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In the meantime send for a free copy of an illustrated pamphlet in reference to irrigation in Dakota, published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y Co. Address, George. H. Heafford, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A slip on marble steps has broken many a back.

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To Virginia and the Carolinas.

Jan. 14 and 28 the Big Four route, in connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio railway, will sell round trip tickets from its northwestern points in Virginia and North and South Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. For particulars and free sample folder descriptive of Virginia lands address U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

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All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25c. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

Louis Smith has resigned as assistant postmaster of Saginaw, to become manager of the Michigan Horse and Sporting News, recently removed from Detroit. He is succeeded in the post office by Peter Redmond.

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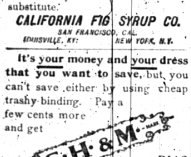

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CONSUMPTION

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

He made a sign to Johnstone, who took Dick in his arms and swung him lightly down the companion-hatch like a bundle of hammocks. In two minutes he was in his old seat at the head of the table in the saloon, with his ankles fast to the chair, which in its turn was screwed to the floor. For a long time he did not move. He had little hope left now, but he steeled himself to wait with patience, if any unforeseen chance might yet give him his opportunity. The sunset gun was heard from the shore, the sky grew rapidly dark, Johnstone entered to light the lamp; in his hand was a heavy iron capstan bar.

He laid it down upon the table, with the letter beside it.

"There's your packet," he said.

"All right!" said Dick, stoutly. "I'm ready but you'll all go, too, my man; you're tied without hope."

Johnstone laughed brutally.

"Don't you flatter yourself," he said. "Dead or alive, you'll do your business for us."

Dick was silent.

"Look you here," said the other, "this is the way of it, and if you don't understand it now, you'll never have the chance again. The Sea Gambling is straight for Jamestown, she's a few miles off at this moment, and the Dagger's lying ready for her just outside the harbor. If you put your name to that bit of paper you're free than this minute. You'll stand in with the rest of us for prize-money, and the lass, that's worth it all, she's yours into the bargain. But if you're fool enough to be obstinate—there's the colonel upon deck there watching, when the guard-boat comes, he gives me—"

Two—and before three's cut your neck's broke, and you'll lie quiet in the hold at present, understand. An old friend of Sir Pulteney's, too, and just had a letter written to him asking leave to anchor. So he will sign it when I'm ready. Perhaps the admiral would let us bury him ashore tomorrow?—No other way we stand to win ready, d'ye see?"

He still indeed see, and that with a supreme anguish of bitterness. Not even by death was he to thwart them, or clear his own name from dishonor. But his conscience was without reproach, and Camilla knew him rightly on these two thoughts he anchored himself to meet the fury of his last storm.

The moments fled. The colonel called down the hatchway that the boat had left the flag-ship. Camilla heard him shout, and fell upon her knees beside a porthole, gasping for air.

A second time, that inexorable calm voice came down to the deck below. Johnstone took the iron bar in his hand.

The boat came alongside, and an officer's voice shouted close to Camilla's fainting head: "Brig ahoy! Throw us a rope there!"

Bimba, as one in a dream of horror, she heard the colonel's answer.

"You needn't trouble to come on board," he called in his most courteous tones. "This is the Speedwell, Captain Estcourt. He is an old friend of Admiral Malcolm, and I am writing to him for leave to anchor. Johnstone," he shouted, louder still, "ask the captain if the letter's ready."

"Do you hear?" said Johnstone, balancing the bar in both his hands—"Throw the last signal. Now then, one—"

The clear voice of the officer outside rang through the ship and drowned his words.

"Estcourt!" it cried. "Pass in, pass in! The Emperor's dead!"

CHAPTER XV.

SILENCE followed the words, that seemed as if it would last forever. It was as though that cry had struck at one blow all men aboard the brig.

At last the iron bar fell clanging from Johnstone's nerveless hands upon the floor of the saloon and Dick sprang up, struggling fiercely in his fetters.

"Camilla!" he shouted. She heard his voice and awoke to life again, trembling in every limb.

"Oh! oh! these villains!" he thundered, and Johnstone unlocked the irons without a word.

Dick shook them in his hand and ran up the ladder. The lieutenant from the flag-ship was in the act of springing on board. "Where is Captain Estcourt?" he cried. "Are you all asleep here?"

The colonel glided before him, and lowered his voice to Dick.

"We are all in your hands," he said, hastily. "Camilla too, remember, among the rest."

"No!" returned Dick, triumphantly, "you have only a bit of evidence against her. Mind and keep it safe, and you'll obey me now, or swing at the yard-arm within the hour. Stand by the bulwark, there!" and he pushed him back from the hatchway.

"The lieutenant came up as he spoke. "Estcourt, Sir asked. "Have you forgotten me?"

"Not I, Wilmore!" cried Dick; "and I never shall, though I live to be a thousand!"

"Well said!" laughed the other. "But where am I to dock? Is Estcourt ashore?"

"Why, you're in the nick of time," was shouthanded till you came, and I was a prisoner on board."

"Right!" said Wilmore. And he rolled over the side. "Send three men aboard there, Estcourt's cutter!"

The colonel made a rush for the main hatch, calling to Johnstone for help. Dick caught him in his arms, and threw him over to the men from the flagship, giving him the irons at the same time.

"Keep them for this fellow!" asked Wilmore.

"Off!" said Dick, contemptuously, "as far as fighting and killing goes I'm afraid of him; but he is a wretch without a rag of honor, and his tongue would take anything less stiff than steel."

The irons were on in a moment; the colonel seemed to find them cold, for he shivered pitiably.

"Now for the other one!" said the lieutenant.

As he spoke, Johnstone came on deck by the forward ladder, and stood there at all distance from the group, looking about him in the lantern-light to see the position of affairs.

Dick went up to him. "Here he is!" he cried. "Johnstone, you're my prisoner!"

Johnstone's right hand went swiftly to his pocket, but before he could grasp his pistol Dick's fist shot home between his eyes, and he fell like a log, disappearing backward down the open hatchway.

Two of the men-of-war's men ran down, and found him motionless at the bottom of the ladder; they brought him on deck, and got a rope to secure him when he should come round.

STRUCK MYSTERIOUSLY AT BRINSLEY.

QUEEN OF GAMBLERS.

IT is a long time ago that Lolona Paquita ruled at Paso del Norte, Mexico, over the cowboys, outlaws and gamblers. It will be a much longer time until her successor appears. Gambling as a fine and all consuming art with women is not so marked as in the old days, when laws were fewer and crimes more common. Women play at games of chance, perhaps just as decorously as of yore, but the days have passed when it was not an extraordinary happening for a woman, lady and gentle, to outplay cowboys, outlaws and gamblers, and not only win all their money, but also drain the bank. Lolona Paquita often did this.

And who among the old timers of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona does not remember Lolona Paquita? She of the black hair and laughing eyes, whose cheeks were bright as morning, whose smile meddled the brain and confused the fingers of the keenest dealer. Close your eyes again and see the slim, petite figure at the gaming table, and hear once more the soft voice naming the card which seemingly could not resist the charms of the player. Listen to the ring of gold and silver as the heaps of coin changed hands. Then, perhaps, you will see a handful of yellow hair, and hear the voice of Brinsley Brinsley, the gambler, the particular player. They realized that the Paquita was better at the game than they.

Yet the Paquita was never caught cheating. And unless she was caught there could be no complaint. When a player got sullen and ugly over his losses no one noticed it sooner than the Paquita. She was the first to lose to him, to smile with him, to joke with him. In short to restore him to a good humor, only do win back what she had given to him with as much more as he possessed. If a player squirmed and whined in a game with her, the Paquita invariably dropped her cards, pushed the money at stake across the table to him, and left the game.

Lolona Paquita, for as she was known, the Paquita, was born in Chihuahua about 1850. No one knew who or what her parents were. When a child, about 12 years old a gambler named Quaiector found her loiterers and friendless in the city in which she was born. She was then remarkably pretty. Quaiector left her all to his own devices. He spent hours in learning her every intricacies of Mexican games, she learned rapidly, soon equaling Quaiector in the knowledge of cards.

None of the old-timers have forgotten her first appearance at Paso del Norte. She was 16 years old and small for her age, because of the privations of which he was her guide. When Quaiector was there to gamble, he practically lived at Jack Garrett's ranch. Garrett on the largest gambling house on the border. His game was practically without limit. The Paquita appeared, clinging close to her alleged uncle. The bank expected Quaiector, who was a heavy player, and had made proper preparations for his play. As Quaiector played the Paquita stood beside him, silent and observant. Luck was against the Mexican and he lost heavily. Finally when his pile of gold had diminished to a few coins, he turned to Paquita, and, shoving the money before her, said gruffly: "Here, child, win it back." The bank lost rapidly. The Paquita won bet after bet. The heaps of gold grew on the table in front of her. Deals were changed, but the luck followed. The bank continued to lose. A new dealer was tried, but with no better success than the first. The Paquita's dark was changing. The chips she dropped on out one by one. The dealer and the child faced each other. The bank loss. Then Garretson himself took the cards. He was the coolest hand-player gambler on the border. But he could not beat the child. Finally he said:

"Here is what is left in my bank. It matches your winnings. Win or lose, the next draw loses it."

The Paquita nodded. A king lay on the board.

I play a king in the loop," she said in Spanish.

The spectators gasped. Such risk was folly. There was still half a deck against her. Even Garrett grew pale. He dealt. The king stood in the door. The Paquita had won. Garretson's bank had been broken and broken by a child. The Paquita turned to Quaiector.

"I am tired," she said.

The gambler gathered up her winnings, handed them to Garretson, asking him to put them in safe keeping for the night. Then he and the Paquita went out. The fact that a child had beaten the Garretson bank spread along the entire border. Quaiector and the Paquita traveled from town to town, playing in all of them, and usually winning. They quarreled, eventually, however, and in 1870 the Paquita, then a beautiful girl of 20, came to Paso del Norte alone. She again appeared at Garretson's. Her old-time luck seemed to have deserted her, for she lost heavily, and a week later went away.

She was next heard of in New Mexico. She had allied herself with a gang of the worst characters to be found in the west, and in a short time became their leader. Under her the outlaws traversed New Mexico, stealing and plundering. When the climate got too hot for them they slipped across the line into Mexico. The Paquita forsook this life after a year of exciting adventure and turned up in El Paso with Sam Brinsley, the handsomest and most depraved gambler of his time. Brinsley crossed the Rio Grande river and opened up Garretson's place, the latter having been killed by young Mungay, his dealer. Brinsley prospered. The Paquita lent the attraction of her presence to his place, sometimes as dealer, but usually as player.

She played any game. Her popularity was apparent from the outset. The game she played, whatever it might be, was always the popular game of the house. The table at which she played was always crowded. The players, in games where it was possible, duplicated her bets, placing their money on her face cards. In such cases the Paquita usually lost, the house, otherwise Brinsley, winning heavily. In poker and kindred games, where each player looked out safely for himself and cards, the house got a percentage. The Paquita seldom lost then. She was a winning player. The cards in her slender hands could manipulate them with a rapidity and skill that defied the watchfulness of the keenest-eyed gamblers. Many attributed her success to her good luck. But the old hands knew better. They knew that mere luck could not continually break them at their own game and enrich one particular player. They realized that the Paquita was better at the game than they.

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Brinsley was a handsome man, and one prominently endowed with the graces of person. He was a native of Cumberland, Md., and had been educated in the high schools of that city. Before he was 20 he had run away from the home of his parents, and had become a professional gambler. He was a man of fine presence, and of considerable natural ability. He was a polished villain, and was known as a man of honor among gamblers. He was a man of honor among gamblers. He was a man of honor among gamblers. He was