

The Georgia Riggsbys

BY WILL LISENBEE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V. THE PURSUIT—SELF EXILED.



"He is killed!"

A cry of horror escaped Dan Riggsby's lips as he saw the blood running from the wound in Bud Ropes' head, and for a moment he stood there helpless and stupefied at the sight before him.

"He is killed!" he gasped in a choking voice, "and I shall be accused of his murder."

A cold perspiration broke out on his brow, and a groan escaped him as he thought of his parents at home. What would they think of the deed and what great calamity would it bring upon them as well as upon himself?

At that instant he heard shouts in the distance, and lifting his eyes he beheld Ben Ropes riding furiously toward him, followed by a half dozen cowboys. He saw the gleam of pistols in their hands and knew they had witnessed the encounter between himself and Bud, and would visit speedy vengeance upon him.

He well knew the impulsive and desperate character of those with whom he now had to deal, and he realized that he was in a most dangerous and desperate situation. That the men who were approaching would shoot him down without giving him the slightest opportunity to explain the situation of affairs he was fully convinced, and he recognized the fact that his only chance of life lay in instant flight.

As this thought occurred to him he turned quickly to where he had left his horse, but the animal had taken fright and was galloping wildly across the prairie a hundred yards away, followed by the horse that had been ridden by Bud Ropes.

Dan realized the utter impossibility of overtaking his retreating horse, and without a moment's hesitation he turned and ran toward the timber that skirted the creek a hundred yards away. His gun had been carried away upon the horse and he was without the slightest weapon to defend himself.

Reaching the cover of the brush, Dan cast a quick glance behind him and saw the pursuers reining in their horses at the spot where Bud Ropes lay. Some of them hastily dismounted, while three others spurred their horses in pursuit of the fleeing youth.

Dan crept through a dense thicket of dogwood and green briars and sped swiftly through a heavy growth of paw-paws that skirted the stream. He knew that the horsemen could not urge their horses through the thicket without considerable loss of time, and he resolved to use every moment in putting distance between himself and his pursuers.

For a quarter of a mile he ran with all the speed he could muster, and then, with a sinking heart he made the discovery that the woods were growing more open, offering him but little chance of concealing himself.

With this discovery came the sound of rapidly advancing hoofs behind him, and he knew that his pursuers would soon be upon him. It was useless for him to attempt to escape by continuing his course up the creek, and he glanced rapidly about him for the purpose of discovering some place of concealment.

There was no available thicket near at hand, but happening to glance toward the creek he saw a mass of driftwood lodged on the bank and overhanging the water. There was not a moment to lose, and letting himself into the water till he was almost submerged he crept forward till he reached a spot beneath the overhanging driftwood.

He did not gain his place of concealment a moment too soon, for in a few seconds he heard the tramp of horses' feet as the cowboys galloped wildly along the creek.

"Shoot the young murderer wherever you see him," he heard one of them exclaim with a bitter oath as they rode by. Suddenly one of the horses was reined in on the bank not ten yards away, and the same voice continued: "Two uv ye go up the crick and I'll take a look fer tracks about hyar. It may be that he hain't left the thicket."

Dan's heart almost stood still with fear as he heard the words. Would he be discovered? He heard the man dismount and walk along the bank of the stream. Then the steps ceased within three yards of the driftwood where he lay.

There was a moment of the most painful anxiety for Dan; then to his relief the man walked away, and a few minutes later the youth heard the sounds of his horse's feet as he rode back down the stream.

Though chilled to the bone in the cold water, Dan did not venture to leave his hiding place for some time after all sound of his pursuers had died away.

At last he drew himself cautiously upon the bank, and glancing rapidly in every direction to assure himself that none of his foes was lurking in the vicinity he rose and hurried across the creek. Walking rapidly for a quarter of a mile he suddenly left the timber and concealed himself in the tall grass that grew in the valley and crawled forward some forty rods. This he considered a better hiding place than the woods afforded, on account of there being less likelihood of his pursuers search-

ing for him there. Now that he had gained a place where there was but a small chance of him being discovered, he felt a certain sense of security. But now that there was no immediate danger threatening him he found time to reflect over the tragic events of the morning, and with these reflections came the keenest remorse and anxiety. How earnestly he regretted his encounter with Bud Ropes, and now in his cooler moments he blamed himself for his hasty actions. He might have avoided the youth by riding away from him, but the deed was done now and there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

That Bud Ropes had been killed by the shot from his own pistol Dan had but little doubt, and that he would be accused of his murder was already demonstrated by what he had overheard from the men who were in pursuit of him, yet in his own mind he knew he was innocent, and it was only in an attempt to save his own life that the fatal bullet had been directed against his opponent.

But he knew the desperate character of the men with whom he had to deal well enough to realize that anything he could say in his defense would be treated with scorn. That they would visit sure and speedy punishment upon him should he fall into their hands he had not the slightest doubt.

What should he do? To return home would not only subject him to the greatest danger, but would doubtless result in placing his father in a similar situation. The more he thought over the matter the more convinced he became that it would be best for him not to return home, at present at least.

That the cattlemen, bent on vengeance, would watch his father's house waiting for his return, Dan was sure, and he realized the danger he would encounter in trying to reach the place.

To stir from his present hiding place before nightfall would be hazardous in the extreme, since he was convinced that the cattlemen would be routing the country in every direction with the hopes of running him down.

There was nothing left for him to do but remain in his present position till night set in, when he had decided to make his way to the settlement on the Mormon river, several miles to the north.

Having settled his course of action in his own mind, he once more glanced in every direction about him to see if any of his pursuers were in the vicinity. Seeing no sign of the foe, he took off his garments, and wringing the water from them, which was now high in the heavens and shining down with considerable warmth.

Having dried and replaced his garments, he crept beneath a small bunch of smudges close at hand, where he found protection from the now hot rays of the sun.

He had had nothing to eat since the evening before, and now began to feel exceedingly hungry. But having nothing with which he could satisfy his craving for food he was compelled to content himself till night, when on his journey to the north he would doubtless come across some cabin where food could be obtained.

It seemed like an age to wait to Dan, and it appeared to him that he had never known a day that passed so slowly. At last, however, the sun went down and night settled rapidly over the broad waste of prairie.

There was no moon, and as the shadows deepened Dan rose from his place of concealment and began his journey to the north.

CHAPTER VI.

STARTLING NEWS—WAITING FOR THE ATTACK.

That his temporary absence from that vicinity was an absolute necessity Dan Riggsby felt fully convinced, for to remain under the existing circumstances would be but to bring the summary wrath of the cattlemen, not only upon himself, but upon his father as well.

But if he could go away and remain for a week or two till the excitement subsided he might then return with some assurance of being dealt with in a just manner. If Bud Ropes had really been killed, he reflected, the fact of it having been done with his own weapon would tend to acquit him in the eye of justice.

But meantime what was going on at the Travelers' Rest?

The stagecoach for Fort Scott, which carried away the scheming Suggs and Dill, had been gone an hour, and it was not far from nine o'clock when Simon Riggsby walked into the yard and gazed searchingly across the prairie to the west.

"Wonder what can be keepin' Dan?" he muttered. "Reckon he must 'a' went ter tell the settlers about the trouble with the cattlemen, but it's time he was back an hour ago."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the pony that Dan had ridden that morning came trotting from behind the stable, the broken bridle reins trailing beneath his feet, while across the horn of the saddle still hung the rifle where Dan had placed it.

"W'y, that's queer," commented Mr. Riggsby, going forward and catching the pony. "Wonder how he come ter git away from Dan? Must 'a' left him hitched somewhere an he broke loose. Reckon I'd better go see about him."

In Jersey City there lives a contractor of Hibernian extraction. He is a gentle and amiable person, but deceives his employees into believing him cannibalistic by his method of expressing himself.

In engaging his employees he arranges to either board them or pay them greater wages and let them furnish their own food. This is the innocently sinister way in which he states the proposition:

"I pay ye \$6 a week and ate yer or \$9 a week and ye ate yerself."—New York Herald.

Hitching the pony to a post near by, he was about to enter the stable to saddle his own horse when he caught sight of some one coming across the prairie on horseback and riding at a gallop.

In a few minutes the horseman drew rein at the stable. It was Ike Baker, the settler whom Dan had visited early that morning.

"Howdy, Ike?" greeted Mr. Riggsby. "Seen anything of Dan? He rode over your way this mornin'."

"Yes; he was at my house this mornin' and told me to come over hyar, as ye expected ter have some trouble with the cattlemen."

"Wal, his boss jist come back without him," replied Mr. Riggsby, "an I was jist thinkin of goin ter see about him. Hoss got away, I reckon, from whar he left him hitched."

"I don't know; I hain't seed him since he wor at my cabin."

"If he don't come perty soon I'll ride over an see what's happened ter him. Better 'light an hitch yer hoss, an we'll talk over the matter about the cattlemen."

For a half hour the two men conversed in low tones. Suddenly they were interrupted by the sound of approaching hoofs, and turning they beheld Ben Ropes riding toward them at a gallop, followed by a half dozen cowboys. They halted a short distance away, and Ropes spurred his horse forward to where the two men stood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TIGHT SQUEEZE FOR SMITH.

All Because He Wanted to Return 5 Cents He Was Taken For a Bunko Man.

Not to be provided with small coin sometimes leads to embarrassing situations on the surface cars. A friend of mine, whom I shall call Smith, had an experience the other day which he will not soon forget, and more than a dozen passengers on a Broadway car will go through life, if they do not read the story, believing they saw a genuine bunko man trying to secure prey in the leading thoroughfare in the city.

This Mr. Smith boarded a Broadway car at Twenty-third street to go to Canal street. When the conductor asked for his fare, he searched through all his pockets for a small coin. Failing to find one, he took out his pocketbook and handed the conductor a \$10 bill.

"I can't change that," said the conductor coldly. Smith asked some persons in the car to give him change for the bill, but none seemed able to do so.

"Do you want me to leave the car?" asked Smith.

"You need not do that," said the conductor, "but you should not expect a conductor to give change for so large a bill."

Then an old lady—one of those good old souls you meet everywhere—made her presence known. "Here, Mr. Conductor," she said, "I'll pay the man's fare. I don't like to have you stand it, as I'm afraid you will."

She handed the conductor a 5 cent piece. He rang up the fare, and Smith thanked her for her kind act. Then he again started out to get change for his bill. He had asked a half dozen men to accommodate him and had reached the forward end of the car before he found one who could or would make the necessary change. Small bills and coins were counted out in his hand while he still held his own \$10 bill. Just as the last dime had been counted, and before he had handed over his \$10 bill, Smith happened to see the kind old lady leaving the car. Hoping to catch up with her, he started forward with his own and the other man's money held firmly in his hand.

"Hold on; you don't get away with my money so easily as that!" shouted the man who had furnished the change, while he grasped Smith by the arm and pulled him roughly around. Every passenger looked at Smith with suspicion, and he was so embarrassed he could not say a word for himself.

"You are a bunko man," was plainly written on the face of every one in the car, and Smith read the words as plainly as though they had been actually written. The men seemed ready to assault him, and the women crouched as far away from him as possible.

"But I only wanted to give the lady her nickel," Smith finally managed to say. "I had no thought of taking your money."

"Well, she's gone now," said the man, who had not relaxed his grasp, "and the best thing you can do is to give me back my money. I want my own, too, not your bill, which may be spurious."

Smith gave him his money, so down in a far corner of the car and for the rest of his journey tried to appear unconscious of the withering glances cast upon him. As he alighted at Canal street he heard a distinct sigh of relief from every passenger in the car.—New York Herald.

He's Not a Cannibal.

In Jersey City there lives a contractor of Hibernian extraction. He is a gentle and amiable person, but deceives his employees into believing him cannibalistic by his method of expressing himself.

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THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM



of every weary, thin or thin blood, person does its work with constant difficulty and fatigue. They feel "worn," or tired out, "run-down" or nervous.

Feeble people who are susceptible find that exercise after a meal is sure to cause indigestion—because there is so little blood, and what there is, is carried off from the gastric organs to the muscles.

What is needed is plenty of blood, and that of the right kind. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and to gain in blood is nearly always to gain in *wholesome flesh* up to the healthy standard.

Every one should have a certain surplus of flesh to meet the emergencies of sickness; to resist the attack of consumption, grip, malaria and fevers. Thin blooded people are always getting sick, and none of the organs of the body can get along without the food they require for work, which is *pure blood*. To gain and to keep strength and flesh is the secret of health, usefulness and happiness. With new blood and refreshed nerves a confident feeling of returning health comes also.

Nervous manifestations, such as sleeplessness, nervous debility and nervous prostration are in nine cases out of ten "the cry of the starved nerves for food." If you feed the nerves on pure rich blood the nervous symptoms will cease. It is bad practice to put the nerves to sleep with so-called sedative mixtures, such as opium or morphine; what is needed is a blood maker. The "Discovery" is composed of vegetable ingredients which have an especial effect upon the stomach, liver, and blood making glands. For the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, liver complaint, weakened vitality, and for puny, pale people, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be equaled. Thousands have testified to its merits.



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Shooting Stars.

According to Camille Flammarion, a current authority, the shooting stars are small bodies, weighing at most a few pounds and consisting mainly of iron and carbon. They traverse space in swarms and also revolve around the sun in long elliptical courses, like the comets. When these little bodies enter the earth's orbit, they are deflected toward the earth, and great numbers are seen in a single night. Their brightness is due to the heat engendered by the energy of their motion. Their speed is enormous—viz, 42 1/2 kilometers a second, while the speed of the earth on its orbit is only 25 kilometers a second forward.

Consequently when a shower of them approaches the earth in the direction opposite to its course the initial speed is 72 kilometers a second. When they follow on its course, they gain 16 1/2 kilometers a second on it, their mean rate of approach being 30 to 40 kilometers a second. The friction engenders a temperature of 3,000 degrees C., subject to which they burst into flames. If under these conditions their substance is not vaporized, they pass through and beyond the upper strata of our atmosphere and pursue their proper course around the sun, but as a rule they are vaporized, in which case the vapor mingles with the atmosphere, to fall later as meteoric dust. In this manner we come in contact annually with 146 milliards of shooting stars, which add considerably to the earth's substance.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer.

"They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass under the grapevine, and every morning when my neighbor was looking I went out and brought them in."—Troy News.

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

An American Writer Reveals Some of the Inside Workings of Our National Life.

Yankee ways of thinking and doing are revealed by an American signing himself Franklin Eastman in a letter published in The Atlantic and addressed to an English friend. He says that some of the English folk who are warm friends misunderstand us almost as badly as the old Tories. You seem to think the United States are peopled by a set of philosophical radicals, whose true place is on the Liberal benches behind John Morley. Your writers of this school know we are a separate nation, but they are persuaded that it is a nation of philosophers, right out of Plato or Sir Thomas More.

Mr. Howells has a charming story where a girl from the practical but still visionary "west" thinks Boston is peopled with reformers, who revolve around the abolitionists as bright stars. She is amazed to hear talk an agreeable young gentleman of Boston who never met these people in society, and as far as he had heard of them looked upon them as dangerous eccentrics. Now, some of your highly educated thinkers seem to regard the average American as largely occupied with reading or writing treatises on the philosophy of government, coming down in a long catena from Jefferson, and as much concerned with conventions, and, referenda. My friend, we did that once for all when we started, and, though no doubt such things are talked of more than they used to be 20 years ago, we are in the mass anything but a set of theorizing radicals. We are very conservative, very humdrum, much attached to existing machinery, especially in politics, and with a great distrust of utopian and ideal schemes. Custom is almost as great a tyrant with us as in your Indian dominions. Eager as we are for novelties in dress and buildings, we are hard to stir from our accepted ways of letting ourselves be governed, even when these are tangled and muddy. Our philosophers complain that their speculations do not make the impression they ought on most of their fellow citizens, who are engaged in the mere work of living. I suspect England is a good deal nearer female suffrage than we are.

When Professor Brice was last here, he rushed off from all his friends to see what he considered the intensely interesting spectacle of a constitutional convention in the state of Kentucky, an institution to which he had given much space in his very valuable book. I do not believe that at this hour 20 members of congress outside Kentucky know whether the results of that convention were adopted or not. We can get half as big a vote again on the pettiest election when the choice is between persons as when the people solemnly vote "yes" or "no" on a question of organic law.

No, my old friend, we are not English provincials; we are not half civilized pioneers; we are not utopian radicals; above all, we are not naughty boys and silly girls; we are not anything that you have decided we must be. There is one liberty we claim as our English birthright—the liberty of being illogical when we please and succeeding or failing according to our own ideas of working out our own problems, whether they are yours or not.

Novel Use For Women's Jaws.

Among the Eskimo a novel use has been found for woman's jaw. Says Mrs. Peary in her book, "My Arctic Journey": "The native method of treating the skins of all animals intended for clothing is first to rid them of as much of the fat as can be got off by scraping with a knife. Then they are stretched tight as possible and allowed to become perfectly dry. After this they are taken by the women and chewed and sucked all over in order to get as much of the grease out as possible. Then they are again dried and scraped with a dull implement, so as to break the fibers, making the skins pliable. Chewing the skin is very hard on the women, and all of it is done by them. They cannot chew more than two deer skins per day and are obliged to rest their jaws every other day."

Taken at His Word.

"What! You charge 50 pennig for these neckties? Why, they are not worth a fraction more than 30 pennig."

"All I can say is, if you can get me some at that price I'll take any quantity of them," said the shopkeeper.

"Very glad to hear it. I am a traveler in ties and will take the liberty to book you for a hundred dozen."—Humoristische Blatter.

Indian Corn.

Botanists say that the Indian corn is a grass of the tribe of phalaridae; that the leaves are linear lanceolate and pubescent, with a short ligule; that the inflorescence is monocious; that the pistillate flowers are crowded on the rachis; that the ovary is bifid, and that the withered glumes and palea remain on the rachis. And if you do not know all about the subject now it's your own fault.

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