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TRUXTON KING By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

her eyes. "If I can until the rope-will that help? There must be one little chance for you--for us. Let me try."

"By Jove," he whispered admiringly, his spirits leaping to meet hers, "you've got pluck. You put new life in me. I was almost a quitter."

"At last, after many despairing tugs, the knot relaxed. "There!" she cried, sinking back exhausted. "Oh, how it must have hurt you! Your wrists are raw!"

He arms were stiff and sore and hung like lead at his sides. She watched him with narrowed eyes while he stood off and tried to work blood and strength back into his muscles.

"Do you think you can--can do anything now, Mr. King?" she asked after a long interval. "We must escape," she said as if it were all settled.

"It cannot be tonight," he gently informed her, a sickness attacking his heart. "Don't you think you'd better try to get some sleep?"

He prevailed upon her to lie down, with his coat for a pillow. In two minutes she was asleep.

For an hour or more he sat there looking sorrowfully at the tired, sweet face, the utmost despair in his soul. At last he stretched himself out on the floor near the door, and as he went to sleep he prayed that Providence might open a way for him to prove that he was not depending on him in vain.

CHAPTER XIII. A Divinity Shapes. It was pitch dark when he awoke. The sound of breathing came to his ears. He sat up. His hands were free. It had not been a dream. She was lying over there asleep. The candle had burnt itself out; that was all. He crept softly across the floor. In the darkness he found her and touched the garments she wore--and drew back enthralled.

Spantz's knees crumpled. He lunged against the wall. The man was now beyond all hope and immediate action. It was the work of an instant to snatch the revolver from his coat pocket.

"Guard the door!" whispered King to the girl, pressing the revolver into her hand, "and shoot if you have to!"

A handkerchief was stuffed into the unconscious man's mouth. The long coat and boots were jerked from his limp body before his hands and feet were bound with the rope he carried.

The bushy whiskers and wig were carried off from his head and transferred in a flash to that of the American. Then the boots, coat and hat found a new wearer.

Peter Brutus was standing in the doorway leading to the sewer. "Hurry up, Julius," he called imperatively. "They are below with the boat."

When a tall, grunting man emerged from the inner room bearing the limp figure of a girl in a frayed raincoat he did not wait to ask questions, but rushed over and locked the cell door. Then he went toward the narrow stairway leading to the gunnery.

"Not speak, you fool! Not a word until we reach the river!"

A moment later the girl was being lowered through the hole into rough, eager arms. Brutus and his companion dropped through the secret hole of the masonry wall, and off through the party riverward in the lifeless boat that had come up to ferry them.

There were three men in the boat, not counting Truxton King. To be Continued.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE CASE OF BALLINGER. Usefulness of the Secretary of the Interior Seems to be Destroyed. In the course of its determined and persistent campaign against Secretary Ballinger, Collier's Weekly has gone back to the early business operations of that distinguished statesman and raked up accounts of his alleged misdoings in connection with the development of certain properties in Alabama.

It is set forth that after graduating from college, Ballinger soon married and went to live in Decatur, Ala., opening an office for the practice of law, but also took up the development of industrial enterprises, one of which was a nail factory, with which this story has to do.

It is then alleged that at the end of the week the money was not repaid to Mr. Casey, who began to investigate, finding that the Lenox banker had never subscribed for any of the stock.

Letters to Ballinger, it is stated, were not answered, and subsequently Ballinger was ordered to vacate the premises of the nail factory.

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Boys and Girl Inventors. A small boy who possesses more than the average amount of mechanical skill and inventive genius is Danny Chatfield of Detroit.

Never in the history of the country have so many boys and girls been interested in practical scientific and mechanical inventions and experiments.

How Growth is Influenced by Location—Difficult of Correct Measurement. A tree 100 feet high, accurately measured, is not as tall as it looks.

Mourning Customs.—The widow's mourning cap dates back to the days of ancient Egypt, says Harper's Weekly.

Getting it by Mail. How a 90 Cents Article is Made to Cost \$1.25. We wish everybody in Anderson could have heard Mr. Norman I. Johnson's address to the Retail Merchants' association last night.



THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF TRUXTON KING'S BODY WAS BEHIND THE TERRIBLE BLOW.