalo contractor had a faithful Milesian working for him for several years. A few weeks ago the employe announced his intention to pay a visit to a brother in the west He was to be gone a month, and the contractor, being a good-natured fellow, pur chased a valise for "Tim." The night "Tim" was to guit the valise was presented to him with a few kind words. looked rather surprised for a moment and then asked: "And what am Oi to do with

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go "Put me clothes in is it?" said "Tim

"And what the divil 'll Oi wear if I put me clothes in thot?" Explanations were considered unneces

There is a certafu disease that has come down to us turies and is Sease older than history itself, yet very few outside of

those who have learned from bitter experience know anything of its nature or characteristics. At first a little ulcer or sore appears, then glands of the neck or groins swell; pimples break out on the breast, back or some other part of the body and fill with yellow pustular matter; the mouth and throat become sore and tongue is at all times badly coated, Headaches are frequent, and muscles and joints throb and hurt, especially during damp, rainy weather. These are some o ymptoms of that most loathsome of all diseases, Contagious Blood Poison.
This strange pois-

Contagious on does not affect Blood Poison all alike; some are literally eaten up with it within a short time after being inoculated, while others show but slight evidence of any taint for a long time after exposure, but its tendency in every case is to complete destruction of

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A LOYE STORY

Which Did Not End With Wedding Chimes.

This is a modern love story, only possible in these times of broad education and high ideals. A young woman was left alone in the world by the death of her parents, both of whom were victims of consumption. She was amiable, beau-tiful and had many suitors, one of whom was the man she would have chosen above all others as her husband. she brooded over the thought that she probably inherited from her parents the fatal disease—consumption. If she married she would, she reasoned, be perpetuating this disease in the children who might be given her, and so she resolved never to marry, turned away from the man she loved and disappeared from society to give herself up to nursing

among the poor until such time as the dread disease should claim her.

SPLENDID BUT NOT SCIENTIFIC.

The sacrifice was splendid, but the theory which prompted it was unscien-

ease has consumption been so carefully

studied as to-day. Scientists in every

country are directing their efforts to the eradication of the disease. In many minor things these scientists disagree,

but they are unanimous on the one

point-consumption is never inherited. That one ghost which has frightened

so many people is laid forever. Before

the disease consumption can grow in

the body the germ seed must be planted

everywhere. It is doubtful if every-

one does not receive them at some time

or another. But in the great number of cases they are thrown off. Where they

lodge and develop disease it is because

they find tissues prepared for them by weakness. There is the danger to the

children of consumptive parents; they

have a tendency to weakness of the

lungs and other organs of respiration, and need to be doubly careful to avoid

colds and coughs or any other cause of irritation of the tissues of the throat or

lungs. More than this it should be the

constant effort of every person predis-posed to lung trouble to bring the lungs

IT CAN BE DONE.

Weak lungs can be made strong. Ob-

"I feel it my duty to give my testi-

monial in behalf of your great medicine," writes Mr. John T. Reed, of sefferson, Jef-

taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-

would at times spit up blood. I was not

able to do any work at all, and my head

was dizzy. The first bottle I took did

me so much good that I had faith in it

I was very low with a cough, and

stinate deep-seated coughs can be cured, and the clouds of consumption which

darken many a life can be scattered.

up to the highest standard of health.

These consumption germs are

Never, in the history of the dis-

bottles. Now I do not look like not feel like the same man as I was a year ago. did not think that I could live. I can thankfully say that I am entirely cured of a disease from which, had it not been for your wonderful 'Discovery,' I would What Dr. Pierce's Golden M · lical Discovery did for Mr. Reed it has done for thousands of men and women who

and continued until I had taken twelve

suffered as he did. There are strong men to day who were once weak, emaciated, with scarce any hold on life. They were made strong by "Golden Medical Discovery." There are glad wives and happy mothers to day, radiant with health, who were once coughing their lives away and were incapable of any enjoyment in life. They were cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

"I want to say a word in favor of your grand medicine," writes Mrs. Priscilla of Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Pa. "About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough; had night-sweats; would take

coughing spells and have to sit up in bed at night for an hour at a time. When I would walk up hill I could hardly breathe; would get all stopped up in my throat. I saw the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and decided to try it. I took three bottles, which cured me. Whenever people tell me they are sick I say to them, 'Why don't you get Dr Pierce's medicine? I cured me and will cure others." MAKE A TRIAL.

If your lungs are weak, if you are suffering from bronchitis, obstinate cough, bleeding lungs, night-sweats or emaciation, give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discov-

ery a fair trial. It always helps. It almost always cures. It took twelve bottles to cure Mr. Reed, but note how he got faith in the possibility of a cure by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

" The first bottle I took did me so much good that I had faith in it, and continued until I had taken twelve bottles." That's generally the way. One or two bottles of "Golden Medical Discovery " give an appreciable gain in health so that the sick person is encour-aged to persevere until a perfect and per-manent cure is accomplished. Of course, some are slower than others in responding to the remedy. It must be expected that the smaller the spark of vitality the longer it will take to fan it into a flame But for the comfort of everyone suffering from weak lungs or other diseases of the organs of respiration, it may be stated that no matter how had the disease the record shows that in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a perfect and permanent cure. Give it a fair and faithful trial and it will cure you, too, unless you are one of those two in every hundred who can only be helped and not Keep the bowels healthy by the timely

use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Don't be fooled in trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no just as good " medicine can show.

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n't goin' to pay a cent

"Then off yer go!" cried Piercy, and grappled with him. face purpling in exertion, strove to grasp shaded station. Planders same into view. "Goin" to Seed fought back against the conductor, who tried in vain to close in. A brakeman, running in through the rear door, planned to take the stranger from behind, but the mountaineer, spreading his bulk in the Flanders laughed scornfully as ever. "I'll aisle, effectively closed the path to this attack. Then through the tumult arcse the whistle of the engine shead and another brakeman, throwing open the forward door,

cried "Seed-." paused in dumb astonish-Pekan railroad -two in the morning, two ment and, realizing the nature of the uproar, flung himself into the fight. It was three to one, yet the battle raged with unabated violence. The train had come to a standstill and an echo of the exeltement within spread to the knot of loungers on the platform. There appeared before them one man struggling against tour others, and the four all employes of the company. Piercy, with his hand upon the victim's throat, was struggling to push him backward from the car platform, when, with stepping sideways, plunged the detective headlong from his hold. But the next in-

> "Stop him!" screamed the detective, whipping out his revolver. He leveled the rights at the running man, but the con-

a heavy blow at the other's head.

up the muzzle, and the bullet sped harmlessly singing over the treetops. Then, ere another shot could be fired, the running the floor, and snatched up the scrap of shed, whipped round the corner and was gone. "After him!" shouted Piercy, following. He sprang ahead, his pistol held above his shoulder and destruction in his eye "After him, I say," he called over his shoulder to the train hands, but before they could respond a diversion, utterly unexterminated the affair. Piercy had reached the shed, when a hand outstretched knocked the pistol from his grasp, he was iterated appeal- G-1x" buffeted unmercifully by a sudden ourush "G-x"-and then the main office answered. of the station loungers; and, bruised and bleeding, was left to stagger back, dull and dazed, to the sanctuary of the train. A shower of stones followed him, the crash of breaking glass sounded along the care,

Seed City, carrying its doubtful honors with it. Meanwhile, in the woods that flank the Seed City station shed, the principal in the conflict stood surrounded by the men that had come violently to the rescue.

and at full speed the train pulled out of

"Yer fit 'em smart, yer did!" cried one and the man, looking around, saw that is the mountaineer, "he fit off the hull crew newcomer strode out of the bush and joined

What's un?" this one asked.

"Hello, Doe: ye jes' missed it." The lank mountaineer pointed in explanation to the stranger among them and the newcomer eyed him keenly. "Well, what's hit told, spiced with a flow of complimentary oaths, the picture drawn of the one man over his shoulder. "Guamo Siding's dead," walked to the car door. The man in the called "Doc" reached out his hand. "Good out or they've got him, one or the other.

"Pass up the time er day!" he cried. "I hand was holding up the curtain, and un- right about and the company trooped down away," answered the boss. erneath appeared a face, dust-stained. burned to a copper red, and set with two marvelously gleaming eyes. Startled, the The dim and swaying car, the shouts and operator dropped the tin cup clattering to cries of the affray, the tumult of the pas- the floor and leaped to one side. The next sengers and the roar of wheels beneath gave instant he was with his back to the wall. a to the struggle a sinister effect. Piercy, his pistol gleaming in the dull light of the "What you want?" he dehis intended victim by the throat and was manded, shrilly, and at this a broad grin transfigured the gleaming face at the win-

"Well, I swan!" laughed the man. "The hot has got on yer nerves, sonny, ain't it? Put down that gun, you chuckle-headed brass-pounder. I ain't goin' to hurt yer.' But the operator was too old a bird to be trapped. The man that had left the place before him had been trapped in just such a way and tied down to his desk, the western mail had been flagged almost in front of the siding, and the express and postal cars had been dynamited first and then rifled of their valuables. "Make a

drawing a bead on the head in the window. "Don't yer dare!" In answer, the man tossed a scrap of paper through the window. "Quick-you! Rush that to the main office. Tell 'em to 'dupe' it to the chief-Towers, I mean. Get a hustle on, and then skedaddle out er this -yer hear me? Skedaddle! Vamoose lively. cause it'll be hotter here afore long than the hotiest dogdays that Gehenna ever saw. But don't forgit to send that dispatch, or by Sam Houston you won't be with the fat tive whistled-first, the long yard signal, to fry a doughnut nex' time we run to-Adios, sonny, and look out for gether.

move if yer dare!" shrilled the operator,

verself." The face vanished from the window, and the operator, a palsy upon him, still stood shaking against the wall. Outside, the sounds of the day resumed their droning intonation, the breeze sighed fitfully, and though he cracked his ears listening for "Den't shoot-don't!" he cried, striking some sign of stealthy attack, he became at last convinced that he was alone. With his revolver still ready, he tiptoed across paper. Then, with a sharp glance about. he read, and at the next instant had jumped to his instrument. "G-x"--"G-x"he called, his hand banging the 'G-x." key at frantic speed-"G-x"--"G-x." Somewhere down the line another station, noting the extreme haste of an operator notoriously slow, cut in with the query: "What's up?" Letter by letter. Guamo Siding cursed him for his interference, the key rattled and shook with re-

> Plattening the paper before him, the operator laid the pistol upon it and bent with vigor to his key. With eager hand he hammered the brass till the room rang with the staccato clicking, but at every shoulder. "Rush Supt.," read the distrestle beyond Guamo Siding. Six in the gang. I make seven. Do not shoot man in white hat. That's me.

"FLANDERS." "P. S .- Towers will explain sig."

The operator added to this a message of ing to scoot." Five minutes later, when ing to flight; the coaches in the rear rethe uproar in the train dispatcher's office had calmed a bit, the wire was almost blistered by a call for Guamo Siding. But sat waiting indifferently for the noise to there was no answer; the key in the sid- | end. ing station clicked in solitude and far down the track a handcar clattered over all about?" he demanded. The story was the fishplates, a sweating man pumping at one end or the map to the other." the levers, with his eyes turned fearfully They were aircady drawing into San In- battling courageously with the oppressor, called the dispatcher's operator from his ferno, and the conductor and the detective and when it was finished the man they had deak. "I can't raise him at all. He's lit | hound | the outlaw cried. The vernage of the conductor and the detective and when it was finished the man they had deak. "I can't raise him at all. He's lit | well—hain't yer? God help yer, yer dog.

the stairs. "There'll be a bot time in Guamo tonight all right," mused the dis-"Wish I was with 'em."

Night had fallen and the yard gleamed with switch lights like a field of fireflies when the western mail drove into the open. Towers and the superintendent, armed with short-barreled riot guns, sat in the cab with the engineer. "Don't keep 'em waiting," the superintendent cautioned the oily man at the levers. "I wouldn't disappoint them for the world." The engineer nodded and the locometive, toiling with harsh breath up the long ascent, cleared the summit with a bound and ran rolling and swaying on the long down-grade. "Guamo's the first stop," laughed the superintendent. "We go by there kiting, usually, but tenight we'll tackle the stretch sorter slow. I guess you'd better cut her down to half speed. Bill'-this to the engineer-"when we leave the mill. I shouldn't won der but they've arranged to chuck us off the iron, and it wouldn't do this brand new

citement, bustled about with his orders Long before they reached Haney's Mill he had the lights out and the doors opened. Little heaps of buckshot cartridges lay within easy reach, and on the car platforms aft other deputies guarded the weak est flanks of the train. Then the locome then two short hoots. "That's Guamo! cried Piercy. "Get to your places, men! And mind-don't shoot the man in the

Ahead, in the locomotive, Tower peered across the engineer's shoulder into the distance, scanning every foot of the iron bands glittering in the shine of the headlight 'There's a curve ahead." the engineer ex-"It won't show till we've rounded

A black monument of railroad ties crested by a red lantern, stood in the middle of the track. In the broad angle of ligh they saw-for an instant-a figure, ghost like in the pale glow, standing staring upon the approaching train. Then it was gone: the brake shoes bit with loud complaining upon the wheels; the cars shocked together. their buffers clanking, and with a heave on

"Hands up!" roared a voice out of the darkness beside the track, "Hands up!" A dim shape disclosed itself, a menacing figure with a Winchester pointed at blank range into the cab. For a moment there was no answer-no noise save the snuffling gurgle of the air-pump; then a voice rang

A stream of fire spurted from the cab. and the silence exploded with a crash. other letter he gianced fearfully over his night roared with the echo, and a scream of angulsh pierced the thunders of the depatch, "and dupe to Towers, chief of secret tonation. Then the stillness fell again for Doc Burdle's gang will hold up an instant, broken only by the sobbing Western Mail nine-forty-five east side long measure of the nump; the cr: of anguish

> A volley rattled from the cars. The air whistled with the questing lead, and cry upon cry followed. Shot, too, answered "This lets me out. I am go- across the gloom-a voice arreamed a warnsounded with a frightened uproar, and a man in a white hat beside the right-of-way

> > A curse answered the warning, for the man in the white hat sat upon the chest of the other, a pistol held to his head. Yer

engine a bit of good to flop over in the In the baggage car behind Piercy, all ex-

white hat!'

the-By thunder, there they are now!"

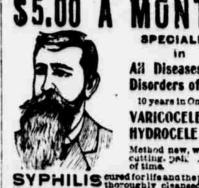
her springs the engine came to a halt. down the line: "It's a brown hat he wears

had died with its giver, and peace seemed assured, when there was a sudden rush of footsteps. "Fire!" oried a voice

he cautioned, "I'll scatter yer brains from

seat, setting his legs upon the cushions, fur yer!" he cried. "I'm right glad to What's the order for H-M? He's cut in "But yer won't be clear, Doc," was the

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