

(Continued.)

It will be remembered that the distance was short, but it was not half passed when the detective heard someone in front of him. He stopped, the marshal, who also noted it, doing the same.

"Hello, Dine! Am dat yo'?" The tremulous enquiry left no doubt as to the identity of the one that had hailed them.

"Come forward," added Cone, in a guarded voice. "We won't hurt you." The negro shuffled toward them. A break in the branches overhead let through enough moonlight to reveal the African, who was evidently in a state of excessive terror.

"Who are you?" asked Cone, in a whisper. "Steph. I hb in dis house." "Who are you waiting for?" "Dine and de children. Dey went to de sarsus ober at Hackumsack. Ize waitin' for 'em to come home afore I goes to bed."

"I should say it's rather early to expect them, but if you live in this house you can tell who is inside."

"Yaas, sir. Dere am two gemmen. One am Mr. Jones, and I habent' been introduced to de oder. Seems to be habin a lively time. Guess dey am 'scussing de tariff."

The last remark was caused by a sound as if somebody was thrown violently to the floor. Such was the fact, for just then Tom Discoe went over on his back, and I began fastening the cords about his lower limbs.

The front door had been closed before our stirring interview, but the two officers slipped forward, one to the front and the other to the rear window. They expected a desperate fight and were ready for it.

It need not be said that they were astounded at what they saw. Tom Discoe was lying on his back, with his ankles tied together and a pair of handcuffs encircling his wrists. Their eyes had hardly rested upon him when he emitted his terrific yell.

Since they regarded me as one of the trio of criminals, their natural conclusion was that there had been a quarrel between us, and that I had overcome and bound the larger man.

I was contemplating my work with grim satisfaction when I saw the dim outlines of a man's face at the rear window. My first thought was that he was Jake Huke, whom I had never seen. If so, a pretty row impended.

For I had not taken the pains to appropriate the revolver of my prisoner. The third man was beyond reach, and could wing me before it was possible to reach him.

Without any evidence of my discovery, I glanced at the closed door on the other side of the room, wondering how quickly I could make my exit therefrom.

The second window was near the door, and peering through the panes was another man, evidently as much perplexed as his companion by what he saw.

This gave me hope, though it did not wholly remove my misgivings until, looking again, I recognized Covey Cone. That made it clear. He had followed me to this place, arriving at the most opportune time conceivable.

"Come in, Cone. I have everything ready for you."

The summons could not have lessened the amazement of the officer, who drew back from the window, raised the latch, and entered.

"Mr. Westcott, I'm sorry, but I shall have to ask you to put up your hands until you are disarmed," he said, with some embarrassment.

"I shan't do anything of the kind, for I'm no outlaw, and haven't a weapon about me."

He was unphussed. He could not treat me as a criminal, and yet he believed I was as guilty as the man lying bound and helpless on the floor.

"I accept your word," he said, with some embarrassment, "but the marshal may not be equally considerate."

"If he is impatient, I'll fling him to the floor and bind him as I have bound Mr. Tom Discoe there."

Detective Cone looked down on the wretch, who had ceased to struggle, and only glared in sullen fury at us.

"Heavens! Did you do that, Westcott?"

"No," I replied, with mock gravity. "Tom did it himself. He first fastened the handcuffs on, then tied his ankles, and stretched out on the floor to take a nap. I asked him to do me the favour, since I wished to deliver

him over to the authorities, and he was kind enough to oblige me. There's nothing mean about Tom."

Cone broke into laughter. Meanwhile Marshal Welling, having heard what had passed, came round to the front and joined us.

"Do you mean to tell me you overcame and bound Tom Discoe, the man who has cleaned out most of the bar-

rooms in Oklahoma, Kansas City, Deadwood, and twenty other places in the west? He has never failed to turn down any two or half dozen men that dared attack him fairly at once. Do you say you did this?"

"I'm not saying anything. If you have any other explanation that suits you better, you are welcome to it. Would you shrink from attacking Mr. Discoe when either of you had any

of the many qualifications of the United States marshal, aside from his brilliant civil service examination, was his tremendous strength and physical prowess. His home was at Troy, the great breeding ground of pugilists, and his boast was that no man had ever downed him.

"My only regret about this business," he said, with a flash of his fine eyes, "is that it deprives me of the chance of locking horns with Tom Discoe. I have been often told that he would do me if I gave him the opportunity, but now the question must remain unsettled—that is," he added, significantly, "so far as other folks are concerned."

"If you are seeking honors of that nature, it will be more to your credit to overcome the man who overcame Discoe."

"I don't believe you did it—that is, you didn't do it fairly."

"I'll pledge myself to treat you fairly," remarked, placing myself in front of them. "What is this to be?"

Marshall Welling laughed at the oddity of the thing.

"We'll lock arms and then see who can place the other on his back."

Covey Cone drew off and watched us with an amused expression. Even the rogue on the floor showed some interest in the impending bout.

The next moment our arms were intertwined. I could not help admiring the muscular development of this splendid athlete, who no doubt would have overcome Tom Discoe in a fair struggle.

Our position was not facing each other, but in accordance with the country fashion of wrestlers who place themselves side to side. We stood thus a minute, when the officer put forth his strength with great skill. He came within a hair of lifting me off my feet and throwing me.

"Try it again," I said. "You may do better."

He was surprised, as he had cause to be, but immediately repeated the effort. Instead of my going up in air, however, and then downward on my face, he found himself lifted off the floor, with his feet kicking the air.

Thinking it best to end the matter, I bent over and gently placed him on his back, despite his furious struggles.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he gasped, rising to his feet. "You can't do that again."

"I think I can."

Forearmed, he now fought to prevent my securing a hold upon him. I must admit that he conducted himself with great cleverness, and I could well believe that he would have proved the master of almost anyone in a wrestling bout.

But within the following ten seconds my feat was repeated, and I used only one arm to do the trick.

"I give up," he said. "It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw. To look at you, no one would suspect you were a veritable Samson."

I flushed at this remark; but, knowing his innocence, walked to the table, picked it up and crushed it as if it were an eggshell.

The three men, including the prostrate Discoe, who had writhed to a sitting position, stared in speechless amazement.

"Say, boss, you's rooned dat table."

Steph had left his post and stood in the open door, not the least astounded of the spectators.

"How much is its value?"

"A dollar and a half at de least."

I handed the African a five-dollar bill.

"That will make it right."

"Gorry nation! I sh'd say it will. Boss, you can smash all de furnitooir in de mansion for dat."

"No; I am satisfied if the gentlemen are."

I turned smilingly toward Marshal Welling to hear his views. He was standing with his revolver pointed at me.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Westcott, you are my prisoner."

CHAPTER XVII. IT HAD GONE FROM ME.

I could have crushed him, even as I crushed the oaken table, but a slight pressure of the forefinger on the trigger of the levelled revolver would have ended my career as quickly as a bolt from heaven.

"Inasmuch as I have no pistol and you have the advantage of me, I surrender."

"Umph, no pistol! What do you want of anything except your strength?"

"I give you my word that I will go with you peaceably. Do you accept the pledge?"

"He do," replied the officer, shoving his weapon into his hip pocket. "The next thing is to get Mr. Discoe out of this and down to the boat."

"I'll answer for him."

Without cutting the rope imprisoning his ankles I snapped it apart and jerked him to his feet.

"You can't trust this scoundrel. I will fasten his hands behind him."

The moment the handcuffs were moved he made a sudden, fierce effort to break away. I knew he would do it, and hurled him against the side of the house with a force that caused him to drop to the floor partly stunned. By the time he fully regained his senses his wrists were secured behind his back. That would prevent his using the manacles as a weapon

and a treacherous blow when off my guard.

Grasping one of his arms, I told the marshal to lead the way. He did so, Covey Cone bringing up the rear, while the last seen of Steph he was striding in open-mouthed wonder at the strange procession.

to the water, and the boat grounded several feet from land. He was about to back off, when I said:—"Wait a moment. I'll fix it."

Stepping upon the prow, I easily made a leap.

"Now hand me the rudder chain."

"What are you going to do? Wait till I back off."

"Fling the anchor to me."

He would have refused had not Marshal Welling ordered him to obey.

"The big fool," muttered the disgusted skipper, picking up the prong-like mass of iron, and throwing it to land, so close to my feet that I had to leap aside to avoid being hit.

I tested the chain, and saw that it was strong. Then I gave such a vigorous pull that the captain, who was standing, went over backward.

When the prow was within reach, I dropped the chain, and grasping the boat itself backed away until the craft was entirely out of the river, with several feet of dry land between its stern and the current.

There was a general laugh, but the old man seemed to doubt the evidence of his own eyes.

"Heavens of math, that must have been an earthquake! How shall I get the boat back ar'n'?"

"I'll do it for you."

Waiting until all the occupants had left except the skipper, I again seized the prow and ran toward the river, shoving the boat in front of me. As before, the old gentleman had risen to his feet, and as before he toppled over, with an exclamation of amazement, a portion of which I heard, and which was to the effect that I must be Satan himself.

Two days later Covey Cone was sitting in my apartments. We were alone, smoking and at our ease.

"It was a narrow squeak for you, Westcott, but I think you've little to fear."

"Why should I? You explained to the marshal that I had nothing to do with this counterfeiting business."

"But the worst of it was you did have something to do with it. You agreed to advance them \$10,000 to help the thing along."

"But never did it."

"They wrote to you reminding you of your agreement."

"And you stole the letter, thereby laying yourself open to unpleasant consequences. But let that pass. You have only their declaration that I was to invest in the enterprise. While God punishes a man for his motives, human law does not, so long as those motives do not eventuate in action."

(To be Continued.)

Edgehill--Church School for Girls Windsor, Nova Scotia.

INCORPORATED 1891.

RE. REV. BISHOP COURTNEY, D. D., Chairman Board of Trustees

MISS LEFROY, of Cheltenham Ladies' College, England, Principal; eight Resident experienced Governesses from England; Housekeeper, Matron and Trained Nurse.

Board with Tuition in English Department, \$188.

MUSIC ART, PHYSICAL CULTURE, etc., extras Preparation for the Universities Year begins Sept. 15th, 1897. For Calendar apply to Dr. HIND

DR CLIFT

treats Chronic Diseases by the Salisbury method of persistent self-help in overcoming past errors and Removing causes from the blood. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Pleurisy, Tuberculosis, Consumption of Lungs or Bowels, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis, Ulcer, Cancer, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Constipation, Piles, Fissures, Fistula, Diseases of Heart—Valvular, Fatty Enlargement, Palpitation, Of Liver—Jaundice, Diabetes, Cirrhosis, etc. Of Kidneys—Albuminuria, Bright's Disease, etc. Of Spleen and Bladder—Cystitis. Of the Blood—Anæmia, Chlorosis, Scœfula, Malaria, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Scurvy, Purpura, O.F. male Organs—Inflammations and Displacements of Womb, Ovaries, Bladder or Bowels. Menstrual irregularities of Sexual Organs. Of Nerves and Spine—Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Decline, Hysteria, Tremors, St. Vitus's Dance, Chorea, Epilepsy, Convulsions, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia. Paralysis, Agitation, Softening of Brain. Some forms of Insanity—Dementia, Mania, Hypochondria, Melancholia. Failure of Vision and Voice, etc. Of Skin—Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Syphilis, Tumors, Glandular Fatty, Fibroid, Uterine, Ovarian and Cancer, Goitre, Cretinism, Obesity, Corpulency. Drug and Liquor Habits—Opium, Morphine, Chloral, Cocaine, Tobacco, Stimulants. Of Bones and Joints—Deformities, Curvatures, and Pott's Disease of Spine, Paralysis, Hip Disease, Knock-knee, Bow Legs, Club and Flat Foot, Wry Neck, Rickets, Scœfula, Sore Legs, Varicose Ulcers, etc. Continuous intelligent treatment insures Minimum of suffering and Maximum of Cure, possible in each case. Avoid attempts unaided or under blind leaders.

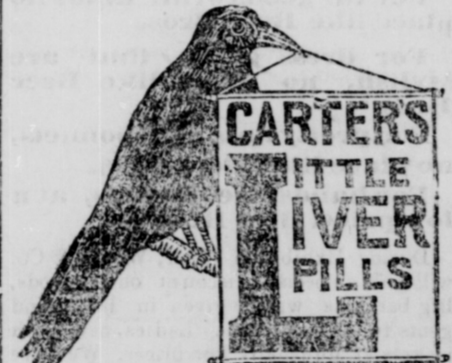
DR. CLIFT

Graduate of N Y University and the N Y Hospital. 29 years' practice in N Y City. Diploma registered in U S and Canada.

Address—Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Office—Victoria Row. Telephone Call.

Accommodations Reserved for patients. References on application. 94—d&w 1yr.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



When Bicycling

always have some Tutti Frutti with you. It allays thirst and prevents fatigue.

Some dealers to obtain a big profit, try to palm off imitations. See that the trade mark name

Tutti Frutti

is on each 5c. package. Save coupons inside of wrappers for latest books and prizes. 151

Scœfula is a word you don't quite understand, but if you talk with your doctor, he will tell you that it is generally believed to be due to the same cause which gives rise to Consumption.

It appears mostly in those who are fat-starved and thin, usually in early life. A course of treatment of Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosites wherever Scœfula manifests itself, will prevent the development of the disease. Let us send you a book. Free.

SCOTT OWNE, Belleville, Ont.

SHINTO OFFERINGS.

Peculiar Gifts With Which the Japs Decorate the Shrines of the Gods.

The influences of the nineteenth century have little affected the real spirit of Shinto, if they can be said to have done so at all, in any part of Japan. The faith remains not less earnest, though its manifestations often assume a character peculiar to the Meiji era. The offerings to the gods are as numerous as ever, but many of them are strictly modern and some quite occidental. At the great shrine of Kompira, for example, you will find a curiously modern ex voto—a life preserver bearing in English letters the name of the ship Tosa, to which it belonged, and you may notice there also among old-fashioned ex voto pictures of junks saved from wreck by divine power new pictures of steamers and modern schooners similarly rescued by the god.

At nearly all of the greater temples and at many of the smaller ones you can see spoils of the war with China. Among these are gatling and armstrong guns, canister shot and 32 centimeter shells, manlicher rifles and martinis, coil revolvers and winchester repeaters, not to speak of Chinese banners, uniforms and lances—a vast part of the captured armament having been thus disposed of. The soldier of Meiji indeed salutes the gods as he salutes his commanders, and the officer, unsheathing his sword, presents arms before the Shinto shrine in western military fashion. But the reverence expressed is the reverence unchanged of a thousand years ago.

The festival for the military dead is celebrated now with horse races and with modern gymnastic games. But the old belief in the real presence of hero souls makes the same appeal as in other days to the heart of camps. How little also the influence of Buddhism has been weakened, even in the military world, may be divined from the fact of the great festival held in 1896 on behalf of the spirits of the cavalry horses that perished in the war.—Lafcadio Hearn in Atlantic.

Salute the Coors.

We make it comfortable for our patrons by selling them cheerful shoes. Ours are that kind. Strong, trim looking attractive shapes that are liked immensely as our sales show.

Men's Lines of Colored Shoes for Summer wear

Our Ladies, Oxfords are marvels of beauty and good value. Misses' and Children's in all styles. Men's Bicycle Shoes, a complete assortment of all staple lines. Great variety. Low prices.

Weeks & Warren

San yside Shoe Store.

Heintzman Pianos

are appreciated more each year by the ever increasing LIST OF PURCHASERS. They retain, as the years go by, that rich, musical TONE that is so characteristic of them. Better to pay a little more now when buying, and get

THE BEST

It will pay in the end.

MILLER BROS.,

The P. E. Island Music House.

Are Sole Agents on P. E. Island for this Piano

You Can Rely on Good Work

at our tailoring establishment. Not one stitch put in a garment by an apprentice, or an unexperienced hand. We employ none of that kind. We could easily boast of 50 workmen if we did. We are bound to hold the reputation we have made as high-class tailors.

McKay Woolen Co., High Grade Tailors.

OUR BIG EXHIBIT OF NEW CLOTH

We are opening our different lines for the new season, with much the same feeling of confidence which a fellow experiences when he has a good thing. So many good clothes grouped together that it is impossible to tell you all about them. Come and see the

BEAUTIFUL LINES OF OVERCOATINGS

the finest ever brought to the city. And Trouserings, the finest you ever laid eyes on; and for Suits, they are beautiful in the extreme. Those goods will be shown with much pleasure, and will be on exhibit this afternoon and to-morrow

JOHN MACLEOD & CO MERCHANT TAILORS.

WE SELL HARDWARE

We sell Good Hardware, we sell Good Hardware Cheap, we sell Good Hardware Cheap because we sell Good Hardware

FOR CASH

When you want Hardware, Paints, Oils, and any thing in the line, call at

CITY - HARDWARE - STORE

....QUEEN STREET....

But Don't Ask For Credit.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

"Planet" Flour.....

Gives Satisfaction

IT IS.....

SOLD On MERIT

Ask your grocer for it.

Every barrel guaranteed.