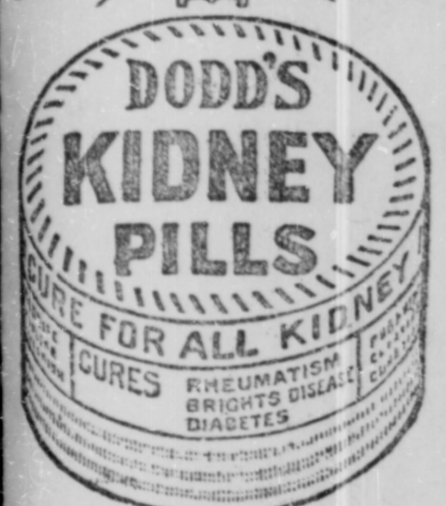


Substance-Shadow



If you want a horse worth \$500, you'd be silly to pay \$100 for his photo only. If you need DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS you'd be silly to buy an imitation.

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It affords almost instant relief and in many cases completely cures.

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War With the Afghans "Lord Roberts's Famous March to Kandahar" and "The Storming of Peiwar Kotal," and "The Afghan Stronghold," produced with over two hundred British Soldiers and Officers from the British Army, a number of whom actually took part in the Afghan War of 1879-80. "Glorious" Magnificent Display Every Evening.

For Prize List and all information apply to J. E. WOOD, Man, and Boy

NOTICE!

The Board of Fire Wardens, Fourth, offer for contract the building of 12 tanks as per specifications to be seen at the office of the Secretary; also the sinking of 4 wells. Tenders to be in by Sept 15th, marked tenders to be sealed. Good security required.

C. CARLTON, JR., Secy-Treas.

TWO OF A TRADE

By ROBERT BARR.

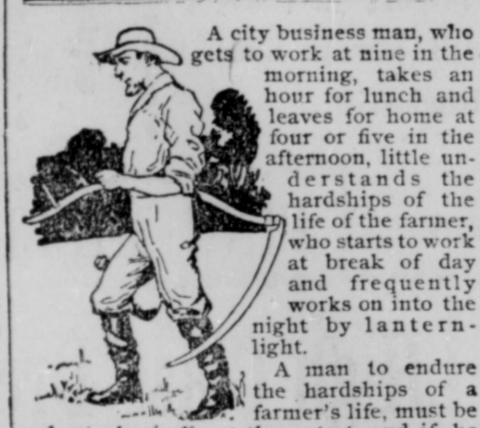
[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

If a man finds himself enduring a night journey on an American railway train, there are two or three things he may do to make life worth living. If he has \$2 to spare, with 25 cents extra for the porter in the morning, he may enrich the Pullman company to the extent of the \$2 and thus get a berth in the sleeping car. This is a good way to spend \$2, and if you are on a line where train robbers are epidemic you are just that much ahead, for what the company gets you may depend the train robbers never see, and so you have the comfort of the berth and the satisfaction of knowing that your money has been divided between two sets of plunderers. Of the two I like the company the better, for it certainly gives you something for the money, while the others give you nothing but bad language, with perhaps an ounce of lead thrown in.

If you haven't the \$2 to spare, there are still three things left for you to do. You may sit bolt upright in your seat, or you may turn the back of the opposite seat over and stretch your weary legs across the chasm, or you may try to lie down on one seat, which you will find to be practically impossible unless you are as short of stature as you are short of cash. Entering a smoking car at night on a through express you will find men in all these three attitudes, doing the best they can with the weary hours that are ahead of them until daylight breaks.

The smoking car on the night express of the Texas, Belmont and Crucifer Air line was well filled with men of all descriptions, most of whom were endeavoring to get some sleep in one or other of the three attitudes above alluded to. There was only one sleeping car on the train at the rear. In front of that came two ordinary cars, then the smoker, the luggage car, the car of the American Express company, and in front of all the engine. On the train were two very anxious men, and they sat on camp stools near the big safe in the express car, fully armed, knowing that in that safe were gold packages amounting to over \$200,000 moving east from California. These two men at least made no attempt to sleep, but listened without saying much to the express grinding on through the night, the whistles of the engine breaking through the continuous roar with an occasional long toot followed by two short ones. It was now midnight, and in two hours the train would reach Belmont. After that the two guards of the safe would feel easier in their minds. They were at present going through a wild country where anything might happen, although they hoped that the secret of the safe had been well kept. It is astonishing how news leaks out and how quickly it travels when large sums of money are being transported across the plains.

In the forward end of the smoking car four bearded men sat opposite each other playing euchre. They were rough looking citizens, who might have been cowboys or anything else. The conductor looked askance at them as he collected the money for their ride, for none of them had tickets, but they paid their fares without trouble, and that in itself was a boon, for the conductor expected some dispute from the look of them. Three others had come on at the next station and were now watching the game. There were a few more passengers in the car who might have been



A city business man, who gets to work at nine in the morning, takes an hour for lunch and leaves for home at four or five in the afternoon, little understands the hardships of the life of the farmer, who starts to work at break of day and frequently works on into the night by lantern-light. A man to endure the hardships of a farmer's life, must be robust physically at the outset, and if he would live a long life, always keep a watchful eye upon his health. He should remember that it is the apparently trifling disorders that eventually make the big diseases. It does not do for a hard working man to neglect bilious attacks or spells of indigestion. If he does, he will soon find himself flat on his back with malaria or crippled with rheumatism. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men and women. It makes the appetite keen and hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of the food, and the nerves strong and steady. It builds firm muscles and solid flesh. It is the greatest of all blood-makers and purifiers. It cures malarial troubles and rheumatism. It is an unfailing cure for biliousness and indigestion. An honest dealer will not try to substitute some inferior preparation for the sake of a little additional profit.

"I was a sufferer for four years with malarial fever and chills," writes Robert Williams, of Kiowa, Barber Co., Kan. "Four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me and I now weigh 160 pounds instead of 130, my old weight."

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that are "just as good."

suspected of belonging to the same gang if gang it was, but no sign of recognition passed between the card players and the others, who were apparently trying to get some sleep.

"I don't half like the looks of that crowd," said the conductor to the brakeman, after he had collected the tickets and the fares.

"What's the matter with them?" asked the brakeman, who was chewing tobacco, taking a bite from a black plug as he spoke. "They seem quiet enough." The brakeman appeared to be himself about as rough a customer as any of the card players, and so perhaps had a feeling of comradeship for them.

"That's just it. They're too darned quiet," replied the conductor. "If they were real cowboys, playing a real game there would have been a row before this, sure. That tall, black whiskered man's been looking at his watch a good deal lately, and's been trying to peek through the window 's if he wanted to know just where we were. I don't like the look of it."

"Think they're going to hold us up?" inquired the brakeman, with a trace of anxiety in his voice.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Why, there ain't \$50 on the whole train, is there? How many people in the sleeper?"

"Not more'n half a dozen. Still, there may be some rich cuss on board we don't know anything about. These chaps may be on to him."

"Well," drawled the brakeman, with some deliberation, "I give the T. B. and C. company notice that when the firing begins I crawl under a seat. I don't take no lead in mine for \$35 a month." The conductor made no reply to this heroic declaration, for at that moment the engine gave a long whistle, and through the entire train ran the shudder of the quickly applied airbrake. The two trainmen hurried to the outside platform, and the conductor, hanging on by the iron stanchion rods, leaned forward, peering along the side of the slowing train, and saw in the darkness far ahead down the line the waving of a red lantern—the signal of danger.

When the train came to a standstill, there appeared on each side of the engine shadowy forms that seemed to have risen from the black earth. In response to a curt command the engineer and stoker fireman threw up their hands and remained in that position, standing out readily against the glare

of the engine fires. A masked man with a seven shooter in his hand entered each door of the smoker, and instantly most of the now wide awake passengers got under the seats; not all of them, however. The tall, black bearded man, who had been one of the card players rose hastily to his feet, letting the bits of pasteboard flutter unheeded to the floor. He cursed loudly and energetically, using the most fearful language with a dexterity and ease that instantly commanded the respectful admiration of the masked men at each end of the car, who both paid him the immediate compliment of turning the muzzles of their weapons upon him.

"Throw up your hands!" they cried simultaneously.

"Throw up nothing!" cried the man in a tone of the utmost contempt, although he forbore to make any motion that might indicate he possessed a gun himself. "Do you know who you're chinning? I'm Steve Mannies!"

"The devil you are!" cried one of the masked men, lowering the point of his revolver.

"Same thing," replied Steve, who was justly proud of his well earned



"Do you know who you're chinning?" reputation, being known far and wide as the most industrious and capable train robber in all Texas, a quick firing and straight shooting, ruthless desperado, afraid of nothing, least of all the law.

"Who's running this show?" demanded Mannies. "Who's your boss?"

"We're Captain Snike's gang," replied the other, with deference.

"I might 'a known it," cried Steve, with unconcealed derision. "It's just like his Sunday school picnic way of holding up a train. I'm going out to have a talk with him."

The masked man made no attempt to stop Steve and his followers as they poured out of the car into the surrounding darkness.

shouted back the masked man in excuse.

Although the surprised Captain Snike merely mentioned the lower regions, there was a tremor in his voice which showed that the unexpected meeting with so noted a man as Steve was not one of unalloyed pleasure.

"See here, captain," roared the angry desperado, "what's the meaning of this? What are you doing on my territory? Can't I take care of these here trains, or has there been any complaint on the part of the T. B. and C. company that I'm not looking after them close enough? What in thunder's the reason of your being out so late at night anyhow? Some of you boys'll catch cold first thing you know."

"Why, hang it, Steve," said the captain in tones of apology. "I didn't know you were in this locality at all. You see, nobody's heard from you for a month, and we thought perhaps you had struck for California. We did, sure. But I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll divide square and fair."

"Divide nothing!" cried Steve. "The train's mine, and you've no business here at all. Still, there's nothing mean about me, and I like to encourage amateurs. If you want the passengers, you kin have 'em. You go through 'em and then git."

"We don't want no passengers—not tonight we don't," demurred the captain. "We got news from Frisco and thought nobody else was on to it. We're after the safe, and that's what's the matter with this crowd."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you, but that safe's mine. We had news from Frisco too. Did you think we were off on our vacation?"

"Won't you divide?" appealed the captain. "There ought to be enough to 20 round."

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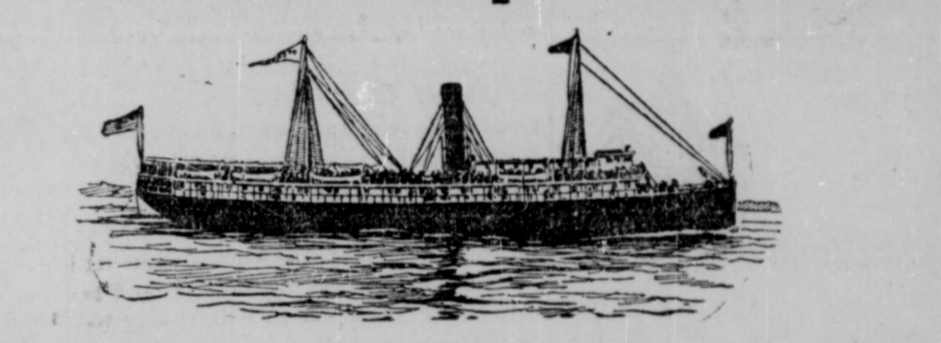


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