### THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1901.

### THE BELL MARE

#### By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

(Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Co.) , rubbed his eyes: "But 'tain't no wonner Squire Gleaves reined in at the top of I drapt ter sleep. Y'all dribe dem hawses the hill and looked back down the long, so pizen slow, de ve'y look er de wagin gentle slope with eyes of pride. wheels sot me noddin'."

"Well! Drive for all your team is worth. "They a-most make it seem like I never now," Joe called back. He was a bundred had a real drove before," he said, nodding yards clear of the latest drove laggard. toward the roadway; "yet I've followed Far shead he could see the foremost ranks this droverin' business better'n twenty bunching and crowding in the creek. He years-an' not a year but I took some good swung his whip high sbove his head, made stock down to the cotton country." Johnny Cope, at the Squire's elbow, an- It snap three times, and went like the swered only with a sigh. It was Johnny's wind in the wake of the plunging beasts. By the time he came fully up with them mission and privilege to ride 'Lightly, the bell mare. Her full name was Lady Go- only twenty stood in the stream. It was rolled for 100 yards up and down. The lightly-she stepped proudly and held her head high, as became the wearer of a silver banks were shallow and shelving-Joe knew bell, and a great-granddaughter of Diomede. the drove had rushed down them, then the She was not quite thoroughbred, but bloodmore whimsical or the least thirsty, had like all over, with flat, clean legs, firm, finecrowded one above the other, each eager grained hoofs and muscles like steel whipto drink from a current unvexed and uncords playing beneath her satiny black coat. | tainted. As he rode up the bank he saw his

If the cold cross showed anywhere it was in her quarters-they were powerful enough father, dismounted, bending to rub his for a carthorse. The fact assured that she stiffened legs. Johnny had made a half circould carry weight any distance, notwithcult of the meadow-he was fetching standing Johnny, who rode her, weighed 'Lightly back, leaving the drove, which had less than 100 pounds, though he was rising followed her, divided betwixt wallowing and grazing. He scrambled down, and

Y

Johnny had drifted to the Gleaves place three years back from nobody knew where. She batted her cars and nipped his arm, The Squire, who was half easy going and

wholly shrewd, had kept him at first composetonately, and later because the lad exactly suited his turn. Johnny was a born rider, light yet bold, strong-handed, clearheaded and full of the curious magnetic sympathy which goes subtly along the rein

and makes horse and rider one. The Squire, of course, did not phrase it just that way. He said, the stray boy could feel a horse's mind through its mouth, down to the tips of his own toes. Therefore, he was kept riding the most part of the time. Drove horses, broken and gaited, especially saddle-saited, fetched easily as much again as those merely halter-wise. Three parts of this drove were so broken and gaited. No wonder the Squire was proud of them-200 odd, sleek, all in perfect fettle, gray, bay, brown, black, dappled and roan, there was not one without a cross or two of blood, or one whose condition did not do equal credit to the pastures and paddocks of the Gleaves place, nor to judgment of the place's owner.

Five to six abreast they came up the road pell mell. Now and again those at the edges halted to snatch at twigs or sere roadaide grass. It was late September. Though there had been no hint of frost the black sums were full of crimson leaves and the taller sassafrasses shot through with yellow. New blackberry briers showed the purple of iron cooling from the forge. Everywhere else there was the deep glossed green of midsummer, somewhat ragged in spots and faintly fretted with dust. There had been no rain since the drove started from the grass country eight days back. It had just got fairly into the sparsely settled half wilderness, which in the late 20s stretched between middle Tennesseee aud the Carolina cotton plantations.

The road, a well-traveled trace, ran mainly through woods. Here or there it crossed a patural meadow, often many acres in extent. Grass grew so tall in the low spots of these meadows it could be tied althar side shove a horse's neck as one rodo through. The vanished buffalo had no doubt relished such lusty stalks, but the drove beasts chose instead to nip the fine tender upland bonts which came, at most, no higher than the knee.

Thus the big meadow was a noted camp-ing place. It lay two miles shead of the hilltop. There was a clear creek between. ungirthed she slid from under it, letting it Possibly it was the scent of water which umble from his hands, gave a low,

a bit o' figurin,", he said. "Let's see-the sister and her match in speed and stay, drove's a little the rise o' 200-they'll average \$150 the head. That \$30,000 in a lumpin' trade. I couldn't take less for "Lighty-not a cent less." "I don't understand-I don't want to buy

the drove-" the stranger began. Squire Gleaves broke in: "I thought you didn't. I doubt, in fact, if you ever saw a real horse drove before." "I have certainly seen loose horses

driven-" the stranger said. Again the squire cut him short. "No doubt!" he said. "Everybody must have seen thatfour or five horses, or maybe even a dozen. could not let himself be ungrateful. But, let me tell you, that ain't horse droverin'. A real drover has get either to breed his own stock, or else buy it at weanin' time and let it graze and grow up to follow the bell. Ever hear of a bell mare? 'Lightly's mine. A bell mare must never have a colt of her own-then she's ready to mother and rule everything that comes round her. When the colts are wonted to her, she can take 'em anywhere -one mile or a thousand, it don't matter. If I was fool enough to sell you 'Lightly, and you took her away, not one out there in the meadow would stop feedin' till he

was full. But along after dark, when half of 'em were ready to lie down, they'd begin whickerin', whickerin', whickerin', and keep it up till after midnight. Then there'd come a break in spite of me and my men and whips and halters. They'd take right leaned a minute on the mare's shoulder. out on her track and climb mountains or

swim rivers to find her-and they would through the starlit dusk, there sounded the

BUDDENLY A BULLET BANG PAST. MISSING JOHNNY'S HEAD A BARE

cross road he ran upon the circuit rider In a twinkling he had scrambled up and | and the hunter who was guiding him to his was out on the road. There he let his next appointment. single rein fall loose-Damsel herself must They went with him to the Big Meadow,

choose the way. Once she was settled in where the sleepers all were struggling back the course he knew he could come up with to sick consciousness. There Johnay told the robber. The others had been drugged, the whole story-except Joe's part in it. no doubt-he recalled that Robin had made That he never told anybody until Joe was them drink after supper from his pocket flask. Johnny had refused the offered dram, safely dead, for say what you will, he was Miss Alice's brother, and she loved him because he had promised Miss Alice never dearly.

to drink until he was 21. Miss Alice! He WOMEN MASQUERADE AS MEN. was going to bring back the bell mare and save the drove-for her. She said ingrati-

tude was the blackest sin of all-so he Several Cases Similar to Recent For Sheridan Incident Noted. From the Big Meadow the trace ran

It seems hardly possible that a woman south, straight and almost level for ten disguised in the uniform of a United States miles. Then it branched, one fork leadoldier could masquerade as a trocyer for ing into the foothills that twenty miles further on were the mountains, the other three months at Fort Sheridan. The fac keeping well to the plains. Damsel whickwould not be credited were it not woll authenticated. ered three times, turning her head now this

Similar occurrences have taken place in way, now that, listened a breath's space, imes past, reports the Chicago Chronicle. snorted, then struck into a trot, and went but they were few and far between. St due south. An owl flew across the way, a Petersburg is soon to unveil a statue to little higher than Johnny's head, hooting loudly, its eyes showing flery in the dusk. woman, Nadeyda Dourovna, who entered the Russian army in 1806, disguising her-self as a man. Although her identity In the dark woods, either hand, there were long gleams of fox-fire-mists rose white was soon discovered, she was allowed to from the damp places, crickets shrilled, and whippoor wills sent out their weird crying. remain in the army for seven years because of the pressing need of soldiers. Johnny was superstitious. He had no The czar, Alexander I, became interested in fear wheatever of Lucas Robin, but the her and conferred upon her a commission owl, the fox-fire, the whippoorwill daunted in the regiment of hussars. She won dishim-he was about to turn back. But as he pondered it, choice left him. Behind him. tinction and finally received the decoration of the cross of St. George. Her last years were passed quietly at home

and she died at the age of \$3. She was honored with a military funeral and was buried in the uniform of the Litovish dragoons.

A case nearer home is that of Deborah Sampson, who was the American Jean d'Arc in the revolutionary war. She was a descendant of Miles Standish and also of Governor Bradford and inherited the fearlesaness and military instinct of her ancestors. Losing her father when young-she was brought up on a farm by strangers in Middleboro, Mass. Farm work was distasteful to her. She was fond of reading and had an insatiable derire to travel and see the world. During leisure hours she went to the woods and there made for herself a masculine suit from cloth which she herself had woven. Leaving home it took her some time to familiarize herself with her clothes and the new part she intended to play. For some days she kept by herself in the woods. She soon enlisted at . Worcester, became a member of the Fourth Massachusetts /infantry and was ordered to West Point. This was in 1782.

She is described as 5 feet 7 inches in height, having "a blooming complexion and somewhat masculine air." Her peculiar appearance was observed in camp and she was known as "Molly" and as "the smock-faced boy," but she became a favorite and gained the reputation of being "a good fellow." Miss Sampson was in several engagements. As sergeant with a squad of thirty men she made an attack on a gang of mounted guerrillas and received a saber slash on the head and a bullet in the thigh. A surgeon dressed the saber cut. At her own request she secured permission to remain at a farm house for ten days to nurse a dying companion. Her object was to care for the bullet wound. While there the tory former persecuted her and his daughter fell in love with her. Either way the

situation was embarrassing. For a time Miss Sampson was the personal attendant of General Patterson. Later she was sent on a special expedition to Philadelphia, was seized with a malignant fever and taken to the hospital. Alexander Corbett, jr., who has investigated and re-ported the facts of Miss Sampson's life,

says that while here a rich Baltimore heiress made her an offer of her hand and nothing but sit still, keep her head up and fortune, but finding her love for the sol- Medical Aid Dispensary. We place no re-let her run. The drove was in mad stam- dier boy indifferently requited, parted with liance upon any other for medical use." him after giving him an outfit of haberpede. If he tried to turn back it would

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Dr. J. D. Cole, Alexandria Bay, N. Y. | letters as these. There can be no more ily and practice for the past fifteen years. with very beneficial results. I often prescribe it for anaemic patients and some forms of indigestion; also for convalescents after typhoid fever, and all wasting

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whiskey's." Dr. De Witt Brugler of the Blue Cross

Dr. De Witt Brugier of the Blue Gross Medical Aid, 1502 Marshall St., Philadel-phia, Penn., on Jan. 18 1901, wrote us the following: "Duffy's Malt is the only whis-key used and dispensed at the Blue Cross Medical Aid Dispensary. We place no re-liance upon any other for medical use." During the past few years we have re-ceived hundreds of thousands of just such

wrote us, on Dec. 5, 1900: "I have been convincing proof that Duffy's Pure Mait using Duffy's Mait Whiskey in my fam- Whiskey is the only absolutely pure in-Whiskey is the only absolutely pure, invigorating stimulant and tonic to be used exclusively in all cases where the system needs to be sustained.

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easily. As she caught the noise behind she wung into a dead run. Johnny could do

said, patting her neck, "So you smell grass and rest-eh, old gal!" She tossed her head ish kick, then ran & little ways through level space, put her nose to earth, turned twice about, feeling for snags or stones. the least bit, whickering again. This time then lay down upon it and wallowed hard, the call was louder, more insistent and turning over three times, and kicking vigcompelling. In answer every hoof behind prously with all her feet, as she lay poised quickened, necks stretched, mussles lifted, upon her backbone ears went flat against the neck. In sinuous,

INCH.

She got up and stood with her head tumbling column, melting, changing moslightly drooping nibbling at a handful of mentarily the ranks charged upon their grass Squire Gleaves held. Johnny went up leader, breaking from the walk to the trot, to her and made to take off the bridle, but the trot to the gallop, the gallop to the dead Squire Gleaves waved him back, saying: full run.

'Get the halter ready first, Jack. No horse, Squire Gleaves drew out to let them pass. He knew Johnny and 'Lightly could not even 'Lightly-sin't to be depended on when there's rain in the air. I'm sure it's be trusted-besides there was water and goin' to rain tonight-that's what sets the the grass. The drove was sharp-set-the drove to wallowin' and nickerin' so, and day halt had been in tall, barren woodcockin' their tails so sassy. They won't land, so they had had nothing more than break out without this lady." stroking scant mouthfuls of fodder from the wagon. lightly's glossy neck; "but with her loose, His mare, roan Mary, was wild to foin ther's no tellin' what mightn't happen-el in the rush, but he held hard until his on Joe came up, with black Sam at his once she took the notion to run, there'd be the very devil to pay.' horse's tall and the big covered wagon

out of the bush, apparently unarmed, well,

even fashionably equipped, and spiendidly mounted, though his horse, a raking chest-

With a civil greeting he got down,

stretched himself mightily, unsaddled his

panting horse, then swung upon his heels, saying: "I see you mean to camp here.

"We are out ourselves-we don't own

the earth and the sky." Joe answered with

not notice him. Instead, he addressed the

-have been lost all day," he said. "White

Foot is better off than his master-he can

cat grass if there is nothing better. I am

"We are dead beat-my horse and

Then he turned to 'Lightly, ran

die

strange

a nervous half-laugh. The stranger

nut, seemed something over-ridden.

Will you take me in?"

equire:

very hungry-

The wagon clattering up, drowned lower rolling pompously behind. Shadrach. sounds, at least to human cars. But all at wagoner and camp cook, sat nodding in the saddle, but still clutched his single rein and long-lashed whip. It was once 'Lightly half wheeled, stretched her neck, pricked both ears sharply forward, lung up her head and snorted. After it she wonderful that he slept, even with the wagon at the snall's pace it had been going, Joe Gleaves and black Sam had also tood rigid, with flaring nostrils, snorting faintly with every other breath. She faced long whips and made them crack like pis-tol shots over the backs of laggards, yet the unbroken woods, thick with underbrush. which lay upon the other side of the road. squire Gleaves stroked her shoulder soothwithout touching a hair. ngly, as he said to Johnny: "I do wonder

"Father! I say! Hadn't you better what she hears or smells? It can't be varride up? S'pose Johnny couldn't stop mint-if it was she'd stand forward, ready "Lightly?" Joe said, a thought anxiously. His father smilld-Joe was the apple of his eye. This forethoughted caution. Instead to jump at it and trample it. And travelers ain't likely-not unless they're lost." of youth's natural recklessness, pleased him through and through. He said over his "Maybe it's-robbers," Johnny said in a whisper. Squire Gleaves laughed, but not too easily-outlawry was a thing all drovshoulder, as he gave roan Mary the spur: ers had to reckon with. He had known of droves stampeded, of drovers robbed and "Son, I'm obleeged to you-but you've no need to worry. 'Lightly knows the businurdered in cold blood, though he himself ess nigh as well as I do-this is the tenth had always gone soot free. He reflected that it was foelbardy, to have come as he .cove she's led for me, remember-please the good Lord, she'll lead many more-she

shows her age as little as I do mine." Joe's face was tense as he watched his father galloping ahead, light and straight in the saddle as he was himself. "The old man's good for thirty years at least." he said half under breath, his mouth harden-ing. He was a handsome fellow, slight, but well set up, with darkling eyes under bent brows, and very red lips, cruelly thin. He had been strictly brought up and was outwardly a model of all the virtues. As to whether the virtues struck deep thirs were two opinions. His world for the most part held that they did. But there was a sharp-eyed molety, long-cared withal, that

whispered in its most private hours of other things-roysterings and riotings in Nashville town, whither Joe went for a fortnight every winter-night-long gaming at a crossroads the other side of the county-stolen visits to the Nashville races and heavy wagers, lost and won.

Still, when all was said, he was "Well! You won't stay so-not long. worse than a hypocrite, throwing dust in the squire said. "You, Sam, make haste with that wood! The fire ought to be the eyes of a blindly doting father. There were only himself and his blind sister burnin' by this-I struck a light the minute Alice to inherit the tidy fortune Squire zot down." Gleaves had laid up. Everybody knew Joe "With your gun fint?" the would come into seven-eighths of it. so asked. Squire Gleaves looked at him hard nodded and added slowly: "Yes-with my the harshest of his critics did not blame gun fint-but you better believe I primed him overmuch for keeping his riotous living under cover. To riot openly would the pan well afterward. I never yet sho

distress his father beyond measure-and it at anything more's a deer and hope I never shall-but one thing's sure-if ever horse is everywhere understood that those whose thieves, or money thieves try to stop me can pay his scot is entitled to riot in his hey'll find me ready." routh. Maybe it's fifty years-he's just the build

"They generally go round men they know to be ready," the stranger said, to live to a hundred." Joe repeated still sughing sweetly, and looking hard acrose hushedly, as his father went out of sight. at Joe. Then he snatched a walnut from a lader his hand up and down her forearm and ca bough above the road, half turned, and down to the coronet, then back with a fired it at Shadrach, shouting: "Wake sweeping flourish until it rested upon her up, ole nigger! Wake up! Are you tryin' throat. "Sound legs-a head that looks over the moon." he muttered as though to to break your neck, and let us starve, here in the wilderness?" imself, then to Squire Gleaves: "I want

"No, sir-ce! Shadrach too hongry! He her. Name your price." not gwine die dat-er-way, wid meal and This time it was the squire who laughed. Bour, an' middlin' meat in de wagin," Joe frowned and rerayed to speak. His kept on undaunted until he found what he through the woods they ceased altogether. Shadrach said, grinning broadly, as he father held up his hand. "Wait. It takes sught-Damsel, 'Lightly's 4-year-old half But Johnny dared not sit up, until at a

trample him. K On, on, they flew, mile after mile, yet still the weighted racer led the unweighted

knew the call and answered it gallantly.

low and keen he heard an answering neigh.

'Lightly, What should he-what could he

to? He had a claspknife in his belt-

otherwise he was unarmed. Still he did

not despair. If the man led 'Lightly in-

stead of ridding her she would break from

as for nobody else in the world. White

he rode on, conscious of nothing but that

Dawn broke red and clear, the wind

freshened. Suddenly a bullet sang past.

came from the roadside-in the strength-

he meant to save the horses, because,

a way, they belonged to Miss Alice.

missing Johnny's head a bare inch.

-that's why I came after 'Lightly.'

"You are a thief-and worse," Johnny

at him, meaning to ride him down. In the

wheeled Damsel, whistling as she wheeled.

Lightly ran to him-before Lucas Robin

could check and turn. Johnny was on the

bell mare's back and riding for life through

Luckily they were open woods. Johnny

lay flat on the mare's back guiding her.

what time she needed guidance, by gen-

It took more than a mile to skirt

tle pressure, now this side her neck, now

and head the bewildered drove, which

the woods, toward the Big Meadow.

that.

not stop to eat much nor drink often by the way The stranger laughed. "Droving must be profitable-under such conditions," he said

demurely. "As I understand it, the bell mare comes back with you-" "Oh! I'm honest enough to warn folks," Squire Gleaves said, also laughing, but grimly. "I swear 'em to keep stock they shriller bay. Damsel swerved a little as buy of me stabled or hoppled through two she heard the crying. Thus gray Gilder ran

springs. After that the beasts either forget or fall in love with the place they live front. Johnny flung himself prone long her or something about it. But as true as you stand there I've had horses come home half-articulate, maddeningly clear. She after six years. Seems like the springtime sets 'em wild to see the place they were in three bounds she was clear of the gray. foaled in-and no matter how far off it is

they sense the course. "How far have you known them to ome?" the stranger asked.

"Five hundred miles-maybe more." quire Gleaves answered. The stranger whistled, then with a change of manner, said: "Since I must impose on your hospitality-my name is-Robin-Lucas Robin. thank you very much for a chance of supper and a place at your fire."

Johnny Cope wondered why Joe Gleaves got so white as he heard the stranger's name. But fate and nature had conspired to make him a silent lad, so he kept the wonder to himself. Indeed, he never talked to anybody except blind Miss Alice. He sat with her of Sundays, when the rest went to church, and to her he told of all he saw in the woods, the pastures, the farm yard. In between he read to her, haltingly, but intelligently, the Psalms, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount. Miss Alice was older than Joe, had, thus light-handed, with the biggest frail, but cheery, and the soul of kindness, drove, and the most valuable, that had ever especially to Johnny, who seemed to her left the grass country. So he was more pitifully lost and lonesome. In return than relieved when a single horseman broke Johnny worshiped her and was ready to

die for her or for anybody she loved. He fell asleep to dream of her, beside the ampfire after the watch had been set. iquire Gleaves and Shadrach were to ride around the drove until midnight-from then until daybreak Joe and Black Sam would be in charge. Johnny's last conscious sight was of Joe staring into the fire, while Lucas tobin spoke low and eagerly in his ear.

Lady Golightly, securely tethered a little way from the wagon, was nuszling the remains of her fodder, making little dry. tinkling sounds that somehow wove themelves all through Johnny's dream. When they fell silent he awoke with a

start. The fire was dead. By the stars he knew it was long past midnight. A northwest wind had, swept away the promise of one of his gambling debts-the drove was to rain, and, though there was no moon, a pay the others and leave something over for clear gray brilliance filled the sky. He him. Joe is a coward-he would not let crambled up and stirred the brands-they | me take her openly-I had to drug the lot were dank and cold. Water had been of them and slip off like a thief-" hrown upon them. Just outside the fire

circle Joe lay, breathing heavily. Black said hotly. With an oath Robin spurred sam was shoring a yard beyond. Johnny shook them hard. They did not stir. He rush he dropped 'Lightly's halter. Johnny sprang toward the blanket spread for Lucas Robin. It was empty, tossed into a huddled heap. Trembling all over he ran toward the meadow. In the edge of it Shadrach sat his horse, fast asleep. Squire Gleaves was nowhere visible. But the drove had

begun to stir, neighing here or there, keen complaint. No answer to the complainings! Johnny knew what that meant-the bell mare had been stolen. Lucas Robin was the thief Intuitively the lad snatched a halter and turned in its tracks to follow the tinkling rushed into the thick of the drove, now all

bell. Momentarily he expected to feel a standing, and half of it whickering distress. bullet, better aimed, plow through his flesh. The horses snorted and edged away as he | He could hear Robin behind, swearing horwound in and out. More than one let fly ribly, but to his joy the sounds grew at him with victously nimble heels, but he fainter. And when broad daylight laughed

e with watch as souvenir.

On her recovery Miss Sampson was sen with a letter from the hospital physician to ones. In that free course, as upon all General Patterson. It revealed her secret others, blood told. Before half of it was With the utmost kindness the general as past only the pick of the drove ran hot sured her she should have nothing to fear upon the young mare's heels. Johnny eat She received her discharge, but with many far forward. His terrors had left himhonors and testimonials to her bravery. he had caught the spirit of the race and Miss Sampson became the wife of Benjawas ready for any fate. Once when he min Gannett, a brother of the great-grandheard a lone cock-crow faint and far off he father of Rev. William Gannett and of Mrs. answered with a quavering yell. Once, too, Kate Gannett Wells. She never received a a fox barked and he mocked it with a cent of pay until 1792, when the Massachusetts legislature gave her \$179. The nation granted her a pension in 1805. After her up to her and even got half a length in death in 1827 her husband was allowed to draw her pension of \$8 a month. neck and shouted in her ear, shrill, sweet,

The Gannett home still stands in the little town of Sharon, Mass., and contains relics of its former illustrious occupant. In the little graveyard is a tombstone marking the burial site of Deborah Ganrunning strong and free, as though she nett and each Memorial day the members never meant to stop. A hundred yards furof the Brockton chapter, Daughters of the ther on she neighed joyously. Johnny's heart came in his mouth-for down wind, American Republic, named in her honor, place flowers on her grave and renew the American flag which waves there perpet-He was coming up with the thief, with

> "Garland" Stoves and Hanges Awarded first prize. Paris exposition. 1900.

ually.

Denmark to Be at Exposition.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 29.—The presenta-tion by Minister Swenson of an official invitation to Denmark to participate in the St. Louis exposition has furnished the Danish government an opportunity to re-iterate the great interest it takes in the exhibition and its intention to second the effort of the manufacturers, who are de-termined that Denmark shall be fitting y represented. The newspapers here are heartily supporting the movement. him and come back to the drove when she heard Johnny's call. Then he must mount her and ride for it. She would run for him foot, the fagged chestnut, would never catch her. Of course there was the chance that Lucas Robin might shoot-maybe that was what the owl and the fox-fire and the whip-poor-will had meant. But it was too late now to change anything-doggedly

> No External Symptoms.

The blood may be in bad condition ening light he could distinguish there ret with no external signs, no skin Lady Golightly tugging at her halter and lashing out with her heels at the fagged cruption or sores to indicate it. The chestnut. The chestnut's rider was swearsymptoms in such cases being a variable ng loudly-his second pistol had flashed in appetite, poor digestion, an indescribable the pan. Johnny saw that in his anger he reakness and nervousness, loss of flesh had put it to the black mare's head and and a general run-down condition of the flung up his hands crying out at the sight. "Here, you boy? Are you a sensible lad?" system - clearly showing the blood has Robin called as the drove and its leader lost its nutritive qualities, I as become thin charged down upon him. Johnny sat and watery. It is in just such cases that straighter. "If I was, I reckon I wouldn't S. S. S. has done some of its quickest and be here." he said. "But I try to be hones most effective work by building up the "You won't get her." Robin said, with blood and supplying the elements lacking a sneering laugh. "She's mine-lawfully to make it strong and vigorous mine-Joe Gleaves let me have her to pay

"My wife used sev-eral bottles of S. S. S. as a blood purifier and to tone up a weak and emaciated system, with very marked effect by way of improvement. "We regard it a great tonic and blood purifier."-J.F. DUPP, Princeton, Mo.

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# **Begins Publication Nov. 3, in** The Sunday Bee.

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