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out their 18 pounders, peering through upon the port side. With a yell the

out as the breeze came over the wooded

"I have fought actions in less, sir."

passed. But once past her the Leda had

her on the starboard side of the French-

swarming aloft to set her topsails and

Gloire's bows and rake her again. The

French captain, however, brought his

side by side within easy pistol shot,

could they all be recorded, would mot-

In that heavy tropical air, with so

faint a breeze, the smoke formed a thick

bank round the two vessels from which

the topmasts only protruded. Neither

the throbs of fire in the darkness, and

the poop and the forecastle the marines,

in two little red lines, were pouring in

their volleys, but neither they nor the

seamen gunners could see what effect

their fire was having. Nor indeed could

they tell how far they were suffering

themselves, for standing at a gan one

could but hazily see that upon the right

and left. But above the roar of the can-

non came the sharper sound of the pip-

ing shot, the crashing of riven planks

and the occasional heavy thud as spar

or block came hurtling onto the deck.

The lieutenant paced up and down be

hind the line of guns, while Captain

Johnson fanned the smoke away with

lieutenant joined him, then suddenly

"Our main topsail yard and our gaff,

"They'll think we've struck. Lash a

boat's ensign on the starboard arm of

A round shot dashed the binnacle to

pieces between them. A second knocked

mass. For a moment the smoke rose,

and the English captain saw that his

adversary's heavier metal was produc-

shattered wreck. Her deck was strewn

with corpses. Several of her portholes

were knocked into one, and one of her

18 pounder guns had been thrown right

back onto her breech and pointed

straight up to the sky. The thin line of

marines still loaded and fired, but half

the guns were silent, and their crews

'Stand by to repel boarders!'' yelled

"Cutlasses, lads, cutlasses!" roared

"Hold your volley till they touch,"

were piled thickly around them.

"Where's the flag?"

"Yes, sir.

the captain.

Wharton.

"Gone overboard, sir."

"This is rare, Bobby," said he as the

his cocked hat and peered eagerly out.

tle our charts with blood.

might find ourselves in trouble.'

loudly upon the ear.

remarked the captain.

cross her stern!"

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CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

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By CONAN DOYLE.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.] rotting in the Medway than were to be onist, but headed up the estuary. The W. S. LINK found in Brest harbor. But her frigates and corvets still scoured the ocean, closely followed ever by those of her LEE LAUGHLIN, WM. CAMPBELL, earth these dainty vessels, with sweet I should have thought a fore and after names of girls or of flowers, mangled | would have been more handy.' and shattered each other for the honor of the four yards of bunting that flapped from their gaffs. It had blown hard in



The captain sprang up on the bulwarks. with the dawning, and now the rising sun tinted the fringe of the storm she came round a spurt of smoke whiffed wrack as it dwindled into the west and out from her quarter. It was a pure reen waves. To north and south and west lay a skyline which was unbroken | jaunty swing the little ship came into save by the spout of foam when two of the great Atlantic seas dashed each curve of the winding channel. other into spray. To the east was a rocky island, jutting out into craggy points, with a few scattered clumps of palm trees and a pennant of mist streaming out from the bare conical hill which

A heavy surf beat upon the shore, and at a safe distance from it the British 32 | have got her at our mercy.' gun frigate Leda, Captain A. P. Johnthe horizon with his glass.

voice like a rusty hinge.

"I've opened the sealed orders, Mr.

A glimmer of curiosity shone upon ant. The Leda had sailed with her consort, the Dido, from Antigua the week | Wharton?" efore, and the admiral's orders had een contained in a sealed envelope.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, SPURS,
Brushes and sells them cheaper than

"We were to open them on reaching the deserted island of Sombriero, lying it." they can be bought anywhere else in the control of the Willamette Valley. Our all home 63.28. Sombriero bore four miles to long eighteens.

he unfolded it.

The 32 gun frigates Leda and Dido, Captains A. P. Johnson and James Munro are to OREGON craise from the point at which these instruc-tions are read to the mouth of the Caribbean sea in the hope of encountering the French frighte La Gloire (48), which has recently harassed our merchant ships in that quarter. H. M. frightes are also directed to hunt down Stapping Sol and sometimes as the Slapping Sol and sometimes as the Hairy Hudson, which has plundered the British ships as per margin, inflicting barbarities upon their crews. She is a small brig carrying 10 light guns, with one 24 pound carronade forward. She was last seen on the 23 ult. to the northeast of the island of Sembriero.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, Rear Admiral.

H. M. S. Colossus, Antigua. "We appear to have lost our consort," said Captain Johnson, folding up his nstructions and again sweeping the orizon with his glass. "She drew away after we reefed down. It would be a pity if we met this heavy Frenchman without the Dido, Mr. Wharton,

The lieutenant twinkled and smiled "She has 18 pounders on the main and twelves on the poop, sir," said the "She carries 400 to our 231. Captain de Milon is the smartest man in the French service. Oh, Bobby, boy, I'd give my hopes of my flag to rub my side up against her!" He turned on his heel, ashamed of his momentary lapse. 'Mr. Wharton,' said he, looking back sternly over his shoulder, "get those square sails shaken out and bear away a point more to the west.

"A brig on the port bow," came a voice from the forecastle. "A brig on the port bow," said the

The captain sprang up on the bul-Goods of all descriptions moved and warks and held on by the mizzen careful handling guaranteed. Collections shrouds, a strange little figure with flywill be made monthly. Hauling of all lieutenant craned his neck and whispered to Smeaton, the second, while officers and men came popping up from behands, for the tropical sun was already clusters of men who peered over her clear of the palm trees. The strange bulwarks were all in full view. brig lay at anchor in the throat of a Her lower yards were slung, her curving estuary, and it was already ob- ports triced up and her long guns run

clearing for action, Mr. Smeaton, but ping Sal. the men can stand by the guns in case | But the splendid discipline of the

A British crew went to its quarters at the davits and the fall ropes made leapt from her ports, and the mainmast in those days with the quiet serenity of fast. Hammocks were brought up and of the Leda, snapping short off a few the marines were drawn up and leaning ters. Swarms of men set the headsails battery out of action. An instant later prime cause for self murder, does not clattering down the trail in the direc-

"Is it the Slapping Sal, sir?"
"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Whar-

"They don't seem to like the looks of us, sir. They've cut their cable and are

It was evident that the brig meant struggling for her freedom. One little patch of canvas fluttered out above an-It was in the days when France's other, and her people could be seen power was already broken upon the seas | working like madmen in the rigging. and when more of her three deckers lay | She made no attempt to pass her antag-

captain rubbed his hands. 'She's making for shoal water, Mr. Wharton, and we shall have to cut her "It was a mutiny, sir."

"Ah, indeed!" "Yes, sir. I heard of it at Manilla. A bad business, sir. Captain and two the night, but the wind had dropped mates murdered. This Hudson, or Hairy Hudson, as they call him, led the mutiny. He's a Londoner, sir, but a cruel

villain as ever walked. "His next walk will be to Execution dock, Mr. Wharton. She seems heavily manned. I wish I could take 20 topmen out of her, but they would be enough to corrupt the crew of the ark, Mr. Wharton.'

Both officers were looking through their glasses at the brig. Suddenly the lieutenant showed his teeth in a grin, while the captain flushed to a deeper

"That's Hairy Hudson on the after-

"The low, impertinent blackguard! He'll play some other antics before we are done with him. Could you reach him with the long 18, Mr. Smeaton?" "Another cable length will do it,

The brig yawed as they spoke, and as linted on the endless chests of the log | piece of bravado, for the gun could scarce carry half way. Then with a the wind again and shot round a fresh "The water shoaling rapidly, sir,"

reported the second lieutenant. 'There's six fathoms by the chart.

"Four by the lead, sir." "When we clear this point, we shall see how we lie. Ha, I thought as much! Lay her to, Mr. Wharton. Now we

The frigate was quite out of sight of son, raised her black, glistening side the sea now at the head of this riverupon the crest of a wave or swooped like estuary. As she came round the down into an emerald valley, dipping curve the two shores were seen to conaway to the nor'ard under easy sail. On | verge at a point about a mile distant. quarter deck stood a In the angle, as near shore as she could stiff little brown faced man, who swept | get, the brig was lying, with her broadside toward her pursuer and a wisp of "Mr. Wharton," he cried, with a black cloth streaming from her mizzen. The lean lieutenant, who had reappear-A thin, knockkneed officer shambled ed upon deck with a cutlass strapped to his side and two pistels rammed into

his belt, peered curiously at the ensign. "Is it the Jolly Roger, sir?" he asked. But the captain was furious. "He may hang where his breeches are hangthe meager features of the first lieuten- ing before I have done with him," said "What boats will you want, Mr.

> "We should do it with the launch and the jollyboat." "Take four and make a clean job of of a passing breeze. He had used it to Pipe away the crews at once, and dart across behind the big Frenchman

the Willamette Valley. Our all home the northeast from our port bow when made sets of harness are pronounced the northeast from our port bow when the gale cleared, Mr. Wharton.' With a rattle of ropes and a creaking of blocks the four boats splashed into of blocks the four boats splashed into of shoal water. The maneuver brought The lieutenant bowed stiffly. He and the water. Their crews clustered thickthe captain had been bosom friends ly into them-barefooted sailors, stolid man, and the trim little frigate seemed from childhood. They had gone to marines, laughing middles and in the to heel right over under the crashing school together, joined the navy togeth- sheets of each the senior officers, with broadside which burst from the gaping er, fought again and again together and their stern, schoolmaster faces. The ports. A moment later her topmen were married into each other's families, but captain, his elbows on the binnacle, as long as their feet were on the poop still watched the distant brig. Her crew royals, and she strove to cross the the iron discipline of the service struck | were tricing up the boarding netting, all that was human out of them and dragging round the starboard guns, eft only the superior and the subordi- knocking new portholes for them and frigate's head round, and the two rode nate. Captain Johnson took a blue pa- making every preparation for a desperper from his pocket, which crackled as ate resistance. In the thick of it all a pouring broadsides into each other in huge man, bearded to the eyes, with a one of those murderous duels which,



ing and stooping and hauling. The captain watched him with a sour smile, and then snapping up his glass he turned upon his heel. For an instant he ood staring. restraining himself, "What have we "Call back the boats," he cried in lost, Mr. Wharton?" stood staring.

'Stand by to repel boarders!"

his thin, creaking voice. "Clear away for action there. Cast loose those main | sir.' deck guns. Brace back the yards, Mr. Smeaton, and stand by to go about when she has way enough."

Round the curve of the estuary was coming a huge vessel. Her great yellow the mizzen cross jackyard.' bowsprit and white winged figurehead were jutting out from the cluster of palm trees, while high above them towered three immense masts, with the tri- two marines into a bloody, palpitating color flag floating superbly from the

mizzen. Round she came, the deep blue water creaming under her forefoot, until her long, curving, black side, her line low and clustered along the weather of shining copper beneath and of snow rail, shading their eyes with their white hammocks above and the thick

vious that she could not get out with- out all ready for action. Lying behind out passing under the guns of the frig- one of the promontories of the island ate. A long rocky point to the north the lookout men of the Gloire upon the shore had seen the cul de sac into which 'Keep her as she goes, Mr. Whar- the British frigate had headed, so that ton," said the captain. "Hardly worth Captain de Milon had observed the Leda as Captain Johnson had the Slap-

cried the captain of marines. The huge loom of the Frenchman she tries to pass us. Cast loose the bow- British service was at its best in such a was seen bursting through the smoke. hasers and send the small arm men crisis. The boats flew back, their crews Thick clusters of boarders hung upon clustered aboard, they were swung up her sides and shronds. A final l and shirts, tightened their belts and ran caught the mizzen chains of the Leda are those in comfortable circumstances. followed.

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the open portholes at the stately French-black swarm of boarders steadied themman. The wind was very light. Hardly selves for a spring. a ripple showed itself upon the clear But their feet were never to reach blue water, but the sails blew gently that blood stained deck. From some-

banks. The Frenchman had gone about also, and both ships were now heading slowly for the sea under fore and aft English marines and seamen, waiting -Boston Transcript. canvas, the Gloire 1,000 yards in adwith cutlass and musket behind the sivance. She luffed up to cross the Lelent guns, saw with amazement the da's bows, but the British ship came dark masses thinning and shredding round also, and the two rippled slowly on in such a silence that the ringing of away. At the same time the port broadthe ramrods as the French marines side of the Frenchman burst into a roar. drove home their charges clanged quite captain.

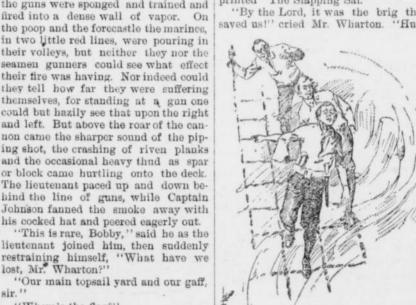
"What the devil are they fir-"Not much sea room, Mr. Wharton," ing at?" "Get the guns clear," panted the lieutenant. "We'll do them yet, boys!" The wreckage was torn and hacked seemed to be the entire population of "We must keep our distance and trust and splintered until first one gun and Wynyard's Bar was collected upon a to our gunnery. She is very heavily manned, and if she got alongside we "I see the shakos of soldiers aboard

of her, two companies of light infantry from Martinique. Now we have her! Hard a-port and let her have it as we shouting themselves hoarse. The keen eye of the little commander They're running!' had seen the surface ripple which told

> it all as their own. As the smoke clear- at that moment was one of open rebeled it was not difficult to see the reason. Iion against the legal power and of The ships had gained the mouth of the particular resistance to the apprehenestuary during the fight, and there, sion by warrant of one of its prominent about four miles out to sea, was the members. This gentleman, Major Over-Leda's consort bearing down under full stone, then astride of a gray mustang sail to the sound of the guns. Captain and directing the movements of the do Milon had done his part for one day, crowd, had a few days before killed the and presently the Gloire was drawing sheriff of Siskyou county, who had atoff swiftly to the north, while the Dido tempted to arrest him for the double was bowling along at her skirts, rattling offense of misappropriating certain cor-

land hid them both from view. her mainmast gone, her bulwarks shat- | icide might have been overlooked by the away, her sails like a beggar's rags and | body of their own overzealous and mis-100 of her crew dead and wounded. guided official could not pass unchal-Close beside her a mass of wreckage lenged if they expected to arrest Overfloated upon the waves. It was the stern stone for the more serious offense against post of a mangled vessel, and across it property. So it was known that a new could see anything of its enemy save in white letters on a black ground was sheriff had been appointed and was comthe guns were sponged and trained and | printed "The Slapping Sal."

"By the Lord, it was the brig that posse. But it was also understood that saved us!" cried Mr. Wharton. "Hud- this invasion would be resisted by the



"They're running!" water by a broadside.

The little captain turned on his heel cort of United States cavalry. and paced up and down the deck. Alabout his mouth and eves. "Are they all gone?"

ed water. Something black washed to But what are you lookin at? What's and fro beside a splintered gaff and a up?"

was floating. on." said the captain at last. "He lived game! Wot right have they"like a dog; but, by God, he died like a

THE END.

Old Age. The leaves of forest trees grow more

eautiful in their age just before they drop off and die, and few people follow their example. Yet it was a Frenchmen of a great mind who said if he could where there came a well aimed whiff shoose his age for a permanent residence of grape and another and another. The apon earth it would be as an old man.

## The Sheriff of Siskyou.

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

then another roared into action again. little bluff which overlooked the rude The Frenchman's anchor had been cut wagon road that was the only approach away, and the Leda had worked herself to the settlement. In general appearfree from that fatal hug. But now sud- ance the men differed but little from ordenly there was a scurry up the shrouds dinary miners, although the foreign elof the Gloire, and 100 Englishmen were ement-shown in certain Spanish peculiarities of dress and color-predomi 'They're running! They're running! nated, and some of the men were further distinguished by the delicacy of seased to fire and was intent only upon | Wynyard's Bar was a city of refuge clapping on every sail that she could and comprised among its inhabitants a when you were outflanked and outnum- tors were bitter, and his enforced seclunumber who were "wanted" by the But that shouting 100 could not claim state authorities, and its actual attitude away with her bowchasers, until a head- porate funds of the state and the shooting of the editor who had imprudently But the Leda lay sorely stricken, with exposed him. The lesser crime of homtered, her mizzen topmast and gaff shot authorities, but its repetition upon the ing to Wynyard's Bar with an armed

> Bar to its last man. All eyes were turned upon a fringe of laurel and butternut that encroached upon the road half a mile away, where it seemed that such of the inhabitants as were missing from the bluff were hidden to give warning or retard the approach of the posse. A gray haze slowly rising between the fringe and the distant billside was recognized as the dust of a cavalcade passing along the invisible highway. In the hush of expectancy that followed the irregular clatter of hoofs, the sharp crack of a rifle and a sudden halt were faintly audible. The men, scattered in groups on the bluff, exchanged a smile of grim

satisfaction. Not so their leader. A quick start and an oath attracted attention to him. To their surprise, he was looking in another direction, but as they looked, too, they saw and understood the cause. A file of horsemen, hitherto undetected, were slowly passing along the little ridge on their right. Their compact acson brought her into action with the conterments and the yellow braid on Frenchman and was blown out of the their blue jackets, distinctly seen at that distance, showed them to be an es-

Before the assemblage could realize ready his crew were plugging the shot- this new invasion a nearer clatter of holes, knotting and splicing and mend- hoofs was heard along the highroad, ing. When he came back, the lieuten- and one of the ambuscading party dashing a horrible effect. The Leda was a lant saw a softening of the stern lines ed up from the fringe of woods below. His face was flushed, but triumphant.

"A reg'lar skunk, by the living "Every man. They must have sunk hokey!" he panted, pointing to the faint with the wreck." haze that was again slowly rising above The two officers looked down at the the invisible road. "They backed down inister name and at the stump of as soon as they saw our hand and got a wreckage which floated in the discolor- hole through their new sheriff's hat.

tangle of halyards. It was the outra- The leader impatiently pointed with geous ensign, and near it a scarlet cap a darkening face to the file. "Reg'lars, by gum!" ejaculated the "He was a villain, but he was a Brit- other. "But Uncle Sam ain't in this "Dry up!" said the leader. The escort was now moving at right

angles with the camp, but suddenly

halted, almost doubling upon itself in some evident commotion. A dism It is said that seven suicides is the down the hillside, dodging from bush to

'Spread yourselves along the ridge, every man of you, and cover them as they enter the gulch!" shouted the lead-"But not a shot until I give the word. Scatter!"

The assemblage dispersed like a startled village of prairie dogs, squatting behind every available bush and rock



along the line of bluff. The leader alone trotted quietly to the head of the gulch. The nine cavalrymen came smartly up in twos, a young officer leading. The single figure of Major Overstone opposed them with a command to halt. Looking up, the young officer drew rein, said a word to his file leader, and the four files closed in a compact square, motionless, on the road. The young officer's unsworded hand hung quietly at his thigh. The men's unslung carbines rested easily on their saddles. Yet at that moment every man of them knew that they were covered by a hundred rifles and shotguns leveled from every

bush, and that they were caught helplessly in a trap.

"Since when," said Major Overstone, with an affectation of tone and manner different from that in which he had addressed his previous companions, "have the Ninth United States cavalry helped to serve a state court's pettifogging

"We are hunting a deserter-a half breed agent-who has just escaped us," returned the officer. His voice was boyish. So, too, was his figure in its slim, cadetlike smartness of belted tunic, but very quiet and level, although his face this revelation of the sudden and hurwas still flushed with the shock and shame of his surprise.

soldiers were not seeking them. Ready as these desperate men had been to do their leader's bidding, they were well On the 15th of August, 1854, what the troopers would not pass unpunished and meant the ultimate dispersion of the camp, and quiet as these innocent invaders seemed to be they would no doubt sell their lives dearly. The em- salt. A silver framed hand mirror hung battled desperadoes glanced auxiously against the blackened wall. For the

contrary, looked straight before them. hurried flight from his luxurious hotel Overstone, with a sneer, "you've come lieved was only temporary until the to the last place to recover your deserters. affair blew over and he could return And it was true. The Frenchman had education and sedentary pursuits. Yet Bar. And they didn't teach you at the was his wont. But this had not been so We don't give up men in Wynyard's in safety to browbeat his accusers, as academy, sir, to stop to take prisoners easy as he had imagined. His prosecu-

"Bedad, they didn't teach you, Cap- until the fracas which ended in the tain Overstone, to engage a battery at shooting of the sheriff had apparently Cerro Gordo with a half company, but closed the door upon his return to civiyou did it. More shame to you now,

sir, commandin the thaves and ruffians 'Silence!' said the young officer. The sleeve of the sergeant who had spoken-with the chevrons of long service upon it-went up to a salute and dropped again over his carbine as he stared stolidly before him. But his shot

had told. A flush of mingled pride and shame passed over Overstone's face. "Oh, it's you, Murphy!" he said, with an affected laugh, "and you haven't improved in discipline with your stripes.

The young officer turned his head

'Attention!' "One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward. "I have told you that we don't give up any man who seeks our protection. But," he added, with a half careless, half contemptuous wave of his hand and a significant glance at his followers, "we don't prevent you from lization forever. Only here was his life

camp is before you.' looking at him: "Forward—in two files eminence of his double crime had made -open order. Ma-arch!"

The little troop moved forward, pass-ed Major Overstone at the head of the ances had never risen above a stagegully and spread out on the hillside. | coach robbery or a single assassination The assembled camp, still armed, loung. Even criticism of his faded luxuries had ing out of ambush here and there, iron- been delicately withheld. ically made way for them to pass. A He was leaning over his open trunk few moments of this farcical quest and -which the camp popularly supposed a glance at the impenetrably wooded to contain state bonds and securities of heights around apparently satisfied the fabulous amount-and had taken some young officer, and he turned his files letters from it when a figure darkened

was still lingering there. "I hope you are satisfied," he said yard's Bar property was sacred. grimly. He then paused and in a It was the late fugitive. Although changed and more hesitating voice add- some hours had already elapsed since ed, "I am an older soldier than you, his arrival in camp and he had presumsir, but I am always glad to make the ably refreshed himself inwardly, his acquaintance of West Point." He outward appearance was still disheveled paused and held out his hand.

glanced at him with bright, clear eyes could be seen of the skin of his face and under light lashes and the peak of a hands under its stains and begriming smartly cocked cap, looked coolly at the was of a dull yellow. His light eyes proffered hand, raised his own to a stiff had all the brightness without the restsalute, said, "Good afternoon, sir," and lessness of the mongrel race. They lei-

in doing so came sharply upon his co- rested deliberately on the major himself. adjutor, the leader of the ambushed

'Well, Dawson," he said impatient-"'who was it?" "Only one of them d-d half breed Injin agents. He's just over there in half breed temper, and neither the rethe brush with Simpson, lying low till tort nor its tone affected him. the soldiers cl'ar out."

"Not much!" returned Dawson scornfully. "He ain't my style." 'Fetch him up to my cabin. He may coolness. be of some use to us.' Dawson looked skeptical. "I reckon you can't try anything of the kind here.

"Did you talk to him?"

CHAPTER II.

The cabin of Major Overstone differed | The major glanced at him quickly. figure was seen momentarily flying outwardly but little from those of his He seemed to be quite unconscious of men on their daily routine. In a few minutes, without fuss or sound, the sailors were knotted round their guns, the marines were knotted round their guns, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties were knotted round their guns, the marines were knotted round their guns, the marines were knotted round their guns, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties were knotted round their guns, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties were knotted round their guns, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties were knotted round their guns, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties were knotted round their guns, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties were knotted round their guns, without fuss or sound, the galley, and the drums beat to quarties of logs, laid lengthwise and rudely plastic feet above the deck, spun into the air down upon the port guns, killing ten men and putting the whole adoes here. on their muskets, and the frigate's bowsprit pointed straight for her little vicsprit pointed straight for her little victhe gun crews threw off their jackets
the gun crews threw off their jackets
starboard bower anchor of the Gloire
starboard bower anchor of the Gloire
starboard bower and the figure as the motive in the majority of tion of the camp. A single riderless
the two ships scraped together, and the
starboard bower anchor of the Gloire
starboard bower anchor of the Gloire
starboard bower and the figure as the motive in the majority of the persons horse, evidently that of the fugitive,
the gun crews threw off their jackets
starboard bower anchor of the Gloire chimney, which entirely occupied one with dry significance. Nevertheless he gable, was built. It was pierced with opened a rude cupboard in the corner smaller logs and thatched with long

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"I have used your Simmons Liver Regulator and can conscienciously say it is the king of all liver medicines, I consider it a medicine chest in itself.—GEO. W. JACKSON, Tacoma, Washington. 43 EVERY PACKAGE GA Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.

half cylinders and spruce bark. But the interior gave certain indications of the distinction as well as the peculiar experiences of its occupant. In place of the usual bunk or berth built against the wall stood a small folding camp bedstead, and upon a rude deal table that held a tin washbasin and pail lay two ivory handled brushes, combs and other elegant toilet articles, evidently the contents of the major's dressing hag. A handsome leather trunk occupied one corner, with a richly caparisoned silver mounted Mexican saddle, a mahogany case of dueling pistols, a leather hatbox locked and strapped, and a gorgeous gold and quartz handled ebony 'presentation' walking stick. There was a certain dramatic suggestion in ried transition from a life of ostentatious luxury to one of hidden toil and the wrought and waiting camp. The privation and a further significance in degradation of these elegant souvenirs. A pair of silver boot hooks had been used for raking the hearth and lifting aware that a momentary victory over the coffee kettle. The ivory of the brushes was stained with coffee. The cut glass bottles had lost their stoppers and had been utilized for vinegar and

at their leader. The soldiers, on the major's occupancy was the sequel of a "Process or no process," said Major at Sacramento-a transfer that he besion had been prolonged week by week



A figure darkened the doorway seeking him. The road is clear. The and person secure. For Wynyard's Bar The young officer continued without tion of his reckless courage, and the him respected among spendthrifts, gam-

again into the gully. Major Overstone the doorway. He looked up, laying his papers carelessly aside. Within Wyn-

and dusty. Brier and milkweed clung West Point, still red and rigid, to his frayed blouse and trousers. What surely took in the whole cabin, the still Major Overstone wheeled angrily, but open trunk before the major, and then "Well," said Major Overstone ab-

ruptly, "what brought you here?"
"Same as brought you, I reckon," responded the man almost as abruptly. The major knew something of the

"You didn't come here just because you deserted," said the major coolly. "You've been up to something else." "I have," said the man, with equal "I thought so. Now, you understand,

he ain't no more gain here than he was over there," he said and turned away.

If you do, up you go on the first tree.

That's rule 1." "I see. You ain't pertickler about waiting for the sheriff here, you fellers.'

To be Continued.