CHAPTER XV.

SHADOWS ON THE MIST. HE decision which Cavanagh distinguished the officer from the man, the soldier from the civilian. He did not hesitate to act, called out: "Howdy, ranger? How and yet he suffered a mental conflict about it?" as he rode back toward the scene of that inhuman sacrifice on the altar of

greed. "It will be hours before any part of the sheriff's posse can reach the falls, less silence-in guilty silence, the even though they take to the swiftest ranger could not help believing. motors, and then other long hours must drag their slow course before I can hope to be of service to her." And from him. At such moments of mental stress the trail is a torture and the offer a reward of \$1.000 for the at mountain side an inexorable barrier.

Halfway to the bills he was intercepted by an old man who was at work on an irrigating ditch beside the road. He seemed very nervous and ed Ross significantly, very inquisitive, and as he questioned the ranger his eyes were like those of a dog that fears his master's hand. Ross wondered about this afterward. but at the moment his mind was busy with the significance of this patient toller with a spade. He was a prophetic figure in the most picturesque and sterile land of the stockman. "Here, within twenty miles of this peaceful fruit grower," he said, "is the crowning infamy of the freebooting cowboy.'

He wondered as he rode on whether the papers of the state would make a jest of this deed. "Will this be made the theme for caustic comment in the eastern press for a day and then be forgotten?"

As his hot blood cooled he lost faith in even this sacrifice. Could anything change the leopard west into the tameness and serenity of the ox? "No," he decided; "nothing but death will do that. This generation, these fierce and bloody hearts, must die. Only in that way can the tradition of violence be overcome and a new state reared."

At the foot of the tollsome, upward winding trail he dismounted and led his weary horse. Over his head and about halfway to the first hilltop lay a roof of fleecy vapor, faint purple color and seamless in texture. Through this he must pass, and it symbolized to him the line of demarcation between the plain and the mountain. between order and violence.

Slowly he led his horse along the mountain side, grasping with eager desire at every changing aspect of the marvelous mountain scene. It was infinitely more gorgeous, more compelling, than his moonlight experience the night before

As he led his horse out upon a pro. her." him with such power that tears misted the relief of the herder? his eyes and his throat ached. "Where else will I find such scenes at this?" lowlands could such splendors shine? How can I leave this high world in which these wonders come and go? I will not! Here will I bring my bride it's up to me." and build my home. This is my

But the mist grew gray, the aureole of fire faded, the sun went down behind the hills, and the chill of evening deepened on the trail, and as he re approached the scene of man's inhumanity to man the thought of camping there beside those charred limbs called for heroic resolution. He was hungry, too, and as the air pinched he shivered.

"At the best the sheriff cannot reach here before midnight," he said, and settled down to his unsought, revolting

His one relief lay in the mental com position of a long letter to Lee Virginla, whose life at that moment was a comfort to him. "If such purity, such sweetness, can come from vio lence and vulgarity then surely a new and splendid state can rise even out of the ashes of these murdered men Perhaps this is the end of the old, he mused, "perhaps this is the beginning of the new," and as he pondered the last faint crimson died out of the west. "So must the bate and violence die out of America," he said, "lenving the clear, sweet air of liberty behind.

He was near to the poet at the moment, for he was also the lover. His allegiance to the great republic stood the test. His faith in democracy wa shaken, but not destroyed. "I will wait," he decided. "This shall be the sign. If this deed goes unavenged then will I put off my badge and my uniform and go back to the land where for a hundred years at least such deeds as these have been impossible," He built a fire as night fell to serve both as a beacon and as a defense against the cold. He felt himself weirdly remote in this vigil, From his far height be looked abroad upon the tumbled plain as if upon an ocean dimly perceptible, yet august. "At this moment," he said, "curious and perhaps gullty eyes are wondering what my spark of firelight may mean."

His mind went again and again to that tall old man in the ditch. What was the meaning of his scared and sorrowful glance? Why should on so peacefully employed at such a time and in such a place wear the look of a bunted deer? What meant the tremor in his voice?

Was it possible that one so gentle should have taken part in this deed? "Preposterous suspicion, and yet be had a guilty look."

At last, far in the night, he beard the snort of a horse and the sound of volces. The law (such as it was) was creeping up the mountain side in the person of the sheriff of Chauvenet county and was about to relieve the ranger from his painful responsibility as guardian of the dead.

At last he came, this officer of the

law, attended dike a Cheyenne chieft by a dozen lesser warriors of various conditions and kinds, but among them -Indeed, second only to the sheriffmade between love and duty was Hugh Redfield, the forest supervisor, hot and eager with haste. As they rode up to the fire the officer

> Ross stated briefly, succinctly, what he had discovered, and as he talked other riders came up the hill and gathered closely around to listen in word-

Redfield spoke. "Sheriff Van Horne must intervene before I can ride down you and I have been running entile in to her. Yes, at least a day and a night this country for nearly thirty years, and we've witnessed all kinds of shbot ing and several kinds of lunging, but the thought drew a groun of anxiety when it comes to chopping and burn ing men I get off. I shall personall prehension of these miscreams, and hope you'll make it your solemn dur

"You won't have far to go," remark

"What do you mean?" asked the sheriff.

to hunt them to earth."

"I mean this slaughter, like the oth ers that have taken place, was the work of cattlemen who claim this range. Their names are known to us all.

A silence followed-so deep a silence that the ranger was convinced of the fact that in the circle of his listeners stood those who, if they had not shared in the slaughter, at least knew the names of the guilty men.

At last the sheriff spoke, this time with a sigh. "I hope you're all wrong, Cavanagh. I'd hate to think any con stituent of mine had sanctioned this job. Give me that lantern, Curtis."

The group of ranchers dismounted and followed the sheriff over to the grewsome spot, but Redfield stayed with the ranger.

"Have you any suspicion, Ross?" "No, hardly a suspicion. However, you know as well as I that this was not a sudden outbreak. This deed was planned. It represents the feeling of many cattlemen-in everything but the extra horror of its execution. That was the work of drunken, infuriated men. But I am more deeply concerned over Miss Wetherford's distress. Did she reach you by telephone tonight?

"No. What's the trouble?"

"Her mother is down again. I telephoned her, and she asked me to come lowed ran this self banter. "Pil be to her, but I cannot go, for I have a all ranger, barring a commission," he case of smallpox up on the hill. Am- said, with a grin as he put on the bro, the Basque herder, is down with olive yellow shirt and a pair of dusty it, and another herder is up there alone green trousers. "And here goes my with him. I must go back to them. past!" he added as he tossed his con-But meanwhile I wish you would go to taminated rags upon the fire. the Fork and see what you can do for

fecting point of rocky ledge to rest his His voice, filled with emotion, touch. "I hope you see it." love for the range came back upon ed Redfield, and he said, "Can't I go to

"No; you must not think of it. You are a man with a family. But if you he asked himself. "Where in all the can find any one who has had the smallpox send him up. The old herder who is nursing the patient is not strong and may drop at any moment. Then

The men came back to the campfire conversing in low tones, some of them cursing in tones of awe. One or two of them were small farmers from Deer Creek, recent comers to the state, or men with bunches of milk cows, and to them this deed was a wesome.

The sheriff followed, saying: "Well, there's nothing to do but wait till morning. The rest of you men better go home. You can't be of any use

For more than three hours the sher-Iff and Redfield sat with the ranger, walting for daylight, and during this time the name of every man in the region was brought up and discussed-Among others, Ross mentioned the old

"He wouldn't burt a bumblebee," declared the sheriff. "He's got a bunch of cattle, but he's the mildest old man strong." in the state. He's the last rancher in the country to even stand for such work. What made you mention him?"

"I passed him as I was riding back, look in his eyes."

kind of meek look."

It was nearly noon of a glorious day as Cavanagh, very fired and very hungry, rode up to the sheep herder's tent. Wetherford was sitting in the sun calmly smoking his pipe, the sheep were feeding not far away, attended and if you wish you may ride down by the dog, and an air of peace covered with me tomorrow and see her." his sunlit rocky world.

Wetherford pointed upward. "All

over.' "Then it wasn't smallpox?"

"I reckon that's what it was; it hole (I'm just about all in), but mind even the justice will know you." you keep to the windward all the time I don't want you spotted.'

Cavanagh understood the necessity for these precautions, but first of all came his own need of food and rest. Turning his tired horse to grass, he stretched himself along a grassy, sunny cranny between the rocks and there ate and afterward slept, while all about him the lambs called and the conic whined.

He was awakened by a pebble tossed upon him, and when he arose, stiff and sore, but feeling stronger and in bet ter temper, the sun was wearing low Setting to work at his task, be threw the loose rock out of a bollow in the ledge near by, and to this rude sepul cher Wetherford dragged the dead man, refusing all aid, and there piled a cairn of rocks above his grave.

The ranger took a hand at the end and rolled some huge bowlders upon

me grave to insure the woives' defeat. "Now burn the bedding," he comgo, and your clothing, too, after we get down the bill "

"What will we do with the sheep?" "Drive them over the divide and

leave them." All these things Wetherford did, and, leaving the camp in ashes behind him, Cavanagh drove the sheep before him on his homeward way. As night fell the dog, at his command, rounded them up and put them to bed, and the men went on down the valley, leaving the brave brute on guard, pathetic figure of faithful guardianship.

"It hurts me to desert you, old felcalled the ranger, looking back. "but there's no help for it. I'll come up in the morning and bring you some blscuit."

It was long after dark when they entered the canyon just above the cabin, and Wetherford was shivering from cold and weakness.

"Now, you pull up just outside the gate and wait there till I bring out some blankets. Then you've got to strip to the skin and start the world



"ALL OVER all over again," said Cavanagh. "Pil build a fire here, and we'll cremate

your past. How about it?" "I'm willing," responded Wether ford. "You can burn everything that belongs to me but my wife and my girl."

All through the ceremony which fol-

"What a corking opportunity to make a fresh start," commented Cavanagh.

"I see it, but it's hard to live up your mark." When every precaution had been

taken the ranger led the freshly scrubbed, scoured and transformed fugitive uty remarked. to his cabin.

"Why, man, you're fit for the state legislature," he exclaimed as they came into the full light. "My clothes an air of command. I wish your wife tion, and the deputy went on, "You could see you now." Then, seeing that remember that old cuss that used to Wetherford was really in earnest, he added: "You can stay with me as long as you wish. Perhaps in time you might be able to work into the service as a guard, although the chief is getting more and more insistent on real foresters."

There were tears in Wetherford's eyes as he said: "You cannot realize what this clean, warm uniform means to me. For nine years I wore the prison stripes. It is ten years since I was dressed like a man."

"You need not worry about food or shelter for the present," replied Cavanugh gently. "Grub is not costly here, and house rent is less than nominal, so make yourself at home and get

Wetherford lifted his head. want to do something. I want to redeem myself in some way. I don't want my girl to know who I am, but replied Cavanagh, "and he had a seared Pd like to win her respect. I can't be what you say she thinks I was, but The sheriff grunted. "You imagined if I had a chance I might show myall that. The old chap always has a self a man again. I wouldn't mind and look the ground over anyhow. We Lize knowing that I am alive. It might just chance to overhaul him." might be a comfort to her. But I don't want even her to be told till I can go to her in my own duds."

"She's pretty sick," said Cavanagh. "I telephoned Lee Virginia last night,

The old man fell a-tremble.

her where I've been." "She needn't know. I will tell her you've been out of your mind. I'll say anything you wish. You can go to her in the clothes you have on if you like, and the horse in my corral." sure was fierce. I judge it's a case | She will not recognize you as the prisof Inlun burial-no ceremony right oner I held the other night. You can eh? Well, that settles it; he's sure at here in the rocks. I'll let you dig the have your beard trimmed, and not one of the camps. Much obliged. Good

> All reserve had vanished out of the convict's heart, and with choking erford leaned heavily on his pomme voice he thanked his young host. "I'll and stared at the ranger with wide never be a burden to you," he de eyes. His face was drawn and his clared in a firmer voice. "And if my lips dry. "They'll get me! They'll get lung holds out I'll show you I'm not me!" he said. the total loco that I 'pear to be."

CHAPTER XVI.

CAVANAGH FOLLOWS HIS CHIEF. T breakfast next morning Cava nagh said: "I must ride back and take some bread to the leave him there without saying hello." "Let me do that," suggested Wether-Fork. I reckon I'd better go back and I had his eye. He never saw you be tend the sheep till Gregg sends some fore and has nothing but a descripone up to take my place."

may be on her dentabed. No; you'd, and the Basque's camp burned and choked, and he turned away to con better go down with me today," he the sheep in charge of the dog, and ceal his emotion. manded. "The whole camp has got to urged. And at last the old man con- they'll fancy that you have skipped sented.

Putting some bread in his pockets, Ross rode off up the trail to see how the dog and his flock were faring. He had not gone far when he heard the tinkle of the bells and the murmur of the lambs, and a few moments later the collie came toward him with the desperate for the open air and homeair of a boy who, having assumed to disregard the orders of his master, expects a scolding. He plainly said: "I've brought my sheep to you because I was lonesome. Please forgive me."

Cavanagh called to him cheerily and tossed him a piece of bread, which he caught in his teeth, but did not swal- I can't do it. I'd die there. You must low. On the contrary, he held it while leaping for joy of the praise he heard in his new found master's voice.

Turning the flock upward toward the higher peaks, the ranger commanded the collie to their heels and so, having redeemed his promise, rode back to the cabin, where he found Wetherford saddied and ready for his momentous trip to the valley. He had shaved away his gray beard, and had Ross been unprepared for these changes he would have been puzzled to account for this decidedly military figure sitting statusquely on his pony before the door.

"You can prove an alibi," he called as he drew near. "Gregg himself would never recognize von now " Wetherford was in no mood for jok-

ing. "Lize will. I wore a mustache in the old days, and there's a scar on my

As he rode he confided this strange thing to Cavanagh. "I know," said he, that Lize is old and wrinkled, for I've seen her, but all the same I can't realize it. That heavy set woman down there is not Lize. My Lize is slim and straight. This woman whom you know has stolen her name and face, that's I can't explain exactly what I feel, but Lee Virginia means more to ne now than Lize."

"I think I understand you," said Cavanagh, with sympathy in his voice. The nearer Wetherford came to the actual meeting with his wife the more he shook. At last he stopped in the road. "I don't believe I can do it." he declared. "I'll be like a ghost to her. What's the use of it? She'll only be worried by my story. I reckon I'd far less confidence in the outcome than to boom things along. The cork is out better keep dark to everybody. Let me

go back. I'm plum scared cold," While still he argued two men on jorseback rounded a sharp turn in the trail and came face to face with the ranger. Wetherford's face went suddenly gray. "There's the deputy!" "Keep quiet. I'll do the talking," ommanded Cavanagh, who was instant in his determination to shield the man. "Good morning, gentlemen," he called cheerily. "You're abroad early!" The man in front was the deputy sheriff of the county; his companion

was a stranger. "That was a horrible mess you stumbled on over on Deer creek," the dep-

"It certainly was. Have any arrests been made?" "Not yet, but we're on a clew. This

is Marshal Haines of Dallas, Mr. Cav- her sake he had entered upon a plan don't precisely meet every demand you anagh." pursued the deputy. The two make upon them, but they give you men nodded in token of the introduct caped convict. It was of no avail to work for Gregg?" Again Cavanagh nodded.

"Well, that chap is wanted by the Toxas authorities. Mr. Haines here wants to see him mighty bad. He's an escaped convict with a bad record." "Is that so?" exclaimed Cavanagh.

"I thought be seemed a bit gun shy." "The last seen of him was when Sam Gregg sent him up to herd sheep. I think he was mixed up in that killing myself-him and Ballard-and we're going up to get some track of him. Didn't turn up at your station, did

"Yes; he came by some days ago, or his way, so he said, to relieve that sick Basque, Ambro. I went up a couple of days ago and found the Basque dead and the old man gone. I buried the herder the best I could, and I'm on my way down to report the

The deputy mused: "He may be hanging round some of the lumber camps. I reckon we had better go up

"He may have bulled out over the range," suggested the ranger. "Any how, it's a long way up there, and you'll probably have to camp at my place tonight. You'll find the key hanging over the door. Go in and

make yourself comfortable." The deputy thanked him and was "How is the Basque?" asked the daren't do that. I can't bear to tell about to ride on when Cavanagh added: "I burned that Basque's tent and bedding for fear of contagion. His outfit was worthless anyhow. You'll find the sheep just above my cable "The old man didn't take the horse

> day. As the two officers rode away Weth-

"Oh, no, they won't," rejoined Cavaungh. "You're all right yet. They suspect nothing. How could they, with you in uniform and in my company?

"All the same, I'm scared. That man Haines had his eyes on me every minute. He saw right through me. dog. I can't go away and They'll get me, and they'll charge me up with that killing." "No, they won't I tell you" insisted

"I'm afraid to go down to the the ranger. "Haines suspected nothing tion to go by, so cheer up. Your uni "That might be too late to see Lize. form and your position with me will Lee's voice showed great anxiety. She make you safe-perfectly safe. They'll

man," and he turned on him sharply, You said you were out on parole."

"I couldn't tell you the whole truth," replied the fugitive. "But I will now. I was in for a life sentence, I was ing to do anything to get out, I whose clean hunded patriotism had thought if I could get back to this held the boys together, making them country and my wife and child I'd be every year more clearly a unit, a litsafe. I said I'd be willing to go back the army of enthusiasts-could it be to the pen if necessary, but I'm not possible that the originator, the orsave me for my girl's sake."

His voice and eyes were wild with a kind of desperate fury of fear, and Cavanagh, moved to pity, assured him of his aid. "Now, listen," he said. "I'm going to shield you on account of your work for that poor shepherd and for your daughter's sake. It's my I'm going to protect you. The safest your chief now?" thing for you to do is to go back to my cabin. Ride slow, so as not to get there till they're gone. They'll ride over to the sawmill without doubt. If they come back this way remember that the deputy saw you only as a ragged old man with a long beard and that Haines has nothing but a printed description to go by. There's no use trying to flee. You are a marked man in that uniform, and you are safer right here with me than anywhere else this side of Chicago. Haines is likely to cross the divide in the belief that you have gone that way, and if he does you have no one but the deputy to deal with."

He succeeded at last in completely rousing the older man's courage. Wetherford rose to meet his opportu-

nity. "I'll do it," he said firmly, "That's the talk!" exclaimed Cavanagh to encourage him. "You can throw them off the track this time, and when I come back tomorrow I'll bring some other clothing for you, and then we'll plan some kind of scheme that will get you out of the country. I'll not let them make a scapegoat of you."

The ranger watched the fugitive as desperate defiance of his pursuers with the western ways and who's willing he had put into words. "All depends on Wetherford himself.

If his nerve does not fail him, if they we will pull the plan through." And policy." in this hope he rode away down the

The nearer be drew to the meeting with Lee Virginia the more important that meeting became. Cavanagh had seen Virginia hardly more than a score of times, and yet she filled his thought confused his plans, making of his brain a place of doubt and besitation. For to shield a criminal, to harbor an es argue that he was moved to shield Wetherford because of his heroic as tion on the peak. He knew perfectly well that it was beenties he could not see that fair, brave girl further d' graced by the discovery of her father identity, for in the sear bing inquiry which would surely follow his secre

would develop. To marry her, knowing the characte of her father and her mother, wa madness, and the voice within his warned film of his folly "Fuce we ter cannot be drawn from corrusources," it is said. Nevertheless the thought of having the girl with his in the wilderness filled blm with di vine recklesomess. While still be do bated, alternately flushed with resolve to be happy and chilled by some strange dejection, he met Swenson, the young guard who guarded the fores on the South Fork.

As he rode up Cavanagh perceived in the other man's face something pro foundly serious. He did not smile in greeting, as was usual with him, and taking some letters from his pocket. passed them over in ominous silence. He had a face of such bitterness that it broke through even the absorbed and selfish meditation into which Cavanagh had been thrown.

"What's the matter, Swenson? You look as if you had lost a friend." "I have," answered the guard shortly, "and so have you. The chief is

"What?" "They've got him!" he exclaimed. He's out."

Cavanagh sprang up. "I don't be-Heve it! For what reason? Why?" plug ugly in the country is spltting in people. our faces this morning. Yes, sir, the president has fired the chief-the man that built up this forestry service. The somebody they can work. Then where a country!"

will we be? Cavanagh's young heart burned with despairing sthought he came back to indignation, but he tried to check the the question of his remaining personal other man's torrent of protest.

"I can't believe it. There's some for, and then-and then-there was Vir mistake. Maybe they've made him ginia waiting for him at this moment. the secretary of the department or "For her sake, to save her from hu something."

"No, they haven't. They've thrown dom. him out. They've downed him because he tried to head off some thievery of coal mines in Alaska." The that thought the last shred of faith in man was ready to weep with chagrin and indignant sorrow. His voice ished

Cavanagh put the letter back into across the range. But see here, old his pocket and mounted his horse. "Well, go on back to your work. "you didn't tell me the whole truth. Swenson. I'm going to town to get the supervisor on the wire and find out what it all means."

He was almost as badly stunned by the significance of Swenson's news as Swenson himself. Could it be possible sick for the mountains, and I struck that the man who had built up the down one of the guards. I was will- field service of the bureau-the man ganizer of this great plan, had been stricken down just when his influence was of most account? He refused to believe it of an administration pledged to the cause of conservation.

As he entered the town he was struck instantly by the change in the faces turned toward him, in the jocular greetings burled at him. "Hello, duty to apprehend you, of course, but Mr. Cossack! What do you think of

"This will put an end to your in-



CAVANAGH PENNED HIS RESIGNATION AND

MAILED IT. he started back over the trail in this have a man in there now who knows

of your forest bottle." Gregg was most offensive of all. "This means throwing open the forest take the uniform for granted and do to anybody that wants to use itnot carry the matter to the supervisor, means an entire reversal of this fool

"Wait and see," replied Cavanagh trail with bent head, for all this bore But his face was rigid with the exheavily upon his relationship to the pression of the fear and anger he feit. girl waiting for him in the valley. He With hands that trembled he opened had thought Lize a burden, a social the door to the telephone booth, closed disability, but a convict father now it carefully behind him and called for made the mother's faults of small ac- the supervisor's office. As soon as Redfield replied he burst forth question, "Is it true that the chief is

out?" Redfield's voice was husky as he re

plied, "Yes, lad; they've got him." "Good Lord, what a blow to the servicel" exclaimed Cavanagh with a grean of serrow and rage. "What is the president thinking of to throw out | hungry, pard-honest, I wanter git a the only man who stood for the future | drink the man who had built up this corps, who was its inspiration?" Then after a | deed us), "you don't need a quarter pause he added, with bitter resolution: to buy a drink." This ends it for me. Here's where I

get off." "Don't say that, boy. We need you

low more than ever." "I'm through. I'm done with America-with the States. I shall write my resignation at once. Send down an

other man to take my place." Redfield's plendings were of no avail Cavanagh went directly from the booth to the postoffice, and there, surrounded by jeering and exultant citi zens, he penned his resignation and mailed it. Then, with stern and contemptuous face, he left the place, making no reply to the jeers of his enemies, and, mounting his horse, me chanically rode away out upon the plains, seeking the quiet, open places in order to regain calmness and decision. He did not deliberately ride away from Lee Virginia, but as he entered upon the open country he knew that he was leaving her as he was leaving the forests. He had cut himself off from her as he had cut himself off from the work he loved. His heart was swollen big within his breast. He longed for the return of "the colonel" to the White House. "What manner of ruler is this who is ready to strike down the man whose very name means conservation and who in a few years would have made this body of forest rangers the most effective corps of its size in the world?" He grouned again, and his throat ached with the fury of his indignation.

"Dismissed for insubordination," the report said. "In what way? Only in "Don't that letter tell you? The whole making war on greed, in checking town is chuckling. Every criminal and graft, in preserving the heritage of the

The lash that cut deepest was the open exultation of the very men whose persistent attempt to appropriate pubwhole works is going to h-, that's lic property the chief had helped to what it is. We'll have all the coal thwart. "Redfield will go next. The thieves, water power thieves, poachers influence that got the chief will get and free grass pirates piling in on us Hugh. He's too good a man to escape in mobs. They'll eat up the forest. I Then, as Swenson says, the thieves see the finish of the whole business. will roll in upon us to slash and burn They'll put some western man in- and corrupt. What a country! What As he reached the end of this line of

> obligations. Wetherford must be cared miliation, I will bein her father to free

This brought him back to the hide

the sense of justice in the state van-

ness of the bills. the silence of the trail and the loneilbend and brooding face he returned to ing instinct of his borse. With bent welcomed the intervention of the homless to make the decision himself, he his lax hand did not intervene. Helpangh observed what he was doing, but its musicus muncling mind cuaumet for the home ennyon as if it knew and by a circuitous route beaded at His pony of its own accord turned

dent' in the history of the range." will be merely another dramatic inclto pass unpunished, like the others. derers, They will permit this ourrage "They will never discover those mur-

continued next week

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Building a Reputation. Young physicians in the smaller towns have an idea that appearing very busy will help them greatly in starting a practice. The following is told by a now prominent Kentucky physician. He had a call the afternoon following the hanging out of his shingle and started through town in his buggy at terrific speed. A policeman stopped the enterprising physi

cian.. "Doctor," he sald, "it is against the city ordinance to drive at the speed you are going. You must accompany me to the judge and pay your fine."

"What is the fine?" inquired the doctor.

zine.

"Five dollars." The doctor's hand flew to his pocket. "Here's \$10. I have to come back just as fast as I am going."-Success Maga-

Ambition.

The scroll of fame has variant at-tractions for different minds. "Here lies one whose name was writ in water"-the despairing and dying John Keats desired that admission of

"Write me as one who loved his fellow men," was Leigh Hunt's aspiration To be remembered as the author of

defeat engraved for his epitaph

the first statue for religious freedom and as the founder of the University of Virginia, this was Thomas Jeffer-

the Declaration of Independence and of

son's prayer to posterity. Thus one may go the range. And thus the lines recur:

Ambition is our idel, on whose wings Great minds are carried only to extreme To be sublimely great or to be nothing.

"Please gimme a quarter," begged a panhandler on Washington street. "I

won't hand yer no tale about bein' "But," we objected (for it was in-

"Sir," answered the panhandler, "do youse t'ink I'm fallen so low as ter take a gent's money an' den not invite him ter drink wid me?"-Boston Trav-

Salt Eaters. Idiosyncrasy often takes the form of a special craving for instead of an objection to certain foods. Many people possess an extraordinary relish for common salt and will eat it by the teaspoonful when opportunity admits. This sometimes leads to obesity and dropsy, but it has also the peculiar effect of increasing the weight.

Highly Improper. "What is the proper thing for a man to do when his wife asks him for money and he hasn't any?" queried young Newed.

Oldwed. "Anything he does will be wrong."-Chicago News. When a Man Makes His Will. It is a morbid superstition that a man dies when he makes his will, More often he lives happily and long

after he has done so. It relieves his

anxieties.-London Saturday Review.

"Oh, there isn't any proper thing to

do under those circumstances," replied



