

ACCOMPLICES.

By Elizabeth Raymond.

He climbed cautiously up the mountain, smothering his gasping breath, listening fearfully after each step. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips dry, his hands and feet torn and bleeding. For hours he had toiled, watching and dreading pursuit, after each step taking a backward look down through the thick pine forest. Large trees were all about him now where at the beginning of his ascent he had forced his way through scrub oak and manzanita. He was more alert than ever, for if he were followed in the pine wood there was less chance for concealment. He darted from tree to tree, and after each move listened long and peered anxiously around, with all the dread and fear which follows crime. He had reached the open and stood irresolute behind a mammoth pine, unconsciously taking deep draughts of the resinous odors, as he looked longingly at the cabin which stood close to the tree behind which he was hiding. He hesitated but a moment, then a few quick steps brought him to the door. He fumbled with the latch and almost instantly it was opened from within.

"Oh, Bess!" he gasped, as he stumbled into the room. The woman helped him to a bench, and without apparent emotion said: "I thought you would come."

"Did you? Why?"

"Where else could you go?"

"Don't be hard on me, sweetheart! Yes, I knew I could depend on you."

"Yes, you knew," and there was a little flash in her dark eyes. She was haughty, tall and graceful, this dark girl, scarcely in keeping with her humble surroundings. Her home was only a miner's cabin, containing the barest necessities, and she looked out of place in it. She put food before the man as she talked, brought a basin of water and with her own hands bathed his dusty face, washed the blood from his torn hands and bound them deftly with her firm fingers. She brushed his hair tenderly, lovingly, and when she had finished there stood revealed a man young and handsome. His hair was brown and wavy, his eyes clear blue, his complexion fair and as the haunting fear left his face for the moment and his form became erect he was good to look upon. He ate as one famished, and as he did so the woman brought out a change of clothing complete.

"You must hurry, Jack," she said.

"No, no, they have not followed me, I have taken good care of that. I have watched every step of the way, Bess; then," hesitatingly—"they would never think of looking for me here."

"But you must take no chances, you must hurry. You can go down the old shaft, for Merced has kept the drift clear, and it is open to the spot where father first started prospecting so many years ago. Once in the passage you are sure to escape, and Merced and ourselves are the only ones who know of it, I am certain."

While the woman was speaking the man was hurrying into his clothes, the full costume of a Mexican vaquero.

"Here is money," she said, thrusting it into his hand. "Saddle, Rudy and go down the runway. Merced will be waiting for you with another horse and some different clothing. Speak to Rex when you go into the stall, you may surprise him, it is so long since he has seen you, though dogs do not forget. Make for the railroad and try to strike San Bernito station, and you can get out of California, yes, out of the United States, before they have done looking for you in the mountains. I can throw them off the track until you are in safety; I can do much more than you give me credit for." She spoke rapidly, her bosom rose and fell and a bright color suffused her cheeks.

A look of shame came into the man's face.

"Ah, what can you not do; you are a woman among thousands. Must I go without you, Bess? I wish I knew how to tell you that I love you; that I have never loved any other woman!"

"You should have thought of that a year ago. It is too late, there is not time to talk of that now," she answered coldly.

"But, Bessie, my own true wife, if I come out of this trouble you will come to me, won't you? You will let me prove how sincere I am, how I want to atone for all the wrong I have done you?"

"Jack, you must go. I will think of all this when I have time to think. Your danger is the only thing to be thought of now."

"Goodby, wife. Kiss me and God bless you!"

For a brief moment she abandoned herself to his embrace, then tearing herself from his arms she dragged a couch from the corner, piled a coarse rug from the floor and lifted a narrow trap door. With a last hurried embrace, the man dropped into the opening, the woman hurriedly closed it, replacing the rude furniture, then, throwing herself face downward upon the couch, gave way to a torrent of grief.

Two men were standing behind the pine tree near the cabin.

"I tell you he can't escape us, Dave; give the poor girl a few minutes to say goodby. He won't be there long, and we can take him as he leaves the house. I haven't the heart to go in there and add to the sorrow of Ben Graves's daughter."

Bring up the horses and we'll be ready for him."

The man spoke in whispers to his companion, who started for the horses as directed.

A few minutes later a man came out of a door at the back of the cabin and walked with a springing step toward the stable, a few yards distant.

"There he goes! Why don't Dave hurry with the horses? I was right when I said Jack would come here, though the old man thought he wouldn't have the cheek to come back to the wife he has treated so shamefully. When old Ben was Sheriff he used to tell us not only to look for the woman, but the good woman, when we wanted to get our man. I know that sort and that is just what they do. When a fellow of that stamp is enjoying himself he don't care who he sacrifices, but in trouble it's the wife he looks to, and nine times out of ten he can count on her. Of course, there are a few that slip up on their calculations, but the majority win. It is astonishing how a good wife will stick to a bad husband. It's a pity we weren't quick enough to take him before he went into the house at all. All comes of being sentimental over an unhappy, ill-treated girl. When her rascally husband deserted her for a brazen-faced female gambler, she suffered as much as she ever can, and we ought to have taken him the minute he went into the cabin, even if the poor lass is Ben Graves's daughter. Poor Ben would have said the same himself. Too much sentiment, Dave, we'll get him, though."

The man went into the stable, untied the halter of a black mare standing saddled in the stall. He sprang to the saddle like a true vaquero, pulled his wide sombrero well down over his ears, laid low and pressed his lips to the mare's neck as she passed through the doorway and galloped swiftly away in the opposite direction from which the fugitive came, and where the forest was more open and less steep than on the other side of the mountain. The two millions of the law lost no time in following, but the man on the black mare had a good start, and circling away round the mountain was soon lost to sight.

"You know, Dave, we are to take him alive if possible, so don't shoot unless you have to. I don't believe in shooting any but murderers anyway, then it's a saving of the State's money to kill that sort."

"There he goes," said Dave, as they came to a slight opening in the heavy timber. "He'll make down toward the valley and try to get lost in the chaparral at the foot."

The mare seemed to know what was expected of her, for hour after hour she never slackened her pace. The rider often leaned over and whispered to her, "Nell, old girl, it all rests with you, my beauty. Liberty and love depend on this race. Safe away, sweetheart, and a long life of happiness for us." Over fallen logs, big boulders, swimming raging torrents, and still the black mare swept on. Then she began to leap with less certainty and once she stumbled, but with a sharp puff and an encouraging pat from her rider she leaped away. A jawning chasm was before them, and no way to turn. "Once more, Nell, my girl, once more," and closing his eyes the rider put his face forward nearly to the mare's neck. With straining eyes and heaving breast she made a desperate leap, but the treacherous bank crumbled beneath her feet and horse and rider dropped to the chasm below.

Half an hour later the officers of the law, leading their horses, having made a detour of the hill, were surprised to hear from beyond a cluster of chaparral the neigh of a horse. Creeping cautiously past the shrubs they were astonished to see the black mare standing with drooping head nosing along a prostrate form which was half submerged in the water of a stream at her feet. She was covered with mud and foam, and blood was streaming from a long, jagged wound in her flank. The men approached cautiously, although it was apparent that the fallen man was unconscious.

"I'm afraid he's badly hurt," said the rough man, with a pitying look. "Nasty fall, that. The mare's in luck that none of her bones are broken," said he, examining the fallen rocks where the weary animal had fallen to make the intended jump. "Bear a hand here, Dave, and let's lift Jack out of this." As they did so the hat fell away from the face, exposing—not the features of Jack, the fugitive and scapegrace—but Bessie, his wife.

As they laid her gently on the fallen leaves a slight moan came from her lips. The mare followed, putting her nose gently on the girl's face. Bessie opened her eyes with a bewildered look, a strange expression passed over her features, then the sight of the mare seemed to bring memory back. She crept to her feet, and, falling on the mare's neck, with a look of triumph at the men, she laid her cheek on the face of her accomplice, and, while tears streamed from her eyes, she said: "Nell, darling," and what followed was a whisper which only the mare heard.

Among the Foreigners.

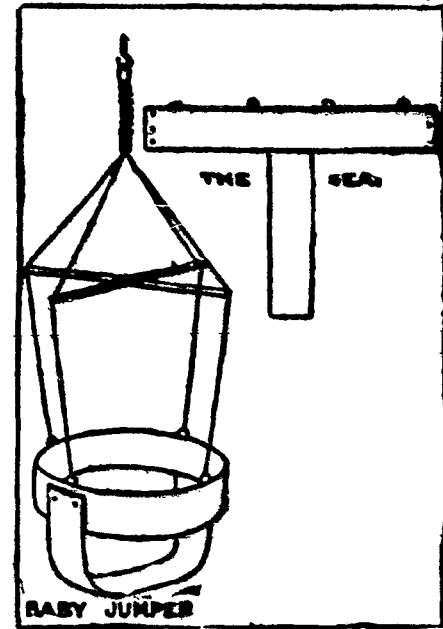
The man who more than anybody else made American letters and American life and history known to the Poles of Europe has come to Boston to live, a refugee from the persecution of the Russian police. He is Jakob C. Goldszmit, himself at one time a lecturer at the Warsaw University, and widely known as an author and correspondent.—Philadelphia Press.

HOME MADE BABY JUMPER.

Simple Affair That May Be Easily Accomplished.

Mr. Baby may swing in this home-made baby jumper in liveliest fashion. The illustration is from the Mother's Magazine.

It is made of strips of double, hemmed Denim or muslin of the heavy sort. These should be made about a yard in length. One is then sewed to the other, making a T-shape. Then the ends of the one that forms the top of the T are sewed together, forming a loose belt. This done, the



end of the hanging strip is brought up and the end is sewed to the opposite side of the belt. On this baby rests as on a swing, or he sits astride.

Then four strips are sewed to the top of the belt, being held out by two crossed strips of lath eighteen inches in length, or other strong, light-weight material. These are fastened half way up, and the ends are securely attached to two screen door springs.

FASHION'S MANDATE.

Vests form important accessories to the up-to-date toilette, and there are almost as many varieties and as many ways of arranging them as there are people to wear them.

The separate skirt, although it has been superseded by the shirt-suit, is, nevertheless shown in a number of attractive models, and its popularity is not likely to expire.

Very smart skirt suits, or, rather, three-piece suits, are made with plaided silk skirt, and coat and waist of plain silk, matching the predominating color in the plaid. None of the plaids, as popular as plaids are, are at all aggressive, and those showing shadow effects are given precedence, even for children's dresses.

The waist line has crawled up two inches, the skirts enwrap one like a adding clothes, and sleeves hang dejectedly from the shoulders. Altogether, the strictly correct woman, when arrayed in her newest toggery, suggests nothing in appearance so much as a wax mannikin or a clothes pole—until one becomes accustomed to the change.

Color Science.

The following statements have been made from time to time by experts on color science.

Children under seven years of age usually prefer yellow to other colors. Women are more apt to have brown eyes than any other color, the proportion of that hue being thirty-five out of every hundred.

Colors passing through a prism can be made to produce sounds, noises, whereas blue and yellow produce the faintest.

Dew will not fall on certain colors. A yellow board will be covered with dew, while a red or black one will remain quite dry.

In ordinary cases of partial color blindness, of which there are many more than is commonly supposed, the color sensations that remain are blue and yellow, not blue and red or blue and green as is generally assumed and even stated in text books, says Home Notes.

On the isthmus of Tehuantepec there has lately been found a flower that changes color, being white in the morning, red at noon and blue in the evening. It roughly does the work of a clock, the changes being remarkably regular.

A Curious Journal.

There is a weekly journal published at Zurich called "The Engaged Couples Advertiser," which, it is stated, has agents at work all over Switzerland ascertaining the name of every girl who is engaged to be married and that of her prospective husband. These names are printed in the paper, with the addresses of the sweethearts and a description of their social position, says Home Chat. Soon after the announcement of her engagement a girl finds herself almost in a position to start a shop, so numerous are the samples she receives from firms anxious to do business.

My Lady's Toilet.

The hair can be kept in curl longer if dampened with the white of an egg, diluted with one-third water, before wrapping on keds.

Applications of the outside of a cucumber, to be followed later by bathing with oatmeal water, will help to remove the discoloration left from sunburn and tan.

A Chimney Fire.

Pull away the stove funnel and throw into the chimney with a long-handled spoon common table or other salt. It is a quick and effectual remedy.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MOUTH.

Is Often Filled With American Artificial Teeth.

The growth of the artificial teeth industry is one of the most important of scientific advances, says the Scientific American. At one time teeth were made from various ivories (elephant and hippopotamus tusk being favorites), and also from human teeth. None of these were satisfactory. The ivory of the elephant and hippopotamus tusk was not impervious to the action of the decomposing agents, and soon became objectionable. The human teeth were better protected by enamel, but the mere thought of using such teeth was enough to make one shudder. In time from this crude beginning the porcelain, or as it was sometimes called, the "incorruptible" tooth was evolved, and this is in use to day.

With the invention of porcelain makers were able to do what they never could with the old ivory teeth, namely, to color them to match the real teeth, and thus diminish the chance of detection in the mouth. In the great factories where teeth are now turned out by the million labor of the most skilled kind is employed to make the teeth, match them and assemble them properly for the use of the customer. Women perform an important part of this work, for their keen sense of touch enables them to quickly detect flaws in the finished article, and their superior education in the matter of matching colors makes it possible for them to detect a variation of the slightest shade in the teeth, so that teeth that to a man may seem perfectly matched will to a woman's eyes show slight differences that are sufficient to impel their value.

But before the finished teeth are submitted to the keen eyes of the girl examiners for the final test, they have to pass through a succession of processes. Porcelain teeth are composed of two parts, one being the body and the other the enamel. The first step in the making of the tooth is the mixing of the ingredients for the porcelain. This is done by experienced chemists, for the material must be flawless. The body comprises various components, for each manufacturer has his own formula, and these, of course, are factory secrets. Broadly, however, it may be said that the "body" of the artificial tooth is made from feldspar (usually called spar), silic, and kaolin. The enamel is made from feldspar with a little silic and coloring matter. For the information of the exacting reader, it may be said that the feldspar is composed of silica, alumina, potash, lime, and oxide of iron. It is found in various parts of the U. S., near Boston, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Del., and elsewhere. Kaolin is merely the Chinese name for porcelain clay. It is formed by the decomposition of the feldspar of granite hills, which washes down into the valleys below. It can be obtained in various parts of the country.

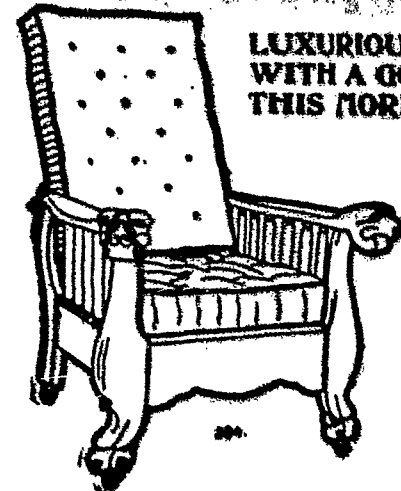
The coloring materials used in the making of the teeth are gold and its oxides; purple of Cassius, oxide of manganese, oxide of cobalt, platinum sponge or fillings, oxide of titanium, oxide of silver, and oxide of uranium. The material for the body of the teeth is first heated to a white heat and thrown into cold water. It is then broken into small pieces, freed from impurities and ground in a mortar till it will pass through a sieve of No. 9 bolting cloth. When the material has been finally treated and fused and mixed with silic and kaolin, it is of a semi-transparent appearance. With this material the skilled workers in the factory mould the teeth to the desired shape. When new teeth are ordered—and there are fashions in teeth as well as in every other line of commerce—it is necessary first to make a mould. The greatest care is taken by hand workers to the preparation of these moulds, which must be shaped and tooled with the utmost precision, in order that the teeth may conform to the style desired. In one of the big factories the writer was shown an immense fireproof room in which were kept the moulds of hundreds of different varieties of teeth.

When the composition for the body of the tooth has been placed in the mould, the cover is shut down, and it is put aside in readiness for the firing. Workmen are busy all day long, in rows, filling the moulds with composition and placing them aside for the men to go around collecting them for the ovens. The operators at the ovens bake the composition to the proper hardness, and then send them to the trimming department. Here workmen take the hundreds of moulds that pass through the teeth daily, turn out the hardened teeth, trim off the rough edges, and shape them for the second baking at a tremendous heat, the teeth are ready for examination and the last touches by the women workers. After examining for defects and discarding the teeth that show to their practised touch and quick eye the presence of some slight flaw, the girls polish and finish the teeth ready for shipment.

Down in Emmons county there was an epidemic of burning ears which sorely troubled the doctor who was also afflicted with the same malady. It subsequently developed that on the day the trouble appeared an old-fashioned "sewing society" had been in operation.—Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.

"Speaker Cannon is obstinate," says a headline. O, no, not obstinate, not a bit obstinate; just firm.—Boston Globe.

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