

Liner of the Cavalry

By Gen. Chas. King Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Foes in Ambush," etc.

and the stable orderlies had sworn that Fitzroy started alone. Therefore, unless Dora Mayhew had circled the fort and joined him on the bleak eastward prairie, it was most unlikely she had gone with him, and up to 1 o'clock there was none to hint with whom or how, except afoot, she could have gone. Then, however, came revelation. The sentry stationed at the northwest face of the post admitted having seen "a rig from town" making wide circuit clear around behind the fort on the westward "bench," which was swept almost clean of snow. It had kept well out beyond



"ALL GONE; B'LONG OMAHA."

haling distance, stood a moment or two up at the edge of the bluff, then whirled about and went the way it came.

By 2 o'clock that rig had been trailed back to town. There Ennis and Field and several troopers, with one or two interested citizens, were in quest of tidings. There they were joined by Mayhew himself, who had one more hope. Dora had a friend a few years older than herself who was married to a conductor of the Union Pacific railway and living in town. It might be that Dora had gone to her.

They found the house and hammered at the door and succeeded only in waking a Chinese servant, who said, "All gone; b'long Omaha." They went to the three stables in town, and all had "rigs" out. Most of them had gone to a dance at Arena, six miles east. "What's all the row about anyhow?" demanded the night watchman of one of these establishments. "There was that cockney sergeant fellow here along about midnight, asking questions and raising hades. The town marshal had a rumper with him and went to bed mad." The half dozen hangers-on about the railway station and the rollerers at the one open all night saloon were growing inquisitive, if not impudent. The station master had gone home, but the lone operator, to whom one after another, Field, Ennis and Mayhew, had appealed, declared that no young lady had gone on No. 6, for the reason that No. 6 hadn't gone and wouldn't go till along toward daylight. She broke down somewhere about 7 o'clock at Medicine Bow.

But Ennis and Mayhew came at him a second time, with a second question. Could he tell them anything of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, Osborn being a conductor and Mrs. Osborn Dora's friend, of whom previous mention is made? Had they gone to Omaha? No, for Mr. Osborn was round here early in the evening and had to be here at 9 a. m. to meet and take No. 5 over the Mountain division. Then John Chinaman had lied, said Mayhew, ready to break down.

"Keep your heart, old man," said Ennis. "Go to the hotel, lie down and leave the rest to me." And still Jim Ennis felt by no means confident he could be in time. He knew the Mayhews only slightly. He had never before been stationed at regimental headquarters, had seen and known Dora only since their coming to Fort Cushing and therefore had not learned to share Bob's honest admiration for her. She might be all Bob thought her, a loving child and a true hearted girl in spite of her infatuation for this presentable young trooper whose antecedents nobody knew.

With just two troopers at his back, toward 4 in the morning Jim went spurting on through the dim moonlight, town and station far behind, following a meandering sleigh and wagon track across the wide, dreary upland, riding, as a rule, parallel with the railway, while such sleighs as tried the journey had evidently been making many a detour. Three miles out two "rigs" were passed, westward bound, filled with town folk who had been to Arena for the dance. Had they seen or heard aught of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn? he asked. No; they knew them well by sight and would be sure to note them had they come to the dance.

It was all the time Jim Ennis wanted to know... "You don't get em," he cried and sprinted ahead, his wondering trooper following.

(To Be Continued.)

AN UP-TO-DATE DRUGGIST says it is surprising how many old-fashioned remedies are being used, which goes to show that it is hard to improve some of our grandmothers' old, time-tried remedies. For instance, for keeping the hair dark, soft and glossy, nothing equaling our grandmothers' "sage tea" has ever been discovered. Although, by the addition of sulphur and other ingredients, this old-fashioned brew has been made more effective as a scalp tonic and a hair restorer. Nowadays when our hair comes out or gets faded or gray, instead of going to the garden or garret for herbs and making the "tea" ourselves, we simply go to the nearest drug store and ask for a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur. This preparation is sold by all leading druggists for 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, or is sent direct by the Wyeth Chemical Company, 74 Cortlandt St., New York City, upon receipt of Price.

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WHY NOT GET RID OF CATARRH?

Here are some symptoms of catarrh; if you have them, get rid of them while there is yet time: Is your throat raw? Do you sneeze often? Is your breath foul? Are your eyes watery? Do you take cold easily? Is your nose stopped up? Do you have to spit often? Do crusts form in your nose? Are you losing your sense of smell? Do you blow your nose a great deal? Does your mouth taste bad mornings? Do you have to clear your throat on rising, or have a discharge from the nose? Does mucus drop in back of the throat? Have you ringing noises in the ears?

HYOMEI (pronounce it High-ome) is guaranteed to cure catarrh, asthma, coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, asthma and croup, or money back. Just breathe it in. Complete outfit, including hard rubber inhaler, \$1.00. Chas. Strag and druggists everywhere sell HYOMEI. If you already own an inhaler, you can buy an extra bottle of HYOMEI for only 50 cents. Remember that.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there are funds in the treasury of the city of Medford, Oregon, for the payment of that certain issue of \$30,000 of the bonds of the city of Medford, issued August 1st, 1900, and due August 1st, 1910.

The holders of said bonds are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned for payment on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1910. Dated September 20th, 1910. L. L. JACOBS, City Treasurer of Medford, Oregon.

LAYING FLOORS MY SPECIALTY T. G. Lowry, the tile and floor man, is offering special prices on laying and scraping of floors until October 1st. See him at 336 East 6th street, or phone Main 2321.

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COLONEL JACKSON GOES OVER HIS OLD TRAILS

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., Sept. 23.—Brigadier General Maas, commander of the department of the Columbia, Adjutant-General Finzer of the Oregon militia, and Colonel Jas. Jackson, U. S. A., retired, and now inspector-general of the militia, are investigating the suitability of this part of the state for future military maneuvers. They are now on Upper Klamath lake. They were accompanied by Will G. Steel of Portland, Alfred L. Parkhurst of Crater Lake, and Judge George T. Baldwin, Judge H. L. Benson and B. St. George Bishop of this city. To Colonel Jackson the trip is one full of recollections. It was during the Modoc war, when Captain Jack and his braves were devastating this region, that Colonel Jackson,

then captain, won his spurs. He was in command of the troops when they first went after Captain Jack, and he was also in the fighting that followed the first encounter with the Modoc warriors on the morning of November 29, 1872, and the long weeks of fighting that followed until Captain Jack surrendered the following spring. Colonel Jackson is familiar with the Klamath reservation and will be able to point out all the vantage points in the district. A store that always advertises is supposed to always have something special and important to offer.

MEDFORD ONE DAY ONLY SATURDAY SEPT 24th Grounds, Phipps pasture, on Roosevelt Avenue. The last, biggest and best show of the season. "Buffalo Bill" positively bids you good bye.

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