

WOOED UNDER FIRE

to enter?

remember!'

"Si, Baron Sam!"

amazed and speechless.

Miss Winchester-Aileen!'

Mechanically she moves back.

"Driver, to the Grande Bretagne, and

The door slams shut-they move at

wounded—perhaps dying.

As though a magician's wand has waved over the scene, here she finds the

same man alive and well, and apparent-ly up to his old tricks with regard to subduing those with whom he comes

in contact, as the driver's humble ac

uiescence seems to declare.

It is Sam who first breaks the silence.

sam who takes the little hand of the

California girl, to hold it in his own, for his heart has been deep touched

by this evidence of her regard for him-

After that he asks her questions, and there are many to be answered, in order

to bring about a complete understand-

with his baggage, and Miss Dorothy be-

away, the driver being only too glad to get off so lightly after being caught in such a desperate game.

All the while that he talks so volubly

to nass.

that she may understand.

Sam can speak Italian, and it will take but a few words to make the fellow un-

derstand what is expected of his. "Draw in your horses," comes the order, and the animals are brought to a slow pace. "Remember, my man, I am your master, I who have captured this vehicle. At a sign of treachery I will blow your brains out."
"Si, excellency." breathes the driver.

"You have a lady passenger?"
The man node his head and gruntsit is rather dark and gloomy in this street, and he finds himself in constant fear that this unknown might press too

harshly upon the trigger.

Such an accident would be in the nature of a catastrophe—it must be treadful to have one's brains scattered in all

Hence the willingness of the driver to tell all he knows: like the discreet sol-dier, he believes in the adage, "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day."

"Do you know her name?" asks Sam. "Signorina Winchester."
"Who sent you for her?"

"A tall, handsome devil of a man."
"In other words, Count Tivoli!"

Yes, signor.' "You received a signal from another

man who was watching me."
"Alas! the unhung villain deceived

"You mean it was I who deceived him, who guessed your miserable game. Now tell me, what means did you employ to

get the lady to accompany you"

The man hesitates—he beeds not, for Sam will be no more angry when he learns the truth.

"Through a note, signor."
"Who wrote it?"

"The count—he is an excellent penman and can imitate any man's hand." At this Sam starts.

"You mean something by that the count has been forging some one's signature to a document. Whose signature was it?" he demands.

"One they call Baron Sam."

"Ah! I knew it not, signor! Par-

Never mind you know the contents of this note, what the nature of it was. You must, because I myself heard you gone to see about something connected answering some question she put to you, with his baggage, and Miss Dorothy be-

answering some question she put to you, and even caught my name. Now, tell me about what the note contained."

"It said that Baron Sam had met with an accident—had been shot in the street by one of his enemies, and was lying wounded at the hospital. If the signoria wished to see him alive, she must fly to his side without a momust fly to his side without a mo- comes to a halt in front of the Grande

Buxton finds himself shaken by several different emotions—anger at the count for the despicable means employed to gain possession of Aileen—a wonderful feeling of deep joy to realize that she would go to such an end because she believed him suffering.

Tenderly the American assists Aileen to the pavement, and the vehicle rattles away, the driver being only too glad. that she would go to such an end bo-cause she believed him suffering.

Deep down in his heart he thanks

Heaven that he has been instrumental-in thwarting this evil plot, and thas Sam Buxton's arm has again come between Aileen and danger While the two men upon the top of the coach have thus been conversing. horses attached to the vehicle are

walking along. Probably the tardiness of their progress has aroused the inmate. the coach, for a voice cries, in Ital-Driver, make haste! I will pay you double, yes, ten times your regular price, if you reach the hospital soon. Whip up your horses, man—what does

delay mean? It is Aileen who speaks, and Sam is

thrilled by the sound of her voice. She seems like a girl cepable of taking cate of herself, and he does not believe the of herself, and he does not believe the Alleen begs them to excuse her—Sam Alleen begs them to excuse her—Sam begs the same to be seen the same to be seen to be same to be ve a victory, even without Sam's in-Driver, take your orders from me.

Threer, take your orders from me. When I give the word, turn around, and hasten back to the Grande Bretagne. Do you understand?" says the American.

The driver hastens to declare his willingness to do as his captor says. Life evidently has no charms for him minus his brains.

to think that it has come about in such a poor way, when he has hoped to tell her the truth after getting her confession that his love is returned.

Sam, however, is nothing if not philosophical, and he soon regains some of his-lost spirits. Perhaps the cigar has a soothing effect upon his nerves—it generally has with its votaries.

At any rate, Sam answers the questions that halder-like steps by means of which this passenger is supposed to mount and descend.

"Stop, driver!"

The vehicle comes to halt, and it when he declared his willingness to pell fou seq 120,100 halt, and it when he declared his willingness to pell fou seq 120,100 halt, and it when he declared his willingness to pell fou seq 120,100 halt, and it when he declared his willingness to pell fou seq 120,100 halt, and it when he declared his willingness to pell four seq 120,100 halt, and it when he declared his willingness to pell four seq 120,100 halt, and it when he declared his captured.

Sam, however, is nothing if not philosophical, and he soon regains come of his-lost spirits. Perhaps the cigar has a soothing effect upon his nerves—it generally has with its votaries.

At any rate, Sam answers the questions that Dudley begins to shower anew, and the latter is soon in possession of all the facts bearing on the case.

He plainly sees the drift of things.

"In afraid this rascally count means to give us new trouble at every turn. He belongs to a family noted for the fierceness of their hatred, coming originally from Corsica, that land of vendettas equalled only by your Ken-

saved her more than once from a ter ribe danger, is the one she has educated herself to detest—the odious Sam

CHAPTER XIV.

Dudley McLane had been blind for Budgey McLane had been blind for some time to the peculiar condition of his comrade, but finally his eyes are opened and he sees that Sam is hardly in a normal state. He lays it all to the strange chain of events that has come upon them, and yet fails to see why Sam looks morose when all the facts seem to make him happy. Surely Aileen must think more of him than ever—he saved her in the Alpine storm, stood by her so valiantly in the prince's castle, facing death in her defence; and saved her in the saved her in the saved her in the Alpine storm, stood by her so valiantly in the prince's castle. lact of all, rescues her from another situation that has threatened to overwhelm her.

For the life of him Dudley cannot see anyone should look sullen after strengthening his case. On the

thus strengthening his case. On the contrary, there is every reason why Sam should appear light-hearted—a lover who has been successful has no business to frown—he should leave all that to poor devils like McLane, who have been given the mitten, and seen their future blasted; though good-natured Dudley can doubtless stand more than one siege of this without having his life soured.

Frank by nature, he is not the man to keep quiet when he believes his friend treats him shabbily, so Dudley bluntly demands to know what he has done to make Sam scowl as though he were a pirate. At this the other laughs aloud, and the clouds seem brushed aside for the time, only to return later and torment him. Dudley McLane has never been in Turin before and does not expect to see the Italian city again, so he expresses "Who speaks?" she cries, amazed.
"Baron Sam," he replies.
"You are not wounded—dying?" she "Not a bit of it. Will you allow me

the Italian city again, so he expresses a desire to look upon the sights.

Sam would rather be in bed, but he loes not say so. The wish of a comrade is always sacred in his eyes. Accordingly, the two sally forth, and Samchuckles to think that he has not been forced to explain the real reason of his

lively pace, and Aileen sits there. bad humor Once he is on the point of reproact It has not dawned upon her yet that she was but a minute or two ago be-moaning the fact that one so brave as her American friend should be stricken down in the strock but the highlight Once he is on the point of reproacting McLane for having betrayed his secret, but just in time holds his breath. It would be foolish and must only result in a complete confession on his part, something Sam is not yet preparation. down in the streets by the hirelings of an enemy—a sort of dumb horror had been creeping over her at the idea of going to see Baron Sam, desperately

They find much to interest them at this hour of the night. Turin has its strange sights, and, like every other

strange signts, and, like every other city, is very wicked.

The young men can find scenes that might interest even Parisians, and Dudley takes them all in, as he would a visit to Chinatown in San Francisco, or the Bowery in Gotham.

Sam has a burden on his mind all the while—he never laughs, even when

uDdley roars, and the latter soon re-alizes that something is wrong. When they finally reach the hotel he can stand it no longer

is it possible the feeling can be deeper? First of all he deplores the fact that she has suffered on account of him, "Now, what have I done, old man, to make you so gloomy? I want to know," he says, turing Sam squarely about. "It's nothing, Dud," begins the other. execrates the count as a miserable ploter, and tells his part of the story, so "That isn't wholly true-tell me at Gradually Aileen becomes herself, but

she does not endeavor to rescue her hand from the warm clasp of the man who sits beside her. There is no getting around McLane when he has once set his mind on thing, and, with a grin, the American

If you must have it, Dud, my dear fellow. I'm afraid you've cooked my oose."
"What?" roars his comrade.

He wondered why Aileen dared to venture alone, but when he hears he wonders no longer, for his whole being is full of eestatic bliss at the thought that she dared all this for him.

When the driver came into the hotel and gray her the letter formed with "You've done me."
"Confound you, Sam Buxton—" "There it is again-the tongue no man can control; it is an unruly member," admonishes Sam, and perhaps a glimmer of the truth breaks in upon the and gave her the letter forged with Sam's name at the end, she chanced to be virtually alone the Canadian having stalwart Canadian, for he cries
"By St. Andrew, did I—"

"By St. Andrew, did I—"
"You just did, and I am unable to estimate the damages as yet. Good-night, old fellow!"

the other. Bretange, and a tall, muscular-looking gentleman, who stands smoking at the of course, the sight of us getting out of the carriage broke you all up, and you were not responsible." oorway, is electrified by seeing who

"Forgive me, my dear boy."

epair.'

"Readily." "I trust the damage is not beyond

care can tell," returns Sam, with a cherry nod and a smile that is much like his old self.
"Isn't there see "By St. Andrew: ejaculates this gentleman, as the others wolk up to him, "what miracle is this? I left Aliss Winchester in the parlor—behold, I see her getting out of a carriage with a cavalier n the shape of my comrade, Sam Bux

repair there sometring I can do to repair the damage? Let me explain to Aileen, I am willing to do anything in my power," eagerly.
"Don't doubt it, my boy; but what do you know-how could you explain when you are ignorant of the cause of this secrety?" He has said it, in his amazement; the American starts violently, and begins to explain how such a peculiar thing "Jove! you are right. Strange to say

san is mentally questioning whether titleen could have noticed the name-ne has not dared to look her in the face my comrade has never taken me into "Don't reproach me-it is the only ascertain the truth.

The public pavement, even in a city thing I ever kept from you, and it is not much in itself, although

its results may be far reaching. You thall soon know all. I may ere long cannot make sure but that there is a touch of coldness in her tones, but he only bows and stands aside in order that she may pass.

Then he takes out a weed, begs a need the counsel and sympathy of That is all Dudley can get from him and soon Sam makes another break, this time a successful one, throwing his cigar away and rushing into the corridor that

eads to his apartment.
The two gentlemen have adjoining rooms, each of which has a single bed When Dudley makes his way up to

the floor to which they have been assigned, he glances through the half-open door into the small chamber that is oc supied by his friend.
Sam must have retired, for all is quiet within; the moon peeps through a small window and kisses the floor. So Dudley stretches his six feet one upon the

 $\begin{array}{c} \text{groaning cot and seeks rest.} \\ 1_{t} \text{ is not so easy for Baron Sam to} \\ \text{find the slumber god whom he so earn-} \end{array}$ estly wooes. He turns from one side to the other and groans below his breath. It is aggravating to feel so sleepy and tired, and yet be unable to find rest.

Nature finally triumphs.

He falls into a restless slumber and

and opens it.

"Stop! what do you want" asks a firm voice, as Ailcen faces him.

The darkness is too seek for her to recognize him, but a distant light falls (upon her face, and he can see that the girl of the Sierras holds a little revolver pointed at his head. Her coolute manner obarms him, even if it is his own life that is in perils.

In the future as in the past, now that this man, who has then someone appears to shake him, and she knows that this man, who has

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The itching, burning, suffering and

loss of sleep caused by eczemas, rashes and irritations of the skin and scalp are at once relieved and permanent skin health restored in most cases by warm baths with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem, Corp., Dept. 12K, Boston, U. S. A.

a voice-Dudley's voice-shouts in his

"Wake up! The hotel is on fire!" Sam Buxton bursts the bonds that hold him—he sits on his cot, to find McLane shaking him with great energy. The small apartment is full of smoke, and it is this that has almost suffocated the sleeper—the coils of the anaconda can be seen in this explanation. "What?" gasps the half-exhausted and wholly astonished American, his head

still buzzing. "The hotel is burning!" repeats Dud-

"Well, what of that?" demands the other, yawning—"confound this smoke, anyway."
"We'll be cremated unless you stir

your stumps, old man," declares McLane, exasperated at what he hardly knows whether to call stupidity or recklessnes

on the part of his companion.

"Oh, I guess not—we'll make a rope out of the sheets and slide to the

"It's five stories," shouts McLane, for this hotel has its best rooms near

"Don't care if it's fifteen-think I'm going to stay and cremate? Not for Joseph. Besides, you know, it will be fun to swing loose and dazzle the crowd," chuckles the still dazed Sam, glancing around to see if that accursed anaconda may not be in the room and prove the cause of all this smoke "But, my dear man, you forget the ladies—Aileen——"

"Aileen-my God!" Sam Buxton is no longer in thralldom he throws the stupor from him as though it were a mantle, to be cast off.

As he spring to his feet, half-dressed as he is, he looks like a man again. ready to do and dare much for the wo

man he loves. "Put on your shoes, your coat. This is no time for delay. We must be acting if we would endeavor to save ourselves and those in our care," cries

McLane. It takes just about ten seconds for , and then he springs to the small window. A confused noise has come to his ears, which he discovers is caused by excited people. Outside they sworm, and also in the interior of the

building, which is in danger of total de-He pays no heed to the joargon of sounds, for they cannot help him to escape. All depends upon their own good

judgment. Sam whirls around and makes for the loor - McLane has just turned the key in the lock when the American bursts through like a

He knows the room the ladies occupy common, and in a brief space of time e is hammering on the panel of the "Wake up. Alleen! wake up. The he-

door opens.

To his surprise he sees the California girl, fully dressed, with even her small satchel secured by the strap that masses ever, her shoulder, while back in the apartment Miss Derothy is seen sected by the table, also ready for flight, and likeling deep Calify, already

they find themselves.

He feels rebuked to reclize that he could even entertain a thought of his personal affairs when the whole party

are in such danger.
(To be Continued.) THE OUT-OF-WORKS. (Chicago Tribune)

(Chicago Tribune)

To keep a man who is anxious to work unemployed a long enough period is the sures! way to make him unemployable. His health becomes undernined through want. Worry shatters his mind. His ciothes become shabby. Viren a job finally turns up the man, who has withnestood such a long siege of enforced identes, all too frequently has neither the chalth and mental alertness nor the clothes and appearance to get the job in the first place, and to hold it after it has been obtained.

This is realized in nearth all European first place, and been obtained.

This is realized in nearly all European countries. In Germany especially the view that enemployment s the high road to vagrancy and crime is not cily held but is acted upon.

IRISH CLAN ARE **WEALTHY GYPSIES**

[i]..... Wandering homeless through the South, yet doing an annual cash business of hundreds of thousands of dollars; living in tents like gypsy nomads. yet the owners of many city lots and valuable town property, some of it worlt a thousand dollars a front foot: such as the strange life of the Irish clan of "Carroll, Riley & Co.," composed of the Carrolls, Rileys, Sherlocks and Gormans, all from County Roscomon, Ire

Luxurious seems a strange word to apply to the mode of life of this or any other wandering clan, but luxurious it is inded, for it must be realized that whole squares in many of the largest and most thriving cities in the South are owned by this clan and held vacant throughout the year, that they may, possibly, spend a few weeks each year amping there. Close down in the very entre of Atlanta, Ga., they own a whole city block; all about it are tower ing office buildings, factories and a few residences, but the Irish clansmen refus to sell or build permanent structures of any sort upon this property. It is well piped with city water and sewers, however, and when the tents are pitched there for a summer stop beneath every spread of canvas is a hydrant and a sink, for these Irish are health-loving, sensible people, and know and observe the laws of hygiene and sanitation a great deal more closely than do the majority of people who live more sheltered lives independent.

In other cities of the South, too, the hold much property, in Chartanoga, in Nashville, in Rome. Ga., and Calversville, Ga., in several smaller towns in "By the use of lenses the heat of the Atlanta and other States through which

they wander. The weant lot on which the clan, or the Atlanta branch of it (for there ar in touch with and are governed by Thomas Carrell, head of the Atlanta divisions came in Atlanta each summer occupies a whole source at Beilwood avenue and Asiby street and is esti-mated to be worth between \$80,000 and \$100,000 by real estate dealers of that city. In each of the other cities where the clan owns property at least one big erty there are big business houses, mills, factorics and residences, for this is a thrifty clan and they build houses for

restrictions of conventionality and settled life. Thrifty horse traders they are, too, and since the members of the strange or-ganization came to America from Ireland, twenty years ago, and formed the association they have vastly increased their wealth by shrewd dealings, while the property they bought in Atlanta and Nashville and Chattanooga and other towns when they form the association has grown enormously in value and multiplied their wealth, though they were independently well to do when the first came to America. Every mother's sen of them as much as thirty years old

rest time When the blood is plying their honest trade in beasts of for sale and distribution are alreburden as they go, supplied by the telephone and

nunity, through marriage or otherwise, he laws of the Cutholic Church against intermarriage with relatives closer than third cousins (and then only by special dispensation) are rigidly observed. Inasmuch as the second generation is now at the marrying age and the first generation has no ties of blood, this obervance is not difficult. "We celebrated a wedding the other day," said Mr. Thomas Carroll, head of

the class, to a newspaper man who visited the camp at Atlanta recently. "The bride was one of our young ladies and the bridegroom came from the Gaines-ville (Ga.) contingent, which is now by the table, also ready for flight, and loking dreadfully alreed.

The smoke is not so dense here, but it has been hovering over this end of the building. Besides, the shouts are plainer, too. The ladies being aroused, and guessing the truth, have dressed. Miss Dorothy was for immediate flight, but her companion was more collected, she believed the gentlemen would come, she believed the gentlemen would come.

she believed the gentlemen would come, and that it was best to waif for them.

Sam is gratified at this evidence of trust in them. He looks into Alleen's face, is if to read what she thinks, but Alleen's mind just now is only taken up with the despetate situation in which they find themselves.

He feels relayed to realize that he to put down any trouble, because there never any trouble to put down. But' (and there was a twinkle in his blue eyes as he spoke) "we let the youngs-ters have their fill of it, if they want to fight, while they're young. It's thei nature and it's good for then. It teach es them not to be afraid of frouble t comes looking for them."

Deprived of the usual advantages of

public schools, the members of the clan of Carroll, Riley & Co. pay well for the schooling of their children, when the youngsters get to an age when they can learn readily. And the church -for they are to a man good Catholics -and their parents look well after their morals.

Many a man gets the better of an argument withou necessarily proving he is right.

Tells How to Treat Coughs, Bad Colds, etc.

"Experience has taught me that the "Experience has taught me that the quickest way to cure a sore throat is with Nerviline," writes Mrs. Enoch P. Maclean. "My children always seem to get wet feet and stay out in the cold, and in consequence I have to keep a good household remedy handy. I ub in Nerviline almost every hour, give the children say twenty drops in sweetened water, and make them gargle with it. I have yet to see the cold this won't.

I have yet to see the cold this won't break up quickly."

From the La Have Islands, N. S., Mrs. From the La Have Islands, N. S., Mrs.
John Walfield writes: "We have been
using Nerviline for about nine years,
and find it excellent. When we find
any of us getting a cold we take Nerviline in hot water. It is a sure relief
for it, and is also an instant relief for
internal pairs of any kind."

internal pains of any kind."

The remarkable pain-subduing power of Nerviline and its ability to check colds, influenza and sore throat is un-equalled. Every home should have Nerviline handy on the shelf for sudden illness at night, like cramps or in ternal pains. Large family size, 50c; trial size, 25c., at all storekeepers (r druggists, or The Catarrhozone C1., Buffalo, N.Y.

THE SUN IN HARNESS.

Shuman Sun-Power Scheme on Trial at Cairo.

"Man makes the gods whom once he worshiped his slaves. He has tamed the lightning and enchained the power of the air to his service. The idea of harnessing the sunshine has already passed beyoud the region of dreams," says the London Pall Mall, "What is known as

"By the use of lenses the heat of the sun is made to turn water into steam which may be used to drive machinery, and J. Astley Cooper, in a paper on nearly five thousand members scattered throughout the South, though all keep gostion that if the experiment is appear gestion that if the experiment is success. ful, an attempt might be made to utilize in this way the enormous sun-power of

the Sahara, which when it is not wasted, is at present only destructive. "Human industry has for centuries depended on coal, which has been poetically described as 'bottled sunshine.' It is feared that, within measurable space of time, the vintage may be exhausted, square is kept vacant and reedy for their use wherever they may want to camp there, but on much of their property there are high business house with the lappy thought has occurred to scientists to use sunshine on draught' so to speak. We could see no reason why the experiment should not be cuc

cossful, in countries, at least, which the sun is pleased to favor.

"At the moment of writing it is hard thrifty clan and they build houses for other felks to live in and pay them rent; owning wood and bries and metalwalls and leofs, they let others occupy them, while they live under canvas of neat, smooth wooden fleors in every tent. The reason is that they love their tents and their open air life, as all her the live under canvas of the line they live under canvas of neat, smooth wooden fleors in every tent. The reason is that they love their tents and their open air life, as all her they live under canvas of the life that they love their tents and their open air life, as all her they love their tents and their open air life, as all her they love the life that they love their tents and their open air life, as all her they love the life that they love their they love the life that the life that they love the life habitation. We are, however, persuaded that science will not stop short at the crude experiment of using the sun's heat to boil a giant's kettle. A way will be found to utilize the chemical properties forthe sun's rays, and even to transmit the power by some new process of bot-tling, to the zone called by courtesy

temperate. "The various schemes for harnessing the forces of nature, the sun, the winds, and the tides, have a great fascination for all men and especially for those who eee in the triumphs of science one of the roads to the amelioration of social ins. Men live crowded together in cities mainly because of the need of power to or thereabouts was born in County Ros-common, Ireland.

The distribution of the big class has its at a sufficiently low cost to make induscollect their rents, for summer is their the water-wheel the loom, manufactures rest time. When the blood is thin the flourished in the villages. If power to rest time. When the blood is thin the Carrolls and Rileys and Sherlocks and Gormans live as naturally as the animal instincts of man prompt him to live, idly and at ease, in cool shade and unworried comfort. But when the blood theckens with the first cool weather forecasting winter, even before the snow flies in the States further north, they fold their tents and discard their idle wave and move south with the high. ways and move south with the birds, munication and cheap transport required

ourden as they go. supplied Though no outsiders enter the commotor." Greatest Invention of Age

For Hoarseness, Weak Throat

Carry a Catarrhozone inhaler in your vest pocket—use it now and again, and you won't have colds; it prevents as well as cures them. Physicians pro-nounce Catarrhozone the most marvelhounce Catarrhozone the most lous cough and cold cure of the age.

Region Region. Annan, N. S., Miss Helen Brown, Annan, N. writes: "I have used Catarrhoz and always found it satisfactory. Catarrhozone

gives immediate relief to coughs and cold in the head, and is the cleanest and most convenient cure for Catarrh Mr. Robert Kennedy, Kingston, N. B.,

writes: "I would not be without Catarrhozone for the world, For a cold in the head, coughs and influenza it is indispensable. It is so pleasant and convenient that it can't be praised too

If your case can possibly be cared, Catarrhozone will do the work. Two months' treatment costs only one dollar; smaller size, 50c, and is soll every-where by druggets, or from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

WHEN TRUST JOINS PARTY. (Sf. Join Telegraph)

Last year the United States spend \$92,-54,556 on its army, \$125,605,500 on its navy philococco on its military academies and in fertifications, and paid gut \$15,500,000 it shows how a needless expenditure will grow when the armament trust and the politicians arrive at an understand-

WARNING TO GAS USERS.

People cooking with sas, or lighting or houses with it, should make extra or islons for a cool supply of freeh air the house. The reason for this beames apparent when it is stated that e lighted plet consumes as much as four the persons.