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officer had led, many his escapes, and many the prisoners safely captured and walled by his efforts—but one man evaded him. The shrewdest and worst "moonshiner" of all was still at large, despite all his efforts, Nutting had not yet secured Ruloff Allen.

Allen.

Inis man was known throughout the state. His career had been that of a criminal from his birth. In the fastnesses of Southwestern Virginia he manufactured whiskey upon a grand scale, and was the owner of a dozen or more "queer stills," and snapped his fingers at the law.

Several times had Nutting sought this quarry; twice he had actually caught him, yet twice he had escaped, and at the time of which we speak he was still free.

Nutting sate at his office window one evening, musing, half-dreaming, when there fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly. A stranger stood before him.

"The United States marshal," said he,

interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," said Lawrence, rising.
"Be seated. What can I do for you?"

"Yes, sir," said Lawrence, rising. "Be seated. What can I do for you?"

"I would speak with you alone," he said, glancing around. "I have matters of importance to communicate."

"This office is out of hearing from the street," replied Nutting, "and we are by ourselves. You can speak freely."

The other drew a couple of cigars from his pocket, offered one to the marshal and lit the other himself. Nutting followed his example; then the man drew his chair nearer, so that he sat between the officer and the desk whereon lay his belt and platols, threw open his coat so that the buts of two heavy revolvers might be seen, and blowing the smoke lightly from his cigar, said in a quiet tone to his companion:

"You are desirous of arresting a noted monoushiner, one Ruloff Allen, are you not?"

"There's no doubt of that," said the marshal, smiling.

"I am the man."

Nutting cigar never stirred in his lips, his hand did not quiver, nor his breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deeply he was moved, his eyed dilated, then he saughed long and low.

"You -you, Ruloff Allen? My friend, I know Allen. His hair is red; yours is black. His face bears a sex a arcass the chin; yours a beard. His teeth are broken; yours are perfect. The joke is good; but you are not Allen."

The coker fraines and the desk whereas a sex a arcass the chin; yours a beard. His teeth are broken; yours are perfect. The joke is good; but you are not Allen."

The coker farles mounted guards—men on when he could depend—patrolled all the restoring this essential of bodily combort is worth trying. Every rank, overy profession, bear its quota of evidence to the wast to some the plan. The coker for the such as a common and the looked for ward with strong hopes for large and the desk. His is a common and the leak.

The days and the edsk.

The days and the eleak.

The days and seels passed, summer cane and went, and fall ripened the passed, summer cane and went, and fall ripened the year.

A dozen times he marshal organized committee were and the marshal o

yours are perfect. The joke is good; but
you are not Allen."
The other hesitated a moment, then
striking a wig from his head, beard from
his chin, and removing a single falsetooth, he turned again to Nutting, redhaired and smilling.

This he looked forward with strong nopes
for success.

The officer sat at his desk writing. He
had a few pages to complete, a letten or
two to prepare for the mail and some memoranda to destroy. He might never sit at
that desk again.

The other spoke again.

get a free pardon for me I will give you five thousand—"

Allen's face paled, and his hand crept toward his hip, then restraining himself with a scoffing laugh, he said:

"Be it so. Then we are enemies. I to you and the law. You to me. Remember my 15 minutes and heware when next we."

At these words the green glasses fell, the said th

He threw his cloak about him, buckled his pistols at his waist and disappeared, but as he left the room a little piece of metal fell from his person, and rolled unnoticed upon the floor. A minute later the ring of his horse's hoofs sounded through the night as he rode toward the mountains.

The morning following, as Nutting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extending his brown and myself the same," halt hissed the moonshiner. "That chance is lost to both us. I go back to the mountains and out-

It'se pleased. I is, massa. Foun it yer, dough. Dat ar's a seweyside bullet, massa," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, while his eyes rolled like ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know 'em. My ole massa he had one cast and carried it many years. Dey nebber kill no one but de fellers dey's made for. Massa John, dough, he didn't git a chance for to use his'n," and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a suicide bullet, "Said Nutting with a suicide bullet," said Nutting with a suicide bullet, "Said Nutting with a suicide bullet," said Nutting with a suicide bullet, "Bown with vorm hand it vorm hand it was the said: "Will you let me smoke once more?"

'Smoke? Yes, one cigar, he said at length. And lowering the muzzle of his weapon he thrust into it his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

'I have some here," said Nutting, and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a suicide bullet," said Nutting with a suicide bullet, "South suicides bullet," said Nutting with a suicide bullet, "South suicides bullet," said Nutting with a suicide bullet, "South suicides bullet," said Nutting with a suicide bullet, "South suicides ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know 'em. My ole massa he suicide ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know 'em. My ole massa he suicides was a seweyside bullet, "Smoke? Yes, one cigar, "he said at length. And lowering the muzzle of his weapon he thrust into it his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

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"I have some here," said Nutting, with a suicide ships in the midst of his weapon he thrust into it his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

"I have some here," said said 'Will you let me smoke once more?"

monoshiners nestled in all the countryside among the mountains, and far from
towns and cities upon lonely roads; while
gamblers and desperadoes swarmed in and
about the settlements. Crime was frequent, and the life of a United States officer was a series of stirring adventures involving great danger, and demanding as
great tact and personal bravery.

But Nutting proved himself worthy and
fit for the office. A young mar of temperate habits, quick wit, splendid physique
and dashing courage, he was never at a
loss how to act; and the vermin that infected that section soon learned to hate
and fear him intensely.

Many were the expeditions which the
officer had led, many his escapes, and many
the prisoners safely captured and walled
by his efforts—but one man evaded him.
The shrewdest and worst "moonshiner"
of all was still at large, despite all his

muzzle.

'It's just the thing, uncle. Bring me my flask, and I'll load it with the suicide bullet. It's best to have it handy by if I get the blues." He laughed again.

The servant obeyed.

'No use to fix 'im, massa. 'Twon't only kill de one who it's made fer, shuah an' ye couldn't shoot yerself wid it, nohow."

"Well, uncle. I'll load the old smooth-

"Well, uncle, I'll load the old smooth-bore, anyway," said the marshal, suiting the action to the word, "and this after-noon we'll try it at a mark. If I miss a half dollar at a dozen paces, I'll give up that you're right. If I hit, your 'suicide bullet' is no better or worse than a leaden one."

one."

"All right, massa, but you won't hit," replied the old darkey.

Just as Nutting completed the charging of the weapon a visitor called, and it was thrust hurriedly into a pigeon-hole in the desk. His visitor's business detained him from the office until night, and the plan of the morning was forgotten. The dueling-pistol with its silver missile lay unnoticed for months in the desk.

The dame and weeks passed, summer

Mutting hesitated a moment.

This man was a veritable Robin Hood.

Take his stills an' his whisky, take every-The other spoke again.

"Such assistance from an official is what I need, and I can pay for it. If you will get a free pardon for me I will give you."

"The other spoke again.

thing—but let him go, an' I'll give ye my word—it's good, Bethsheby Allen never broke it yit—that in less than three days ""."

my 15 minutes, and beware when next we meet!"

He threw his cloak about him, buckled his pistols at his waist and disappeared, look of deadly hatred on his face, a heavy

mountains.

The morning following, as Nutting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extending his brown and wrinkled hand, and said in an awe-stricken wolce:

"Foun' dis on de floor, massa. S'pose him your'n, bad ting, massa, bad—ef ye low ole nigger to say so?"

The murshal leaned forward in surprise. Lying in the out-stretched palm of the black was a silver pistol bullet.

"Why, unsle," said he, taking it, "this is not mine!"

"Net yeur's, massa! Tank de Lord!

pistol.

"Down with your hand!" cried Allen.
It was too late. There came a sharp and ringing report, a single cry, a thud upon the floor and all was over.
And the moon breaking from between the rifted clouds without, looked through the open window upon the face of the dead, while Nutting, white and trembling, held in his nerveless hand a smoking pistol.

The silver bullet had found its mark, and returned to its owner.

-We accidently overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a

martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it. J. Do'so. You'll find it at all the drug

A Hopeless Case. "What's the matter, old fellow? You

look sick." "I am." "Business dull ?"

"No."

"Health bad?"

"Yes. Dyspepsia."

"That's too bad. Your cooking is not very good, is it?"

"No." "Wife gone away?"
"No. Girl has."

—A field of corns.—Thomas Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have used Hollo-way's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a

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