

"The Fighting Trail"

(Continued from page 2.)

in a little pool of blood—dead. Gwyn reached down and examined the figure. It was certain that the outlaw had been killed by a fall from the upper gallery; there was no sign of a bullet wound anywhere upon him. Just as Gwyn was about to leave and continue his search, which now seemed beyond all hope, the sign of something clapped tightly in the dead man's hand attracted his attention. He picked it up and, glancing in the light of a smouldering beam, uttered a little cry. It was a bit of cloth which Gwyn recognized as having been torn from Nan's dress. Shoe-string then must have encountered his wife in the mine! This accounted also for the presence of the dog. But what had become of Nan after she and the outlaw had met? Here was the mystery that confronted Gwyn.

Gwyn, accompanied by the animal, made his way rapidly along the tunnel until he reached the little opening in the wall of the mine through which the light had come. It was a small hole, just large enough for him to crawl through, which he did. The re-

freshing air invigorated him greatly, and he felt a new life throbbing in his veins as he breathed it, after his long imprisonment in the smoke-filled, musty mine. Rising before Gwyn, on a steep incline, was a slope that led to a plateau some fifty feet above. From this plateau and reaching down to a level where he stood, dangled a rope, which was apparently attached to a tree above.

"Someone has gone up before me," Gwyn mused. "I don't see how Nan could have done it, either. She must have been pretty much all in after her experience in the mine. However, there's no other way she could have gotten out."

He grasped the rope, tugged at it to make sure that it was secure, and climbed up, hand over hand. At the top, standing on the plateau, Gwyn was able to recognize his surroundings. Now, for the first time in hours he knew where he was. The entrance to the main shaft where the others must be waiting, he knew, was not far distant, though it was hidden from view by a heavy growth of trees, and shrubbery. Behind this screen, Gwyn knew, ran the road which led to the town of Lost Mine.

As he emerged from the woods and approached the edge of the road, he saw Casey rushing madly toward him, shouting and pointing down the road. When Casey caught sight of Gwyn he stopped suddenly.

"Thank God, you're safe!" he yelled. "But look! See what's happened to Nan! They've got her, the dirty hounds, and they're making for town as fast as their horses can run. We've got to do something quick. Come on!"

Gwyn followed Casey's finger down the road and beheld, galloping at top

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speed, the band of Von Bleck. On one of the horses, bound fast so that escape was out of the question, was Nan.

(Continued next week.)

Regiments of infantry, consisting of bodies of foot-soldiers commanded by a colonel, were first formed in France about 1588.

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Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, despondency, loss of energy, palpitation of the heart, failing memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. Non-perishable, mailed free. **THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)**

Slants of Humor**CONSCIENCE—IN THE DARK.**

Adrift upon the sea of night
I cling in terror to my bed,
With every indrawn breath a blight,
The dark alive with forces dread

I hear the beat of unclean wings,
And ghoul-like chuckles, hungry sighs,
I catch the smell of evil things;
Malignant, red, gleam demon eyes.

An oily snouted submarine

Is nosing me in quest of prey—
I yell, awake! What does it mean?
I ate some ham on porkless day!

PROHIBITION THE CAUSE?

On the afternoon of New Year's evening Major McLaughry stepped on the tile floor of the Commercial club, Joliet, and broke two ribs.—Carthage, Ill., Republican. (Had this occurred in Kentucky, probably he would stepped on a tile floor in the morning of the evening.)

A QUESTION OF LEGS.

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, labor, capital or brains? The canny Scot replied with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"Which is the most important leg of a three legged stool?"

HIS FAVORITE DISH.

"No wonder women go into politics," ventured Mistress Malloch; "men are such brutes and devoid of sentiment. The other night I asked Will, in my sweetest way, what his favorite dish was, and he said, 'The ash-tray.'"

LOOKING AHEAD.

Mr. Newed was just a bit tired of answering questions about his six weeks old son and heir.

"What is your baby going to be when he grows up?" asked a gushing lady friend.

"A blackmailer, I'm afraid."

"Impossible! What makes you think so?"

"We have to give him something every little while to keep him quiet."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Some men never appreciate home until they are miles away from it.

It is usually the silly woman who succeeds in duping the wise man.

Some men who imagine they are cut out for politicians are poor fits.

Never waste time arguing religion with a man whose wife takes in washing.

When a man pays the price of fame he never gets as much change back as he expected.

How about a man's loving his neighbor as himself if he is his own worst enemy?

Many a man gets the best of a fight because he hasn't the nerve to run away.

It is sometimes difficult to convince the world you have brains unless you have money.

Don't think because a man is an excellent mathematician that he always counts with the fair sex.

Mr. George M. Parker of St. John, arrived in the city last night.

Mr. N. Marks Mills of St. Stephen, was registered at the Queen last night.

The present grade of
Mother's Favorite Flour

will soon be off the market until after the war is over. If you want any of this superior Bread Flour you should place your order at once.

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I am selling for the present two weeks my entire stock of Ladies' Boots at Pre War Prices. All sizes, lasts and styles at "Dollar" saving propositions.

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Children's Ribbed Hose, sizes 6, 6 1/2, 7, 9 1/2, and 10, special at 19c. a pair.

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Special lot of Corsets, broken sizes, worth up to \$1.65, to clear at 79c. a pair.

Towels, special at 15c. ea. or 2 for 25c. Roller Towelling, light or dark, 15. yard.

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