SEVERE BRONCHITIS.

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and in-

clement weather, and is a very dangerous

inflammatory affection of the bronchial

Doctors Only Gave Temporary Relief. Dr. Wood's **Norway Pine Syrup** CURED HIM.

The Two-Gun Man BY STEWART EDWARD

Author of "The Blazed Trail" and

Illustrated by George Gibbs.

(Copyrighted, 1913, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.) .-The Cattle-Rustlers.

Buck Johnson was American-born but with a black beard and a dignity

of manner that the title of Senor. used. He had drifted inand Victorio and Geronimo, He had persisted, and so

in time had come country." control ethe water-and hence the Senor. the grazing - of nearly all the Soda Spring Valley. His many and his difficulties great.

Stewart Edward White.

For Senor Buck Johnson lived just north of that terra incognita filled with the mystery of a double chance of death from man or the flaming desert known as the Mexican border There by natural gravitation gathered all the desperate characters of three states and two republics. He who rode into it took good care that no one should get behind him, lived warily, slept light, and breathed deep when once he had again sighted the familiar peaks of Cochise's Stronghold.

simply of running off a bunch of stock, hustling it over the Mexican line, and you and massacre you."
there selling it to some of the big "I don't give a han Sonora ranch owners. Generally this sort means war. Also are there subtler can slap my face and not get a run means, grading in skill from the for it." rebranding through a wet blanket, Jed through the crafty refashioning of a self. arating the cow from her unbranded calf. In the course of his task Senor a guide. You wait three days and I'll Buck Johnson would have to do with get you one." them all, but at present he existed in a state of warfare, fighting an enemy who stole as the Indians used to steal. Buck Johnson did his best, but it cay for me that I'll pay five thousand

Lamplicht Stories for Inter Saturday Night. was like stopping with sand the in- dollars in gold and give all the men the numerable little leaks of a dam. Did and horses he needs to the man who bor. his riders watch toward the Chiraca- has the nerve to get back that bunch

ing cattle unguarded there. It was useess, and the Senor perceived that sooner or later he must strike in offense. For this purpose he began slowly to strengthen the forces of his riders. Men were coming in from Texas. They

were good men, addicted to the grass-rope, the double cinch, and the ox-bow stirrup. Senor Johnson wanted men who could shoot, and he got them. "Jed," said Senor Johnson to his foreman, the next son of a gun that rustles any of our cows is sure loading himself full of trouble. We'll hit his trail and we'll stay with it, and we'll reach his cattle-rustling con-

science with a rope."
So it came about that a little army crossed the drift fences and entered the border country. Two days later it came out, and mighty pleased to be had earned him able to do so. The rope had not been

"No use, Buck," said Jed, "we'd any to Southeastern of us come in on a gun play, but we Arizona in the can't buck the desert. We'll have to

days of Cochise get someone who knows the country.' "That's all right-but where?" "There's Pereza," suggested Parker; "it's the only town down near that

"Might get someone there," agreed

Next day he rode away in search of a guide. The third evening he was back

again, much discouraged. "The country's no good," he explained. "The regular inhabitant's a set of There were the Mexican bums and old soaks. ordinary problems cowmen's all from north, and don't white, ordinary problems of lean and dry years. There were also the extraordinary problems of devastating Apaches, rivals for early and ill-defined range rights—and cattle-rustlers.

Concerning Problems of devastating was a country, but when I told 'em what I wanted they shied like a colt. I couldn't hire 'em for no money to go down in that country. They ain't got the nerve."

That night a bunch of steers was stolen from the very corrals of the home ranch. For the first time Buck Johnson lost

his head and his dignity. He ordered the horses. "I'm going to follow that thief into Sonora," he shouted to Jed Parker. "This thing's got to stop."

"You can't make her, Buck," objected the foreman. "You'll get held up by the desert; and if that don't finish forms. The boldest consists quite you, they'll tangle you up in all those mountains down there, and ambush hang," exploded "I don't give a hang," exploded Senor Johnson, "if they do. No man

"Senor," said he at last, "it's no Johnson pulled loose his latigo. His

first anger had cooled. "All right," he agreed, "and you can

huas, then a score of beef steers dis- of cattle and bring in the man who appeared from Grant's Pass, forty rustled them."
miles away. Pursuit here meant leav- So Jed Park So Jed Parker set out to discover his man with nerve.

II.-The Man With Nerve. At about ten o'clock on the fourth of July a rider topped the summit of the last swell of land, and loped his animal

down into the single street of Pereza.

The other frowned at him darkly. "Dares any one to take the other end of that handkerchief in his teeth and fight it out without letting go."
"Why don't you take him up?" inunified the young man, after a moment.
"Not me!" negatived the other

the young man inquired of his neigh- awaited his foreman.

"Here's you man, Buck," said he.

The lamplight threw into relief

carefully closed the door behind him.

"Sit down," invited Buck Johnson.

stranger. "Parker here-

"I haven't heard what it is," replied the

"Good!" cried Buck Johnson, "and you

more than ten days.

"What's more. I want that money here when I come in. I don't aim to stay in

his country over night.'

wished him.

'And the man," argued the stranger

"I want a fresh horse—I'll leave mine—i's a good one. I want a little grub,"
"All right. Parker'll fit you out."
"I'll see you in about ten days."
"Good luck!" Senor Buck Johnson

IV .- The Accomplishment.

The next morning Buck Johnson too trip down into the "pasture" of fly

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for Dad"

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in our Gift Book "For the man

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appreciation when he opens

"the parcel from Ryrie's" and

finds the Pipe he has always

dreamt about, but would never

Dad's wants are not the only

ones fully provided for-from

"Baby" to "Baby's Grand-

mother," no one has been over-

looked. It is just a case of

picking out what is most suit-

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without it. Just send us a post

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have bought for himself.

able in each case.

first mail.

who smokes."

when you come to the

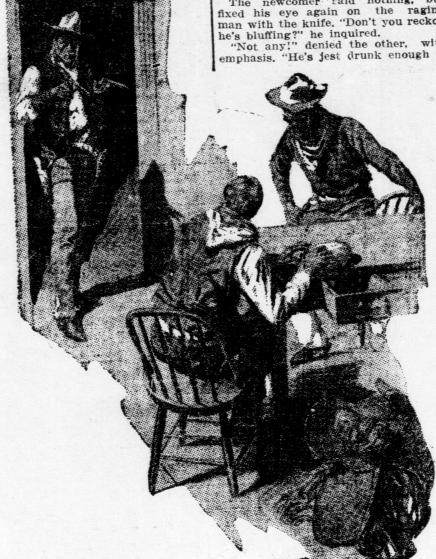
Pipes and other things

"He means business," Jed Parker on his return.

better start tomorrow."
"I shall start tonight—right now."

vigereusly. "I'll go your little old gun fight to a finish, but I don't want any cold steel in mine. Ugh! It gives me It's a regular Mexican trick! With a gun it's down and out; but this knife work is too slow and searchin'." The newcomer said nothing, but fixed his eye again on the raging

man with the knife. "Don't you reckon he's bluffing?" he inquired. "Not any!" denied the other, with emphasis. "He's jest drunk enough to



"I'll trouble you for that five thousand."

The buildings on either side were flat-roofed and coated with plaster. Over the sidewalks extended wooden awnings, beneath which opened very You wait three days and I'll Each of these places ran a bar, and also games or roulette, faro, craps and stud poker.

> The day was already hot with the dry, breathless, but exhilarating heat of the desert. A throng of men idling picked up the other corner of the at the edge of the sidewalks, jostling handkerchief. "Now, you mangy son up and down their centre, or eddying into he places of amusement, acknowledged the power of summer by loosening their collars and carrying their coats on their arms. They were as yet busily engaged in recognizing acquaintances. Later they would drink freely and gamble, and perhaps fight. As the rider entered one street, however, a more definite cause of excitement drew the loose population toward the centre of the road. Immediately their mass blotted out what

interested them. The stranger had pushed his horse recolutely to the outer edge of the crowd, where, from his point of vantage, he could easily overlook their heads. He was a quiet-appearing young fellow rather neatly dressed in the borde, costume, rode a "centre-fire" or single-cinch saddle, and wore no chaps. He was what is known as a 'two-gun-man;" that is to say, wore a heavy Colt's revolver on either hip. The fact that the lower ends of his holsters were tied down in order to faciliate the easy withdrawl of the revolvers seemed to indicate that he expected to use them. He had, furthermore, a quiet gray eye with the hint of steel that bore out the inference

of the fied holsters. He saw over the heads of the by standers a tall, muscular wild-eyed man, hatless, his hair rumpled into staring confusion, his right sleeve rolled to his shoulder, a wicked-looking nine-inch knife in his hand, and red bandanna handkerchief hanging by one corner from his teeth "What's biting the locoed stranger?"

Thought Nothing But Death Would End Her Misery. WAS TROUBLED WITH Heart Disease.

Mrs. J. D. Talbut, Owen Sound, Ont., writes:-"I have been a great sufferer from heart disease, and leaking valves. I have had resource to every kind of treatment I could think might help me, including the skill of several doctors. I suffered so for years that at times I have felt that nothing but death could end my misery. I was advised by a friend, who had suffered untold pain and misery, just as I had, and had been cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, to give them a trial, so I decided to do so. I am delighted with the result, as I am now completely cured, and can eat and sleep as I have not done for

You are at liberty to use my name at any time as I am convinced they are the best pills on the market for any form of

heart disease. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont,

Stout Constable—Well, my business with the constable well, and the constable well, my business with the constable well, my business with the constable well, my business with the constable well, and the constable well, my business with the constable well, and the constable well well well. The constable well well well

be crazy mad and reckless." The newcomer shrugged his shoulders, and cast his glance searchingly "Hi, Tony! come here," he called. The Mexican approached, flashing

"Here," said the stranger, your knife a minute." He hung his coat on his shouldered his way through the precs which parted for him readily, and

of a gun!" said he.

Jed Parker straightened his back, rolled up the bandanna handkerchief and thrust it into his pocket, hit flat with his hand the tousled mass of his hair, and thrust the long hunting knife into its sheath. "You're the man want," said he.

Instantly the two-gun-man had jerked loose his weapons and was covering the foreman.

"Am I!" he snarled. "Not just that way," explained Parker. "My gun is on my hoss, and you can have this old toad-sticker if you want it. I been looking for you and took this way of finding you. Now let's go talk." The stranger looked him in the eye

for nearly a half-minute without lowering his revolvers. "I go you," said he briefly at last. "I'm looking for a man with nerve," explained Parker, with equal succinct.

ness. "You're the man." "Do you know the country south of here?

"The stranger's eyes narrowed. "Proceed," said he. "I'm foreman of the Lazy Y of Soda Valley range," explained Springs Parker. "I'm looking for a man with sand enough and sabe of the country enough to lead a posse after cattle-

rustlers into the border country.'

"What's the proposition?"

"I live in this country," admitted the stranger. "So do plenty of others, but their eyes ctick out like two raw oysters when you mention the border country Will you tackle it?"

"Come out and see the old man. He'll put it to you." They mounted their horses and rode the rest of the day. The desert compassed them about, marvelously changing shape and color and every character with all the noislessness of phantasmagoria. At evening the decert stars shone steadily and unwinking, like the flames of candles. By moonrise they came to the home ranch. The two men unsaddled their horses and turned them loose in the wire-fenced "pasture," the necessary noises of their own movements sounding sharp and clear against the velvet hush of the night. After moment they walked stiffly past the sheds and cook shanty, past the men's bunk houses and the tall windmill silhouetted against the sky, to the main building of the home ranch under its cottonwoods.

There a light still burned, for this was the third day, and Buck Johnson



Stout Constable-Well, my boy, you seem very interested in me. Are you Boy-Why? Has the chief superin-

Jed Parker pushed in without cere-The stranger had stepped inside and

bold free lines of his face, the details of his costume powdered thick with aught up the saddle horses for the day alkali, the shiny butts of the two guns turning those not wanted from the day, ral into the pasture. Shortly they jingled away in different directions, two by two, on the slow Spanish trot of the cowpuncher. All day long thus they would ride, without food or water for man or in their open holsters tied at the bottom. Equally it defined the resolute countenance of Buck Johnson turned up in inquiry. The two men examined puncher. All day long thus they would ride, without food or water for man or beast, looking over the range, identifying the stock, branding the young calves, examining generally into the state of affairs, looking always with grave eyes on themagnificent, flaming, changing, beautiful, dreadful desert of the Arizona plains. At evening, when the colored atmosphere, catching last glow, threw across the Chiracahuas its veil of mystery, they jingled in again, two by two, untired, uneach other-and liked each other at "How are you?" greeted the cattleman. "Good evening," responded the stran-The stranger perched gingerly on the edge of a chair, with an apearance less embarrassment than of habitual alert-"You'll take the job?" inquired the

the Chiracahuas its vell of injectify, ingled in again, two by two, untired, unhasting, the glory of the desert in their deep-set, steady eyes.

So the days went by, wonderful, fashforman began to look for the stranger. Eight; they began to speculate. Nine; they doubted. On the tenth they gave him and he came.

"Parker here—""
"Said you'd explain."
"Very well," said Buck Johnson; he paused a moment, collecting his thoughts.
"There's too much cattle rustling here. I'm going to stop it. I've got good men here to take the job, but no one who knows the country south. Three days ago I had a bunch of cattle stolen right here from the home ranch of corrals and by one man at that. It wasn't much of a bunch—about twenty head—but I'm going up, and he came.

They knew him first by the soft lowing of the cattle. Jed Parker, dazzled by the lamp, peered from the door and made him out dimly, turning the animals into the corral. A moment later his pony's hoofs impacted softly on the baked earth; he impacted softly on the baked earth; he

one man at that. It wasn't much of a bunch—about twenty head—but I'm going to make a starter right here and now. I'm going to get that bunch back, and the man who stole them, and I'm going to do the same with every case of rustling that comes up from now on. I don't care if it's only one cow, I'm going to get it back —every trip. Now, I want to know it you'll lead a posse down into the south country and bring out that last bunch and the man who rustled them."

"I'm late," said he briefly, glancing at the clock, which indicated ten. "But I'm here."

His manner was quick and sharp, almost breathless, as though he had been running.
"Your cattle are in the corral, all of them. Have you the money?"
"I have the money here," replied Buck most breathless, as though to running.

"Your cattle are in the corral, all of them. Have you the money?"

"I have the money here," replied Buck Johnson, laying his hand against a drawer, "and it's ready for you when you've earned it. I don't care so much for the cattle. What I wanted was the man "I don't know-" hesitated the stran-

ger.

"I offer you five thousand dollars in gold if you'll bring back those cows and the man who stole 'em," repeated Buck Johnston, "and I'll give you all the horses and men you think you need."

"I'll do it," replied the two-gun man the cattle. What I wanted was the man who stole them. Did you bring him?"
"Yes, I brought him," said the stranger. 'Let's see that money."

Buck Johnson threw open the drawer

Buck Johnson threw open the drawer and drew out the heavy canvas sack.

"It's here. Now bring in your prisoner." The two-gun man seemed suddenly to loom large in the doorway. The muzzles of his revolvers covered the two before him. His speech came short and sharp.

"I told you I'd bring back the cattle and the one who rustled them," he snapped. "I've never lied to a man yet. Your stock is in the corral. I'll trouble you for that five thousand. I'm the man who stole your cattle!" "I shall start tonight—right how.
"Better yet. How many men do you want, and grub for how long?"
"I'll play her a lone hand."
"Alone!" exclaimed Johnson, his confidence visibly cooling. "Alone! Do you think you can make her?"
"I'll be back with those cattle in not her then ton days. who stole your catile!"
[The End.]

THE TABLET.

It has been often said that the familiar A grin overspread Buck Johnson's countenance. He understood.

"Climate not healthy for you?" he hazarded. "I guess you'd be safe enough all right with us. But suit yourself. The money will be here."

"That's agreed?" insisted the two-gun

rom his private life. The tale runs that De Pachmann and Goldmark, the famous opera composer met in front of the lattter's Vienna home a short time ago. Goldmark is a most estimable old gentleman and a writer of exceptionally brilliant music, but his one great fault is most overwhelming conceit, a trait which often gives his friends occasion for much meriiment at his expense. As De Pachmant and Goldmark walked away from the com poser's house the pianist pointed back-

ward over his shoulder and said: his is a heap sight better than the "That modest little edifice will be signally distinguished some day after you are dead.' "Indeed!" murmured Goldmark, blush

ing with pleasure. "Yes," continued De Pachmann. "They will decorate it with a tablet." "And pray what do you suppose they will say on the tablet after I am dead?"

asked the composer eagerly. "To let," was De Pachmann's pithy reply, as he scuttled across the street.

KISSES.

Mr. Phanor J. Elder tells this anecdote of Pombo, the great South American roet, who died in 1902. It happened in a New York literary salor

HANDY HANDS.



He earns his living with his own



With a chap who is interested reform and all that sort of thing, don' you know, I attended a prize fight. My friend desired to obtain material for an expose of this brutal sport. In the excitement of the battle, however, he quite forgot himself and urged on one of the contestants as follows:

"Hey, you big rum, can that Gaby Glide stuff and wade in to his lunch grabbers. Give 'im the raspberry, stop his clock, smoke his lamp, jam his radiator, smear 'im in the lug! Quit your stalling and start that cheese champ on a long sleep walk while he's all to the mustard. He won't bite you Smack him on the lung!"
MY WORD!

WAS SUBJECT TO

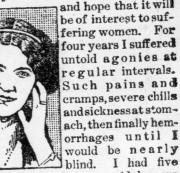
tubes. Neglected bronchitis is one of the most general causes of consumption, so cure it at once by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. C. G. Dring, Hamilton, Ont. writes:-"Our little boy has been subject to severe bronchitis ever since birth, and different doctors claimed to be only able to relieve him temporarily. A neighbor advised us to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I got a bottle, and after the third dose noticed a decided change, so kept on with it, and a couple of bottles were enough to completely cure him. Now we always keep a bottle on hand, and give it to him as soon as we notice him troubled with a cold, after which it disappears as if by magic. We recommend it to all our friends who find it is

just as good as I say.' Price, 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Be sure and get the genuine "Dra Wood's" when you ask for it. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GIRL SUFFERED TERRIBLY

At Regular Intervals - Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured her.

Adrian, Texas.-"I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the great list and hope that it will be of interest to suf-



regular intervals. Such pains and cramps, severe chills andsicknessat stomach, then finally hemorrhages until I would be nearly blind. I had five doctors and none of them could do more

than relieve me for a time. "I saw your advertisement in a paper and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took seven boxes of it and used two bottles of the Sanative Wash, and I am completely cured of my trouble. When I began taking the Compound I only weighed ninety-six pounds and now I weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. If anyone wishes to address me in person I will cheerfully answer all letters, as I cannot speak too highly

SIE MARSH, Adrian, Texas. Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old

of the Pinkham remedies."-Miss JES-

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



presided over by a distinguished Argentine lady. Pombo had been presented to her, and she asked him, with much enthusiasm, who was the anonymous poetess, the famous Edda, the Bogotana. "Do you really find these verses worth reading?" asked Pombo.

Sold by Leading Dealer

"Worth reading? Verses vibrating with the deepest passions of a woman's soul, so essentially feminine verses, too, exhaling the mysticism, the adoration of a Santa Teresa! Oh, you men! Who among you could write such verses?" "Well," said Pombo, "Edda is now in

New York, and if you want to make her acquaintance-"Speak, man!" cried his hostess im-"Where does she live? What's her name? I'll see her tomorrow. I will

