

A Deal in Wild Lands

ON THE
FIGHT FOR THE MUSSELHELL MILLIONS.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

A second shot from the half-breed gave Perry a closer call than the first, reaching the outside of his arm at the elbow sufficient to draw blood.

He lost no time in responding, but his action was wholly negated by a lurch of the carriage, and such proved to be the case with his next shot.

A second saddle was emptied by his fourth ball, however, and this time it was the half-breed who "bit the dust," much to the satisfaction of the fugitives.

"That's good, so far as it goes," muttered Perry, with a reassuring glance at his betrothed. "But this initial misfortune only makes the ruffians all the more resolute."

Such, indeed, was the case.

Another tall and burly man had taken the lead, and was encouraging his associates by word and gesture.

"That's the chap who gave Colonel Whipsaw and myself so much to think of yesterday," remarked Baker. "I think he's a connection of Gaddler's. In any case he's worthy of his master."

He finished with a cry of dismay, remarking that one of his horses had stepped into a hole and given itself such a severe wrench that it was going quite lame.

A glance at the animal caused Perry to echo Baker's cry of regret, but the incident was now too closely pressed by other hints of disaster for him to linger upon it.

The new leader of the pursuers was straining every nerve to overtake the carriage, and several of his associates made every effort to keep him company, reserving their fire until nearer, and they were now within a dozen rods of the fugitives.

This was the moment for which Perry had waited with grim and dogged purpose.

Suddenly taking the offensive, he emptied his three rifles in rapid succession, heedless of the return fire, bringing down the new leader and at least one of his comrades.

A howl of consternation arose from the enemy at this result, but it was met by a furious yell from Gaddler, who had recovered his senses.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Don't mind me. Shoot them down, all of them. Don't let one of them escape. Live! Nothing could have been more inspiring than these cries at that moment.

With a yell in response, the pursuers came on with redoubled fury.

A moment later, a second cry of dismay came from Baker.

"There's a draw just ahead," he cried, springing to his feet and looking in the direction indicated, unmindful of the mark he was presenting. "Ah, I see a gap which may enable us to pass it. Shall I try, Perry?"

"Anything that offers a chance."

Baker changed his course enough to enter the draw almost longitudinally, but the "gap" was a snare, being full of rocks, and the draw was a veritable gully, so that his next cry was one of terror.

"Hold fast, all of you," he shouted. "The ditch is a bad one."

Too late he saw that it was out of the question to pass it safely in any such way or at any such gap, and made a desperate attempt to hold up his horses, but the wild yell that came from the pursuers at this moment negated his efforts, and the next instant horses and carriage, occupants and all, crashed into one mass in the fatal abyss.

While warning all to hold fast, Baker had taken good care to practice what he preached, and the result was that the two impetuous men arose uninjured from the wreck of their carriage.

Despite all his efforts to save Elsie from harm, however, Perry had the pain of seeing that she had received a shock which rendered her unconscious, and for a moment he even feared for her life.

That moment was a fateful one, as it proved. Sam Gaddler, having been released from his bonds by his tumble into the gully, and having promptly gained his feet uninjured.

"Surround them, boys," he yelled, with furious gestures, "but take good care not to harm them!"

The order was obeyed by the time Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle had been released from the wreck of the vehicle, eight or ten rifles covering the fugitives, and then Gaddler added, addressing Perry Wynans:

"You see that fate has played you a bad turn, sir. Will you continue the fight longer, or will you surrender at discretion?"

One glance at the pale face of his betrothed, and at his surroundings was enough for Perry. He realized only too well how anxious Gaddler was to give his men an order to fire upon him, and he hastened to reply:

"Of course, I am not fool enough to continue the fight under these circumstances. As you suggest, we are again at your disposal."

good one for you and I to reach a final settlement of the differences between us."

His manner was so ominous that both Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle experienced a keen apprehension.

"If there is anything wrong about our fight, Mr. Gaddler," exclaimed the former, "you may put all the blame on me, for I am the one who is responsible."

"Oh, I will deal with you in good time," returned Gaddler, turning a furious glance upon her. "It is to you that I am indebted, no doubt, for the loss of my cook and chambermaids."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied the horsekeeper. "They went away without so much as telling me of their intentions."

"At any rate, you did not send me word of their flight," growled Gaddler, "and you've turned out to be spy and a traitor. Be assured that I will settle with you later."

He turned to one of his men, adding: "And now see, Gilly, if you can get the carriage together so that we can use it for the rest of our journey."

The man in question made a brief investigation.

"The running gear is all right, sir," he reported. "The principal damage is a broken pole, but that can be readily spliced. In ten minutes we can have everything in shape for a journey."

"Good," commented Gaddler. "Push ahead as rapidly as you can, and I'll have a few words to say to our prisoner."

He beckoned a couple of men to his assistance, and stepped nearer to Perry.

"As you see, Mr. Wynans," he resumed, "it will be a waste of time and strength for you to oppose my wishes."

"What do you want?" demanded Perry, at the same time assisting Elsie to a sitting posture, she having recovered her senses.

"I want those papers you have on your person."

"What papers?"

"The deeds of those wild lands on the Musselshell."

The prisoner looked his captor sternly in the face, seeking to read his intentions.

"What is your idea?" he asked.

"My idea?" And Sam Gaddler laughed jubilantly, motioning his followers to fall back a short distance. "I will soon tell you."

He lowered his voice to a whisper, resuming:

"Those deeds not being on record, it will be the simplest of measures for me to suppress them, and substitute a forged deed for them that will put me in possession of the property."

"Are you capable of that act?"

"Perfectly, as you shall see."

"How did you know that the deeds are on my person?"

It was easy to guess the fact. I am frank enough to say, however, that Jerry Skidder has telegraphed me all the particulars involved in your trip to Montana."

Perry addressed a few words to his betrothed, with the intention of mitigating the sorrow she was displaying at the misfortune by which they had been overtaken.

"And now to hand out the documents," Mr. Wynans added, Gaddler, waving his hand toward his followers. "I think you will comprehend readily that resistance is out of the question. You may be sure that I shall not hesitate to use force in case force is necessary."

There could be no doubt upon this point, and Perry handed out the deeds, with as much grace as he could muster.

"This is all very well, so far as it goes," muttered Gaddler, when he had glanced at the documents. "But there is another step to be taken. I want the \$200,000 you took from Jerry Skidder before leaving Chicago."

"That money is mine, sir."

"I shall not waste words upon the subject, you may be certain," said Gaddler, menacingly. "Mr. Skidder says the money is his, and has asked me to recover it. The least refection will tell you that I can do no less than accede to his wishes. Out with it!"

The money was produced and Gaddler stowed it away in his pocket, with a jubilation he made no effort to conceal.

"Good," he said again. "We are getting on in the right direction. Is the carriage going to answer our purpose, Gilly?"

"You can take possession, sir."

Little more was said until the ladies had resumed their places in the vehicle, with Perry and Baker, and the whole party was in motion for the mines.

"Fortunately we have not gone far out of our course," muttered Gaddler, as he led the way jauntily at the head of his men. "We shall be safely at home in a couple of hours, and can rest as long as we please from the last three days of stir and worry."

We need not pause upon the attempts of the lovers to comfort each other under the trying circumstances in which they found themselves. As to Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle, they were too agitated to converse coherently, and scarcely broke the silence.

The scene of the disaster was soon left behind, and a vast stretch of wood and rock dawned upon the gaze of the prisoners, who could not help noticing that their way grew more and more lonely and solitary every moment.

At length they came to a wild mountain stream, in the midst of a solitude which did not show the least sign of ever having been traversed by a human being.

"This is the place," Gaddler was heard saying to Gilly, who was driving the carriage. "You comprehend?"

The man nodded.

"Then let there be no failure!"

The party had reached the crest of a long slope from which they could look down into a perfect flood of water, which came surging and roaring down the narrow valley.

"And now, forward, all!" cried Gaddler, putting spurs to his horse. "Follow me!"

A horrible conviction forced itself upon the prisoners, as they found themselves whirling down the slope at a furious gallop.

"He means to drown us all!" whispered Perry, in a guarded whisper to his betrothed.

"No doubt of it" was her answer.

"All the rest of the prisoners shared this opinion, as was attested by glances passing between them.

"Forward!" cried Gaddler, again half rising in his stirrups, his face glowing like a demon's. "The brook may be dangerous, but we can't waste an hour to go down to the bridge!"

He did not speak again or even look back, but led the way into the stream at a gallop, with his followers pressing around him.

At that critical moment, with the carriage thundering down the slope toward the dangerous stream, not a sound came from either Elsie or Mrs. Rankle.

Instead of uttering vain appeals for mercy, they exchanged a few guarded words, and then watched and waited.

That some resolute purpose had entered their souls would have been apparent at a glance, if their intended assassins had looked back at them.

The next instant preceding the arrival of the vehicle at the stream, Elsie, out of the bonds of her lover and Mrs. Rankle those of Charley Baker, thus restoring them to freedom.

"And now for it!" enjoined Perry.

In another moment they were all out of the carriage, tumbling more or less violently, but the light, grass-covered soil proved an ample cushion for their reception, and not one of them received the least injury.

Gathering themselves up promptly, they flew to cover behind an outcropping of rock close at hand, at the same instant that the empty vehicle, with the horses at full gallop, plunged into the raging torrent.

A yell of consternation arose from Gaddler and his friends, but they did not dare turn in the stream, knowing that such a measure would result in their being carried into a lonely canyon immediately below, and so, with a volley of curses, they all struggled through the flood, gaining the opposite bank.

"Back, all!" cried Gaddler, with a furious curse. "Of course this trick won't save them. Out with you, Gilly, and we'll go back!"

It was easier said than done, the heavy carriage dragging the horses several rods down the stream before they could be detached from it, but at last, more dead than alive, Gilly reached the bank at the heels of his struggling steeds.

"And now hear me, Sam Gaddler!" suddenly thundered a commanding voice from the crest of a ledge overlooking the stream. "You and your men are my prisoners! A step, or the least resistance, and you die!"

The speaker was seen at a glance to be Colonel Harvey Whipsaw, of Rattlesnake Ranch, and all around him the rocks and bushes were alive with two scores of "boys in blue" who had summoned from the nearest camp.

One look was enough for Gaddler and his friends, and at the end of half a dozen minutes they were all in irons and well guarded.

In good truth, the gallant Colonel had been even more active than was at first apparent.

Not only had he brought about the arrest of Jerry Skidder for working a mine which he had no right, but he had given Jerry Skidder such a scare that that individual, with his son and daughter, was already on his way back to Chicago, where he made a miserable failure in business, and sank into that poverty and obscurity he so well merited.

It was not in the nature of Perry and Elsie, however, to mock at the calamity which had overtaken the schemes of their enemy. They merely took from his person the money and deeds of which he had robbed them, and then asked him for a warranty deed of the very handsome palace he had been building in the solitudes of Montana with the money he had stolen from their mines.

"I'll never do this—never!" the villain protested.

"Oh, yes, you will, assured Colonel Whipsaw, with the approval of the captain commanding the detachment of soldiers, and within a few minutes thereafter the crestfallen ruffian had bestowed himself forever of all his ill-gotten booty.

It is hardly necessary to say that Sam Gaddler did not marry Daisy Skidder. Instead, he was consigned to prison for a long term of years, and Daisy married a cattleman who had been the death of two women before her, and the couple are now living a thousand miles apart, Jerry having sold out all his barren hills in Montana to the Colonel and journeyed on to the westward with his daughter, until stopped by the Pacific Ocean.

As to Elsie and Perry they were married in due course, with great rejoicings on the part of their numerous friends and the operatives of their mines, and at once took possession of the palace which had so strangely come into their hands, and there they are still living, with a growing family around them, in all the happiness and enjoyment which is ever given to mortals. Col. Whipsaw is one of their warmest friends and a frequent guest, and is in every way blessed and contented, although he did not secure the Musselshell Millions.

[THE END.]

Not a Holiest Foot.

If there are budding Western poets who are content to blush unseen, so to speak, young Mr. Martin, of Olympia, Wash., isn't of the number. Concerning this child of the muses, a correspondent of the New York World relates that, being the governor's private secretary and intrusted with the duties of sending copies of the annual messages to the other governors, public libraries, etc., he slipped into each copy of the document a little eight-line effusion of his own on "Life." Any signed and dated. —Harford Courant.

Waffles has out you out with Miss Flirtie, I hear. "Yes, but I'm having my revenge on him." How? "She plays and sings to him every time he calls."

When a preacher begins to hint around that he has offers from other towns, it is a sign that he is working a scheme to get his salary raised.

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No remedy has ever had so marked success, or won such enormous sales. Scrofula in its severest forms yields to its potent powers, blood poisoning and salt rheum and many other diseases are permanently cured by it. For a general Spring Medicine to remove those impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or to overcome that Tired Feeling, nothing equals

"I wish to say that 3 years ago we had a month's boy born to us. At the age of 11 months he breathed his last, a victim to impure blood. On Aug. 4, 1891, another boy became afflicted with the same disease. We believe the trouble was constitutional, and not common sore mouth. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and commenced to give it regularly to both mother and baby. Improvement began at once. We have succeeded in eradicating the scrofulous blood from the system, and to-day we are blessed with a nice, fat baby boy, 15 months old—the very

Picture of Health.
all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist-Protestant Church, and it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's, became healthy and fleshy and has the bloom of girlhood again." Rev. J. M. FAY, Brookline Station, Missouri.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

The Japanese Bath.

The combination of white and pink tulle is pretty for party toilets.

The Japanese bath is a big oval affair with a stove pipe running through it in such a way as to heat the water to a pitch which an Anglo-Saxon skin finds unendurable. The quantity of water used is so great and the time taken to heat it so considerable that the same bath does for a number in succession. The first use of the bath is offered as a courtesy to a guest or stranger. With a cold douche afterward the hot bath is not followed by catching-cold.

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EMPATHETIC CHEST DYSPEPSIA ATTENDS IT

The Modern Treatment Consists in moving the Cause.

(From the Republics, Cedar Rapids, Ia.)

Mrs. V. Curley, who has resided in Cedar Rapids, for the past twenty-two years, for the interesting story of what she considers her premature death. Her narrative follows:

"For ten years prior to 1894, I was afflicted with acute stomach trouble and all the manifold symptoms of acute dyspepsia, and at times other troubles were added in complication—I did not know what to enjoy a meal. No matter how well I might be as to the quality, quantity or preparation of my food, distress always followed eating. I was despondent and almost to the point of insanity at times. Often I could not sleep. Sympathetic trouble set in and time and again I was led to call a doctor in the night to relieve attacks of suffocation which would occur on a moment's warning.

"My troubles increased as time wore on. I spent large sums in doctor bills, being called to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893, it was possible for me to retain food, and was terribly plagued me. I was reduced to a skeleton. A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did ail me. The doctors gave us as their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the stomach and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said, 'All I can do is relieve your suffering by the use of opium.' 'About this time a friend of mine, Symon Smith, of Glidden, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Ottumwa, Iowa. This lady said she had suffered much the same as I had. She consulted local physicians without relief, and had gone to Davenport for treatment. Given up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical. She regained her appetite and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some accident I feel badly, this splendid remedy is right again. I have regained my strength and an ounce more in my usual flesh. I will and can eat without distress. I have doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only wish that I knew of these years ago, thereby saving myself ten years of suffering and all the means necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by Druggists, or may be ordered by mail from Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for \$50. One, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Early Electric Motors.

Joseph Henry, in 1831, was the first to construct a motor which worked by electro-magnetic attraction. The apparatus really has better right to the distinction of being called the first electric motor than Barlow's wheel. Many other inventors followed Henry in devising forms of electro-magnetic motors. Jacob, in 1834; Davenport, in 1837; and Page, in 1838, are particularly worthy of mention. Some of the early motors were by no means meagre toys, but were of considerable size and power. Jacob's, of St. Peterburg, in 1838, propelled a boat twenty-eight feet long at a speed of three miles an hour; and Page, in Washington, in 1821, succeeded in maintaining a speed of nineteen miles per hour with a car carrying a number of persons and driven by a sixteen-horse-power electric motor. This result is practically the same as that obtained from the most improved trolley cars of to-day, both in speed and power.

To be English one should have eggs, tea and marmalade with toast for breakfast.

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Winstons' Soothing Syrup for children, soothes, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures whooping cough, 25c. a bottle.

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