



Copyright, 1894, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bacheller.

THE RANSOM. Methuen wriggled himself into a corner of the hut, rested his shoulder against the adobe wall and made himself as comfortable as the wretched things with which he was tied up would permit.

than nothing at all. Pick up the things, and put it on my head. The guerrilla bared his teeth like an animal at the sight of the man who would have shot him.

THE GUERRILLA BARED HIS TEETH LIKE AN ANIMAL.

fully in slow strokes, and as the sound came through the heated air, it did not require much imagination to picture the scene.

THE EARLESS MAN SWUNG INTO THE HUT. had not counted on before. In fact, as the Peruvians had repeatedly given out that they would offer no quarter to us English in the Chilian service, we had all of us naturally resolved to fight rather than be taken.

THE EARLESS MAN SWUNG INTO THE HUT.

had not counted on before. In fact, as the Peruvians had repeatedly given out that they would offer no quarter to us English in the Chilian service, we had all of us naturally resolved to fight rather than be taken.

PART II. I shrugged my shoulders. It seemed useless to say anything. Methuen said: "Look here, sir; you've got us, there's no mistake about that. It seems to me you've two courses before you, and they are these: Either you can kill us, more or less barbarously, in which case you will raise a most posthumous hunt at your heels, or you can put us up to ransom. Now, neither Calvert, here, nor myself are rich men, but if you choose to let us go with sound limbs, we'll provide you with ten thousand Chilian dollars apiece for our passports. Now how does that strike you?"

Garcia finished rolling his cigarette, and then he spoke in a deep, throaty voice, as if he were a soldier of fortune, and I am merely in arms as a patriot. I am no huckster to traffic men's lives for money, nor am I a timorous fool to be scared into robbing a culprit of his just dues.

My comrade shrugged his shoulders. "I like you, Calvert, old man," said he. "but I'm not prepared to dance on nothing for you."

"I would be simplest to toss on exit," I said. "Precisely; but, my dear fellow, I have both hands trussed up, and no comrade to assist you."

"Pray let me assist you," said Garcia. "Senior Calvert, may I trouble you for an expression of opinion?"

He leaned over and drew a pistol and spun a dollar into the air. I watched it with a thumping heart, and when for an instant it paused, a dazzling splash of brightness against the red-tiled roof, I cried: "Heads!"

The coin fell with a faint thud in the dust a yard from my feet. "Well," said Methuen, "congratulate you, old fellow. I saw it."

He frowned and made no reply. Garcia's voice broke the silence. "Bueno, Senior Methuen," he said, "I advise you to shoot straight or you will not get home even now. You remember I said there was still another condition. Well, here you are, and now it's your friend down with a bullet before he is quite dead, or I'll string you up beside him."

Methuen gave a short laugh. "Remember what I said about the fellow in 'The Mikado,' Calvert? You see where the humor comes in? We've had that coin spun for nothing. You and I must change positions."

"Not at all. I take what I've earned," I said. "But I say yes. It works this way: I took it that the man who was hanging stood a delicate chance anyway, and I didn't feel generous enough to risk it. But now that the senior here has put in the extra clause, the situation is changed altogether. You aren't a brilliant shot, but you may be able to cut me down with a bullet, if you shoot extra straight. But it's a certain thing that I couldn't do it if I blazed away till doomsday. The utmost I could manage would be to fluke a pellet into your worthy self. So you see I must wear the hemp, and you must change positions. I'll take the rifle, but—laugh," he added, in English, "Grim and say something funny, or these brutes will think we cared for them."

With his thin yellow fingers and leisurely rocked himself in the splittable chair. The man could not have been more unmoved if he had been overlooking a performance of Shakespeare.

At last I tore the Winchester from the hands of the fellow who was fumbling with it, and, clasp in the jammed cartridge myself, breaking my nails and smearing the breechlock with blood, if it had been welded into one solid piece, I would have been firmer.

The brass case moved from side to side; it began to crumple and I threw it forth and hurled from me a mere ball of shapeless twisted metal. The one of the laughing brutes gave me another cartridge, and once more I shouldered the loaded weapon.

The mark was castler now. The struggles of my poor friend had almost ceased, and I saw that he was dead. His movements were comparatively rhythmic and to be counted upon. I snapped down the sights, put the butt-plate to my shoulder and cuddled the stock with my cheeks.

I pressed home the trigger as the well-rope reached one extremity of its swing, and a few loose ends sprang from the rope, and again the body began slowly to gyrate. But was it Methuen I was firing to save or was I merely wasting shot to cut down a mass of cold clay?

I think that more agony was compressed for me into a few minutes than most men meet with in a lifetime. Even the overlooking guerrillas were so stirred that for the first time their gibing ceased, and two of them of their own accord handed me cartridges. I slipped one home and closed the breechlock. The respiration was running in a stream from my chin. Again I fired. Again the well-rope was snipped, and I could see the loosened strands curling out as a snake unwraps itself from a branch.

Another cartridge. I sank to one knee and rested my right elbow on the other. The plaza was hunk in breathless silence. Every eye was strained to see the course of the shot. The men might be inhuman in their cruelty, but they were human enough in their curiosity.

narrow escape, old man. I—I—feel thankful. There was a faint smell of incense inside the chapel. The odor of it lingers by me still.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE HONEYMOON

When I went to see the little bride the other day I found her weeping into her best Turkish sofa cushion. I knew that something was seriously wrong, and drew my face down into the proper expression of sympathy.

"What is it?" I asked. "It's Tom," she said. "And breakfast," I amended. "Did he tell you," she demanded, sternly, sitting up and wiping her eyes. "Surely not," I answered; "only you see, my dear Annette, you are not the first bride I have had the pleasure of knowing in the course of life."

"I never claimed to be a good housekeeper or know anything about cooking," she began in an explanatory fashion. "And he said that he wanted that little hand never to do anything harder than play with flowers or soothe his fevered brow," I added.

"Why, how did you know he said that?" she asked. "If he was looking for a good domestic girl, why didn't he marry Mary Smith?" she said, recurring again to her favorite subject.

"Why not, indeed?" I echoed. "She's hideous," announced Annette, with satisfaction. "She would never put too much soda in the biscuit or have the steak overdone," I said reflectively. "She has red hair," remarked Annette irrelevantly.

"The butcher would never be able to sell tough meat and undesirable cuts to her," I went on in an admiring tone of voice. "She has light eyes and no eyebrows to speak of," said Annette, as if it were a matter of importance. "She would never make pie like his mother used to make," I continued.

NEW YORK CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE

132 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

Elegant Assortment

CHOICE OF ANY

50c. SHIRT WAIST

FOR 25 CENTS.

Every Morning Until 11 O'Clock.

We supply Moth Proof Bags Free with Capes, Cloaks, Suits and Jackets.

New York Cloak and Suit House,

Francis Fitz Gibbon, 132 Washington Avenue.



2,000,000 BARRELS

Made and Sold in Six Months, ending March 1, 1896, Total Product of

WASHBURN, CROSBY CO. MILLS, A. B. C. D.

The A Mill Alone produced 1,000,000 Barrels, Largest Run on Record.

Washburn Crosby's Superlative is sold everywhere from the Pacific Coast to St. John's, New Foundland, and in England, Ireland and Scotland very largely, and is recognized as the best flour in the world.

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

APPROPRIATE BUILDINGS CONTRIBUTE DIVIDENDS EXCEPTIONALLY FAIR. GENERAL HOME INDUSTRY JUSTLY KEEPS LUMBER MOVING NATURALLY. OUR PRESENT QUALITY RETAINS STEADY TRADE UPON VALUE. WITH EXPECTANCY, YOURS Z-ZLING 422, & C.

RICHARDS LUMBER CO., COM'LT BLD'G. SCRANTON, PA.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF SCRANTON.

Capital, - - - \$200,000 Surplus, - - - 300,000 Undivided Profits, 64,000

Special attention given to Business and Personal Accounts. 3% Interest Paid on Interest Deposits.

IRON AND STEEL

Bolts, Nuts, Bolt Ends, Turnbuckles, Washers, Rivets, Horse Nails, Files, Taps, Dies, Tools and Supplies. Sail Duck for mine use in stock.

SOFT STEEL HORSE SHOES

and a full stock of Wagon Makers' Supplies, Wheels, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Poles, Bows, etc.

BITTENBENDER & CO

SCRANTON, PA.

DR. LOBB'S BOOK FREE

To all sufferers of ERRORS OF YOUTH, LOST VIGOR AND DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN. Sexine Pills, Druggists, chemists, and all who sell them. Write for free book.

DR. LOBB'S BOOK FREE. Write for free book. Dr. Lobb, 529 N. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



THE RAZOR BLADE

LAWN MOWER.

It fitted with an improved Cutter Bar of solid tool steel. The knives have a positive "shear" cut and are re-sharpened by a patent improved "Micro-scraper" treatment.

"WHAT HAS HAPPENED?" HE GASPED. ards changed to darker colors; the light went out; and when I came next to my senses Methuen was sitting up with one hand clutching at his throat, looking at me wildly.

"What has happened?" he gasped. "I thought I was dead, and Garcia had hanged me—Garcia. No one is here. The plaza seems deserted. Calvert, tell me."

"They have gone," I said. "We are alive. We will get away from here as soon as you can walk. He rose to his feet, saying, 'I can walk now. But what about you?' 'I am an old man,' I said, 'wearily old. In the two hours I have grown a hundred years. But I think I can walk also. Yes, look, I am strong. Lean on my arm. Do you see that broken window in the chapel? When I fired through that the bell stopped tolling.' 'Let us go inside the chapel for a few minutes before we leave the village,' said Methuen. 'We have had a Very