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# Deal in Wild Lands

OR, THE  
Musselshell Millions.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)  
The quick, sharp glance of compre-  
Hiram Skidder shot at him  
"You know," pursued Jerry, "them  
one hundred and sixty on the  
and are worth more to me than any  
I not only want 'em for a  
for my cattle, but I think I might  
a forty or two for a trifle to Col-  
Hiram, one of my neighbors," said the  
visiting, smiling sarcastically.  
"Of course you've been very kind to  
Hiram," continued the visitor, "to  
me the use of these lands so long  
for the tax, but we're both getting  
and if you should die and your es-  
estate be divided, there might be no end  
of it, and so I told Daisy I'd come and  
see these lands of you while she's getting  
a little from her long journey."  
"How much will you give me for my  
interest, Jerry?"  
"Well, I thought three hundred dollars  
might strike you as a fair offer, Hiram,"  
said the visitor, "and so I've brought  
the money."  
The merchant's sarcastic smile deep-  
ened as his brother drew out a pocket-  
book which looked as if a considerable  
sum of the Rocky Mountains had at  
last fallen upon it.  
"Don't be so fast, Jerry," he said,  
"that you are here, I'll show you  
sights a week or two, and then we'll  
go to Montana together. Nothing would  
please me more than to see how you  
have been living all these fourteen  
years."  
Jerry waved his hand in nervous im-  
patience.  
"That is very kind, Hiram," he de-  
clared, "but business is business, and I  
must get the little matter of the lands  
out of my mind before I can take a step  
toward you."  
The merchant surveyed him again in-  
tensely, not a little interested by his  
words, which looked as if he had taken  
some from some scarecrow he had en-  
countered in his travels.  
"I couldn't think of selling you the  
lands in this off-hand fashion, Jerry,"  
he said. "Wait till I have looked  
over in person."  
"Let me have the deed  
for three hundred dollars, Jerry,"  
demanded the merchant. "You must re-  
member that these lands cost me five  
hundred. Probably, too, I could make  
them terms with Colonel Whipsaw than  
you can. Let's wait."  
"Hiram," protested Jerry, "There's  
time like the present. Give me the  
deed now, and I'll make the payment  
in hundred dollars."  
"That's more like it," commented the  
merchant, still wearing his quizzical  
smile. "But I must have a thousand."  
"A thousand?" repeated Jerry, catch-  
ing the remark as an offer.  
"I mean a couple of thousand,"  
demanded the merchant. "I couldn't  
do taking a cent less. I really  
can't."  
"Well, let me have the deed now and  
give you two thousand," returned  
the visitor, with evident eagerness. "Oh,  
I have the money right here," he  
said, surprising a peculiar look on his  
brother's face. "Here it is!"  
He drew out a large wallet and opened  
it, showing that it was full of green-  
backs.  
"You surprise me," cried Hiram. "I  
thought you barely made a living in  
Montana."  
"The But what is \$2,000?"  
"I mean nothing, to be sure. And  
why I won't sell the land for that,"  
said the merchant. "I'll hold the  
deed for you, Jerry, if I can't get  
the two thousand originally cost me."  
"You mean it?"  
"Absolutely!"  
"Then I shall have to give you the  
deed," said Jerry. "The fact is, Daisy  
wants to marry a man named Sam  
Hiram, who has nothing, and I want  
to have this property for a sheep  
ranch. Five thousand it is, then. Give  
me the deed and I'll count you out  
the money."  
"Not a day, Jerry. Give me time to  
write to Colonel Whipsaw. Let me get  
his opinion as to what the price ought  
to be."  
The Colonel's way, Hiram, traveling  
where in Europe," returned Jerry.  
"He has been gone a whole  
year, and no one knows when he'll be  
back again."  
"Then I must write to the postmaster  
at Musselshell, or to some other person  
in the spot," protested the mer-  
chant. "How do I know that, these  
lands are worthless? May there not be  
some value in them?"  
"I went on in this way until the face  
of my brother was beaded with perspi-  
ration and then thrust under his gaze the  
deed he had received from Colonel  
Whipsaw," he said.  
"I complied, turning all sorts of  
excuses, and finishing with a howl of con-  
terfession."  
"Now tell me what this means,"  
demanded Hiram.  
"That there is gold, there,"  
said Jerry.  
"I thought so. Go on!"  
"How much I can't say," contin-  
ued Jerry, returning the Colonel's letter,  
"but I'm willing to Fisk \$50,000 upon  
the interest."  
"I would want cash, Jerry!"  
"I should want at least a  
thousand dollars for the prop-  
erty," announced the merchant.  
"I won't take a cent less, how

that I begin to see what the situation of  
affairs is. Colonel Whipsaw will doubt-  
less arrange with me for the property if  
you don't want it. For \$100,000, Jerry,  
if you say so."  
"Well, I do say it," interrupted the  
visitor eagerly. "Give me the deed."  
"That's a big pile of money, Jerry."  
"Nevertheless, I have it with me,  
Hiram."  
"It doesn't seem possible. Let me see  
it."  
The visitor produced the amount in a  
not very bulky wad from an inner pocket,  
with the remark:  
"It's yours as soon as you give me the  
deed."  
The assurance served to intensify the  
two red spots which had been rapidly  
gathering on the cheeks of Hiram Skid-  
der. How angry he was that the false-  
hoods of Jerry had induced him to part  
with his interest in a property now  
shown by the offender's own actions to  
be running up into hundreds of thou-  
sands.  
"You have it, sure enough," he ad-  
mitted, after a rapid glance at the  
money. "And the grand question now  
is, how did you come by it?"  
"Stock-raising, Hiram—stock-raising."  
The sneer with which the merchant  
received this statement was simply sav-  
age.  
"So much the more reason why I  
should go to Montana before giving you  
the deed," he declared. "I can become  
a stock-raiser, too."  
He took two or three turns across the  
floor, and then resumed:  
"I was only joking in what I said about  
selling. I've no intention of disposing  
of the property—not the slightest. No  
offer can tempt me!"  
This declaration worried Jerry Skid-  
der quite as much as a similar one from  
Wynans had previously worried the  
merchant.  
"What! You're going back on your  
word?" he protested, after a long stare  
of anger and consternation. "I ought  
not to say a word more on the subject.  
But I told Daisy she should have the  
land for a wedding present, and I'm  
willing on that and other accounts to  
give you ten or twenty times what it is  
worth, the more especially as I've just  
sold twenty thousand cattle and don't  
know what to do with the money. What  
will you take, Hiram?"  
"Once for all, isn't it?"  
"Yes, a final offer."  
"Cash down, too?"  
"Yes, cash down, Hiram."  
"Well, you may have my interest in  
that Musselshell property for \$200,000."  
"All right, I'll take it," said Jerry,  
without an instant's hesitation, produc-  
ing a second wad of greenbacks like the  
first. "Give me the deed and I'll hand  
you the money."  
For nearly a minute Hiram Skidder  
looked as if threatened with a stroke of  
apoplexy. His eyes had a glassy stare;  
his tongue lay motionless in his open  
mouth. The veins on his forehead stood  
out like skeleton fingers. The thought  
that his brother had taken all this money  
secretly from the lands which had been  
so persistently decried, and which had  
never been so fatally fooled away by  
Jerry's falsehood, was simply withering.  
But he managed to conceal in part the  
tempest raging in his soul, and to re-  
mark, with forced calmness:  
"I'll get the deed, Jerry, and let my  
cashier draw up a new one. Make  
yourself at home a few moments. I'll  
be back soon."  
Wiping his damp brow vigorously, he  
took his way toward Perry's desk.  
His senses were in a whirl. Just what  
to do he didn't know. Perhaps he would  
make another attempt to buy Perry out.  
He was busy with all sorts of desperate  
schemes for recovering his lost footing  
when he reached Perry's desk, only to  
find that he was not there.  
"Where is Mr. Wynans?" he asked of  
the first clerk he encountered.  
"He went out a little while ago, sir,"  
was the answer, "but he didn't say  
where he was going or when he would  
return."  
"No? That's odd. Have you any idea  
where he is?"  
"Not the slightest, sir. He said, how-  
ever, this morning that he should not be  
here longer than to-day."  
"Not longer—"  
The words died away upon the lips of  
Hiram Skidder, and an awful trouble  
looked from his eyes.  
"Gone?" he gasped. "Where can he  
be?"  
"There's a note on his desk addressed  
to you, Mr. Skidder," said the clerk. "I  
noticed it a moment ago, and should have  
brought it to you if you hadn't made  
your appearance just as you did."  
"A note!" cried the merchant; "let me  
have it instantly!"  
The note was handed to him, and he  
hastily tore it open, reading as follows:  
"I beg to resign my position as cashier,  
Mr. Skidder. I have taken the precaution  
to have my accounts examined by Mr.  
Spoor, the well-known accountant, and he  
finds them quite correct. The balance of  
my salary you may hand to any public char-  
ity. If any one inquires for me, you may  
say that I am going to Montana to take  
care of my wild lands, which have become  
immensely valuable, and that my future  
postoffice address will be Musselshell, Mont.  
PERRY WYNANS."

CHAPTER IV.  
BAD BLOOD BETWEEN THEM.  
The reading of Perry's brief farewell  
note gave Hiram Skidder a tremendous  
shock, telling him that the actual owner  
of the Musselshell property was, for the  
present beyond his reach.  
What a mistake he had made in get-  
ting rid of it. At a very moderate esti-  
mate, what a fortune had slipped  
through his fingers.  
Nevertheless, like all men who are  
wholly unscrupulous, dating, tireless  
and capable, Hiram Skidder found a peg  
on which to hang his hopes at that mo-  
ment of disaster. He instantly ac-  
cepted the suggestion of "the evil" nature  
that he would eventually find means, no  
matter how vile, dishonest, or murder-  
ous in Montana, if not before, to re-  
cover the ground he had lost. He would  
yet be the possessor of the Musselshell  
property. He would yet make all secure  
by getting hold of Perry's deeds before  
they could be put on record.  
"Just how long has Mr. Wynans been  
gone?" he asked, as soon as he could  
find voice, thrusting the letter into his  
pocket.

"He went out at the heels of your  
niece, sir," answered the clerk who had  
ushered Elise into the merchant's pres-  
ence.  
"Ah, he did?"  
The fact seemed highly significant to  
Skidder, who was aware that Perry  
had been a frequent visitor at Ingle-  
helm.  
"Did he speak to her before she left  
the store?" he continued.  
"No, sir. But he watched her in a  
way which showed that he was following  
her and that he intended to speak to her  
later."  
The merchant flushed with disgust.  
"I see it all," he muttered, turning on  
his heel. "They've gone away to-  
gether."  
It cost him a keen pang to realize that  
he had given Elise the protection of  
Perry Wynans by refusing his own.  
"Fool that I am," he said to himself,  
"why didn't I take her to Hilda? A few  
soft words would have made her my  
friend, and she would now be in my  
clutches."  
The situation was too pressing for him  
to linger upon these sterile regrets, and  
he hurried back to his brother.  
His plan of action was decided upon.  
"I find my cashier has gone out on  
business, Jerry," he reported. "We shall  
have to draw up the deed ourselves, or  
go to my lawyer's."  
"Oh, we can attend to it," returned  
Jerry, with anxious promptness. "It's  
no great task."  
Stepping to his safe, the merchant  
produced his deed of the Musselshell  
property and handed it to his brother.  
"Sit near me and read it, Jerry," he  
said, seizing a pen, "and do not read  
faster than I can copy."  
Taking their places at the desk, the  
brothers entered upon their labor, Jerry  
reading the old deed carefully and slow-  
ly, while Hiram proceeded to trace the  
new one.  
"That's all right," finally ejaculated  
Jerry, with a long breath of relief.  
"Somehow I fancied, Hiram, you were  
intending to trick me."  
"How trick you?"  
"I didn't see how, but I knew you were  
none too good."  
The pot should never call the kettle  
black, interrupted the merchant, smil-  
ing grimly, as he touched a call bell.  
"A notary will be here in a minute to  
witness the deed, and I trust you will  
have decency enough not to insult me in  
his presence."  
A cleaver, appearing, the merchant gave  
him an order, and a brief interval of  
silence succeeded, which was broken by  
the appearance of a notary.  
"A deed to sign and deliver, Mr. Nor-  
ris," said Hiram Skidder, without taking  
the trouble to present his brother to the  
newcomer. "It's all ready for our  
signatures."  
The document was duly perfected and  
handed to Jerry, who counted out the  
\$20,000 agreed upon, and the notary,  
after a few words in the ear of his client,  
took his departure.  
It would be hard to say which of the  
two brothers was the most delighted at  
the transaction. Their mutual expan-  
sion was tremendous.  
"And now for the other half of this  
property, Hiram," said Jerry, gaining  
his feet and securing the deed in his  
pocket, with suppressed jubilation. "How  
far is it to Inglehelm—to the home of  
our brother-in-law, Charles Tower, who  
bought these lands with you?"  
"About eighteen miles, Jerry," replied  
the merchant, who was in the act of de-  
positing in his desk the money which  
had just been handed him.  
"There are trains every hour or two,  
do you?"  
"Oh, yes; every half hour, I think, at  
about this time of the day. But why do  
you ask?"  
"Naturally," explained the visitor. "I  
am going to Inglehelm to see Charles  
Tower, the husband of our sister Mary,  
to buy his interest in these lands, and  
I'll frankly warn you, Hiram—"  
"Oh, save your threats, Jerry," inter-  
rupted the merchant, with insolent jubi-  
lance. "I shall make no attempt to  
warn Tower of your coming or of your  
errand. The fact is he has been dead  
over a year!"  
Jeremiah Skidder dropped heavily into  
the chair from which he had arisen.  
"Really?" he muttered, seeing the  
merchant was perfectly serious. "Then  
I shall have to deal with sister Mary,  
and that will suit me better, woman  
as so easily wheedled!"  
"But sister Mary is dead, too!" con-  
tinued the merchant, in the same tone  
and with the same aspect he would have  
displayed in mentioning the price of a  
yard of tape. "She died last week,  
Jerry!"  
"Indeed? Then I shall have to deal  
with their daughter," declared the  
visitor, without the least expression of  
sorrow. "Let's see—what was her  
name? I've forgotten it."  
"Her name is Elise," said the merchant.  
"She was here an hour ago, asking me  
for a little assistance, but I turned her  
off without a penny."  
"Then she don't know the value of her  
inheritance, of course? Good! Capital!  
I can buy her out for a few hundreds!  
She has gone back to Inglehelm, of  
course?"  
"The point is uncertain. In any case,  
it would do you no good to see her! The  
title you are seeking does not rest in her.  
Jerry. The truth is, Charles Tower sold  
his half of the Musselshell property some  
two or three years ago."  
"Impossible!" cried Jerry, springing to  
his feet again and looking startled.  
"The fact is perfectly certain."  
"But who bought him out?"  
"Perry Wynans—my cashier."  
"For how much?"  
"Four hundred dollars."  
"Four hundred!" gasped Jerry, turn-  
ing pale. "You cannot mean it."  
"I am telling you the exact truth."  
"And you permitted it—"  
"I didn't know any better at the time,  
Jerry," said the merchant, his face sud-  
denly lighting up with concentrated  
wrath and disgust. "You had been let-  
ting us for years in your occasional let-  
ters that the lands were of no account,  
and Tower and I were fools enough to  
believe you."  
"And where is this Wynans?"  
"He has started West, as you may see  
by this letter."  
He handed the farewell epistle of his  
ex-cashier to Jerry, who literally writhed

BAFFLES AMERICANS.  
Roquefort the Only Cheese They  
Cannot Imitate.  
It is said that Roquefort is the  
oldest cheese known. Pliny mentions  
it in his works, while Rabelais, when  
he wrote that brokneyed phrase,  
original with him, "The moon is  
made of green cheese," must cer-  
tainly have had his mind on that  
tongue biting product of goats' milk.  
Roquefort is the one caseous con-  
glomeration that American imitative  
artists in this line have found ab-  
solutely impossible to produce with any  
degree of success; and if the method  
of making it, as practiced on its  
native heath, is considered, this is  
not surprising.  
The village of Roquefort is located  
in a deep and narrow gorge, with  
high precipitous walls of limestone  
on either side, but holding within its  
embrace a valley of prodigious fertility.  
Here gambols that black but not  
fragrant goat from whose lacteal  
secretions this great delicacy is  
wrought. The milk is first heated  
almost to a boiling point and then set  
aside. In the morning this is re-  
heated to a temperature of 98  
degrees and mingled with that  
morning's milk for coagulation.  
When the curd has been cut into  
strips with a wooden chopping knife  
and the whey poured off it is worked  
very much like a butter puddle of the  
present period. By the hands of the  
milkmaids it is pressed into moulds  
with perforated bottoms to let off the  
superfluous whey. Usually a thin  
layer of moldy bread is placed be-  
tween the layers of curd, the object  
being to hasten the ripening by sup-  
plying artificially the green mold  
peculiar to this brand of cheese.  
This bread is usually made just be-  
fore Christmas, of about equal parts  
of summer and winter barley with a  
large proportion of sour dough and a  
little vinegar. The moldiness which  
this produces is not sufficiently ap-  
parent for the taste of the average  
Parisian connoisseur, unless it is  
kept for at least three months, and  
the chemical action is hastened by  
heat. When the maker is satisfied  
that it is moldy enough the caseous  
matter is ground by means of hand  
graters worked together much in the  
same manner as a pair of horse  
brushes are secured upon the hands.  
Then it is sifted and moistened with  
water and kept from contact with  
the air by the use of large hermeti-  
cally sealed cans.  
These cans are next placed in caves  
and fissures of the limestone walls of  
the village, and even sometimes in  
ruddy vaults constructed of bricks  
in the caves, the ripening being carried  
on by the cold currents of air which  
are met with the whole year round,  
those caves in which the air blows  
from south to north being said to  
yield much the better cheese.  
These cheeses are often kept for  
several years, after being, during that  
period, resprinkled with salt and  
pricked with a thousand pinholes,  
which accelerate the forming of the  
green mold when the air circulates  
through them.  
When the American started to  
make Roquefort cheese he tried to  
do it with cow's milk. This latter  
was treated in much the same man-  
ner as is the black goats' milk of the  
town of Roquefort. The thousands  
of minute holes were pricked by a  
machine worked by foot power. The  
soft breezes of the Alps and Pyrenees  
were wanting, so a blowing apparatus  
was set up to supply artificial  
draught. The result was a failure,  
and, although to day one can find  
American Roquefort upon the mar-  
ket, nobody would care to purchase  
it more than once as a substitute  
for that made in the country that  
gave it birth.  
Cat Racing.  
Down at Panama the great holiday  
game is cat racing. In several of  
the gardens there are houses or  
sheds, about 100 yards long, and in  
the center of these are boarded off  
spaces like a bowling alley, but  
wider. From end to end of each of  
these are stretched tightly ten thin  
steel wires, and at the extreme end  
of each is a number, which on being  
touched flies up. When the races  
take place each cat is fitted with a  
leather collar, at the top of which is  
an eyelet, through which is threaded  
one of the wires, so that each wire  
has one cat on it. Firecrackers are  
attached to the tail of each cat and  
fired simultaneously. The cats give  
a despairing howl and rush away in  
the only direction possible, namely,  
straight ahead, guided by the wire.  
The further they go the steeper the  
crackers explode and the faster the  
poor cats fly, until one of them pass-  
es under the wire, or rather, the ec-  
centric which works the numbers  
and sends up the winning signal.  
Some of the cats have split second  
records, but they cannot be worked  
very often or they lie down and list.  
The fireworks have all the fun.  
Quick Loading of a Vessel.  
At a Dututh, Wis., elevator a cargo  
of 115,000 bushels of wheat, weigh-  
ing 8,450 tons, was poured into the  
hold of a lake steamer in less than  
eighty minutes. That is to say, the  
grain was loaded at the rate of forty  
three tons a minute until the work  
was finished.

[NO MORE CONTINUED.]

A medical authority asserts that  
cloves are a preventive of nausea. Now,  
will he kindly explain why so many  
greater gorms are afflicted with nausea  
between the acts?