By IZOLA FORRESTER

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Half way between the fort and the 'Arizona border lies Lindell's Rest. It is a low wooden building, dull yellow like the sun baked plains around, and there isn't even a cactus sprout to cast

a shadow near it. Saturday night at Lindell's is a thing to dream of evermore once one has lived through it-the crazy, witching Mexican music; the dancers with their lithe, southern grace; the violet smoke rings curling over all; Lindell himself, tall and thin, with his happy eyes and everlasting cigarette—and Lolita.

She was seventeen the summer Lingirl, with long lashed, teasing eyes of around her small, piquant face.

Lindell was merely a gentleman tramp in those days, one of the crowd of boys who drift here and there once accomplishing nothing, caring for nothing, but happy and true hearted and quick to lend a helping hand when a call comes. He and Ted Norris came down together, with plenty of grit, but neither cash nor credit, except at the low, yellow half way house where old Manuelo kept open inn with his daugh-

ter, Lolita. moonlight on the little rough veranda. Lolita singing comical little snatches of American songs in her soft, broken English, under Lindell's tutelage, her small brown fingers playing lightly on her mandolin:

"I can't tell why I love you, but I do-o-There lotta girl in town so sweet lil

you-o-o, But there something I can't tell, Seem to hole me in it spell, I can't tell why I love you, but I do-c-o. Lindell would smoke and smoke and

look up at her as she sang, lazy and happy and full of a joyous, don't care irresponsibility that comes to one, ehow, with the climate down there, and the music and the white, strange moonlight.

One Saturday Lindell and Norris rode away to town, seventeen miles away, with a promise to return in time for the dance. Lolita watched them out of sight, and Manuelo laughed when he heard her singing. She was the prettiest girl this side the border. The American boy was clear eyed and young and quick to laugh. If they loved, why not? There were ise and a good bunch of money when he was gone, and little Lolita would sing evermore. He smiled shrewdly. Maybe, perhaps, quien sabe? At 7 the mail coach from San Luis drew up at the yellow house, and a girl alighted. Lolita was firing a hot shot of smiles and repartee at the driver, Billie Slogan, when she saw her and stopped short. The stranger was fair and blue eyed, and, though the Indian summer day had been hot and dusty.

she looked cool and charming. Lolita was dressed for the dance. She wore yellow and had wound a long red silk scarf about her shoulders, crossed it and tied it below her waist on one hip. Billie had just told her she looked like one of the little dark red roses the ladies wear in their hair over at San Luis on the plaza when she caught sight of this other girl, and she hoped Lindell would not see her. There was a difference. Mr. Lindell and Mr. Norris? Oh, yes,

Lolita told her. They were living They had gone for a ride, just a short rid She brought a chair out on the ver. 'a and talked with the stranger after the coath had gone. She called Lindell Allan, this girl, and Norris Ted, and she hoped they would

"You have not seen him for a long time, yes?" said Lolita, her eyes full of a half frightened suspicion.

Not for a year," said the other soft-"We had only been married a few months when he went away. It seemed better, you know. He was so young, and he thought he could make a fortune out here. I guess he hasn't.

Lollia laughed. It was comfeel to think of Lindell making a fertune or anothing else. It was growing dark, and already a few couples had made hir appearance and passed indoors, The strange girl locked at

"If is the dance" said Lelita shortly, resenting the amused surprise in the other's eyes. She would show her she was ret afraid to speak his name as she had, "Al-lain, hadde to dance lots with me."
"Yes?" The stranger looked at her

kindly. "I do not weater at it. You are a dear, with those alg brown eyes. And the other closs he dance too?"
"Who-Ted? No, no. He is not one
bit like Lindell. He is still and all

way off somewhere. He never care to The music had begun, and the blue

eyed girl rose hesitatingly. "I wish I could go and meet them. I want to surprise him, you lange. Could I?" Lolita rose, teo, in quick, hot anger. They would meet, and he would take her in his arms and kiss her. She thought of last night and the night before and the nights before for weeks. Was it for this Lindell had sung and laughed with her and told her her lips were the sweetest in all the world? Suddenly she looked at the fair, calm face beside her, and a flood of wild, unreasoning jealousy swept over her. She

"If you walk that way straight on to where the ground dips and the cacti

told her. "It is only a shore way. You cannot miss them. It is only two or three miles to the next house, and they may have stopped there."

After the girl had gone she went in to the dance, laughing, with the lie fresh on her lips. There was no house for thirty miles that way, and once she had passed the giant cacti she would go down into Death valley, that terrible , wilderness where only the snakes and the Gila monsters and tarantulas could dwell in safety. One night spent there, and Lindell might call and cry for his wife in vain.

Never was there such a dance at Manuelo's as that Saturday night. Lolita danced and sang with feverish gayety, her eyes ever on the door, watching for Lindell. Then suddenly, at the very height of the merriment, she was missed. Out into the clear, bright night she went silently to the shed where the horses stood, and, choosing her own rough little mustang, she mounted and rode away toward Death valley.

If Lindell loved this fair, blue eyed dell came to San Luis; a slim Mexican girl, he would hate her for sending her girl, with long lashed, teasing eyes of to her death. The thought terrified her, velvety brown and dusky hair curling. Anything but his hate, she thought; anything but the look in his eyes when And was it not right? was fair like him and centle voiced. She was not a Mexican girl to smoke the spirit of the gypsy is upon them, a cigarette with and sing to in the moonlight and laugh when her love was won.

She caught her breath in deep sobs. and the tears fell on the mustang's brown neck as she urged him on over the miles that lay between them and the valley, and at last there were the giant cacti ahead, guarding the ea-trance to the valley like grim sentinels. before the mustang had gone a dozen paces past them he reared and backed away from something that lay upon the ground

Lolita knelt and caught her breath as her hand touched the hand of the strange girl. It was warm, and she raised her head upon her lap. The

blue eyes opened wonderingly. "It was such a long way, and I could not find them," she said faintly. "You did not know it was so far, did you?" Lolita pressed a kiss on the hand she held. It was a white, dainty hand. No wonder Lindell loved it. She helped her up to the saddle, and with one arm around her for support she guided the

Manuelo's showed like fireflies against the sapphire darkness of the skies.

Manuelo could tell you the resthow the two Americans returned at midnight, and just as they were to lead the search for Lolita there came the three figures through the mod and Lolita fell at Lindell's feet.

mustang back over the long stretches

of sand and sun baked alkali on

through the night until the lights at

"I bring her back to you," she said pleadingly. But it was Norris who sprang to the stranger's side with a glad cry, and Lindell held the Mexican girl in his arms there before them all and told her she was all in all to him.

So that is why it is Lindell's Rest now, and if you stop there on yo way to the fort or to San Luis old Manuelo will tell you how it happened over a little glass of the deep red Mexican wine he loves and bid you shake hands with his handsome son-in-law. And if you are courteous and pleasant on the case at once. Lolita will flash a smile up at you

from under her long, dark lashes. And Lindell? He is perfectly happy and full of a gay, careless content that I understand, and there have been a comes but seldom to a man in this world. It comes with the moonlight

The Way It Goes.

"I was over at Allegash the other day for the first time in four years," said the Kohack philosopher, just a bit sarcastically, "and I found my nephew Luther and his estimable wife still squabbling over the same question they were quarreling about when I was there before. The only change that I was able to detect was that, while in the first place they appeared to know what they were jangling about, by this time they seemed to have forgotten what the original bone of contention was, and they were quarreling monotonously along without any of knowing when they had finished.

"Well, when my appearance interrupted them Luther was startled to see how much thinner I had grown in four years, and his wife was astonished at the way I had grown fat. And at it they went, quarreling over that, and the original question was shelved for good and all. I came away feeling amply repaid for taking the trip. It is a satisfaction to know that you have done a helpful act, and I expect I did them a great favor by breaking the monotony and giving them something fresh to wrangle over."-Smart Set.

Hospitable Pat. A certain sportsman took a shooting in Ireland. He was assured that it was a good sporting territory. When he arrived this was corroborated by the head keeper, a typical Paddy. The ter declared that the country fairly bristled with pheasants. So they went out after them and in a day put up The next day the tenant inquired after partridges and was told the same tale. The shoot yielded about six.
Woodcock, grouse, capercalizie and
every kind of game, Paddy told "his
'onner," were as thick as leaves in au-I was so bad that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer.

"I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and persevered in the treatment, until now I am at work again. The change in my condition has been most remarkable. It is a surprise to everyone to know that I am able to be around again. My nervous system has been built up wonderfully by this remedy. I am able to rest well, my circulation is normal, and my general health good. My appetite is first class, and I have gained considerably in flesh."

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box. tumn, but they could not be found. At last he said angrily, "Are there many rhinoceroses on the estate?" "Shure, yer 'onner." drawled Put very slowly, "not many, not many," but brightening up, "you may put up two or three round the lake in the summer." Long before the summer, of course, the tenancy would be at an end. "You confounded rascal!" roared the tenant. "What do you mean by telling me all these lies?" "Shure," said Pat, with a true Hibernian grin, "an' wouldn't I be givin' yer 'onner a pleasant answer?"-London

Veveseseseseseseseses WITH A FALSE

JA ARM JA

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A man with but one arm stood leaning against the showcase. The other arm, the false one, rested partly on the tray of diamonds. On the hand of that arm he wore a conventional glove of black. He was a well dressed man, with a smooth shaved face. He was examining some high priced stones.

With his other hand, the left one, he finally picked out a small diamond, probably the least expensive of the lot. and asked the clerk to wrap it up. At the same time he pulled from his trousers pocket a roll of bills at least three inches thick and with the left hand defily counted out enough to pay for his purchase.

The clerk took the money and the tray to replace it in the case.

As he did so he rapidly counted with his eye the remaining stones, as was his custom. There were two misting, in addition to the one he himself had taken from the tray. He glanced sus-

iciously at the one armed man.
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, but reaching as he did so for his revolver underneath the counter, "but there are two stones missing. I-have you taken them?" He made this inquiry with hesitation.

The one armed man looked the clerk squarely in the eye. "You are quite right to be careful," he said pleasantly, "but I did not take the stones. How many were there before?"

The clerk told him. "Come," return ed the man; "we will count them to-gether, then."

They did so. They found the tally right. There was none missing. The man was right and the clerk was wrong. He apologized profusely, but the one armed man took no offense whatever at the incident. He received his diamond and his change and spent several minutes chatting about mond robberies and safeguards against them and then went his way.
"Queer thing happened then," called

the clerk to another. "I came near telling that swell that he was a thief; thought that he took a couple of brilliants. I counted 'em wrong and told him that he must have 'em. He said again and found 'em all right. And he wasn't mad about it either."

"Are you sure they're right now?" returned the other, an older man. "Let me see the tray.'

The tray was produced. Before it reached the counter the old man seized the two largest diamonds it contained and held them to the light.

"Done, by George!" he exclaimed. "These are made of glass; that's all." "Sneakers" Kelly, the crack plain clothes man at headquarters, was put

"I've heard of this fellow," he announced to the jewelry firm. "He's a new proposition and a slick one at that, good many complaints about him. We haven't been able to make a touch as and the music down there-and Lolita. yet. I'll see what I can do, but I guess it's best for you to charge the I lose right now. Even if I

When they reached the sidewalk Kelly

Cured positively by Br. chase's Rerve Food
MR. JAMES A. DEAL, Bridgewater, N.S.,
writes:—"About a year ago I suffered a stroke
of paralysis, which left me in a very bad state
of health. To add to tay troubles, last winter
I took la grippe, which completely exhausted
my nervous system.

I could scarcely walk or
talk, my legs and arms
were partially paralyzed,
my blood did not circulate properly, and I could
not do any work. In fact,
I was so bad that the
doctors gave me up and

Locomotor Ataxia

touched him on the arm The

Paralysis and

was hard as iron. Kelly was stunned. He reeled and fell. When he came to, the other man was about to enter a carriage which stood at the curb. The carriage started off, but before the door was shut Kelly had so ceeded in selzing that right false arm with a tight and unrelenting grip. The man beat him about the face with the other hand and the coach went faster and faster, but Kelly clung desperately to the hand, his feet dragging upon the street below. Suddenly, as they swung around a

glanced at him but once, and then

swinging around suddenly struck Kel-ly in the head with his right hand. It

corner, there were a snap and a jerk and Kelly fell, face downward on the pavement. It was late in the afteron and dark and no one had noticed what had happened. Kelly lay for a moment, but soon recovered and scrambled to his feet, just in time to avoid

being run down by a heavy truck. And as he rose he grasped something tightly in his arms. This object he bore to a brilliantly lighted window and examined it.

"By George, that's clever." mused Kelly to himself, "and now he'll have to get a new one! First blood for me." Limping, he wended his way back purchased gem and then seized the to the store from which he had started. "Look here." he exclaimed to the clerk, after he had made known his identity,

"hold out your hand."
The clerk did so. The detective held forth a long false arm and pulled a wire that protruded from its upper end. As he did so from a recess in the artificial palm there were released three gems, among the largest in the house. They were genuine. The clerk on examination of the tray found that three spurious stones had been substi-

Kelly and the clerk examined the but with a hollow iron chamber below the elbow and a hollow hand. A series of wires ran from the hand all the way through the arm. These wires evidently were controlled by the other hand or the feet, and it was these that had snapped when Kelly clung to the

artificial member on the carriage step. On pulling one of these wires Kelly found that a slot in the hand opened and closed, thus scooping up whatever lay beneath it. On pulling another he nd that it would release one, two or more spurious gems in place of the purloined genuine stones. Of these spurious gems they found a dozen or so, but no more genuine stones were Evidently the thief secreted each stone immediately.

It was the most complete contrivance that Kelly had ever seen for any kind

of thievery.

But Kelly was sore—sore in mind and body. He vowed an unholy vow in most unholy language that he would have that one armed man's scalp inside of a month at the outside. not satisfied with the man's arm. He wanted more. Kelly was one of those people who are never satisfied.

Two weeks later in a large jewelry house in a down east metropolis an old lady in a Quaker bonnet stood and adjusted her spectacles and examined some diamond earrings. She was plainly but richly dressed. Her real name was "Sneakers" Kelly.

Contrasting with this aged woman and within a foot or so of her there stood a tall young man with a black mustache. There was a ruddy, healthy color upon his face. He said with some embarrassment that he was buying an engagement ring. He bent over a tray containing an assortment. The old lady was so close to him that she almost touched him.

Suddenly she gripped him by the arm hief!" she cried in shrill tones. "Close

The clerk hastily drew back the tray Several other men ran up. nebody closed the doors. omebody closed the doors.

Then they inspected the tray of dianonds. Sure enough, two rings were

nissing. None, however, had been subtituted in their stead. The young man uttered not a word. Ie only looked surprised. He had made to resistance and no outcry.

The old woman, however, was excitd. She pushed back her bonnet from General "He's got 'em!" she exclaimed. "He's

got 'em in his arm. It's hollow. Make nim take it off. They're in there, I tell you, and you'll find 'em."

The young man smiled, but protested

"Gentlemen," he began, "true it is my misfortune to have but one arm, and true that I wear a false one, but I did not take your stones, I assure you."
The old woman violently shook her head. "You make him take off that arm!" she commanded. "It's the greatest thing you ever saw. It's hollow, and it's got your diamonds in it. Make

him take it off." The young man looked around upon the faces; then he smiled again. "Here." he replied; "there's but one way to

prove my innocence. He removed his coat, rolled up his sleeve, unbuckled a strap or two and pulled off the arm. They gathered round and examined it, especially the old lady.

It was not hollow-not by a long shot. It was an ordinary false arm made of solid cork. When they were satisfied that it was nothing else, the young man replaced it and donned his coat again.

"Gentlemen," he continued, looking hard at the old woman, "I am no man's accuser or no woman's either, but these stones were missed when both of us—the old lady and myself—stood at this counter. There is a bare possi-bility," he continued, with a grin, "a bare possibility that she has the stones herself. And if I am not mistaken I saw her put something in that bag. You might examine it if you will."

The bag in question was one which hung at the old lady's side. They av

amined it, and they found-oh, nothing much, save the two missing diamo rings; that's all.

"Now, gentlemen," added the young man, "unless I am again mistaken this old lady is not what she seems to be. Let us investigate once more.' reached over and deftly pulled from ber head the Quaker hat and an old grav wig. There stood revealed the grizzled countenance of Kelly, the detective.

The clerks pounced upon him and bore him to the station house, the nearest one. There he was kept for two days, until a Chicago special could be sent on to recognize and identify him for the man he really was.

But on the way down to the station the young man with the false arm somehow disappeared. Before he did so, however, he stepped up and said a word to Kelly. "Kelly," he explained in a low voice,

"next time you must give a fellow time to get a new arm made. Arms of my pet brand don't grow on trees, you And then he went.

Mr. Tile-Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Milds-Well-er-yes-that is, in public.

A PUBLIC SCOLDING. The Way a Scotch Minister Rebuked

His Wife In Church. "I cherish a story I once heard in Scotland," said a well known author,

"a story that is, I think, typical of a certain portion of the people. "This story concerns a minister who caught a member of his congregation sleeping and rebuked him from the 'Awake, Saunders,' be said. Man, it's a disgrace to sleep in the

"Saunders was much hurt. He spoke up and said:
"'Look to yer ain pew, an' mayhap

ye'll find ithers sleepin' here besides mysel'.'
"The minister looked, and there was his wife slumbering soundly. He awakened her, and he told Saunders that if she fell asleep again he might

call attention to her by holding up his

hand. Then he proceeded with his sermon. "Some weeks went by, and one Sunday Saunders, sure enough, put his hand up. The wife was asleep again. The minister thundered out her name, bade her rise to her feet and said to her before the whole congregation:

"Mrs. MacGregor, anybody kens that when I got ye for a wife I got no beauty; yer friends ken I got no siller; now, if I dinna get God's grace I shall have a puir bargain indeed."



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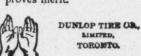
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