

The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc.

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Illustrated by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

—16—

"Indians, you say! Here?" her eyes widening in horror. "When do you suppose this happened? how long ago?"

"Within twelve hours certainly; probably soon after dawn."

I caught the rein of her horse, and Elsie, who was now wide awake, and trembling with fear, pressed forward, close to my side, moaning and casting her frightened glances backward. Kennedy was already started in advance of us on foot, leading his animal, and seeking to discover the quickest passage to shelter. On a narrow terrace the deputy halted us.

"I reckon maybe this yere is as gud as eny place fer ter stop," he said rather doubtfully, "It'll be mighty dark in an hour, an' then we kin go on; only my hoss is about did up. Whut ye say, Cap?"

"We are probably as safe here as anywhere in the neighborhood. Is that all you have to report, Tim?"

He lifted his hat, and scratched gently his thin hair.

"Only thet them Injuns went south. I done run onto their trail after yer left—it wus plain as the nose on yer face. Thar must'r bin a slew o' 'em, an' sum a hossback; they wus a strikin' straight across yonder, an' I reckon they fetched a prisoner 'long, sumbody wearin' boots enyhow, fer I saw the tracks in the mud." He hesitated, as though something was on his mind, glancing toward the girls, and lowering his voice. "I ain't so very dern tired, an' reckon I'll scout 'round a bit. Them red devils might'r overlooked a rifle er two back thar in the timber, an' I'd sure like ter git my fingers on one."

I nodded indifferently, too completely exhausted myself to care what he did, and then dull-eyed watched him disappear through the trees. No one spoke, even Eloise failing to question me, as I approached where she and Elsie had flung themselves on the short grass, although her heavy eyes followed my movement, and she made an effort to smile.

"One can easily see by your face how tired you are," I said, compassionately, looking down at her. "I am going to sleep for an hour or two, and you had both better do the same. Tim is going to keep guard."

She smiled wearily at me, her head sinking back. I did not move or speak again; indeed I had lost consciousness almost before I touched the ground.

I could not have slept long, for there was a glow of light still visible in the western sky, when a strong grip on my arm aroused me, causing me instantly to sit up. Tim stood there, a battered, old, long rifle in his hand, and beside him a boy of eighteen, without a hat, tousled headed, with an ugly red wound showing on one cheek.

"Mighty sorry fer ter wake ye, Cap," the deputy grinned. "This yere young chap is one o' them sojers; an' it strikes me, he's got a d— queer tale ter tell."

I glanced backward across my shoulder toward the others. Both girls were sleeping soundly, while beyond them, down the slope, the three horses were quietly cropping away at the herbage. I managed to rise.

"Let's move back to the spring, where we will not wake them up," I suggested. "Now we can talk."

My eyes sought the face of the lad questioningly. He was a loose-lipped, awkward lout, trembling still from a fright he could not conceal.

"You belonged to that squad killed out yonder?"

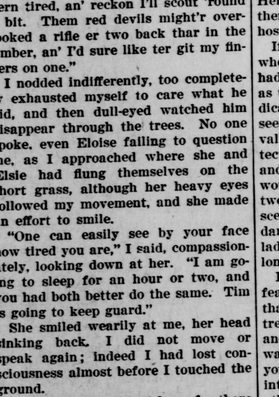
"Yes, seh; I reckon I'se the only one whut ain't ded," he stammered, so tongue-tied I could scarcely make out his words. "I wus gone after wahter, an' when them Injuns begun fer ter yell, I never dun nuthin' but just run, an' hid in the bush."

"I understand. What is your name?"

"Asa Hall."

"Well, Asa, I suppose those were militiamen; you belonged to the company?"

He nodded, his eyes dull, his lips moving, as though it was an effort to



"Indians, You Say! Here?" Her Eyes Widening in Horror.

talk. Quite evidently whatever little intellect he had ever possessed, now refused to respond. Kennedy broke in impatiently.

"It takes thet boy 'bout an hour fer ter tell enything, Cap," he explained gruffly. "I reckon he's skeered half ter death in the furst place, an' then thar's sumthin' wrong with him enyhow. Howsumever, it's whut he seed an' heerd, Cap, thet sounds mighty queer ter me. He sez thar wus more'n fifty bucks in thet party, an' that ol' Black Hawk wus thar hisself, a leadin' 'em—he done saw him."

I turned, surprised at this statement, to stare into the boy's face. He had grinned back at me, vacantly.

"Black Hawk! He could scarcely be down here; what did he look like?"

"'Bout six feet high, I reckon, with a big hooked nose, an' the blackest pair o' mean eyes ever ye saw. I reckon he didn't hav' no eyebrows, an' he wore a bunch o' eagle feathers, an' a red blanket. Gosh, mister, but the devil cudn't look no worse'n he did."

"Wus thet him, Cap?" burst in Tim, anxiously.

"It's not a bad description," I admitted, yet not convinced. "I can't believe he would be here with a raiding party. If he was, there must be some important object in view. Is that all?"

"No, 'tain't; the boy swears thar was a white man 'long with 'em, a feller with a short mustache, an' dressed in store clothes. He wan't no prisoner nuther, but hed a gun, an' talked ter Black Hawk, most like he wus a chief hisself. After the killin' wus all over, he wus the one whut got 'em ter go off thar to the south, the whole kit an' kaboodle."

"I don't doubt that. There have always been white renegades among the Sacs and plenty of half-breeds. If Black Hawk, and this other fellow are leading this band, they are after big game somewhere, and we had better keep out of their way. I favor saddling up immediately, and traveling all night."

"So do I," and Tim flung a half-filled bag from his shoulder to the ground. "But I vote we eat furst. 'Tain't much, only a few scraps I found out thar; but it's a way better then nuthin'. Here you, Hall, give me a hand, an' then we'll go out, an' round up them hosses."

If the party of raiding Indians, whose foul deed we had discovered, had departed in a southerly direction, as their trail would plainly seem to indicate, then our safest course would seemingly be directed eastward up the valley. This would give us the protection of the bluffs, and take us more and more out of the territory they would be likely to cover. Within twenty minutes we were in saddle, descending the steep hillside through the darkness, Tim walking ahead with the lad, his horse trailing behind, and the long rifle across his shoulder.

I do not recall feeling any special fear. In the first place I was convinced that we must already be at the extreme limit of Black Hawk's radius, and that, traveling as we were eastward, must before morning be well beyond any possible danger of falling into the hands of his warriors. The other pursuers I had practically dismissed from thought. Shortly after midnight my horse strained a tendon, and could no longer uphold my weight. On foot, with the poor beast limping painfully behind me, I pressed on beside Eloise, both of us silent, too utterly wearied with the strain for any attempt at speech.

The rising sun topped the summit of the bluff, its red rays seeming to bridge with spans of gossamer the little valley up which we toiled. I had lost my interest, and was walking doggedly on, with eyes bent upon the ground, when the girl beside me cried out suddenly, a new excitement in her voice.

"Oh, there is a cabin! See! Over yonder; just beyond that big oak, where the bluff turns."

Her eager face was aglow, her outstretched hand pointing eagerly.

The logs of which the little building had been constructed, still in their native bark, blended so perfectly with the drab hillside beyond, that for the moment none of us caught the distant outlines. Tim possessed the keenest sight, and his voice was first to speak.

"Sure, miss, thet's a cabin, all right," he said grimly. "One room, an' new built; likely 'nough sum settler just com' in yere. I don't see no movement, ner smoke."

"Fled to the nearest fort probably," I replied, able myself by this time to decipher the spot. "Be too risky to stay out here alone. We'll look it over; there might be food left behind, even if the people have gone."

We must have been half an hour in covering the distance. The cabin stood well up above the stream, within the shade of the great oak, and we were confirmed, long before we reached it, in our former judgment that it was uninhabited. No sign of life was visible about the place; it had the appearance of desertion, no smoke even curling from out the chimney. A faint trail, evidently little used, led down toward the creek, and we followed this as it wound around the base of the big tree. Then it was that the truth dawned suddenly upon us—there to our right lay a dead mule, harnessed for work, but with throat cut; while directly in front of the cabin door was a dog, an ugly, massive brute, his mouth open, prone on his back, with stiffened legs pointing to the sky. I dropped my rein, and strode forward.

"Wait where you are," I called back. "There have been savages here; let me see first what has happened inside."

The dog had been shot, stricken by two bullets, and I was obliged to drag his huge body to one side before I could press my way in through the door. The open doorway and window afforded ample light, and a single glance was sufficient to reveal most of the story. The table had been smashed as by the blow of an ax, and pewter dishes were everywhere. The bed in one corner had been stripped of its coverlets, many of them slashed by a knife, and the straw tick had been ripped open in a dozen places. Coals from the fireplace lay widespread, some of them having eaten deeply into the hard wood before they ceased smoldering.

I saw all this, yet my eyes rested upon something else. A man lay, bent double across an overturned bench, in a posture which hid his face from view. His body was there alone, although a child's shoe lay on the floor, and a woman's linsey dress dangled from a hook against the wall. I crept forward, my heart pounding madly, until I could gain sight of his face. He was a big fellow, not more than thirty, with sandy hair and beard, and a pugnacious jaw, his coarse hickory shirt slashed into ribbons, a bullet wound in the center of his forehead, and one arm broken by a vicious blow. His calloused hands yet gripped the haft of an ax, just as he had died—fighting.

Tim's voice spoke from the doorway.

"Injuns, I reckon?"

"Yes, they have been here; the man is dead. But there must have been others, a woman and child also—see that shoe on the floor, and the dress hanging over there. The poor devil fought hard."

Kennedy stepped inside, staring about him.

"Do you think it best to stop here?"

"Why not? 'Tain't likely them devils will be back agin. Thar sure must be somethin' fer us ter eat in the place, an' the Lord kno's we can't go on as we are. Them gurls be mighty nigh ready ter drop, an' two o' the hosses has plum giv' out. I'm fer settlin' down fer a few hours enyhow—say till it gits middling dark."

Undoubtedly this was the sensible view. We would be in far less danger remaining there under cover than in any attempt to continue our journey by daylight. Together we carried the body out, and deposited it in a thicket behind the cabin, awaiting burial; and then dragged the dead dog also out of sight. The disorder within was easily remedied, and, after this had been attended to, the girls were permitted to enter. Eloise sank back on the bench, her head supported against the wall, the lashes of her half-closed eyes showing dark against the whiteness of her cheeks. She looked so pitifully tired, the very heart choked in my throat.

The rest of us found a small stock of provisions, and Elsie, with Tim to aid her, built a fire and prepared breakfast. A half-filled bottle of whisky discovered in the cupboard, helped to revive all of us slightly, and gave Asa sufficient courage to seek outside for a spring. Tim, comparatively unwearied himself, and restless, located a trapdoor in the floor, rather ingeniously concealed, which disclosed the existence of a small cellar below. Candle in hand he explored this, returning with two guns, together with a quantity of powder and ball, and information that there remained a half keg of the explosive hidden below.

"Must a bin aimin' ter blow up stumps, I reckon," he commented, exhibiting a sample. "Coarsest I ever saw; cudn't hardly use thet in no gun, but it's powder alright."

To remove the debris out of our way, I was gathering up the straw tick and slit blankets, and piled them all together back on the bed. Clinging to one of the blankets, caught and held by its pin, was a peculiar emblem, and I stood for a moment with it in my hand, curiously examining the odd design. Eloise unclosed her eyes, and started to her feet.

"What is that you have?" she asked.

"A pin of some kind—a rather strange design; I just found it here, entangled in this blanket."

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "I have seen one exactly like it before—Kirby wore it in his tie."

CHAPTER XVI.

We Accept a Refugee.

I looked again at the thing with a fresh curiosity, yet with no direct thought of any connection. The undisguised terror manifest in her face, however, caused me to realize the sudden suspicion which this discovery had aroused.

"That means nothing," I insisted, taking the pin back into my own possession. "It is probably the emblem of some secret order, and there may be thousands of them scattered about. Anyhow this one never belonged to Joe Kirby. He could never have been here. My guess is the fellow is back at Yellow Banks before now. Forget it, Eloise, while we eat. Then a few hours sleep will restore your nerves; you are all worn out."

We had nearly completed the meal, seated around what remained of the shattered table. The boy Asa sat at the very end of the table, facing the open door, eating as though he had not tasted food for a week. From the time of sitting down he had scarcely raised his eyes from off the pewter plate before him; but at last this was emptied, and he lifted his head, to stare out through the open door. Into his face came a look of dumb, inarticulate fright, as his lips gave utterance to one cry of warning.

"Look! Look!"

With swift turn of the head I saw what he meant—a man on horseback, riding at a savage gait up the trail, directly for the cabin, bent so low in the saddle his features could not be discerned, but, from his clothing, unquestionably white. I was without the door, Tim beside me rifle in hand, when the fellow swept around the base of the oak, still staring behind him, as though in fright of pursuers, and flogging his straining horse with the end of a rein. He appeared fairly crazed with fear, unaware in his blind terror of the close proximity of the cabin.

"Hold on!" I yelled, springing forward, my arms thrown up, directly in the animal's course. "Stop, you fool!"

I know not whether the frantic horse checked itself, or if the rider drew rein, but the beast stopped, half rearing, and I gazed with amazement into the revealed face of the man—he was Joe Kirby. Before I could speak, or move, he burst into words.

"You! Knox! My God, man, whoever you are, don't refuse me shelter!"

"Shelter? From what?" my hand closing on a pistol butt.

"Indians! Be merciful, for God's sake. They are there in the valley, they are after me. I just escaped them—they were going to burn me at the stake!"

I glanced aside at Tim; his rifle was flung forward. Then I looked quickly back at the man, who had already dropped from his horse, and seemed scarcely able to stand. Was this true, had he ridden here unknowing whom he would meet, with no other thought but to save his life? Heaven knows he looked the part—his swarthy face dirtied, with a stain of blood on one cheek, his shirt ripped into rags, bareheaded, and with a look of terror in his eyes not to be mistaken. Villain and savage as I knew him to be, I still felt a strange wave of pity sweep me—pity and tenderness, mingled with hatred and distrust.

"Kirby," I said, and strode in between him and Tim's leveled weapon. "There is no friendship between us—now, or at any time. I believe you to be a miserable, snarling dog; but I would save even a cur from Indian torture. Did you know we were here?"

"No, so help me God. I saw the cabin, and hoped to find help."

"The savages are following you?"

"Yes—yes; see! Look down there—there are half a hundred of the devils, and—and Black Hawk."

"By the holy smoke, Cap, he's right—there they are!" sung out Kennedy, pointing excitedly. "The cuss ain't a lyin'. What'll we do?"

I saw them also by this time, my mind in a whirl of indecision. What should we do? What ought we to do? We should have to fight to the death—there was no doubt of that. An attempt to get away was manifestly impossible. But what about this renegade, this infernal scoundrel, this hellhound who had been trailing us to kill and destroy? Should we turn him back now to his deserved fate, or should we



"Indians! Be Merciful for God's Sake."

offer him the same chance for life we had? He might fight; he might add one rifle to our defense; he might help us to hold out until rescuers came. And then—then—after that—we could settle our score. Tim's voice broke the silence.

"I reckon we ain't got much time," he said grimly. "It's one thing, 'er the other. I'm fer givin' the d— beggar a chance. I can't turn no white man over ter Injuns—not me. Kirby's got a gun, an' I reckon we're goin' fer ter need 'em all afore this blame fracas is over with."

"And I agree with you, Mr. Kennedy," said Eloise, clearly, speaking from the open door. "Lieutenant Knox, no one here has more to forgive than I. We must give the man refuge—it would be inhuman not to."

"Go in!" I said, grimly, to Kirby, looking him squarely in the eyes. "And then play the man, if you care to live."

I lingered there upon the outside for a moment, but for a moment only. The advancing cloud of savages were already coming up the slope, gradually spreading out into the form of a fan. The majority were mounted, although several struggled forward on foot. Near their center appeared the ominous gleam of a red blanket, waved back and forth as though in signal, but the distance was too great for my eyes to distinguish the one manipulating it. We were trapped, with our backs to the wall.

There were but few preparations to be made, and I gave small attention to Kirby until these had been hastily completed. The door and window were barred, the powder and slugs brought up from below, the rifles loaded and primed, the few loopholes between the logs opened, and a pail of water placed within easy reach. This was all that could be done.

Kennedy made use of the fellow, ordering him about almost brutally, and Kirby obeyed the commands without an answering protest. To all appearances he was as eager as we in the preparations for defense. But he could not command him; to even address the fellow would have been torture, for even then I was without faith, without confidence. The very sneaking, cowardly way in which he acted did not appeal to me as natural. I could not deny his story—those approaching Indians alone were proof that he fled from a real danger; and yet—and yet, to my mind he could not represent anything but treachery. I possessed but one desire—to kick the cringing cur.

I stood at a loophole watching the approaching savages. They had halted just below the big tree, and four or five half hidden by the huge trunk, were in consultation, well beyond rifle shot. Assured by their attitude that the attack would not be made immediately, I ventured to turn my face slightly, and take final survey of the room behind. Tim had stationed himself at the other side of the door, his eyes glued to a narrow opening, both hands gripped on his gun. Eloise and the colored girl, the one dry-eyed and alert, the other prone on the floor crying, were where I had told them to go, into the darkest corner. The boy I did not see, nor even remember, but Kirby stood on the bench, which enabled him to peer out through the loop-hole in the window shutter. What I noticed, however, was, that instead of keeping watch without, his eyes were furtively wandering about the room, and, when they suddenly encountered mine, were as instantly averted.

"Where was it you met those Indians, Kirby?" I questioned sternly.

"Down the valley."

"Last night?"

"This morning; they surprised us in camp."

"In camp! there were others with you, then. Who were they? the party you had trailing us?"

"Yes," a decidedly sullen tone creeping into his voice. "Five of them; one was a Winnebago."

"And Rale was dead, I presume. What became of the others?"

He shook his head, but with no show of feeling.

"That's more than I know. Things were hot enough for me without bothering about the rest. I never saw any of them again, except Rale. He was killed in the fight. About an hour after that I shot the buck who was guarding me, and got away on his horse."

"What Indians were they?"

"Sacs mostly; some Foxes, and may be a Winnebago or two."

"Was Black Hawk with them?"

"I don't know—I never saw Black Hawk."

I felt firmly convinced that he was deliberately lying, and yet there was nothing in his story which might not be true. No doubt it was prejudice, personal hatred, and distrust which led me to come to this conclusion. Well, true or not, I meant to see that he fought now.

"All right, but I advise you to keep your eyes outside," I said sternly. "Don't be staring about the cabin any more."

"I was looking for something to eat."

"Is that so? Well, you better stand it for awhile without eating. What is it, Eloise?"

"Please let me hand him some food?"

I hesitated, conscious that I disliked even the thought of her serving the fellow in any way, yet unable to resist the eager plea in her eyes.

"Very well, if you wish to; only keep down out of range; those Indians may try for the loopholes. It is more than you deserve, Kirby."

He made no response, and I watched him closely as he endeavored to eat what she proffered him, and felt convinced that it was hard work. The man had lied about being hungry; he was not in need of food, and my deep-rooted suspicion of him only flamed up anew.

A hand gripped at my sleeve timidly, and I turned quickly to encounter the eyes of Asa Hall. Never did I read such depth of fear in the expression of any face—it was the wild, unreasoning terror of an animal.

"What is it, my boy?"

"It's him, seh," he whispered, his lips trembling so I could scarce catch the words. "Thet feller thar. He's—he's the one I saw las' night with Black Hawk."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, seh; I know him. I saw him plain as I do now."

I do not know why, but every bit of evidence against the man came instantly thronging back to my mind—the chance remark of Throckmorton on the Warrior about his suspicion of Indian blood; the high cheek bones and thin lips; the boy's earlier description; the manner in which our trail had been so relentlessly followed; the strange emblem found pinned to the blanket. I seemed to grasp the entire truth—the wily, cowardly scheme of treachery he was endeavoring to perpetrate. My blood boiled in my veins, and yet I felt cold as ice, as I swung about and faced the fellow, my rifle flung forward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOOK FOXES IN NEAT TRAP

Probably Only Instance on Record Where Youngsters Were Caught in a Horse Blanket.

How four foxes were caught in a horse blanket is a quaint tale told by R. A. Hutmacher in the Hunter-Trader-Trapper of Columbus, O.

"I happened to be driving south of Rapatee, Ill., with the implement dealer of that town, making business calls on several farmers of that section, when, to my surprise, I saw on a very steep hill in the distance several young foxes playing about as if no human was near," says Mr. Hutmacher. "My partner and I decided to try our luck at catching them, so driving on a little farther, we tied our horses and set out across the field after them.

"When we reached the hole, they were all up over the hill chasing each other, so telling my companion to go around the hill and chase them my way I threw a horse blanket over their hole and waited. As they came rushing for the hole I raised one end of the blanket just enough to hide myself and at the same time form a trap of it for them to run into.

"They all got to the hole about the same time, when I threw one end of the blanket over them, the other end being over the hole. In the excitement I succeeded in catching all four in the folds of the blanket.

"We went back to the buggy and drove to town, my companion taking two of the foxes and I two. Possibly the explanation of our good luck is the fact that the foxes were not much more than six weeks old when captured."

Mutual Difficulty.

Mrs. Stuart Menzies, in Sportsmen Parsons, tells an amusing story of a cleric, famed alike as a hard rider to hounds and a profound scholar, who was one day performing a christening ceremony.

Owing to the mother's faulty pronunciation of the aspirate he could not make out, writes Mrs. Menzies, whether the child's name was to be Anna or Hannah, so, stooping, he asked her quietly, "How do you [illegible] it?"

To this the mother, in an embarrassed and confidential whisper, replied: "Well, I ain't [illegible] scholland neither, sir."

She was evidently, as Mrs. Menzies, surprised at his "ignorance." Fancy his having to ask her how to spell!

Red Sandstone.

Colorado is full of wonderful red sandstone rocks. They are lined and grooved and stippled over with fine dots; they are worn and hollowed and curved into innumerable grotesque shapes; from the tiny stone which you can hold in your hand to the sharp colossal wall, hundreds of feet high, which no man can climb, there is not an inch which does not look as if for millions of years it had been worked by tools. Yet no hand, no tool, has been there. Grains of sand have done it all—grains of sand blowing and eddying in wind currents.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner ©by the Author

THE DOG'S FINE.

"Well, bow-wow, what do you think I had to do?" asked the St. Bernard dog, named Sport.

"What did you have to do?" asked Rover, another big dog, but not as big a dog as Sport. Rover was a collie.

"I had to do it before I came here," said Sport.

"Are you glad you came here, or didn't you mind doing what you had to do?" asked Rover.

"Yes, I'm glad I came here," said Sport, "and I'm glad that my master came, too, for I wouldn't be happy without my master no matter what I had to do. We've been together so much, in so many places, under so many different conditions—that is we've been together in pretty places and ugly places, in big places and small places, in the real country and in the real city, in every way possible."

"And on rainy days and sunny days," said Rover.

"Of course," agreed Sport.

"What made your master come here?" asked Rover.

The dogs had made friends when they had met in the village that morning. Every one had greatly admired the big St. Bernard and they had all heard what a wonderful record he had made through his life.

"Won't you tell me some of the things you've done?" asked Rover.

"Oh, dear," said Sport, "I've done what any dog would do who had had my chances. That's all."

"But tell me," said Rover, "and then tell me what you meant when you said you had had to do something which I should think about."

"I didn't say it quite that way," said Sport. "I asked you to think or to guess what it was that I had just



"I Got a Medal."

had to do—I meant before I came down here?"

"I'll try to guess after you tell me your history," said Rover. "I won't be conceited, for we're friends."

"Well, I rescued a man and his daughter from a fire," he said. "I was quite young at the time. There was a fire in the opposite house and the firemen hadn't come and I knew the man and his daughter were inside. I had given the alarm as best I could by barking and waking up my master.

"He was quick to help me always and I knew that he would give the alarm. But I knew how I could get in the house and how one of the doors could be pushed open from the outside.

"I got the man and his daughter out—I took the daughter first, and I dragged them along with my teeth. I tore their clothes badly but that couldn't be helped.

"I got a medal for that which made my master very proud. And then I saved a little boy from drowning once and also stopped a runaway horse.

"I pulled out of the cold water a girl who was skating and who had fallen through the ice. Oh, I've done several little things like that, and I've had several medals and my picture has been in the paper and all of that."

"You're modest about it," said Rover. "You speak of those things you've done as though they were of no more signs of bravery than the eating of a bone."

"I'm not proud of those things," said Sport, "honestly I'm not, and that isn't false modesty either. I'm glad that I happened to be the fortunate dog who could do them.

"But my master moved from the city with me lately because he wanted a place where he could play lots of golf at any time on holidays and after he got home from business, and he thought it would be nicer for me to have the country to enjoy without having to wear a muzzle."

"Muzzle?" asked Rover.

"Oh, yes; that was what I was going to make you guess," said Sport. "I will tell you though instead for I am late for dinner. I was fined for not wearing my muzzle in the city. Of course my master hadn't put it on me and he paid the fine in one way. But I carried it in my mouth to the judge when he said what it was to be. And he fined me very little for he said I had such a splendid record. Wasn't that nice of him?"

"You've had every experience," said Rover, admiringly.

Pretty Good Fellow.

Keep your body straight and apply this rule to your mental and moral life and you will be a pretty good fellow.

Breaking a Confidence.

Do not assume that you are justified in disregarding a confidence because you have pledged another not to repeat what you tell her. If your obligation to silence means so little, why assume that another girl will take it more seriously? And moreover, if you have promised not to tell something, to break the promise where one is concerned, is as out of the way as to break it fifty times over.—Girls' Companion.

WHEN ALL RUN-DOWN, NERVOUS, WEAK



Staunton, Va.—"Whenever I feel all run-down, nervous or weak I always find renewed health and strength in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the Golden Medical Discovery. These medicines have been of especial benefit to me during expectancy and enabled me to raise my child. This was perhaps due to kidney trouble, which always gave me considerable anxiety during each expectant period. After I took the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I had no further trouble with my kidneys during expectancy, and I surely realize all that that these tonics meant to me and to my child."—Mrs. E. V. Hook, 8 Tams St.

Gained 35 Pounds

Moundsville, W. Va.—"Some eight years ago in the opening of spring I began to go down in health. I became nervous, weak, could not eat nor sleep, and became very thin. Was so completely run-down I could not work. I went on this way one whole summer. I took medicine, but it did not do me any good. I was so weak I could scarcely get up and down stairs, when I began taking 'Favorite Prescription.' I only took about three bottles when I was a well person and began to be strong and hearty. I gained thirty-five pounds in weight and am today strong and have never had any sickness since."—Mrs. M. J. Wilson, 801 First St.

Charlottesville, Va.—"For years I suffered with woman's weakness, during which time I doctored and took medicine without getting relief. I suffered with backaches and pains in the side. I was very weak and nervous and was miserable, when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I had taken two bottles I was so much improved that I knew I had at last found the right medicine. I took six bottles and by that time I was well."—Mrs. W. W. Southard, 108 Hinton Ave.

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