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Is the simple name by which this invaluable remedy is known. It will diminish all pain allied to motherhood. Used throughout pregnancy it will dispel morning sickness, cure sore breasts, make elastic all tendons and fibres called upon to hold in position the expanding burden. Muscles soften under its soothing influence and the patient anticipates favorably the issue, in the comfort thus bestowed.

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THE GUARDIAN OF THE GOLD
 By WILLIS EMERY

THERE was a combination freight and express car on a siding below the station, and Horton knew that it was going east with the 9:30 train. He thought that he might find a way to get it unobserved—to steal a ride, like a tramp, as he phrased it to himself.

As to destination, he was not particular. The important matter was to get away. He had been discharged from the service of the railroad under suspicion of dishonesty, and everybody knew it or would know it very soon. An express envelope containing a small sum of money had been stolen. It would have been possible for Horton to commit the theft, but he had not done it. However, he was known to have lost at cards and to be hard pressed, so that was the end of him.

It was a dark, gusty evening. Low, scurrying clouds grazed the top of the hill like frightened birds in flight and sped away into the east. The noise of the wind would drown any ordinary sound, and Horton stepped upon a platform of the car without special caution. He wished to see who was in the express compartment, where there was a light.

Through the glass top of the door he saw an express messenger named Silas Wiggin sitting on an oak chest bound with iron and handling a revolver. Beside the door—indeed with a hand upon the knob—stood a "partner" of Wiggin named Banks.

The roar of the wind subsiding for a few minutes, it was possible for Horton to overhear the conversation of the two men, especially as Banks held the door open an inch or two after the first few words.

"It's 8 o'clock now," said Banks. "I'll be back before 9. You'll be all right alone."

"Sure," replied Wiggin. "A little matter of a hundred thousand in gold doesn't affect my nerves."

As if to prove it he drummed out a little tune on the edge of the chest with the barrel of the revolver.

"Specially," he added, "no nobody knows we're carryin' it."

"There's no telling what the Creekers know," rejoined Banks, referring to a little community of desperadoes that lived in cabins alongside the creek a mile below the station. "However, you're too close to the depot to have any trouble."

Wiggin replied that he wasn't expecting any and proceeded to fill his pipe. Banks opened the door wide, and Horton slid silently off the platform into the darkness. He returned, however,

eyes of men in the first moment of mutual peril always meet.

"We're movin'," he exclaimed, and, pushing Horton aside, he sprang out upon the platform.

"Ain't the brake set?" cried Horton in the teeth of the wind.

"It ain't holdin'. Help me!" was the response.

The two men heaved at the brake wheel, but produced no perceptible result. The car in the grip of the squall was by this time off the siding and well started down the steep grade of the main track.

"If we get 'round the bend at the creek," said Wiggin, "we're all right. There's a rise beyond."

"We won't," answered Horton. And the next instant the flying car left the rails.

At the first shock Horton went backward through the door. There was a



HE LOOKED UP AND PERCEIVED SILAS STANDING BEFORE HIM.

sickening sense of falling and then a frightful crash as the car struck squarely in the middle of a dwarfed pine with enormous spreading branches that grew on the slope of the creek. What happened next Horton never knew, but he eventually found himself crawling out through the roof of the car, which lay upon its side, the upper parts torn out as if by an explosion.

The young man was dazed, dizzy, and one of his legs lacked strength and feeling. He groped about for some object by which he might steady himself and try to rise, and by chance his hand touched the oak chest, which stood as squarely on the turf as if some one had carefully set it down there.

At the same moment he heard the voice of Wiggin.

"How are ye?" said the voice. "Dead? I ain't hurt a mite."

Horton leaned against the chest and held his revolving head in his hands. When it seemed a little steadier, he looked up, and by the faint moonlight that was struggling through the clouds he perceived Silas, clothed in rags and streamers, standing before him.

"This ain't no time to give in," said Silas. "Ye've got business on hand. Ye've got to run back to the station and tell 'em about this. It's a good chance that nobody'd miss us for an hour."

"Run?" reiterated Horton. "I can't stand. My leg's broke."

Silas whistled softly and long.

"Say," he cried at last, "did ye hear anything said between me an' Banks just before ye came into the car? Ye might 'a' been on the platform, ye know."

"I was," replied Horton. "I know that there's a hundred thousand dollars in gold in this chest I'm leaning against."

"Well, well," said Silas. "What are we goin' to do? The Creekers probably heard us come over the bank, an' they'll be a-top of us soon's they can get across."

He pointed to the lighted cabins on the opposite bank of the creek.

"Ye've got a run," said Horton.

Silas came up alongside the chest and whispered as if there might have been listeners in the bushes.

"It's broke," he said. "It won't work. I must 'a' fallen on it somehow. But take it an' make the best bluff ye can. Don't let 'em get the chest. I don't think they could open it anyhow in time. It's got an iron sheath inside. But I tell ye what they'd do. They'd load it aboard that big punt—see her tied up to the bank on this side—an' they'd float down the creek to some safe place where they'd have half the night to work in. That would be their game. Don't let 'em do it. But I say," he added as he turned away, "don't push the bluff too far. Don't let 'em kill ye."

"You leave it to me," said Horton as the other started to run up the bank.

Alone, Horton essayed to drag himself up on top of the chest. To his surprise, the injured leg seemed greatly better. Something had struck across the thigh and paralyzed it for the moment, but the effect was passing away. He could stand, and in half a minute he could walk fairly well.

Suddenly a great wave of thought swept over his mind. Disgraced, branded as a thief, he was alone with this fortune. Suppose he should follow the plan so kindly outlined by the trustful Silas. The chest was heavy. It must have weighed something like 500 pounds, yet Horton had often lifted more than that in mere pride of his strength. To drag that weight down a

steep, smooth bank and tumble it somehow into a broad, low sided boat ought to be possible for him.

He took hold of one of the strong handles of the chest and dragged it a little way. Then he stopped and sat down on it.

"No," said he aloud; "not if it was a million."

Horton sat down on the chest and waited. Ten minutes passed, and then he became aware of two men in the mouth of a path through the bushes. Even in the uncertain moonlight they were Creekers beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Horton raised his useless weapon.

"Don't you fellows come any nigher," he said.

"It's the express car!" cried one of the men excitedly. "It's the car they put the gold in! The wind must 'a' blown her loose."

Horton reflected upon what Banks had said about the amount of information possessed by the Creekers.

"Never mind what she is," he said, on one knee behind the chest. "You fellows stand back."

A parley ensued which seemed meaningless to Horton until an unexpected and painful explanation of it was thrust upon him. A third member of the gang who had been making a strategic detour while the others held Horton's attention suddenly precipitated himself upon the young man's back. An instant later all three were upon him, and he was helpless. His arms were strapped behind him with a leather belt, and his legs were similarly secured.

"It's a strong box, boys," said one of the Creekers, bending over the chest. "We can't open it here. We ain't got much time."

"Load it into the boat and take it down stream," said another. "That's our only show."

They began to struggle with the chest and Horton with his bonds. Tears of rage were in the young man's eyes.

"If I get loose," he said to himself, "I'll slaughter the whole three of 'em. It's in me to do it."

The belt around his arms snapped with a loud noise. He sprang to his feet, forgetting that his legs were tied, and fell in a heap. An instant later, however, he was free. He ran down the bank, but the chest was already in the boat, and the men had pushed out into the swift current.

For a moment Horton meditated the folly of plunging in, hoping that he might reach the boat, and upset it. Then a cry from the top of the slope arrested his attention.

Wiggin and half a dozen others came running down the slope. Horton plodded up to meet them.

"I couldn't hold 'em," he said in a tone of despair. "They got away with it."

"Ye done jest right!" exclaimed Silas, grasping him by the hand. "The gold is safe."

"Safe?" echoed Horton, amazed.

"It never was in the chest," said Silas. "It's in them three sicks."

He dragged away a bit of the wreckage and exposed the sacks to view.

"For the love of heaven!" Horton began.

"Look here, Joe Horton," said Silas, interrupting, "there's two ways of workin' in this world. One's with yer hands, the other's with yer head. Here was this gold, an' no way to guard it. A slit with a knife would 'a' got it. I knew the Creekers was comin', an' I couldn't stop 'em. I had to go fer help an' leave ye here, an' ye was under a cloud. Joe: They said ye'd stole money. 'So what did I do? Findin' ye thought the gold was in the chest, I let ye think so, an' I give ye a scheme to get away with it. If ye'd done it, the Creekers would 'a' caught ye before ye could have loaded the chest into the boat. If ye stayed here, an' made a bluff for the chest, the Creek-

ers were bound to think the whole plunder was there. Either way the gold was safe—as safe as I could make it. The chest is full of fossils for Columbia college in New York."

"And you thought that I might?" Horton began.

"Never mind what I thought," responded Wiggin. "Now I know. An' if I don't square ye with the company my name ain't Silas Wiggin."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I waited just a bit," said Silas, with his hand on the other's shoulder. "I waited till ye said, 'Not if it was a million.'"

A Composer.
 Hoax—I thought you said that man was a musician?
 Joe—Nonsense!
 "You certainly told me he wrote melodies."
 "I told you he was a composer of bells. He sells something sharp."

A Marrying Man.
 "Are you a marrying man?" was asked of a somber looking gentleman at a recent reception.
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