that I used to be a moonshiner in these mountains, an"."—

"Lord, I knew that, Baker, Who doesn't, I'd like to know?"
Pole's big booted legs swung back and forth like pendulums from the danks of his horse.
"I was a goin' to tell you that I had hide out, whar I kent stored

a hide out, when I kept stuff stored, that wasn't knowed by one livin' man."
"Well, you must have had a slick place from all I've heard," said Graig, still in his vast good humor with him

self and everybody else.

"The best natur' ever built," said
Pole; "an' what's more, it was in thar
that I found the gold. I reckon it ud 'a' been diskivered long ago, ef it had 'a' been above ground."
"Then it's in—a sort of cave?" ven-

tured Craig.
"That's jest it; but I've got the mouth
of it closed up so it ud fool even a
bloodhound."

Half an hour later Pole drew rein in a most isolated spot, near a great yawning canyon from which came a roaring sound of rushing water and clashing winds. The sky overhead was blue and cloudless; the air at that altitude was crisp and rarefled, and held the odor of spruce pine. With a laugh Pole dismounted. "What ef I was to ell you, Mr. Craig, that you was in en yards o' my old den right now?" Craig looked about in surprise. "I'd

think you was making fun of me-tenderfootin', as we used to say out west."
"I'm givin' it to you straight," said
Pole, pointing with his riding switch.

Do you see that pile o' rocks? Craig nodded.

under them two flat ones is he mouth o' my den," said Pole, 'Now let's hitch to that hemlock, an'

I'll show you the whole thing."

When they had fastened their horses to swinging limbs in a dense thicket laurel and rhododendron bushes went to the pile of rocks

"I toted mighty nigh all of 'em from igher up." Pole explained, "Some the biggest I rolled down from that

"I don't see how you are going to get into your hole in the ground," said 'raig, with a laugh of pleasant antici-

Pole picked up a big, smooth stick of hickory, shaped like a crowbar, and thrust the end of it under the largest rock. "Huhi I'll show you in a jifty." It was an enormous stone weighing over three hundred pounds; but with his streng lever and knotted muscles

the ex-moonshiper managed to slide it slowly to the right, disclosing a black hole about two feet square in the ragged stone. From this protruded into

leading down about twenty-five feet

leading down about twenty-live feet to the bottom of the cave.

"Ugh!" Craig shuddered as he peered into the dank blackness. "You don't mean that we are to go down there?"

It was a crisis. With his big feet dangling in the hole, Pole threw him-self back and gave vent to a hearty, prolonged laugh that went ringing and echoing about among the cliffs and

"I 'lowed this ud make yore fiesh crawl," he said, "Looks like the open-in' to the bad place, don't it?"

"It certainly does," said Craig, some

"It certainly does," said Craig, somewhat reassured by Pole's levity.
"Why, it ain't more'n forty feet square," said Pole. "Wait till I run down an' make a light. I've got some fat pine torches down at the foot o' the ladder."
"Well, I believe I will let you go

first," said Craig, with an uneasy little

ole went down the ladder, reckless ly thumping his heels on the rungs. He was lost to sight from above, but in a moment Craig heard him strike a match and saw the red, growing fame of a sputtering torch from which twisted a rope of smoke. When it was well ablaze, Pole called up the ladder: "Come on now, as" watch what you put yore feet. This end o' the ladder is solid as the rock o' Gibralty."

The square of daylight above was cut off, and in a moment the ex-banker stood beside his guide.

"New come down this way," said Pols, and with the torch held high he led the way into a part of the chamber where the rock overhead sloped down Here lay some old whisky bur reis, two or three lager beer kegs and the fron boops of several barrels that had been burned. There were several one gallon fugs with corncob stoppers Pole swept his hand over them with a laugh. "If you was a drinkln' man, I could treat you to a thimbleful or two left in them jugs," he said almost apol-

left in them jugs," he said almost apologetically.
"But I don't drink, Baker," Craig said. His premonition of danger seemed to have returned to him and to be delven in by the dank coolness of the cavern, the evidence of past onliawry around him.

Pole heaped his pieces of pine against and a dad to them the chunks.

a rock and added to them the chunks

of some barrel staves, which set up a of some barrel staves, which set up a lively popping sound like a tiny fusti-late of artillery. "You see that rock behind you, Mr. Craig?" asked Pole. "Well set down

on it. Before we go any furder me 'n you've got to have a understanding." The old man stared hesitatingly for an instant, and then, after carefully

feeling of the sione, he compiled.
"I thought we already-but, of course,"
to said habitugly, "I'm ready to agree
to anything that II make you feel safe."

I kinder 'lowed you would." And, to traig's overwhelming astonishment, Fele drew a revolver from his hip pock-e; and looked at it, turning the cylin-

about toe bush to git at it."

Oralg made another effort at utterance, but failed. Pois could hear his rapid breathing and see the terrified gleaming of his wide open eyes.

"You've had a lots o' dealin's, Mr. Craig," said Pole.

"You've made yore mistakes an' had



"You've trapped me!"

never did a bigger fool thing you did when you listened to my tale

about that lump o' gold."
"You've trapped me!" burst from
Craig's quivering lips.
"That's about the size of it."

"But-wshy?" The words formed the beginning and the end of a gasp. Pole towered over him, the revolver in his tense hand.

Mr. Craig, than is one man in this world that I'd die fer twenty times over. I love 'im more than a brother. That man you've robbed of every dollar an' hope on earth. I've fetched you heer to die a lingerin' death, ef-ef, I say, ef-you don't refund his money. That man is Alan Bishop, an' the amount is \$25,000 to a cent."

amount is \$25,000 to a cent. "But I haven't any money," mouned the crouching figure: "not a dollar that I kin lay my hands on."
"Then you are in a purty bad fix," wald Pole. "Unless I git that amoun-

o' money from you you'll never smel a breath o' fresh air or see natural daylight."

"You mean to kill a belpless man?

The words were like a prayer.
"I'd bottle you up heer to die," said Pole Baker firmly. "You've met me Pole Baker firmly. "You've met me in this lonely spot, an' no man could lay yore end to me. In fact, all that know you would swear you'd run off from the folks you've defrauded. You see, nothin' but that money o' Alan Bishop's kin possibly save you. You know that well concurs an' that ain't that know that well enough, an' thar ain's a bit o' use palaverin' about it. I've fetched a pen sti' ink an' paper, an' you've get to write me an order fer the money. If I have to go as fur off as Atlanta, I'll take the fust train an' go after it. If I git the money, you git out; ef I don't, you won't see me ag'in nur nobody else till you face yord

Craig bent over his knees and groan al.

"You think I have money," he said.

"You think I have money," he said, straightening up, "Oh, my God!"
"I know it," said Pole, "I don't think anything about it—I know it."
He took out the pen and ink from his pants pocket and unfolded a sheet of paper, "Git to work," he said. "You needn't try to turn me, you durned old least."

Craig raised a pair of wide open, helpless eyes to the rigid face above

"Oh, my God!" he said again.
"You let God alone an' git down to
husiness," said Pole, taking a fresh
hold of the handle of his weapon. "I'm not goin' to waste time with you. Either you git me Alan Bishop's money or you'll die. Hurry up!" "Will you keep faith with me-if-

"Yes, durn you, why wouldn't 1?" A gleam of triumph flashed in the outnw's eyes. ex-banker had taken the pen

and Pole spread out the sheet of paper

on his knee.
"What assurance have I?" stammered Crais, his face like a death mask against the rock behin, him. "You see, after you got the money, you might think it safer to leave me here, thinking that I would prosecute you, I wouldn't, as God is my judge, but you might be afraid"-

you might be afraid"—
"I'm not afraid o' nothin'," said
Pole. "Old man, you couldn't handle
me without puttin' yoreseif in jail fer
the rest o' yore life. That order's
n-goin' to be proof that you have money
when you've swore publicly that you
didn't. No; when I'm paid back Alan
Bishop's money I'll let you go. I don't
want to kill a man fer jest tryin' to
steal an' not makin' the riffle."

steal an' not makin' the riffle."

The logic struck home. The warmth
of hope diffused itself over the gaunt

"Then I'll write a note to my wife,"

steady hand he begun to write.

"Hold on thar," said Pole. "You'll know the best way to write to her, but when the money's mentioned I want you to say the \$25,000 deposited in the bank by the Bishops. You see, I'm not golin' to tote no order fer money I hain't no right to. An' I'll tell you another thing, old man, you needn't throw out no hint to her to have me arrested. As God is my final judge, ef I'm tuck up fer this, they'll never make me tell whar you are. I'd wait until you'd pegged out, anyway."

"I'm not setting any trap for you. Baker," whined Craig. "You've got the longest head of any man I ever knew. You've got me in your power, and all I can ask of you is my life. I've got Bishop's money hidden in my house. I am willing to restore it if you will release me. I can write my wife a note that will cause her to give it to you. Isn't that fair?"

"That's all I want," said Pole. "An' I'll say this to you: I'll agree to use my influence with Alan Bishop not to han-

I'll say this to you: I'll saree to use my influence with Alan Bishop not to ban-dle you by law; but the best thing for you an' yore family to do is to shake the dirt of Darley off'n yore feet an' seek fresh pastures. These round heer ain't as green, in one way, as some I've

seed."

Craig wrote the note and handed it up to Baker. Pole read it slowly and then said: "You mought 'a' axed 'er to excuse bad writin' an' spellin', an' hopin' these few lines will find you enjoyin' the same biessin's; but ef it gits the boodle that's ail I want. Now you keep yore shirt on, an' don't git sk erd o' the darkness. It will be as black as pitch, an' you kin heer yore eyelids creak after I shet the front door, but I'll be back, ef I find yore old lady hain't run off with a handsomer man an' tuck the swag with 'er. I'm glad an' tuck the swag with 'er. I'm glad you cautioned 'er agin axin' me ques-

Pole backed to the foot of the ladder,

followed by Craig.
"Don't leave me here, Baker," he said imploringly. "Don't, for God's sake! I swear I'll go with you and get you the money.

"I can't do that, Mr. Craig; but I'll be back as shore as fate, ef I get that cash," promised Pole. "It all depends on that. I'll keep my word if you do your'n.'

"I am going to trust you," said the old man, with the pleading intonation of a cowed and frightened child.

After he had got out Fole thrust his head into the opening again. "It 'll be like you to come up heer an' try to move this rock," he called out, "but you mought as well not try it, fer I'm goin' to add about a dumpeart load of rocks to it to keep the wolves trop-liggin' you out."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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ARCHBISHOP GUIDI DEAD Manila, June 37.-Archbishop Gul apostolic delegate to the Philippine islands, died Sunday of heart fain The funeral will take place here ne Friday, and the remains will be terred two months later at Rome

One Lady's Recommendation Sold Fifty Boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

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I have, I believe, sold fifty boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablete on the recommendation of one lady here, who first bought a box of them about a year ago. She never tires of telling her neighbors and friends about the good qualities of these tablets. P. M. Shore, druggist, Rechester, ind. The pleasant purgative effect of these tablets makes them a favorite with ladies everywhere. For sale by Chas. Strang.

San Herwarding Aller, pales, con

San Hernardino-After being con fined for seven years in a ward for the most violent inmutes at the South Insane, Andrew H. Young is on hi way to his home in Chicago, the sui-ject of a most wonderful restoration He was committed from Los Angele-Until a short time ago his recover ad to be beyond the canof possibility, but suddenly the man; subsided, his mind cleared and within a week he was pronounced mentally

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Ukian-L. E. Davis, a former con vict, charged with setting fire to Dun-can & Clendennan's livery stable in Hopland, has had his preliminary ex-amination in that city and held to answer in \$1000 bonds, which he was

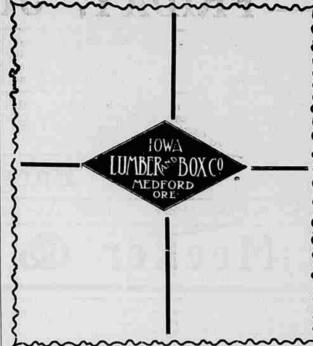
rowly escaped being dashed to the bottom of a cliff while riding in the stage from Yosemits Valley to Wa-wona. The horses went over the steep embankment and the coach hung on unable to furnish.

Sacramento—Wm. Geddes, a millwright, had his neck broken six weeks
ago and is still alive and is likely to
recover. Wnat is even more marvelous is the lact that Geddes has never
been unconscious a minute since recelving the injury.

embankment and the coach hung on
the very edge for several moments.

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driver saved the passengers from being thrown to their deaths in the gulen
many hundred feet below. A passing
automobile caused the horses to take
fright on the steep grade and they got
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PUBLICATION.

PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roselurg, Oregon, May 6, 1001.
Notice is berold given that in compliance with the previous of Front that in compliance with the previous of Front that in compliance of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the saic of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1897,
of Medic d, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day lifed in this office his aworn as the same of the purchase of the heavy of the same of t

CONTEST NOTICE.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE,

THE UNDERSIGNED AS GUARDIAN OF I the person and estate of Leath M. Procles, a minor, by virtue of an order of the County with the control of the County of t Then I'll write a note to my wife," and, it can be considered for one of the torches for each oldered from a revolver from the hip pack et and looked at it, turning the cyling and held it near the paper.

You mean, Balor." But trains words remained import in his bewill write a first burning. The eight of the special in the special first in the