along behind.

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

If the band had trailed us to this spot, it had been done through the influence of Kirby, and he had, beyond question, informed them as to who we were, and the conditions under which we had fled from Yellow Banks, The only addition to our party since them was the rescued boy. They would have little fear of serious loss in an attack upon two men, and two women. unarmed, except possibly with a pistol or two, even though barricaded behind the log walls of a cabin. And, with one of their number within, any attempt at defense would be but a farce. This same gang had already sacked the cabin, taking with them, as they believed, every weapon it contained. In their haste they had overlooked the cellar below. They had no thought of its existence, nor that we awaited them rifles in hand and with an ample supply of powder and lead. Whatever might be the final result, a surprise of no pleasant nature was

awaiting their advance. Convinced, as I had become, that Black Hawk was actually with the party, although I was unable to obtain any glimpse of him, I felt there was making at least one effort to capture long delayed.

Still there was nothing left to do but wait. We were already as completely prepared as possible with our

The main assault would undoubtedly be delivered from the front, directed against the door, the only point where they could hope to break in. Here Tim and myself held our positions, as ready as we could be for any emergency, and watchful of the slightest movement without. Tim had even brought up the half-keg of coarse powder from the cellar, and rolled it into one corner out of the way. His only explanation was, a grim reply to my question, that "it mought be mighty handy ter hav' round afore the fracus wus done." There was no fear in Eloise, no shrinking, no evidence of cowardice. Not once did I feel the need of giving her word of encouragement-even as I glanced toward her it was to perceive the gleam of a pistol gripped in her hand. She was of the old French fighting stock, which never fails.

Against the log wall a few yards away, Kirby strained at his blanket bonds, and had at last succeeded in lifting himself up far enough so as to stare about the room. There was none of the ordinary calm of the gambler about the fellow now-all the pitiless hate, and love of revenge which belonged to hise wild Indian blood blazed in his eyes. He glared at me in sudden, impotent rage.

"You think you've got me, do you?" he cried, scowling across; then an ugly grin distorted his thin lips. "Not yet you haven't, you soldier dog. I've got some cards left to play in this game, you young fool. What did you butt in for anyway? This was none of your affair. D- you, Knox, do you know who she is? I mean that white-faced chit over there-do you know who she is? She's my wife; do you hear? -my wife! I've got the papers, dyou! She's mine!-mine; and I am going to have her long after you're dead-yes, and the whole d- Beaucaire property with her. By G-! you talk about fighting-why there are fifty Indians out here. Wait till they find out what has happened to me. Oh. I'll watch you die at the stake, you sneaking white cur, and spit in your

"Kirby," I said sternly, but quietly, stepping directly across toward him. "You are a prisoner, and helpless, but I am going to tell you now to hold your tongue. Otherwise you will never see me at the stake, because I shall blow your brains out where you lie." "You dare not do-"

"And why not? It will rid the girl of you, and that means something to me -and her. Just try me, and see."

He must have read the grim meaning in my face, for he fell back against the log, muttering incoherently, his dark eyes wells of hate, his face a picture of malignancy, but utterly helpless-the lurking coward in him. unable to face my threat. I left him and stooped above her.

"We shall be busy presently; the delay cannot be much longer. I am afraid that fellow may succeed somehow in doing us harm. He is crazed enough to attempt anything. May 1 trust you to guard him?"

Her eyes, absolutely fearless and direct, looked straight up into mine. "Yes, he will make no movement 1

"God knows. We shall do our best

memory of me turn you aside from your work," she said quietly. "I know what you mean and pledge you I shall never fall into his hands. It-it can- his shaven head. I struck him once, face, the face of Eloise! not be wrong, I am sure, and—and I 'aying open his cheek to the bone; I gave vent to one startled, fnarticu- heart," I urged. "Yes, we can go now minimum mini

must tell you that. I-I could not. Steven, for-for I love you."

My eager hands were upon hers, my eyes greedily reading the message re of his eyes, and as it swept downvealed so frankly in the depths of her there was a glare of red and yellow own. She only was in my thoughts: flame between us, the thunder of an we were there alone-alone.

"They're a comin', Cap," yelled Ken, burst asunder and fall in-and darknedy and his rifle cracked. "By G-

they're here!" -With one swift spring I was back at my deserted post and firing. Never before had I been in an Indian battle but they had told me at Armstrong that the Sacs were fighting men. I to darkness and silence as profound knew it now. This was to be no play as that of my former unconsciousness. at war but a grim, relentless struggle For the moment I felt no certainty They came en masse, rushing reckless even that I was actually alive, yet forward across the open space slowly, little by little, reality conpressing upon each other in headlong quered, and I became keenly condesire to be first, yelling like fiends scious of physical pain, while memory guns brandished in air, or spitting fire also began to blindly reassert itself. animated by but one purpose - the battering of a way into that cabin. I All about was impenetrable blackness know not who led them—all I saw and the silence of the grave. I found was a mass of half-paked bodies myself unable to move my body and bounding toward me, long hair stream when I desperately attempted to do ing, copper faces aglow, weapons glit. so, even the slightest motion brought tering in the light. Yes, I saw more pain. I became conscious also of a meaning of that fierce rush; the weight crushing down upon me, and instrument of destruction they brough stifling my breath. One of my arms with them. It was there in the center was free; I could move it about within small chance of his departure, without of the maelstrom of leaping figures. narrow limits, although it ached as protected by the grouped bodies, half from a serious burn. By use of it I the cabin. That was his nature, his hidden by gesticulating red arms-a reputation-that of a bulldog to hang huge log, borne irresistibly forward on, a tiger to strike. More, even, this on the shoulders of twenty warriors, ject lying across my chest, feeling at band of raiders must be far south of gripped by other hands, and hurled the main body of the Hawk's follow- toward us as though swept on by a ers, and hence in danger themselves. human sea. Again and again I fired They would never remain here long, blindly into the yelping mob; I heard facing the possibility of discovery, of the crack of Tim's rifle echoing mine, first terror of this discovery was overhaving their retreat cut off. If they and the chug of lead from without whelming, yet I persevered, satisfying attacked the attempt would not be striking the solid logs. . Bullets myself that it was the half-naked body ploughed crashing through the door of an Indian-a very giant of a fellow panels and Elsie's shrill acreams of -which lay stretched across me, an fright rang out above the unearthly immovable weight. Something else, din. A slug tore through my loophele, perhaps another dead man, held my drawing blood from my shoulder in its passage, and imbedded itself in the ventured to extend my one free arm opposite wall. In front of me savages fell, staggering, screams of anger and agony mingling as the astonished assailants realized the fight before them. An instant we held them, startled, through what might be a jagged, overand demoralized. The warriors bear- hanging mass of timbers, although

crushing out another life as it fell.

Again we fired, this time straight into

their faces-but there was no stopping

them. A red blanket flashed back be-

cabin.

joined him.

guns and gleam of tomahawks.

against skulls; I jabbed it straight

into red faces! I brought it down with

all my force on clutching arms. For

an instant Tim was beside me. He

had lost his gun and was fighting with

a knife. It was only a glimpse I had

of him through red mist-the next in-

stant he was gone. A huge fellow

arms.

yond the big tree; a guttural voice what had occurred? Then it was that shouted, its hoarse note rising above the probable truth came to me-that the hellish uproar, and those demons flash and roar; that last impression were on their feet again, filled with imprinted on my brain before utter new frenzy. It was a minute-no darkness descended upon me, must With a blow that shook the have meant an explosion, an upheaval propelled by twenty strong shattering the cabin, bringing the roof the great tree butt struck, down upon the struggling mob within, splintering the oak wood as though it the heavy timbers crushing out their were so much pine, and driving a lives. And the cause! But one was jagged hole clear through one panel. possible—the half-keg of blasting Kennedy was there, blazing away dider Kennedy had p rectly into the assatlants' eyes, and I ner as a last resort. Had Tim reached it in a final, mad effort to destroy, or Again they struck, and again, the had some accidental flame wrought jagged end of their battering ram prothe terrible destruction? Ferhaps no truded through the shattered wood. one could ever answer that -- but was I We killed, but they were too many. there alone, the sole survivor? Had Once more the great butt came crashthose others of our little party died ing forward, this time caving in the amid their Indian enemies, and were entire door, bursting it back upon its they lying now somewhere in this hinges. In through the opening the darkness, crushed and mangled in the red mob hurled itself, reckless of death midst of the debris?

ing the log stumbled over a dead body scarcely discernible, my eyes caught

and went down, the great timber the silver glimmer of a star.

or wounds, mad with the thirst for Kennedy, Elsie Clark, the halfvictory; a jam of naked beasts, crazed witted boy Asa Hall-their faces by the smell of blood-a wave of seemed to stare at me out of the blackslaughter, crested with brandished ness. They must be dead! Why, I had seen Kennedy fall, the heedless feet There is nothing to remembercrunching his face, and Asa Hall nothing but blows, curses, yells, the tossed into the air and shot at as he crunch of steel on flesh, the horror of fell. Eloise! Eloise! I covered my cruel eyes glowering into yours, the eyes with the free hand, conscious that clutching of fingers at your throat, the I was crying like a child-Eloise. My spit of fire singeing you, the strain of combat hand to hand-the knowledge knew so little after that; so little, exthat it is all over, except to die. I had no sense of fear: no thought but to kill and be killed. I felt within me strength-desperate, insane strength. was a time-God knows how long-The rifle butt splintered in my hands, when all was blank. but the bent and shapeless barrel rose and fell like a flail. I saw it crush

Some slight, scarcely distinguishable noise aroused me. Yes, it was actually a sound, as though someone moved in the room-moved stealthily, as though upon hands and knees, seeking a passage in the darkness. I imagined I could distinguish breathing. Who, what could it be? A man; a prowling wild animal which had scented blood? But for my dry, parched lips I would have cried out-yet even with the vain endeavor, doubt silenced me. Who could be there-who? Some sneaking, cowardly thief; some despoiler of the dead? Some Indian returned through the night to take his toll of scalps, hoping to thus proclaim himself a mighty warrior? More likely enemy than friend. It was better that I lie and suffer than appeal to such a fiend

for mercy. The slight sound shifted to the right of where I lay, no longer reminding me of the slow progress of a moving And She Clung to Me, Her Voice body, but rather as though someone Breaking. body, but rather as though someone were attempting blindly to scrape tofaced me, a Winnebago, I knew, from the black wall beyond-a woman's know if you were dead."

then he broke through and gripped me. late cry, and she sprang to her feet The rest is what-a dream; a dethe mantling flames girdling her as lirium fever? I know not; it comes to though she were a statue. In that first me in flashes of mad memory. I was frightened glance she failed to see struck again and again, stabbed, and me; her whole posture told of fear, of flung to the floor. Moccasined feet indecision.

trod on me, and some fiend gripped my "Who was it spoke? Who called? Is hair, bending my head back across a someone alive here?"

The

high into the air, shot dead in mid-

flight, the whirling body dropping into

CHAPTER XVII.

The Trail to Ottawa.

When my eyes again opened it was

I could see nothing, hear nothing.

endeavored through the black darkness

to learn the nature of that heavy ob-

it cautiously. My fingers touched cold,

dead flesh, from contact with which

they shrank in horror, only to en-

counter a strand of coarse hair. The

feet as though in a vise, and when I

gropingly to one side, the fingers en-

daring to breathe, I lay staring up-

ward and, far above, looking out

I was alive-alive! Whatever had

occurred in that fateful second to de-

flect that murderous tomahawk, its

keen edge had failed to reach me. And

countered a moccasined foot. Scarcely,

ness, death.

dead body, until I felt the neck crack. trembling words sounded Above me were naked legs and arms, strange, unnatural. I could barely a pandemonium of dancing figures, a whisper, yet I did my best. horrible chorus of maddened yells. I "It is Steven, Elosse-come to me. caught a glimpse of Asa Hall flung

"Steven! Steven Knox--alive! Oh, my God; you have answered my

the ruck below. I saw the savage, She found me, heedless of all the whose fingers were twined in my hair, horror in between, as though guided lift a gleaming tomahawk and circle it by some instinct, and dropped on her about his head; I stared into the hate knees beside me. I felt a tear fall on my cheek, and then the warm, eager essure of her lips to mine. I could not speak; I could only hold her close explosion; the roof above seemed to with my one hand.

"You are suffering," she cried. "What can I do? Is it this Indian's

body?" "Yes," I breathed, the effort of speaking an agony. "He lies directly

across my chest, a dead weight." It taxed her strength to the utmost, but, oh, the immediate relief! With the drawing of a full breath I felt a return of manhood, a revival of life. Another body pinned my limbs to the floor, but this was more easily disposed of. Then I managed to lift myself, but with the first attempt her arm was about my shoulders.

"No; not alone-let me help you. Do you really think you can stand? Why, you are hurt, dear; this is a knife ound in your side. It looks ugly, but is not deep and bleeds no longer. Are there other injuries?"

"My head rings, and this left arm appears paralyzed, from blows, no doubt; there are spots on my body which feel like burns. No, I am not in bad shape. Now let me stand alore; that's better Good God, what a

scene!" The fire, by this time blazing brightly, gave us a full view of the entire smantled interior. The cabin was a complete wreck, the roof practically all gone and the upper logs of the side walls either fallen within or dangling in threat. Clearly enough it had been the sudden plunge of heavy timbers and the dislodgment of those upper logs, which accounted for this havoc of death. There were dead there pierced by bullets and brained by rifle stocks, but the many had met their fate under the avalanche of logs, and amid the burning glare of exploding powder.

Only between arched timbers and sections of fallen roof could we move at all, and beneath the network of this entanglement the majority of the bodies lay, crushed and mangled. I saw Kirby, free from his bonds, but dead beneath a heavy beam. His face was toward us and the flicker of flame revealed a dark spot on his forehead -his life had never been crushed out by that plunging timber which pinned him there; it had been ended by a bullet. My eyes sought hers, in swift memory of my last order, and she must have read my thought.

"No," she said, "not that, Steven. It was the boy who shot him. Oh, please, can we not go? There is light already in the sky overhead-see. Take me away from here-anywhere, outside."

"In a moment; all these surely are dead, beyond our aid, and yet we must not depart foodless. We know not how far it still may be to Ottawa. Wait, while I search for the things we need.

"Not alone; I must be where I can touch you. Try to understand. Oh, you do not know those hours I have spent in agony-I have died a thousand deaths since that sun went down.

"You were conscious-all night long?"

"Conscious? Yes, and unhurt, yet prisoned helpless beneath those two logs yonder, saved only by that overturned bench. Elsie, poor thing, never knew how death came, it was so swift, but I lay there, within a foot of her body unscratched. I could think only of you, Steven, but with never a dream, God, Eloise! I wonder if I fainted; I that you lived. There were groans at first and cries. Some Indians crept cept that I suffered helplessly. If I in through the door and dragged out a did not faint, then I must have been few who lived. But with the coming upon the verge of insanity, for there of darkness all sound ceased and such silence was even more dreadful than the calls for help. Ob, I cannot tell



Breaking.

gether ashes in the fireplace. I pressed you," and she clung to me, her voice my one free hand beneath my neck, breaking. "I—I dared not move for and thus, by an effort, lifted myself hours, and then, when I did try, found so as to see more clearly beyond the I could not; that I was held fast. shoulder of the dead Indian. The first Only for a knife in the hands of a dead tiny, flickering spark of fire had caught savage, which I managed to secure, the dry wood, and was swiftly bursting I could never have freed myself. And into flame. In another moment this oh, the unspeakable horror of creeping had illumined that stooping figure, and in the darkness among those bodies. rested in a blaze of light upon the I knew where the fireplace must be; lowered face, bringing out the features that there might be live coals there as though they were framed against still. I had to have light; I had to

"Don't think about it any more, dear

-nothing else holds us here." We crept out through the door, underneath a mass of debris, into the gray of the dawn. Beyond a little grove we found some horses browsing the old woman inside," he replied in the deep grass; they were those that had brought us from Yellow Banks, and whinnied a greeting as we drew near. Two of them were fit to ride and the others followed, limping

to a beaten trail, running straight across from bluff to bluff, and disappearing into the prairie beyond, heading directly toward the sunrise. We stopped and looked back for the first time. There on the side of the slope, under the shade of the big tree, stood the cabin. Only for the wreck of the roof it spoke no message of the tragand the smoke from its chimney seemed a beekoning welcome. I reached out and took her hand, and our eyes met in understanding. What whispered need not be told, and when we again rode forward, it was

apon the trail to Ottawa. [THE END]

Passed the Buck-A storm-bound notoring party asked an old mountaineer, chopping wood, if they might stay in the house overnight. "Ask "It's all I can do to stay here myself"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

A half mile up the vallew we came For the Young Man and the Older Man LOW PRICES as you can find any-Appreciated Include

NEW AND NOBBY SHIRTS

We have just received a beautiful LUMBER, Rough or Dressed, Shingles, line of Shirts of Silk and Linen and Rooling, Laths, Lime, Cement, Paints, Cotton materials that are perfect in Oils, Glass, Putty, etc., see us. We are cut and texture. Beautiful colors, which we are offering at prices ranging LOGAN LUMBER YARD

FROM \$8.00 DOWNWARD. roof it spoke no message of the trag- We also have a complete line of edy within. The sun's rays gilded it, Stiff and Soft Collars and Ties, Men's Hosiery and other articles of Haber-We invite you to come and look them

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Baby Carriages, Beds and Cradles, Tea Sets, Doll Babies of all sizes-25 Cts. to \$5.50; Steam Engines, Automobiles, Armored Trucks, Hook and Ladder Fire Trucks, Furniture Vans, Banks of several kinds, Fancy Paper Lanterns, Rolling Chimes, Iron Toys, Vases, Fancy Glassware, Toy Lamps, Mechanical Toys, including Climbing Monkeys and Dancing Alabama Coons, Pile Drivers, and Sand Toys, and—and—and Chabama Coons, Pile Drivers, and Sand Toys, and—and—and h, shucks, we can't tell it all here-

Also remember that we have the Candies and Fruits that you'll want and besides the Toys and Candies we have many things that would be most acceptable as gifts for the grown-ups that you are going to remember at Christmas time. Come.

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TO THE FARMERS-

Possibly you have already thought of t, but we want to suggest that one way of insuring keeping tenants is to have comfortable tenant houses. Suppose you see about fixing yours up now and get them in shape before cold weather sets in. See us for LUMBER and oth er needed materials. We know that we can give you as good service and as

WHEN YOU WANT

Beautiful colors, sure that our prices are RIGHT.

REAL ESTATE

If you want to buy, it will pay you o see Me. If you want to sell I will make it to YOUR interest to let mo Some of my offerings:

Five Room Residence-With 4 acres of land, on Barron Street, leading into Cannon street, in the town of York, between Neely and Cannon Mills. Barn, cow lot with running water through it, etc. For a real bargain see me quick. Property of W. M. George; now occupied by S. M. Long.

Five Room Residence—On Charlotte street, in the town of York, on large lot. I will sell you this property for less than you can build the house. Better act at once.

McLain Property—On Charlotte St., in the town of York. This property lies between Neely, Cannon and Lockmore mills, and is a valuable piece of property. -On Charlotte St. erty. Will sell it either ar a whole or in lots. Here is an opportunity to

make some money. 203 acres—5 miles from York on public road. 7 room residence, large barn, 12 stalls, well of good water, 4 tenant houses and 2 small barns. Good pasture. About 100 acres oak and pine 6 horse farm open. Property of J. Q. Hall.

89 acres—9 miles from York, 5 miles from Smyrna and 5 miles from King's breek. Smyrna R. F. D. passes place. One horse farm open and balance in woods-something like 100,000 feet saw imber. 12 acres fine bottoms, 3 room esidence. Property of P. B. Bigger. 93 2-3 acres—10 miles from York, 7 niles from Clover and 6 miles from ling's Creek, just oil road leading to Piedmont Springs. Santiago school 1-2 mile; 1-2 mile from A. M. McGill's store. 7 room dwelling, barn and crib. One 3 room tenant house. About 40 eres open land, balance in oak and pine timber—something like 50,000 feet saw timber. 2 small pastures. Fine orchard. Property of J. E. Bigger. 100 acres—1-2 mile of Hickory Grove on good sand clay road. About 35 acres open land, balance in forest

timber-mostly pine and oak. One tenant house and barn. Property of J. M. Leach. 656 acres-2 miles of Hickory Grove on Rutherford and Chester road. 6 etc., About 450 acres cleared land, balance in woods and pasture good wells, good springs and

branches, Bullock's Creek bounds place on South and East. 125 acres good ottom land. Property of J. M. Leech. 300 acres-1-2 mile of Hickory Grove ust off Rutherford and Chester road 4 tenant houses and barns. Watered by springs and branches. About 200 acres open land, balance in woods and pasture. Property of Mrs. Ella J.

210 acres-3 1-2 miles from York on Pinckney road. 8 room residence, well of good water, 2 large barns, three 4 room tenant houses and one 3 room tenant house. 40-acre pasture, Good orchard. About 150 acres open land,

brainee in oak and pine timber. Property of M. A. McFarland.

212 acres at Brattonsville—2 tenant houses etc. I will sell this place as a whole, or in 3 tracts, to wit: 57 acres, 55 neres, and 90 acres. Property of Estate Mrs. Agnes Harris. Property of

132 2-3 acres—3 miles South of Sharon on McConnellsville road. One new 4 room residence and one 5 room old residence, 2 small barns, well of good water and small orchard. About 1-2 of place open land and balance in and pasture. One mile Blairsville school. Property of W. P.

Youngblood.

135 Acres—Half mile of incorporate limits of York on Lincoln road; 5-room residence, barn, 3 tenant houses, two branches on place, about \$8. acres bottom land. About 10 acres woodland, and balance work land.

157 Acres—11 miles from York, and \$6. miles from York, \$8. acres for the place of the

Youngblood.

6 miles from King's Creek; 8-room residence, barn, 3 tenant houses and other necessary outbuildings. 80 acres open land, and balance in ture and timber-something like 150,-000 feet saw timber; 3 pastures.
37 Acres—11 miles from York, 8

miles from Clover and 5 miles from King's Creek; 6-room residence, barn, well of good water, cotton house, etc. Good orchard. About 20 acres open land and balance in woods-about 12. 000 feet saw timber. Property J. E. Bigger. 222 Acres—14 miles from York, 5

miles from King's Creek, and 6 miles

from Smyrna. Good school within 11-2 miles; 4-room dwelling, spring close to 1 good tenant house; 2 good tenant barns, etc. About 60 acres in cultivation, balance in timber, from 250,000 to 300,000 feet pine saw timber—will saw boards from 6 to 10 inches. 350 Acres—10 miles from York, 6 1-2 miles from Tirzah and 8 miles from Clover, on 3 public roads, within 11-2 miles of sand-clay road to Clover. About 100 acres open lan', balance in About 100 acres open lan', balance in timber and pasture. About 80 acres under wire fence. Talk about your saw timber, here it is—pine, hickory, white oak, &c., but mostly pine; 7-room residence, good barns, 3 good tenant houses—6, 5 and 3 rooms respectively. Ciphouse, store room, 20xpectively. Ginhouse, store room, 20x-50 feet, an excellent stand. Forest Hill school 1-4 mile of residence; 4 churches within 4 miles. Property of R. E. I.

Ferguson. 52 1-2 Acres—4 1-2 miles from York, on Adair's Ferry road. 5-room residence; 2-story barn, well of good wa-ter, plenty of timber for place—pine and oak. Good pasture. Right at

school. Lot in Clover-At corner of Main and New Brooklyn streets, 145x230 feet; 9-room residence, well of good water; 3-stall barn, smoke-house, wheat house, &c. Good orchard, good wheat house, &c. Good orchard, good garden. Electric lights in house. Three good lots could be gotten out of this place. Property of J. L. Stacy. Lot in York—At corner of Main and West Madison streets, fronting 75 feet

on Main St., 200 feet on Madison St., and 125 feet back width; 8-room residence, besides kitchen, pantry and halls. Water and lights. Store room 24x74 feet. Property of J. W. Dobson. 6-room (new)—Residence, barn and rib in McConnellsville on Crawford crib in Well of good water. Property

Loans arranged on farming lands. GEO. W. WILLIAMS REAL LISTATE

shall not see. Tell me; do you believe there is hope?" If the worst comes-what?" "Do not fear for me; do not let any A Huge Fellow Faced Me-a Winnebago, I Knew.