

to enjoy the trip. Divide a kiss among the girls."

"He was a Freshman at Yale the

"Too bad he never got out of that

class." It was evident that Mr. Speed's

levity made no impression upon the Glee Club tenor. "He hates to talk

"I think he is very clever," said

Fresno puffed at his little pipe with

Well, who wants to go and meet

"I can't. I've just got word from

foreman is hurt. I may not be back

"Nigger Mike met me," observed

"Then Nigger Mike for Speed,

Carara to hitch up the pintos for me.

"I'll see that you are safely started."

said the young widow; and leaving the

trio on the gallery, they entered the

When they had gone Jean smiled

wisely at Helen. "Roberta's such a

thoughtful chaperon," she observed

As for Mrs. Keap, she was inquiring

"Do you really mean that you may

"I do. It may be a week; it may be

longer; I can't tell until I get over

"I'm sorry." Mrs. Keap's face show d some disappointment.

"I shall have to look out for these

"What a queer little way you have

of talking, as if you were years and

"I do feel as if I were. I-I-well

have had an unhappy experience.

You know unhappiness builds months

"When Jean got up this house

party," young Chapin began, absently,

"I thought I should be bored to death

don't want to go over there?"

nodded vaguely toward the south,

But-I haven't been. You know, I

"I thought perhaps it suited your

convenience." His companion watched

him gravely. "Are you quite sure that your sister's guests have not—

had something to do with this sudden

"I am quite sure. I never liked the

old Flying Heart so much as I do to-day. I never regretted leaving it so

"We've Got Another Foot-Runner."

'We may be gone before you re-

Young Chapin started. "You don'

Mrs. Keap nodded her dark head

'It was all very well for me to chap-

eron Helen on the way out from the

east, but—it isn't exactly regular for

me to play that part here with other

young people to look after."
"But you understand, of course—
Jean must have explained to you.

Mother was called away suddenly, and

another was called away suddenly, and she can't get back now. You surely won't leave—you can't." Chapin added, hopefully: "Why, you would break up Jean's party. You see, there's nobody around here to take your place."

nuch as I do at this moment."

nean that, really?"

oung people all by myself."

whereupon Miss Blake giggled.

of Jack with genuine solicitude:

be gone for some time?"

there.

"So am I."

vears old."

into years."

determination?"

"How well do you know him?"

"Not as well as I'd like to."

"Won't you?" asked his sister

the Eleven X that I'm wanted.

laughed the cattle-man. "I've

year I graduated," explained Jack

about himself, doesn't he?"

Miss Blake, warmly.

out remarking at this.

him?" queried Jack.

for some time."

Fresno, darkly,

must be going."

this humorous party?"

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are seartbroken over the loss of their muchrized phonograph by the defeat of their
harrylon in a foot-race with the cook of
he untipede ranch. A house party is
mat'the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford
speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver
covington, inter-collegiate champion runter, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's
weetheart, becomes interested in the loss
of the phonograph.

CHAPTER II.—Continued. "The Centipede crowd took their defeat badly on Frontier Day, and swore to get even."
"And was Humpy Joe defeated?"

asked Helen.
"Was he?" Still Bill shook his head

sadly, and sighed for a third time. "It looked like he was running backward.

"But really he was only beaten a foot. It was a wonderful race. I saw it," said Jean. "It made me think of the races at college."

Miss Blake puckered her brows try ing to think,

"Joseph," she said. "No, I don' think I have seen him." Stover's lips met grimly. "I don't reckon you have, miss. Since that race he has been hard to descry. He passed from view hurriedly, so to

speak, headed toward the foot-hills and leaping from crag to crag like the hardy shamrock of the Swiss Alps." Miss Blake giggled. "What made him hurry so?"

Stover gazed at her solemn-"We ain't none of us been the same since that foot-race. You see, it ain't the financial value of that Echo Phonograph, nor the 'double cross' that hurts: it's the fact that the mangiest outfit in the Territory has trimmed us out of the one thing that stands for honor and excellence and 'scientific attainment,' as the judge said when we won it. That talking machine meant more to us than you Eastern folks can understand,

"If I were you I would cheer up, said Miss Blake, kindly, and with some importance. "Miss Chapin has a college friend coming this week, and he can win back your trophy."

Stover glanced up at Jean quickly "Is that right, Miss Chapin?"

"He can if he will," Jean asserted "Can he run?" "He is the intercollegiate champion,"

declared that young lady, with proud dignity.

"And do you reckon he'd run for us and the Echo Phonograph of New York and Paris, if we framed a race It's an honor!

But Miss Chapin recalled her brother's caution of the day before and hesitated.

"I-I don't think he would. You see he is an amateur-he might be out of

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Blake, indignantly. "If Culver won't run, I know who will!" She closed her lips firmly, and turned to the foreman. that you get your trophy back."

"I mean it!" declared Miss Blake with spirit.

Stover bowed loosely. "Thank miss. The very thought of it will cheer up the gang. Life 'round here is blacker 'n a spade flush. I think I'll tell Willie." He shambled rapidly off around the house.

"Helen dear, I don't want Culver to get mixed up in this affair." ex plained Miss Chapin, as soon as they were alone. "It's all utterly foolish Jack doesn't want him to, either."

'Very well. If Culver doesn't feel that he can beat that cook running, I know who will try. Mr. Speed will do anything I ask. It's a shame the way those men have been treated."

"But Mr. Speed isn't a sprinter." "Indeed!" Miss Blake bridled. "Perhaps Culver Covington isn't the only athlete in Yale College. I happen to know what I'm talking about."

"I don't think he will consent when he learns the truth." "I assure you," said Miss Blake aweetly, "he will be delighted."

CHAPTER III. T was still early in the after the youthful chaperon found

the other young people to gether on the gallery. "Here's a telegram from Speed," began Jack. "It's terribly funny," said

Mrs. Keap. "That Mexican Miss Blake lost her bored expression, and sat up in the hammock.

with Jack Chapin, "read the owner of the Flying Heart Ranch. "Dear Jack: I couldn't wait for Covington, so meet with brass-band and fireworks this afternoon. Have flowers in bloom in the little park beside the depot, and see that the daistes nod to me.—J. Wallingford Speed."

"Park, eh?" said Fresno, dryly.

"Telegraph office, watertank, and a

"I'm not thinking of the others, I'm thinking of myself." declared the young man, boldly. "I don't want you to go before I return. You must not! If you go, I-I shall follow you." He grasped her hand impulsively. "Oh!" exclaimed the chaperon

"This makes it even more impossible. Go! Go!" She pushed him away, her color surging. "Go to your old Eleven X Ranch right away."

"But I mean it," he declared, earnestly. Then, as she retreated farther; "It's no use, I shan't go now until-" "You have known me less than a week!"

"That is long enough. Roberta-Mrs. Keap spoke with honest em-barrassment. "Listen! Don't you see what a situation this is? If Jean and Helen should ever discover-

"Jean planned it all; even this." Mrs. Keap stared at him in horrified

"You do love me, Roberta?" Chapin undertook to remove the girl's hands from her face, when a slight cough in the hall behind caused him to turn "Here's a postcript," added Chapin.
"'I have a valet who does not seem suddenly in time to see Berkeley Freso passing the open door. "Well, well! He's stingy with his kisses," observed Berkeley. "Who is

"There! You see!" Mrs. Keap's face was tragic. "You see!" She turned and fled, leaving the master of the ranch in the middle of the floor, bevildered, but a bit inclined to be happy. A moment later the plump face of Berkeley Fresno appeared cau-tiously around the door-jamb. He coughed again gravely.

"I happened to be passing," said he. 'You'll pardon me?"

"This is the most thickly settled spot in New Mexico!" Chapin declared with an artificial laugh, choking his indignation.

Fresno slowly brought his round oody out from concealment. "I came in to get a match."

"Why don't you carry matches?" Fresno puffed complacently upon his pipe. "This," he mused, as his host departed, "eliminates the chaperon, and that helps some."

Still Bill Stover lost no time in breaking the news to the boys.

"There's something comin' off," he advised Willie. "We've got another

. If he had hoped for an outburst of rapture on the part of the little gun man he was disappointed, for Willie shifted his holster, smiled evilly through his glasses, and inquired, with ominous restraint:

"Where is he?" Being the one man on the Flying Heart who had occasion to wear a gun, Willie seldom smiled from a sense of humor. Here it may be said that, deceived at first by his scholarly appearance, his fellow-laborers had fibed at Willie's affectation of a swinging holster, but the custom had languished abruptly. When it became known who he was, the other ranchhands had volubly declared that this was a free country, where a man might exercise a wide discretion in the choice of personal adornment; and as for them, they avowed unanimously that the practice of packing a Colts was one which met with their most cordial approbation. In time Willie's six-shooter had become accepted as a part of the local scenery and, like the scenery, no one thought of remarking upon it, least of all those who best knew his lack of humor. He had come to them out of the Nowhere, some four years previously, and while he never spoke of himself, and discouraged reminiscence in others, it became known through those vague uncharted channels by which news travels on the frontier, that back in the Texas Panhandle there was a limping marshal who felt regrets at mention of his name, and that farther north were other men who had a su-

perstitious dread of undersized cow men with spectacles. This here is a real foot-runner. said Stover.

"Exactly," agreed the other. "Where "He'll be here this afternoon. Nig-

ger Mike's bringin' him over from the railroad. He's a guest.'

"Yep! He's intercollegit champeen of Yale. "Yale?" repeated the near-sighted man. "Don't know's I ever been there. Much of a town?"

"I ain't never traveled east myself, but Miss Jean and the 'ittle yallerhaired girl say he's the fastest man in the world. I figgered we might rib up something with the Contipede. Still Bill winked sagely.

"See here, do you reckon he'd run?" "Sure! He's a friend of the boss And he'll run on the level too. He can't be nothin' like Humpy."

"If he is, I'll git him," said the cow-

"Oh, I'll git him sure, guest or boy. no guest. But how about the phonograph?"

The Centipede will put it up quick enough; there ain't no sentiment in that outfit."

'Then it sounds good." "An' it 'll work. Gallagher's anxious to trim us again. Some folks can't

stand prosperity." Willie spat unerringly at a grass-opper. "Lord!" said he, "it's too hopper. It don't sound possible."

"Well, it is, and our man will be here this evenin'. Watch out for Nigger Mike, and when he drives up let's give this party a welcome that 'll warm his heart on the jump. There's

nothin' like a good impression. "I'll be on the job," assured Willie. But I state right here and now, if we do get a race there ain't a-goin' to be no chance of our losin' for a second

And Stover went on his way to spread the tidings. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The man who flatters himself that he leaves little to be desired should remember that a burglar does the the

FROM THE TAR HEEL STATE

short Paragraphs of State News That Has Been Condensed For Busy People of State.

Charlotte.-The first Charlotte bank

o receive a deposit of Government funds with which to aid in moving the crop was the Merchants and Farmers National, the allotment being \$100, Belmont.-Active preparations are

being made toward the laying of considewalks on the principal streets of the town. By an act of the last Legislature the Board of Alder men has been empowered to go ahead with this work, which will begin with in two or three weeks.

Henderson.-The Planters Tobacco Warehouse, recently erected, seems to have given a decided impetus to Henderson as a leaf market. There are four large sales houses in opera tion now, and from present indica. tions it would appear that more tobacco will be sold here this season than for many years.

Lenoir.—The biggest award of dam ages ever made by a jury in this section of the state was that in the case of E. C. Green against the Wataugs & Yadkin River Railroad. A verdict of \$10,000 was given Green. This is the first case for personal damages against this new road.

Greenville.-Farmers have finished curing tobacco and are bringing some to market now. They have had little time for grading, consequently sales e not so heavy as they may be later August sales were light, being only 618,606 pounds for the nine days of that month.

Waynesville .- A negro boy named Horace West, who is wanted in Union. S. C., on the charge of stealing a sum of money from a prominent citizen of that city, was arrested by Chief of Police John Mitchell. He is at present "resting easy" in the county jail, waiting for the South Carolina offi-

Taylorsville,-Taylorsville has new jail, just completed, and considered to be one of the best in the state, hence there was surprise when it was discovered that Robert Anderson, one of the first prisoners confined therein, had by the aid of two old case knives sawed his way out and made his escape.

Newton.-On Catawba Route Two during an electric storm a few days ago, lightning struck the residence of Mr. G. P. Setzer, tearing the ceiling off two sides of a room and knocking the sill from under one side of the house. Mrs. Setzer and two daughters were in another room, and, while severely shocked for a little while. were unhurt.

Durham .- Dr. Arch Cheatham, the health officer for the city and county, left for Macon, Montgomery, Atlanta and other places in the south, to make a personal investigation of the incinerator or crematory plants that are in use in these places. Dr. Cheatham was appointed to make these investi-gations with a view of having some kind of garbage plant erected in Durham.

North Wilkesboro .- Caught by set-screw of a rapidly revolving shaft at the Meadows Mill Company's plant, Alex Pondley was carried around the three times and at the third revolution thrown into the air, over a machine ten feet away, landing upright on his feet, stripped of his clothing but unhurt, except for a broken arm and a few small bruises and scratches.

New Bern.-While New Bern has no curfew law, Mayor Albert H. Bangert, who incidentally is serving his first term as the chief officer of the city, has given the police orders to place under arrest all boys under 12 years of age who are found on the streets after 10 o'clock at night, unless they can show good cause for being out so late.

Washington.-A partial report by the Board of Army Engineers on the project for inter-coastal inland waterways from Boston, Mass., to the Rio Grande River, was filed with the House recently. The report presented plans for a canal ten feet in depth from Beaufort, N. C., to Key West, bla., at a cost of \$30,054,000, and a canal seven feet in depth across the Florida peninsula at a cost of \$14,444,

Fayetteville.-T. Gilmer McAlister, president of the Southern Timber and Lumber Company, was elected president of the Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce at the annual meeting recently. Mr. McAlister is one of the most energetic of the younger business men of Fayetteville.

Southern Pines.-Henry A. Page's big farm is about to try the experiment of cattle raising and feeding. An effort is to be made to procure from 200 to 300 cattle to stock the big place, and to use the feed grown on the farm. Beef cattle will be the ultimate product.

Durham,-Mr. A. M. Carpenter has been appointed assistant postmaster to succeed Mr. John T. Pope, who resigned several weeks ago. Mr. Carpenter was the recommendation of the postmaster for this position. He is a Republican, and his appointment has already been confirmed

Ashevitle.-Chas. A. Webb, whose same has been mentioned in connec tion with the office of marshal for the Western district of North Carolina. who has announced that he is not a candidate for that office, states tha he is seeking the office of District Attorney for the Western district.



many men to destroy a city so utterly that it is never rebuilt. That is what Capt. John Morgan, the master buccaneer, did in 1671, when he led his band of cutthroats down from the hills upon Panama. After he had finished with that big, flourishing city there was so little left of it that the Spanish moved five miles west along the coast and there built a new Pan ama—the Panama we know today.

The story of Morgan's justly famous exploit, often told, never grows stale. It is a wonderful story of desperate bravery, endurance, suffering and ruthless cruelty, and as John Esquemeling was the first to relate it in detail, so he has been the best. Howard Pyle has well said: "In the case of the Esquemeling history, it should be decidedly hands off. One touch of the modern brush would destroy the whole tone of dim colors of the past made misty by the lapse of time.

So I wish I had space to quote the entire story of Morgan and Panama as Esquemeling, who was one of the band, tells it. Some of it, at least, must be given in his quaint language. beginning with the capture by a part of Morgan's fleet of Fort San Lorenzo at the mouth of the Chagres river. Says Esquemeling:

"Captain Brodely being made commander, in three days after his de-parture (from St. Catherine's) arrived in sight of the said castle Chagre, by the Spaniards called St. Lawrence. This castle is built on a high mountain at the entry of the river, surrounded by strong pallisades, or wooden walls, filled with earth, which secures them as well as the best wall of stone or brick. The top of this mountain is, in a manner, divided into two parts, between which is a ditch thirty feet deep. The castle hath but one entry, and that by a drawbridge over this ditch. land it has four bastions, and to the sea two more. The south part is totally inaccessible, through the cragginess of the mountain. The north is surrounded by the river, which here is very broad. At the foot of the castle, or rather mountain, is a strong fort, with eight great guns, commanding the entry of the river. Not much lower are two other batteries, each of six pieces, to defend likewise the mouth

of the river. "No sooner had the Spaniards perceived the pirates, but they fired incessantly at them with the biggest of their guns. They came to an anchor in a small port about a league from the castle. Next morning, very early, went ashore and marched they through the woods to attack the castle on that side. This march lasted till two of the clock in the afternoon, before they could reach the castle, by reason of the difficulties of the way, and its mire and dirt; and though their guides served them very exactly, yet they came so nigh the castle at first that they lost many of their men by its shot, they being in place without covert."

The pirates bravely assaulted the castle, sword in one hand and fireball in the other, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Renewing the attack under cover of darkness, "there happened a very remarkable accident which occasioned their victory. One of the pirates being wounded with an arrow in his back, which pierced his

body through, he pulled it out boldly at the side of his breast, and winding a little cotton about it, he put it into his musket, and shot it back to the castle, but the cotton being kindled by the powder, fired two or three the castle, thatched with palm leaves, which the Spaniards perceived not so soon as was necessary; for this fire meeting with a parcel of powder, blew it up thereby causing great ruin, and no less consternation to the Spaniards, who were not able to put a stop to it.' Full advantage was taken of this by

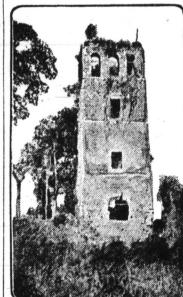
the buccaneers, and they set fire to the palings and gained a foothold within them, despite "many flaming pots full of combustible matter, and odious smells, which destroyed many of the English." All next morning the fight raged, but about noon the English gained a breach through which they fought their way to the heart of the castle. "The Spaniards who remained alive cast themselves down from the castle into the sea, choosing rather to die thus (few or none surviving the fall) than to ask quarter for their lives. The governor himself retreated to the corps du guard, before which were placed two pleces of cannon; nere no sent fended himself, not demanding any of cannon; here he still dequarter, till he was killed with a mus-ket shot in the head."

In a few days Captain Morgan arrived with the rest of his fleet and organized the expedition against Pana ma. He took his men by boat up the Chagres as far as Cruces, now a village not two miles from the canal, and there landed them for the overland march. Leaving 160 men with the and his buccaneers.

Panama, R. P.-It is not given to | boats, he started through the jungle with about a thousand. For days they struggled on, suffering intensely for lack of food, for the Spaniards and Indians had destroyed the villages and crops along the way. At one point they found a number of leathern bags, and "made a huge banquet" upor them. At another a few sacks meal, some plantains and several jars

of wine were discovered in a cave. On the sixth day after leaving Cruces ascending a high mountain, they discovered the South sea. This happy sight, as if it were the end of their labors, caused infinite joy among them." Then they came to a vale, where they found plenty of cattle, and their period of starvation came to an end with a monstrous feast. "Cutting the flesh into convenient pieces or gobbets, they threw them into the fire and, half carbonaded or roasted, they devoured them, with incredible haste and appetite; such was their hunger, as they more resembled cannibals than Europeans; the blood many times running down their beards to their waists."

That evening the pirate band came in sight of Panama, and pitched their camp, which was ineffectually hombarded all night by the guns of the city. Next day Captain Morgan led his thousand bold men down the hillside and confronted the forces of the governor of Panama, consisting of two squadrons of horse, four regiments of foot and a huge number of wild bulls driven by Indians. The Spaniards began the battle, but their horse were useless, owing to the softness of the ground. The foot were held in check by the fire of the pirates, so the wild bulls were driven forward but, frightened by the noise of the conflict, the animals ran away. After two hours of fighting the surviving Spaniards fled within the city walls. Six hundred of their comrades lay dead upon the field. Morgan at once attacked



"Morgan's Tower," Old Panama. the city, and though the defense was

desperate, many of the pirates being killed, Panama fell within three hours. What Morgan did to the devoted in habitants in the effort to find all their hidden treasure is too horrible to relate. Soon after the capture of the city fire broke out in many quarters, and Esquemeling says the conflagration was started by Morgan, though

he laid the blame on the Spaniards. Anyway, as the houses were almost all built of cedar, the entire city was soon consumed by flames. Some three weeks later "Captain Morgan departed from Panama, or rather from the place where the city of Panama stood: of the spoils whereof he carried away with him 175 beasts of carriage laden with silver, gold and other precious things, besides about six hundred prismen, women, children and oners, slaves.'

Of old Panama naught remains but the ruins of the cathedral, the tower of St. Stanislaus' church and the fragments of a few other stone and brick structures. For more than two centaries they have been buried in the jungle, but are now being brought to view by the efforts of the Panama government, which is having the undergrowth cleared away from the ruins. 1

The visitor to the isthmus should not fail to make the trip down the Chagres from Gatun to the sea, reversing Morgan's route. The sc along the river is beautiful, and the great stretch of ocean beach-clean, hard, green and purple sand which immense breakers roll—is

ideal for bathing. The massive walls of Fort San Lorenzo still stand on the hill at the mouth of the Chagres, and the heaps of cannon balls left by the Spaniards are yet there. In the dungeons of the castle are piles of rusted ironsthe fetters which they hoped to faster on the bodies and limbs of Morgan