

SPIDER'S CHAPS.

By WOLOOT LE CLEAR BEARD.

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CHAPTER II.

WHICH SPIDER SAVES HIS ENEMY'S LIFE. Back of the narrow flat that bordered the river rose a cliff of shining, black basalt...

Since long before daylight the cowboys had been riding hard, galloping and shouting madly as they brought hurrying in the stragglers that had wandered up or down the river.



He waved his hand as he passed me, and abouted madly as they brought hurrying in the stragglers that had wandered up or down the river.

A couple of cattle had broken away from the herd, and I was trying to chase them back. I failed signally. I could not follow their twists and turns...

In a very few minutes the cattle were safely reunited with the herd. I had never seen Spider work with cattle, and his ready skill surprised me.

"Look a-ye!" he cried in a tone of authority as soon as he was close enough to be heard. "You ain't got no business here. You ain't no good, no-how, in the shape like you are, an you'll only do yourself up worse."

Spider's command that I should retire was so plainly prompted by a solicitude for my welfare that I could not have resented his tone even had it not amused me as it did.

Hollis also had nearly passed out of the danger line when his horse lurched forward and fell, throwing his rider some distance from him, directly in line of the rushing herd that was bearing down upon them.

"How does the pony carry you, Spider?" I asked as we rode along together.

"Like a bird. Concho an me's ol' frien'. He like some. He won't try no funny business when I'm ridin' 'em."

"If I were in your place, I wouldn't try any of those tricks of yours," said I. I was speaking only of tricks of horsemanship, but Spider misunderstood me.

"You ain't seep me doin no tricks terday, I reckon," he said in a tone that showed that he was rather hurt at what I said.

The lean, hungry looking cattle gathered on the plain were blended into an indistinguishable mass by the thin cloud of dust that hung over them.

that filtered through the dust was reflected from a tossing horn. With intervals between them, cowboys galloped around the herd, half of them going in one direction, half in the other.

A little to one side the foreman sat on his horse, with Spider close by him. Then, evidently directed by his chief, Spider galloped over the plain and passed into the gorge that made a passage between the cliff and the river flat.

"I reckon we better get this here job done about as quick as we know if we're goin' ter do it," he said as he came within speaking distance.

"Here's yer stake," said he, holding the notched stick up for inspection. "Water was a ban an a half over it when I got there. Stake was clean outer sight, an I had ter hunt for it."

"Yo see," said the foreman, turning to me. "We'll sure have ter go er get stuck here. Reckon we'd better get things a-movin'. Whatjer think?"

There was but one thing to do. I nodded assent, and, followed by Spider, the foreman galloped back to his charge.

Then there were shouts from the men: the cattle moved slowly forward, and, like a great serpent, the herd strung itself across the plain and through the gorge that led to the river.

The waiting cowboys put spurs to their horses and started. After a moment's hesitation the great mass of cattle moved slowly toward the river. The men behind them urged them on with shots and blows and cries.

A sort of clumsy ripple that reminded me of the movement of logs jammed in a river passed along the length of the herd; then the cattle broke into a lumbering gallop. The gallop was much faster than it seemed.

Hollis was ahead, with Spider immediately behind and trying to pass him, and, aided by his light weight, Spider succeeded in passing.

Hollis also had nearly passed out of the danger line when his horse lurched forward and fell, throwing his rider some distance from him, directly in line of the rushing herd that was bearing down upon them.

No one could do anything to help—there was no time. In another instant Hollis rose unsteadily to his feet. There



Covering the foremost bull of the herd, he fired.

was a boulder a few feet distant, and he made for it in a limping run. He drew a pistol as he knelt behind the rock, and hurriedly covering the foremost bull of the herd, now terribly close to him, he fired.

The cattle were not quite stampeded. If they had been they would have piled themselves one on top of another over the boulder and the dead bull that rested against it until, with their combined weight, they would have almost crushed the rock itself.

Another moment and the herd had passed, followed by a cloud of flying dust. This cloud was peopled by cowboys who waved their hands to Hollis as they went by him and shouted words of ironical consolation or counsel.

replies to the rough jokes that were showered upon him. He was not at all the sort of person that could enjoy a joke when at his own expense.

The herd reached the river and the yellow spray was flung high in the air. Then they slowed and stopped, heaving to and fro. They were prevented from breaking down stream again by the cowboys, who stood ready to foil every such attempt.

Far in the van of the herd stood Hollis' pony, girth deep in the water. Hollis caught sight of him. Retarded by his cowboy boot heels, three inches high, Hollis walked laboriously through the deep, soft sand toward the herd that stood bunched together, half in, half out of the stream.

For a moment no one answered. There was no time for an answer. But I did not realize that then. I rode at the cattle and fired three more shots, this time straight into them.

The press got thicker and thicker. The little mare could only struggle faintly against it. I was quite close to Spider now, but I might as well have been a mile away, for I could not reach him.

Hollis saw Spider at the same moment. Once more he tried to turn, and this time he succeeded. As he did so his foot slipped. He made a couple of quick steps to recover his balance.

Hollis' struggles to rise probably frightened the cattle even more than his fall had done. They heaved and surged frantically to clear themselves of their burden.

Not for a moment did I suppose that I should again see Hollis alive—not once in a thousand such occurrences would I have had an opportunity.

"I'll fix 'em," said a Capitol Hill citizen when he got his gas bill a couple of months ago. "Nine dollars and eighty cents, hey, when we've been out every night with the exception of two or three for the past month!"

"I'll teach 'em to bunko folks!" he said to himself savagely as he started all the burners a-going.

Along toward the end of the month he and his wife picked out another house and made arrangements for moving. The Capitol Hill man was delighted when the gas bill read \$29.00.

"This is one time they won't gouge me!" he shouted exultantly as he danced around with the bill in his hand.

Three days before the day set for moving his wife was taken ill, and of course the moving had to be declared off. She is only now convalescing.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that humor best which was of his own production. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism.

"Slack off till I can fast the rope!" called Spider despairingly. "I can't hold 'er my saddle else."

The rope was strained until it sung like a harp string. With a quick turn of his wrist Spider wrapped the end of the lariar around his hand and held on with all the strength of his tough little body.

Hollis at the other end. "Let go!" I roared to him as I pushed my horses down the bank in order to attempt the assistance that I knew I could not give.

Spider heard and shook his head. He had no intention whatever of letting go. Dragged upward by Hollis' superior weight, he was hanging with his feet just touching the water.

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Out of Sight. An English cotton buyer in Memphis was talking with the clerk of one of the hotels the other day when a commercial traveler came up.

After the commercial man had been assigned his room the Englishman turned to the clerk and inquired what he meant by "out of sight."

The next morning when he came down to breakfast the clerk, following his usual custom, asked how he felt. The Englishman thought it a good time to try some of his newly learned slang.

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are red brick cities, red brick being the predominant building material. In Washington the sameness is relieved by the granite public buildings and marble business structures.

Too Long to Wait. "If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor. "I'll be forever indebted to you."

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 17, 1900.

Table with columns: No. 1, Daily, EASTERN TIME, No. 2, Daily. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

NOTE: In addition to the above service trains Nos. 15 and 16 run daily between Charleston and Columbia, carrying elegant Pullman sleeping cars.

Fixed the Gas Company. "I'll fix 'em," said a Capitol Hill citizen when he got his gas bill a couple of months ago.

Table with columns: Lv., Arr., Daily, Daily, Daily, Daily. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

Atlanta and Beyond. Lv. Charleston 7:00 a. m., Arr. Augusta 11:51 a. m., Arr. Atlanta 11:00 a. m., Arr. Chattanooga 5:45 a. m., Arr. Chattanooga 8:09 p. m.

Table with columns: Lv., Arr., Daily, Daily, Daily, Daily. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

To Washington and the East. Lv. Augusta 8:30 p., Arr. Columbia (Union Depot) 5:55 p., Arr. Charleston 9:10 p., Arr. Danville 7:51 a., Arr. Richmond 6:04 a., Arr. Washington 7:55 a., Arr. Philadelphia Pa. R. R. 11:35 a., Arr. New York 1:25 p.

To Asheville-Cincinnati-Louisville. Lv. Augusta 11:25 a., Arr. Fatesburg 4:55 p., Arr. Charleston 7:06 a., Arr. Columbia (Union Depot) 11:40 a., Arr. Spartanburg 3:10 p., Arr. Knoxville 7:09 p., Arr. Cincinnati 7:50 p., Arr. Louisville (via Jellico) 7:55 a.

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"COTTON Culture" is the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet which should be in the hands of every planter who raises Cotton. The book is sent FREE.

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Schedule No. 4.—In effect 12.01 a. m., Sunday, December 24, 1899. Between Camden S. C. and Blacksburg, S. C.

Table with columns: WEST, EAST, 2d cl, 1st cl, 3d cl. Lists train numbers and times for various routes.

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W. A. TURK, S. H. HARDWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt., Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Ga.

SAMUEL HUNT, President. A. TRIPP, Superintendent. S. B. LUMPKIN, Gen'l. Passenger Agent.