CHAPTER I.

the forward gates, ready to spring out upon the Jersey wharf, restive to reach the waiting trains, but quite apart from all these whose faces were set westward three people-a girl, a man nearing forty and a slim lad-lingered on the after deck as though loath to take their leave of the imperial city.

The resemblance of the monstrous hive of humankind to a height of land was so marked, so singular, that the girl remarked upon it, and the boy, a pale lad of seventeen, cried out in shrill

"Yes; but think of the real mountains

we're going to climb!" The girl did not speak for a moment, and when she did her voice was distinctly sorrowful. "I feel as though I were saying goodby to everything worth while."

"Including me?" asked her escort. She did not smile, but her accent was kindly as she answered, "Yes, Wayne, including you."

"Oh, sis, you make me tired!" cried the boy. "Just as if going west were bidding goodby to everything!" He beat his thin chest. "I'm just beginning to live now. I'm glad to get away from the stuffy old town. I want to see something besides Fifth avenue and Central park."

Wayne Peabody laughed good naturedly down at the boy. "You wouldn't care if civilization did stop at the west bank of the Hudson river, would you?"

"I should say not. I'm tired of it all-the noise and the pavements and the heat and the wetness. I want to get out where the wolves and the cranes and the cowboys are; I want to hit the trail and find where father's camps were."

The girl spoke musingly. "It's singular, but I have a premonition of some dark fate-some vague sorrow. I never felt so before-not even on my trip you to note that I was forewarned. They were all quite commonplace busi-Let's go forward."

do him all kinds of good to go west." "I hope so," she replied rather dreari-

My, "but he seems unwholesomely ex-. cited at the present moment." "He'll get over that."

"I fear he will be disappointed. Father's trip was made nearly twentyfive years ago, when it was a really wonderful land."

"He is young. He will reimagine it." The boy stood like some beautiful animal poised for a spring as the ferry shouldered its clumsy way into the Jersey dock. He was of less bulk than his strong, composed, modish sister, and his face was as dark, as mobile and as eager as hers was fair and impassive. Peabody experienced once again a twinge of keen regret that Ann had not some of her brother's radiant

Surrounded by porters and wearing an air of command, Louis led the way to the sleeping car, impatient of his sister's deliberation. On one hip he carried a pair of large field glasses and over the other a costly camera, while half concealed cases of pencils and pads of drawing paper bulging from his pockets announced his artistic intention.

As the time for the train to start drew near Peabody strove to win some softer word from Ann, but she was not of those who manifest emotion. Her training and her temperament were alike opposed to easy expression. When he tried to take her hand a second time with eyes that entreated she

"No, no! You have no right to expect that!"

He was no longer a boy, and he was bred to self control; therefore, though his voice trembled a little, he spoke quietly: "Goodby, Ann. Write every day, won't you?

In a voice which chilled him she replied: "Every day is pretty often, but you will hear from me. Go and see mother, please. She will not say so. but she will be glad to have you come." "Depend upon me." he said, lifting

his hat. His bearded face betrayed no emotion, but his eyes were hot with pain and grief.

The girl on her part felt a sudden twinge of remorse as she left him there, a fine, strong, manly suitor, who uttered no complaint, though she wounded him. The twitching of his lips troubled her, but she did not relent. In her heart she said: "I can't help it. It isn't in me. He shouldn't ask it."

Louis threw himself flat on the couch in their stateroom and said boyishiy: "Gee! We're off at last. Now let her whiz. This old train can't go fast enough for me."

Looking down at him at that moment, Ann's bosom swelled with an emotion almost maternal. "How thin he is," she thought, as her eyes took in his slight body. "I'll go. I'll do anything for him, if only he can grow strong and well."

her father, and when the doctor seri-YEARLY the entire boat load of ously advised the Rocky mountains she passengers was jammed along readily gave up her own plans, and here and now she sat, rushing toward the west to a town repulsive to her, a place of emptiness and weariness, a social desert, where no one lived but her cousins, the Barnetts, to whose hospitable door they were bound as voyagers on a wide sea to a snug harbor. Without that home as a point of arrival Ann Rupert would have been in such uncertainty of mind as besets a sailor on a chartless sea. She was making this abhorrent trip

in order that her brother might thrive in his physical well being as well as in his art. He had recently determined on being an illustrator of wild animal first hand," he repeated often, "the way Melborn Foster has done. And, besides. I want to illustrate father's journal." This journal, the record of a trip into the west made by Philip Rupert before his marriage, had come to be the most powerful influence in the lad's life. It was a worn little red book in which the father had written the daily happenings and impressions of his trip, and its discovery by Louis in a box of old papers had quite transformed his life. It had made him an American, filling him with a longing for the "Hesperian mountains," as the father called the romantic land he had seen but once, but whose splendor lived with him throughout the remainder of his short life.

As they sat at the table in the dining car Ann again listened indulgently to her brother's plans, and permitted him to order the dinner and assume all the manners of a grown man, honestly trying to conceal her own weariness of spirit, sincerely regretful of her bitter words on the ferry.

Louis was not weary. He eyed every man who came in, avid to discover some western trait, some outward sign of inward difference between himself to Egypt. If I don't come back I want and his companions, but could not. ness men, well dressed, close clipped Peabody remarked in a low voice: and urbane of manner. Some of them "Louis is transformed already. It will | were evidently salesmen going over to Philadelphia or out to Chicago, and they all ate long and with every evidence of enjoyment. Some of the women were young and pretty-students returning to the west for their summer vacations.

Once more in the privacy of her stateroom and looking out at the landscape reeling past. Ann sank back in her seat wholly dismayeds "What in the world can I do out there?" she asked herself most poignantly. "Of course they don't play golf or tennis, and I can't ride, and, besides, whom could I play with? Jeannette is not a bit athletic." And again the small round of her interests -she had no gayeties-was borne in upon her. "I shall die of inactivity."

Louis excused himself quite formally and went back into the smoking compartment to sit with the men, while Ann, left alone, gave herself up to a close, half ironic study of the absurdity of her position. With a dozen most desirable invitations to distinguished London homes, with everything before her



that a girl of her age and tastes could desire, she had turned away to face the crude conditions of a western state in a warm glow of sisterly affection.

She took up the little red book, in which she had taken only a languid interest before, and, turning the leaves at random, fell upon bits of description that stirred her unaccountably. Now that she was about to enter this land of her father's delight, the words took on passion and power.

They arrived in Chicago behind their schedule time and had but a few min- the man don't come. She's twenty-six." She loved that slender lad and as- utes in which to make their transfer, sumed for him a greater weight of care | and so they saw little of the great cenand hope and fear than for any other | tral metropolis. To them it was only | about Ann. She has money, is handhuman being. He was so like his fa-ther—the soul restiess as flame, the long strings of railway coaches all gaged, if we except her affair with that. Nice thing the old man works on slender body racked, worn with end- marked with strange names—names Peabody, which Adney writes is quite us." His indignation and disgust deepless enthusiasms the hurning mes- which meant little to her but which or as terid as any of Anu's other affairs." ened into a growl. "This settles it. a chair for the lady." meric eyes and the delicate mouth. All cost Louis closest to tests, "See," he

these she had known and valued in belod, where is a car from Oregon and to the fight place

one from Wyoming!" The people who filled the coaches were not markedly different at first glance from those she had been traveling with, but Louis. more keenly discerning, began to distinguish types at once, and when one or two big men came in wearing wide hats and chin beards he trembled with joy. "There are some cattlemen-I'm sure of it," he whispered hoarsely.

Louis did not return to the Pullman till after the train had left the city, and she was just beginning to wonder thereat when he came in with eyes ablaze. "I've struck 'em at last!" he fairly shouted in her ear. "They're all up in the reclining chairs, chin bearders, spitters and all. I'm just crazy to sketch two or three of them. It doesn't pay to ride in a stateroom if you want to see types," he added in conclusive

As that day and the next wore on the boy began to burn with a new phase of his fever. He commenced to count the hours till he might be able to discern Mogalyon, the great peak of the Rampart range, whose fame is worldwide. Ann experienced her first decided flush of interest as the swinging, reeling rush of the train brought the great peak into view, a dim, blue dome against the western sky.

At last, just as the red was paling out of the sky, the train swung to the left on its southerly course, and the whole Rampart range began to stretch and wind away to northward and south books. "I'm going to study them at ward, while between the plain and the foothills rolled a tawny sea of sod, deeply marked with ravines and dotted with pine clad buttes. The range grew dimmer as they gazed, and at last even Louis was content to sink back in his seat and wait.

"It isn't a bit as I expected it to be," he said, "but it is glorious. That purple green was wonderful. I'm going to try to get that some time. It isn't as precipitous as the Alps, but it's superb just the same, and just think how much wilder it was when father came here!"

"I'm glad you were not disappointed. boy," she replied, laying her hand on his shoulder and caressing his cheek, "but you need rest. You're seeing too

The train was now winding down toward Valley Springs, and only the splendid sky line of the range could be distinguished as the lights of the town began to sparkle out of the obscure

The porter, with brush in hand, came down the aisle. "This is Valley Springs,

They were met at the car door by a big, smiling man in modish summer dress, while behind bim stood a pale, sweet faced woman in blue.

"Hello, Don!" shouted Louis. "Hello, laddie! How do you do, Ann?" replied Barnett, and as Ann and her cousin embraced the big man caught Louis by the hand. "How's your muscle, my boy? Got all your traps? Here, Tom!" he called to a colored footman, "look out for these things."

CHAPTER II.

NN'S entrance into the Barnett home cut her off from all contact with life distinctly western. She found herself still amid the velvet and silver of the parlor car and saw only remotely those who slept all night in the cramped corners of the ordinary coaches. Her cousins were not native; they were, indeed, only translated Philadelphians who had gone west in search of health-at least Mrs. Barnett was there for that reason. Her husband made the change for love of his wife.

A certain percentage of the townspeople and the members of the special circle in which the Barnetts moved were health seekers, and Ann was deeply relieved to find that all the comforts of an eastern home were to be enjoyed in the big graystone houses on Rampart avenue. Indeed, the Barnetts lived quite as they would have done in Seabright or Lenox. They had a dozen horses, a suitable assortment of vehicles, saddles and bridles and were enthusiasts concerning polo and golf. Their neighbors and friends were unfailingly ecstatic in praise of the climate and the views and seemed illogically anxious to placate the prejudices of this haughty, pale faced, scarlet lipped young girl, who looked with calm eyes upon the great peak glooming to the westward. They formed, in fact, a colony of alien health seekers, busied with pleasures, set distinctly apart from the toilers and the traders of the place.

Ann was puzzled and a bit bored by their insistence on winning her admiration of the mountains and, being naturally perverse, withheld the expressions of pleasure she might otherwise have uttered, for she was profoundly moved by what she saw.

"I never did understand that girl," said Donnelly Barnett to his wife one night after a drive into the great Bear canyon. "She has everything to make her happy, and yet she goes about torpid as an oyster. What's the matter with her?"

Jeannette sighed. "That's her mother's blood. She's like her mother in a hundred ways. Louis is exactly like his futher. I remember when he came back from his first and only trip to the west. I was only a child, but I recall low, but I never could stand Alicia. She was positively stony. I have hopes of Ann. Her hand is strong and warm indifference a pose?"

"I wish it were. No. it's genuine." "She needs to be shaken up by a good, hot love affair. Some man will

"That's what I've been saying, but

"How awith. "That's the part I don't understand

and demand attention. If she doesn't have at least an offer a week it will not be my fault. I'm going to invite all the young fellows home to dinner while she's here. Now watch things 'bile.' "

Barnett, nominally a mining broker, was, in fact, president of the polo club. secretary of the Sage Grass Golf association-in short, financial nurse to every collection of amiable sports in the town. He knew all "the best fellows" in the state and now became more popular than ever. The young men accepted his dinner invitations with gratitude, and each and all paid prompt and undisguised court to "the proud eastern beauty," as one young fellow called her. But they soon acknowledged failure. Her reserve led to a sense of injury and was reported to be arrogance. They were seldom flattered by the

slightest unbending on her part. However, several of these young fellows turned out on acquaintance to be socially related to some of her friends in Boston and New York and in that way won a certain acceptance which no mere civil engineer from Omaha or professor from St. Louis could hope to attain. They were met on the conventional plane, and they got no further at any time.

Meanwhile Ann was really troubled about Louis. He was eating less and less each day, and his sleep was broken, and at the end of the first week he fell in a state of collapse. The excitement, the late hours, the contact with new types and, above all, the attempt to understand the country and his relationship with it had worn him out. Then Ann said in her decisive way: "I don't believe this altitude is good for Louis. I think I will take him home again."

"Oh, don't do that. It isn't the altitude: it's the social whirl. Send him down to my ranch. It's a hole of a place, but it's just what he needsnothing to see but coyotes and cowboys. We'll put him under Rob Raymond's wing. Rob's my foreman and a good chap. He'll take to the boy like anything. I'm sure of it."

The plan as worked out by Barnett involved a trip on his automobile for the four of them; but he delayed too long. Mrs. Barnett entered upon one | tled." of her "poor spells," and Donnelly, faithful as a big dog, promptly told Louis to go ahead and not wait for the party. "I must stay and nurse Jeannette."

Ann was afraid to let Louis go alone, but Barnett poohpoohed her. "He'll get on all right. In fact, he'll rejoice to be free of us for a day or two. I'll wire the mail carrier to meet him and take him down, and I'll send a letter to Raymond to look out for him. He'll be more than safe. He'll be happy, and he won't miss us in the least."

Ann insisted on going down herself. "I want to see him properly settled," she said.

Barnett slyly winked at his wife. He really wanted to see Ann "jarred." "It'll do her good to rough it a little," he said privately. Thereupon Louis. trembling with eagerness, began to "rustle his outfit." He bought a pistol, a rifle, a broad rimmed hat, some blankets and the most highly ornamental cattleman's saddle in the Springs.

"What a child you are!" Ann exclaimed as she watched him, her eyes warming with love and pride. "You're a dear boy!" she added as he came to

He looked up at her tenderly. "You're good to me, Hesper," he said fervently. "Sh! Don't ever call me by that absurd name."

"It isn't absurd. I like it," he said. Barnett, seated at his telephone, made every arrangement for them. "You'll be met by old Jones, and when you get there Mrs. Jones will look after you. She's a very good cook, so don't get nervous when you see her. She's not pretty. Raymond will do his best to entertain you, and when you come back you'd better ask Raymond to put his own horses in the cart and drive you out. He'll be better company than Jones."

CHAPTER III.

DARNETT'S ranch, one of his you go too." He laid a hand on his head of a valley surrounding a spring which was the source of Wildcat creek. The buildings stood just where the ravine opened out upon a grassy meadow. It was a comfortable place, shielded from the desert winds by the low hills to the north, hot sun of the plain!" while a small artificial pond, graveled and rimmed with cottonwoods and willows, gave it enviable distinction among the bleak and barren farmsteads. It was known as the "Goldfish ranch," for the reason that at one time Barnett had filled the pond with ornamental fish.

At about 5 o'clock of a hot and windless July day a horseman galloped swiftly up the valley into the yard and was met at the door of the house by a tall, composed young fellow in broad hat and spurs.

"Hello, Perry!" he said quietly. "You made good time."

Perry, a young Mexican, showed a score of his white teeth in a grin. "Here is letter. Some people coming to rancho tonight."

The young man tore the end from the long envelope and read the letter in silence. His face darkened, "Well, his enthusiasm. He was a lovable fel- that's a nice case o' beans. So they're on the road, are they?" "Yes; 'bout fo' miles back."

The young foreman turned toward -human, in fact. Don't you think her the house, from which the faint strains of "Annie Laurie" came. A plump, light haired young fellow of about thirty sat tilted back in his chair, with one leg thrown across the corner of the table, playing a mouth organ.

> "Heilo, Rob!" he called. Raymond was in bad humor. "Put up your plaything, you monkey, and listen to me a moment."

"What's up?"

other man endpointly type dr

a going to pail or "

the letter. "What's he done now?"

"Going to quarter a crazy kid on us, a New York degenerate, who'll be a confounded nuisance every hour of the day. And that isn't all-the kid's sister is coming down to stay a few days"here his dismay was fairly comical-"'to get the lad settled."

Baker's eyes widened, and his fat face lengthened. "Not comin' today?"

"That's what!" "And us without no woman round."

Raymond broke forth again: "That's it, now. You'd suppose Barnett would at least read my letters. I told him last week that old Jonesy and his wife were going up to Skytown."

"Well, we're in for it. We can't turn a woman out on the plain. Jack, you slovenly whelp, set to work and clean up the mess you've made. Perry, go rope some snags for a fire. Hustle, now!"

Baker began to read the letter aloud in a monotonous, painful way, while Raymond moved about the room, pick-

ing up the litter. My Dear Rob-I'm sending you a new hand and a visitor. They are cousins and nice people. The lad is not very strong, and I'm sending him down to you to get an upward turn. He's crazy on the subject of wild animals and cowboys and is a very clever artist. He'll want to have you

Raymond came over and seized the stove lid lifter as if to break Baker's head. "We're to cook and purvey like boarding house keepers and doctor like a nurse at a health resort, and in addition we're to pose for a delicate youth who thinks we're 'material.' That settles me. I'm going up to Sky and take a shy at mining."

Baker broke forth into a slow drawl "Hadn't you better strike a few attitudes so's to be in practice when the boy comes?"

Raymond throttled him half in earnest. "I've a mind to wring your neck," he said through his teeth. Then, suddenly releasing him, he again commanded him to clear away his dishes.

Baker was not yet finished with the letter. "Hold on. Don't be in a rush. I hain't got to the girl yet. That's what interests me. 'Miss Rupert will only stay a few days to get the lad set-

"She can't stay too quick to suit me." Baker's voice took on a little more expression as he read Barnett's appeal. "'Now, don't be cranky, old man. The Ruperts are good stuff, and on Mrs. Barnett's account' "-

"Ends up by laying me under obligation to his wife, knowing mighty well I'd do anything for her. Well, I'll do it, but I reckon the atmosphere won't bake a cake while she's here. I'll leave you and Dutch to do the talking. That'll chill her cold."

Baker began to show alarm. "Not by a hatful. Right here is where I take a sneak."

Raymond's brow darkened and eyes threatened. "No you don't, my remain right here and do the honors. You will pass for the boss. I've got to cook."

"Great Peter, you mustn't do that! I can't carry it through. I'm no

"Play the mouth organ for her." "Oh, see here, you're joshin'."

"You won't find it any 'josh.' You've been getting gay with me lately and need discipline. You pass for the foreman. Understand? You amuse the girl and pose for the boy, while I knock pots. That is settled. Now take the pail and rustle some water, and don't you peep."

Perry, entering at the door with an armful of brush, called out, with quiet joy, "The senora has coma!"

Raymond seized him by the arm. "Listen here, Perry. The old man has written down to say that he has made Jack the boss. I'm going to cook a few days, and then I leave. You teil the other boys that Jack Baker is made You sabbe?"

If you go, I go." "Never mind that. Get out there and help take care of the team, and, Jack, chief amusements, lay at the back and pushed him through the doorway just as the two seated back rounded the corral and drew up to the door.

"Oh, isn't this fine!" called a clear, boyish voice, and a moment later the cool, deliberate voice of a girl replied: "Oh. what a blessed relief after the

Then Baker was heard to say, with elaborate courtesy: "Shall I help you out, miss? I reckon you are the friends of the old man-I mean Barnett." And a moment later the young girl stood in the doorway looking out at the plain. Raymond gave her but one glance from the corner of his eyes, but her firm, well balanced body and calm, high bred face touched him with admiration, His resolution to be disagreeable weakened, though he kept about his work.

"I never knew how grateful the shade of a tree could be," Ann said partly to Louis and partly to Baker. Is it always so fiercely bright here?"

"Oh, no; this is an unusual spell. I

mean it is rather"-She was now aware of Raymond moving sullenly about in the gloom wherein the stove sat. He was dressed in a light tan, loosely fitting shirt and brown trousers without braces. His spurs rattled at his heels as he walked to and fro, lithe and powerful. He did it. not look up-did not appear to notice what was going on, but came and went at his work, deft and absorbed.

Louis was instantly delighted with the room, "Isn't this ripping!" he exclaimed as he studied its furnishings. "Won't this make a strong background for an illustration? Only that stoveisn't it too bad?-that's all out of key. Why don't you have a fireplace, Mr. Raymond?" he asked, turning to

Raymond gave Baker a glance, and the plump one waded in: "Too little wood in this country. Cook, draw up

How's This. We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrah F. J. CHENTY & CO., Cure.

Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transtctions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken inernally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 5 cents per bottle. Sold by all Drug-

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

When the Clyde steamer Apache arrived at Charleston Thursday the officers reported that McIver Ervin, of Florence, a passenger, had been lost overboard the night before. He was last seen seated on deck the night before and it is not known whether he fell overboard or committed suicide.

Asthma Sufferers Should Know This.

*Foley's Honey and Tar has cured many cases of asthma that were considered hopeless. Mrs. Adolph Buesing, 701 West Third street, Davenport, Iowa, writes: "A severe cold contracted 12 years ago was neglected until it finally grew into asthma. The best medical skill available could not give me more than temporary relief. Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended and one 50 cent bottle entirely cured me of asthma which had been growing on me for 12 years. If I had taken it at the start I would have been saved years of suffering." Durant's Pharmacy.

Raleigh, N. C., July 12.-Collector of Customs Geo. W. Cobb, of Elizabeth City, N. C., a prominent Republican and widely known, died this morning suddenly.

Modest Claims Often Carry the Most Conviction.

*When Maxim, the famous gun inventor, placed his gun before a committee of judges, he stated its carrying power to be much below what he felt sure the gun would accomplish. The result of the trial was therefore a great surprise, instead of disappointment. It is the same with the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Col-Christian friend and neighbor. You ie, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. They do not publicly boast of all this remedy will accomplish, but prefer to et the users make the statements. What they do claim, is that it will

> pains in the stomach and bowels and has never been known to fail. For sale by all druggists.

positively cure diarrhoea, dysentery,

Senator Tillman spoke to a big crowd at Barnwell Thursday.

Only 82 Years Old.

*"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Electric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing else keeps the old as young and makes the weak as strong as this grand tonic medicine.. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inflamed kidneys or foreman, and they've got to obey him. | chronic constipation are unknown after taking Electric Bitters a reasona-Perry grew solemn of face. "I sabbe. | ble time. Guarar leed by Sibert's Drug Store. Price 50c.

> Aaron Prioleau. the negro congressional candidate who was convicted some months ago of tampering with the mail while employed as a railway mail clerk, began his term in the Charleston jail Thursday.

*A prompt relief for croup. One Minute Cough Cure, cuts the phlegm, allays the inflammation—the cough syrup with a reputation. Sold by all

Why So Weak?

Kidney Troubles May be Sapping Your Life Away-Sumter People Have Learned This Fact.

When a healthy man or woman begins to run down without apparent cause, becomes weak, languid, depressed, suffers backache, headache, dizzy spelis and arinary disorders, look to the kidneys for the cause of it all Keep the kidneys well and they will keep you well. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and keep them well. Here is Sumter testimony to prove

J. A. Burgess, clerk and bookkeeper, resid-L.g at 317 W. Liberty Street says: "My back has been in a bad condition for a number of years. At times it was so weak I could not across the loins. The secretions from the kidneys were all out of sorts, very dark and contained a brick dust sediment and were too frequent in action, disturbing my rest at might. My eyes watered terribly and pained might. My eyes watered terrifory and participated considerably. I saw Doan's Kidney Pilis and heard them spoken so highly of that I procured them at Dr. A. J. China's drug store. I may say that the result of their use very much pleased me, for I telt a hundred per cent, better, the pain in my back left, my eyes stopped watering and my eyesight im-proved while the kidneys were regulated and I could sleep all night without having to get up. Dean's Kidney Pills acted like a charm on me and I can recommend them."
For sale by all dealers. Foster-Milburn Company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States

[TO BE CONTINUED.]