

Several English and French Medical Gentlemen And Their Opinions on Diseases, HIGH SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS.

Several medical gentlemen from the English and French armies having recently become associated with M. Bonville, of Paris, and ex-aid surgeon of the French army, at his International Throat and Lung Institute, Phillips Square, Montreal, and 173 Church street, Toronto, where thousands of people are yearly treated successfully for diseases of the Head, Throat and Lungs by Splanometer, the present opportunity is embraced of making known to the people of Canada this fact, and also the opinions of these specialist surgeons connected with the International Throat and Lung Institute on the symptoms attending the following prevalent and dreadful diseases, in language devoid of technical difficulties.

Hemorrhage of the Lungs. As a general thing hemorrhage from the lungs is looked upon as a fatal symptom. True it is seldom patients recover from lung disease who have had severe hemorrhages without the very best care and treatment. Still many cases have recovered fully under properly directed treatment who have had several severe attacks of bleeding from the lungs. In the majority of cases the hemorrhage occurs early in the disease, and is consequently amenable to treatment. But when it occurs late in the course of the disease the prognosis is very unfavorable.

Consumption. This dreaded disease is seldom developed in a few months. It is slowly and gradually creeping upon the patient, sometimes very insidiously, but often as a result of other diseases of the air passages of which the patient is perfectly cognizant, but foolishly allows to run and advance until the fatal disease, consumption, has the lungs so fairly grasped that no earthly power can restore them to health. After the positive symptoms of consumption have been developed, there is always an uncertainty in the prognosis. We find cases even advanced in the second stage, where recovery has taken place from proper treatment by inhalations suitable to the individual case and such constitutional treatment as the case demands. We also find cases in the first stage that the best directed skill cannot make any impression upon—hence the necessity of applying early, either before the disease has reached what we call consumption even in the first stage, or if that climax has already been reached, lose no time in applying for treatment to those who make a specialty of diseases of the air passages.

Causes.—The most important causes are catarrh, laryngitis and bronchitis being allowed to run until finally the lungs are involved. Heavy colds and inflammation of the lungs, or pleurisy, or both, debility of the system, which predisposes to any of the above causes, hereditary predisposition, syphilis, scrofula, scabiness or anything that lowers the tone of the system, even poor living and insufficient clothing.

Symptoms.—The most important symptoms are a regular cough, it may be very little, but at a certain time every day, generally in the morning upon rising, sometimes upon lying down, expectoration of white, frothy material or a yellowish substance, sometimes mixed with blood, shortness of breath upon exertion, night sweats, chills and fever, the chills generally being irregular, but the fever regular at a certain time every day. The temperature rises slowly but surely in consumption. The pulse is frequent and feeble, the patient becomes emaciated and weak, the eyes are sunken, the nose pinched, and a peculiar appearance is given to the mouth in advanced cases which cannot be mistaken by an experienced eye, and lastly, but not least, the voice has a changed and peculiar sound which speaks very positively to the specialist (who sees so many cases), and who becomes so familiar with the sounds articulated. This is a disease not to be trifled with. On the first indication of anything that would lead to consumption, have it attended to. And don't despair even if your family physician tells you that you are beyond help. With our present knowledge of the new and scientific modes of treating disease, applying the medicine directly to the part affected, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach, hundreds of cases are being cured that are even far advanced in consumption and pronounced beyond the skill of man to save.

Asthma. Our treatment for asthma has for its object the removal of the cause, the principal of which is a catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the bronchial tubes and air cells, and of the nasal mucous membrane and larynx in many cases, and not simply giving anti-spasmodics to relieve the spasm—not cure. Our applications contain medicines which will not only relieve the spasm, but also remove the inflammation, which is the principal cause. When the cause is complicated with derangement of the blood, the stomach or the heart, we give suitable remedies to remove those causes also. Our treatment will cure asthma, not simply relieve it.

Physicians and dentists are invited to try the instruments of the office free of charge. Persons unable to visit the Institute can be successfully treated by letter addressed to the International Throat and Lung Institute 173 Phillips Square, Montreal, or 173 Church Street, Toronto, where French and English specialists are in charge. 12-45-2.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate Indigestion from Overwork. Dr. DANIEL T. NELSON, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

IN THE CARQUINEZ WOOD.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BRET HARTE'S NEW ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

When Miss Nellie reached the first mining extension of Indian Spring, which surrounded it like a fosse, she descended for one instant into one of its trenches, opened her parasol, removed her duster, hid it under a boulder, and with a few shivers and ostentatious strokes of her soft hands, not only obliterated all material traces of the stolen cream of Carquinez Woods, but assumed a felicitous demerit quite inconsistent with any more dereliction. Unfortunately she forgot to remove at the same time a certain ring from her finger which she had put on with her duster and hid it at no other time. With this slight exception, the brilliant fate which always protected that young person brought her in contact with the Burnham girls at one end of the main street as the returning coach to Excoletor entered the other and enabled her to take leave of them before the coach office with a certain ostentation of parting which struck Mr. Jack Brace, who was lingering at the doorway, into a state of utter bewilderment.

Here was Miss Nellie Wynne, the belle of Excoletor, calm, quiet, self-possessed, her elaborate cambric skirts and dainty shoes as fresh as when she had left her father's house; but where was the woman of the brown duster? and where the yellow-dressed apparition of the woods? He was feebly repeating to himself his mental adjuration of a few hours before when he caught her eye and was taken with a bluish and a fit of coughing. Could he have been such an egregious fool—and was it not plainly written on his embarrassed face for her to read?

"Are we going down together?" asked Miss Nellie, with an exceptionally gracious smile.

There was neither affection nor coquetry in this advance. The girl had no idea of Brace's suspicion of her, nor did any desire to placate or deceive a rival of Lewis's prompt her good-will. She simply wished to shake the dust of the past two hours, as she had shaken the dust of the woods from her clothes. It was characteristic of her irresponsible nature and transient susceptibility that she actually enjoyed the relief of change, more than that, I fear she looked upon this infidelity to a past dubious pleasure as a moral principle. A mild, open flirtation with a recognized man like Brown, after her secret passionate tryst with a nameless nomad like Low, was an ethical equipolse that seemed proper to one of her religious education.

Brace was only too happy to profit by Miss Nellie's condescension; he at once secured the seat by her side, and spent the two hours and a half of their return journey to Excoletor in blissful but timid communion with her. If he did not dare to confess his past suspicions he was equally afraid to venture upon the boldness he had premeditated a few hours before. He was therefore obliged to take a middle course of slightly egotistical narration of his own personal adventures, with which he beguiled the young girl's ear. This he only departed from once to describe to her a valuable grizzly bear skin which he had seen that day for sale at Indian Spring, with a view to divining her possible acceptance of it for a "buggy robe"; and once to comment upon a ring which she had inadvertently disclosed in pulling off her glove.

"It's only an old family keepsake," she added with easy mendacity. And effecting to recognize in Mr. Brace's curiosity a not unnatural excuse for toying with her charming fingers, she hid them in haste and virginal seclusion in her lap until she could recover the ring and resume her glove.

A week passed; a week of peculiar and disquieting heat for even those dry Sierra table lands. The long days were filled with impalpable dust and arid haze suspended in the motionless air; the nights were breathless and dewless—the cold wind which usually swept down from the snow line was laid to sleep over a dark monotonous level, whose horizon was pricked with the eating fires of burning forest crests. The legging coach of Indian Spring drove up at Excoletor and precipitated its passengers with an accompaniment of cloud of dust before the coach, Mr. Brace, standing in the doorway, closely scanned their begrimed and almost unrecognizable faces. They were the usual type of travellers; a single professional man in dirty black, a few traders in tweeds and flannels, a sprinkling of miners in red and gray shirts, a Chinaman, a negro, and a Mexican packer or multerer. This latter for a moment mingled with the crowd in the bar-room, and even peered into the corridor and dining room of the hotel, as if impelled by a certain semi-civilized curiosity, and then strolled with a lazy, dragging step—half impeded by a pair of enormous leather leggings, chains and spurs peculiar to that class—down the main street. The darkness was gathering, but the multerer indulged in the same childish sort of the dimly lighted shops, magazines and saloons, and even of the occasional groups of citizens at the street corners. Apparently young, as far as the outlines of his figure could be seen, he seemed to show even more than the usual concern of masculine Excoletor in the charms of womankind. The few female figures about at that hour, or visible at window or veranda, received his marked attention; he respectfully followed the two suburb-hated daughters of Deacon Johnson on their way to choir meeting to the door of the church. Not content with that act of discreet gallantry, after they had entered he managed to slip in unperceived behind them.

The memorial of the Excoletor gambler's generosity was a modern building, large and pretentious for even Mr. Wynne's popularity, and had been good-humoredly known in the characteristic language of the generous donors, as one of the "biggest religious bluffs" on record. Its grained rafters, which were so new and spicy that they still suggested their native forest alaises, seldom covered more than a hundred devotees, and in the rambling choir, with its bare space for the future organ, the few choristers gathered round a small harmonium were lost in the deepening shadow of that summer evening. The multerer remained hidden in the obscurity of the vestibule. After a few moments' desultory conversation in which it appeared that the unexpected absence of Miss Nellie Wynne, their leader, would prevent their practicing, the choristers withdrew. The stranger who had listened eagerly, drew back in the darkness as they passed out, and remained for a few moments a vague and motionless figure in the silent church. Then, coming cautiously to the window, the snapping broad-brimmed hat was put aside, and the faint light of the dying day shone in the black eyes of Teresa! Despite her face, darkened with dye and disfigured with dust, the matted hair piled and twisted around her head, the strange dress and boyish figure, one

swift glance from under her raised lashes betrayed her identity.

She turned aside mechanically into the first pew, picked up and opened a hymn book. Her eyes became riveted on a name written on the title page, "Nellie Wynne." Her name, and her book. The instinct that had guided her here was right; the slight glimpse of her fellow passengers was right; this was the clergyman's daughter whose praise filled all mouths. This was the unknown girl the stranger was seeking, but who in her turn perhaps had been seeking Low—the girl who absorbed his fancy—the secret of his absence, his preoccupation—his coldness! This was the girl whom to see—perhaps in his arms, she was now periling her liberty and her life unknown to him. A slight odor, some faint perfume of his owner, came from the book; it was the same she had noticed in the dress Low had given her. She flung the volume to the ground, and, throwing her arms over the back of the pew before her, buried her face in her hands.

In that light and attitude she might have seemed some rapt ascetic abandoned to self-communion. But whatever yearning her soul might have had for higher sympathy or deeper consolation, I fear that the spiritual Tabernacle of Excoletor and the Rev. Mr. Wynne did not meet that requirement. She only felt the dry oven-like heat of that vast shell, empty of sentiment and beauty, hollow in its presence and dreary in its desolation. She only saw in it a chief altar for the glorification of this girl who had absorbed even the pure worship of her companion and converted and degraded his sublime paganism to her petty creed. With a woman's withering contempt for her own art, displayed in another woman, she thought how she herself could have touched him with the peace that the majesty of their wood-land alaises—so unlike this pillared sham—had taught her own passionate heart. Had she but dared. Mingling with this imperfect theology, she felt she could have proved to him also that a brunette and a woman of her experience was better than an immature blonde. She began to loathe herself for coming hither, and dreaded to meet his face. A mere sudden thought struck her. What if he had not come here? What if she had been mistaken? What if her rash interpretation of his absence from the wood that night was simple madness? What if he should return—if he had already returned? She rose to her feet, whitening, yet joyful with the thought. She would return at once—what was the girl to her now? Yet there was time to satisfy herself if he were at her house. She had been told where it was; she could find it in the dark; an open door or window would betray some sign or sound of the occupants. She rose, replaced her hat over her eyes, knotted her handkerchief around her throat, groped her way to the door, and glided into the outer darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

It was quite dark when Mr. Jack Brace stopped before Father Wynne's open door. The windows were also invitingly open to the wayfarer as were the pastoral counsels of Father Wynne, delivered to some favored guest within, in a tone of voice loud enough for a pulpit. Jack Brace paused. The visitor was the convalescent Sheriff, Jim Dunn, who had publicly commemorated his recovery by making his first call upon the father of his inamorata. The Rev. Mr. Wynne had been expatiating upon the unremittent heat as a possible precursor of forest fires, and exhibiting some Catholic knowledge of the design of a Duty in that regard, and what should be the policy of the Legislature, when Mr. Brace concluded to enter. Mr. Wynne and the wounded man, who occupied an armchair by the window, were the only occupants of the room. But in spite of the former's ostentatious greeting, Brace could see that his visit was inopportune and unwelcome. The Sheriff nodded a quick impatient recognition, which, had it not been accompanied by an anaesthesia on the heat, might have been taken as a personal insult. Neither spoke of Miss Nellie, although it was patent to Brace that they were momentarily expecting her. All of which went far to strengthen a certain wavering purpose in his mind.

"Ah, hal strong language, Mr. Dunn," said Father Wynne, referring to the Sheriff's adjuration, "but 'out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Job, sir, cursed, we are told, and even expressed himself in vigorous Hebrew regarding his birthday. Es, hal I'm not opposed to that. When I have often wrestled with the spirit I confess I have sometimes said 'D—m you.' Yes, sir, 'D—m you.'"

There was something so unutterably vile in the reverend gentleman's utterance and emphasis of this oath that the two men, albeit both easy and facile blasphemers, felt uneasy. As the purest of actresses is apt to overdo the rakesness of a gay Catholic Father Wynne's immaculate conception of an imprecation was something terrible. But he added, "The law ought to interfere with the reckless use of camp fires in the woods in such weather by packers and prospectors."

"It isn't so much the work of white men," broke in Brace, as it is of Grassers, Chinamen and Diggers, especially Diggers. There's that fellow Low, ranges the whole Carquinez Woods as if they were his. I reckon he ain't far out just where he throws his matches."

But he's not a Digger; he's a Cherokee, and only a half-breed at that," interpolated Wynne. "Unless," he added, with the artful suggestion of the betrayed trust of a too credulous Christian, "he deceived me in this as in other things."

In what other things Low had deceived him he did not say; but to the astonishment of both men, Dunn growled a dissent to Brace's proposition. Either from some secret irritation with that possible rival, or impatience at the prolonged absence of Nellie, he had "had enough of that sort of hog-wash ladled out to him for genuine liquor." As to the Carquinez Woods, he (Dunn) didn't know why Low hadn't as much right there as if he'd grabbed it under a presumptive law, and didn't live there. With this hit at certain speculations of Father Wynne in public lands for a homestead, he added that "if they (Brace and Wynne) could bring him along any older American settler than an Indian they might take down his (Dunn's) pile." Unprepared for this turn in the conversation, Wynne hastened to explain that he did not refer to the pure aborigine, whose gradual extinction no one regretted more than himself, but to the mongrel, who inherited only the vice of civilization. "There should be a law, sir, against the mingling of races. There are men, sir, who violate the laws of the Most High by living with Indian women—squaw men, sir, as they are called."

Dunn rose with a face livid with weakness and passion. "Who dares say that? They are a great sight better than sneering Northern Abolitionists, who married their daughters to black niggers like—!" But a spasm of pain.

"Diggers. A local name for a peaceful tribe of Indians inhabiting northern California; who live on roots and herbs."

withheld this partizan shot at the politics of his two companions, and he sank back helplessly in his chair.

An awkward silence ensued. The three men looked at each other in embarrassment and confusion. Dunn felt that he had given way to gratuitous passion. Wynne had a vague presentiment that he had said something that imperilled his daughter's prospects, and Brace was divided between an angry retort and the secret purpose already alluded to.

"It's all the dreadful heat," said Dunn, with a forced smile, pushing away the whiskey which Wynne had ostentatiously placed before him.

"Of course," said Wynne, hastily; only it's a pity Nellie ain't here to give you her smelling salts. She ought to be back now; he added, no longer mindful of Brace's presence; as the coach is overdue now, though I reckon the heat made Yuba Bill take it easy at his grade."

"If you mean the coach from Indian Spring," said Brace quietly, "it's in already; but Miss Nellie didn't come on it."

"May be she got out at the crossing," said Wynne cheerfully; "she sometimes does."

"She didn't take the coach at Indian Spring," returned Brace, "because I saw it leave, and passed it on Bookska ten minutes ago coming up the hills."

"She's stopped over at Burnham's," said Wynne reflectively. Then, in response to the significant silence of his guests, he added, in a tone of chagrin which his forced heartiness could not disguise: "Well, boys, it's a disappointment all round; but we must take the lesson as it comes. I'll go over to the coach office and see if she's sent any word. Make yourselves at home until I return."

When the door had closed behind him Brace arose and took his hat as if to go. With his hand on the lock, he turned to his rival, who, half hidden in the gathering darkness, still seemed unable to comprehend his ill-luck.

"If you're waiting for that bald-headed fraud to come back with the truth about his daughter," said Brace coolly, "you'd better send for your things and take up your lodgings here."

"What do you mean?" said Dunn sternly. "I mean that she's not at the Burnham's; I mean that he either does or does not know where she is, and that in either case he is not likely to give you information. But I can."

"You can?"

"Then where is she?"

"In the Carquinez Woods, in the arms of the man you were just defending—Low, the half-breed."

The room had become so dark that from the road nothing could be distinguished. Only the momentary sound of struggling feet was heard.

"Sit down," said Brace's voice, "and don't be a fool. You're too weak, and it ain't a fair fight. Let go your hold. I'm not lying—I wish to God I was!"

There was a silence, and Brace resumed: "We've been rivals, I know. May be I thought my chance as good as yours. If what I say ain't truth, we'll stand as we stood before—and if you're on the shoot I'm your man when you like, where you like, or on sight, if you choose. But I can't bear to see another man played upon as I've been played upon—given dead away as I've been. It ain't on the square."

"There," he continued after a pause, "that's right, now steady. Listen. A week ago that girl went down just like this to Indian Spring. It was given out, like this, that she went to the Burnham's. I don't mind saying, Dunn, that I went down myself, all on the square, thinking I might get a show to talk to her, just as you might have done, you know, if you had my chance. I didn't come across her anywhere. But two men that I met thought they recognized her in a disguise going into the woods. Not suspecting anything I went after her; saw her at a distance in the middle of the woods in another dress that I can swear to, and was just coming up to her when she vanished—went like a squirrel up a tree, or down like a gopher in the ground, but vanished."

"Is that all?" said Dunn's voice. And just because you were a great fool or had taken a little too much whiskey you thought—"

"Steady. That's just what I said to myself; interrupted Brace coolly, "particularly when I saw her that same afternoon in another dress, saying 'Good-by' to the Burnham's, as fresh as a rose and as cold as those now peaks. Only one thing—she had a ring on her finger she never wore before, and didn't expect me to see."

"What if she did? She might have bought it. I reckon she hasn't to consult you," broke in Dunn's voice sternly.

"She didn't buy it," continued Brace quietly. "Low gave it to Jew trader a bear skin in exchange for it, and presented it to her. I found that out two days afterward. I found out that out of the whole afternoon she spent less than an hour with the Burnham's; I found out that she bought a duster like the disguise the two men saw her in; I found the yellow dress she wore that day hanging up in Low's cabin—the place where I saw her go—the rendezvous here she meets him. Oh, you're listening now are you? Stop! Sir Downs."

"I discovered it by accident," continued the voice of Brace, when all was again quiet; "it was hidden as only a squirrel or an Injun can hide when they improve upon nature. When I was satisfied that that girl had been in the woods I was determined to find out where she vanished, and went there again. Proreeping around, I poked up at the foot of one of the biggest trees this year old memorandum book with grasses and herbs stuck in it. I remembered that I'd heard old Wynne say that Low, like the nigger that he was, collected these herbs, only he pretended it was for science. I reckoned the book was his, and that he might be far away. I lay low and waited. Bimby I saw a lizard running down the root. When he got sight of me he stopped."

"Confound the lizard! What's that got to do with where she is now?"

"Everything. That lizard had a piece of sugar in his mouth. Where did it come from? I made him drop it, and calculated he'd go back for more. He did. He scooped up that tree and slipped in under some hanging strips of bark. I shoved 'em aside and found an opening to the hollow where they do their housekeeping."

"You didn't see her there; and how do you know she is there now?"

"I determined to make it sure. When she left to-day I started an hour ahead of her and hid myself at the edge of the woods. An hour after the coach arrived at Indian Spring she came there in a brown duster, and was joined by him. I'd have followed them but the hound has the ears of a squirrel, and though I was five hundred yards from him he was on his guard."

"Guard be blessed! Wasn't you armed? Why didn't you go for him?" said Dunn, furiously.

"I reckoned I'd leave that for you," said Brace, coolly. "If he'd killed me—and if he'd even covered me with his rifle, he'd been sure

to let daylight through me at double the distance—I shouldn't have been any better off, nor you neither. If I'd killed him, it would have been your duty as Sheriff to put me in jail, and I reckon it wouldn't have broken your heart; Jim Dunn, to have got rid of two rivals instead of one. Hullo! Where are you going?"

"Going?" said Dunn hoarsely. "Going to the Carquinez Woods to kill him before he'll risk it, if you daren't. Let me succeed, and you can hang me and take the girl yourself!"

"Sit down, sit down. Don't be a fool, Jim Dunn! You wouldn't keep the saddle a hundred yards. Did I say I wouldn't help you? No. If you are willing we'll run the risk together, but it must be in my way. Hear me. I'll drive you down there in a buggy before daylight, and we'll surprise them in the cabin or as they leave the wood. But you must come as if to arrest him for some offence—say an escaped Digger from the Reservation, a dangerous tramp, a destroyer of public property in the forests, a suspected road agent—or anything to give you the right to hunt him. The exposure of him and Nellie, don't you see, must be your making. If he resists, killed him on the spot, and nobody'll blame you; if he goes peaceably with you, and you once get him in Excoletor jail, when the story gets out that he's taken the bells of Excoletor for his squaw, if you'd the angels for your posse you couldn't keep the boys from hanging him to the first tree. What's that?"

He walked to the window and looked out cautiously.

"If it was the old man coming back and listen!" he said, after a pause, "it can't be helped. He'll hear it soon enough, if he don't suspect something already."

"Look yer, Brace," broke in Dunn, hoarsely; "hanged if I understand you or you me. That dog Low has got to answer to me, not to the law! I'll take my risk of killing him—on sight and on the square. I don't reckon to handcuff myself with a warrant, and I am not going to draw him out with a lie. You hear me? That's me, all the time!"

"Then you calculate to go down there," said Brace contemptuously; "yell out for him and Nellie, and let him line you on a rest from the first tree as if you were a grizzly."

"There's a pause. 'What's that you were saying just now about a bear skin he sold?' asked Dunn, as if reflecting.

"He exchanged a bear skin," replied Brace, "with a single hole right over the heart. He's a dead shot, I tell you."

"Hang his shooting!" said Dunn. "I'm not thinking of that. How long ago did he bring in that bear skin?"

"About two weeks, I reckon. Why?"

"Nothing. Look you, Brace, you mean well—that's my hand. I'll go down with you there, but not as the Sheriff. I'm going there as Jim Dunn, and you can come along as a white man to see things fixed on the square. Come!"

Brace hesitated. "You'll think better of my plan before you get there—but I've said I'll stand by you, and get there. Come, then. There's no time to lose."

They passed out into the darkness together.

"What are you waiting for?" said Dunn impatiently, as Brace, who was supporting him by the arm, suddenly halted at the corner of the house.

Some one was listening—did you not see him? Was it the old man? asked Brace hurriedly.

"Dash the old man! It was only one of them Mexican packers chock full of whiskey, and trying to hold up the house. What are you thinking of?—we shall be late."

In spite of his weakness, the wounded man hurriedly urged Brace forward, until they reached the latter's lodgings. To his surprise the horse and buggy were already before the door.

"Then you reckoned to go, anyway?" said Dunn, with a searching look at his companion.

"I calculated somebody would go," returned Brace evasively, patting the impatient Buckskin; "but come in and take a drink before we leave."

Dunn started out of a momentary abstraction, put his hand on his hip, and mechanically entered the house. They had scarcely raised the glasses to their lips when a sudden rattle of wheels was heard in the street. Brace set down his glass and ran to the window.

"It's the mare bolted," he said with an oath. "We've kept her too long standing. Follow me." And he dashed down the staircase into the street. Dunn followed with difficulty; when he reached the door he was already confronted by his breathless companion. "She's gone off on a run, and I'll swear there was a man in the buggy!" He stopped and examined the halter-strap still fastened to the fence. "Out! by Jove!"

Dunn turned pale with passion. "Who's got another horse and buggy," he demanded.

"The new blacksmith in Main street, but we won't get it by borrowing," said Brace.

"How then?" asked Dunn savagely.

"Seize it, as the Sheriff of Yuba and his posse pursuing the confederate of the Injun Low, the horse thief!"

CHAPTER VIII. The brief hour of darkness that preceded the dawn was that night intensified by a dense smoke, which, after blotting out horizon and sky, dropped a thick veil on the high road and the silent streets of Indian Spring. As the buggy containing Sheriff Dunn and Brace dashed through the obscurity Brace suddenly turned to his companion.

"Some one ahead."

"The two men bent forward over the dashboard. Above the steady plunging of their own horse hoofs they could hear the quaker irregular beat of other hoofs in the darkness before them."

"It's that horse thief!" said Dunn in a savage whisper. "Bear to the right, and hand me the whip."

A dozen outs of the ornate lash, and their maddened horse, bounding at each stroke, broke into a wild career. The frail vehicle swayed from side to side at each spring of the elastic shafts. Steadying himself by one hand on the low rail, Dunn drew his revolver with the other. "Bring out to him to pull up or we'll fire. My voice is clean gone," he added in a husky whisper.

They were so near that they could distinguish the bulk of a vehicle careening from side to side in the blackness ahead. Dunn deliberately raised his weapon. "Bring out!" he repeated impatiently. But Brace, who was still keeping in the shadow, suddenly grasped his companion's arm.

Dunn suppressed and pale. In half a minute they were leading him a length, and when their horse staggered settled down to his steady work the stranger was already lost in the circling dust that followed them. But the victors seemed disappointed. The obscurity had completely hidden all but the vague outlines of the mysterious driver.

"He's not our game, anyway," whispered Dunn. "Drive on."

"But if it was some friend of his," suggested Brace uneasily, "what would you do?"

"What I said I'd do," responded Dunn savagely. "I don't want five minutes to do it in, either; we'll be half an hour ahead of that confounded fool, whoever he is. Look here, all you've got to do is to put me out of gun shot, alone, if you like, as my deputy, or give any number you can pick up as my posse. If he gets by me as Nellie's lover, you may shoot him or take him as a horse thief, if you like."

"Then you won't shoot him on sight?"

"Not till I've had a word with him."

"But—"

"I've chirped," said the Sheriff gravely. "Drive on."

For a few moments only the plunging hoofs and rattling wheels were heard. A dull lurid glow began to define the horizon. They were silent until an abatement of the smoke, the vanishing of the gloomy horizon line, and a certain impenetrability in the darkness ahead showed them they were nearing the Carquinez Woods. But they were surprised on entering them to find the dim aisles alight with a faint mystic Aurora. The tops of the towering spires above them had caught the gleam of the distant forest fires, and reflected it as from a glazed dome.

"It would be hot work if the Carquinez Woods should conclude to take a hand in this yer little game that's going on over on the Divide yonder," said Brace, securing his horse and glancing at the spires overhead. "I reckon I'd rather take a back seat at Lujin Spring when the show commences."

Dunn did not reply, but, buttoning his coat, placed one hand on his companion's shoulder and suddenly bade him "lead the way." Advancing slowly and with difficulty the desperate man might have been taken for a peevish invalid returning from an early morning stroll. His right hand was buried thoughtfully in the side pocket of his coat. Only Brace knew that it rested on the handle of his pistol.

From time to time the latter stopped and consulted the faint trail with a minuteness that showed recent careful study. Suddenly he was warned. "I made a brass!" hereabouts to show where it leads the trail. There it is," he added, pointing to a slight notch cut in the trunk of an adjoining tree.

"But we've just passed one," said Dunn, "if that's what you're looking after, a hundred yards back."

Brace uttered an oath and ran back in the direction signified by his companion. Presently he returned with a smile of triumph.

"They've suspected something. It's a clever trick, but it won't hold water. That blaze which was done to muddle you was cut with an axe; this which I made was done with a bowie knife. It's the real one. We're not far off now. Come on."

They proceeded cautiously at right angles with the "blazed" tree for ten minutes more. The heat was oppressive; drops of perspiration rolled from the forehead of the Sheriff, and at times when he attempted to steady his uncertain limbs his hands shrank from the heated, blistering bark of the trunks he touched with unglued palms.

"Here we are," said Brace, pausing at last. "Do you see that biggest tree with the root stretching out half way across to the opposite one?"

"No, it's further to the right and abreast of the dead brush," interrupted Dunn, quickly, with a sudden revelation that this was the spot where he had found the dead bear on the night Teresa escaped.

"That's so," responded Brace in astonishment.

"And the opening is on the other side, opposite the dead brush," said Dunn.

"Then you know it?" said Brace, suspiciously.

"I reckon!" responded Dunn, grimly.