



ROYAL RANGER RALPH.

The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PURSUIT.

It's a sign that you need help when plagues, blights, and exceptions begin to appear. Your blood needs looking after. You'll have grave matters to think of to do with, if you neglect it. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and cures all diseases and disorders caused by impure blood. It invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, and promotes all the bodily functions. For all forms of scrofulosis, skin and scalp disease, and even Consumption (which is really Impetigo) is in its earlier stages, it is a certain remedy. It's the only one that's guaranteed, in every case, to be, benefit or cure, or the money is refunded. It's a matter of course in one's medicine.

It is the cheapest blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for the good you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally well all the year round.

DR. KELLY'S

SWAMP ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

The Great Specific for "Hepatic Disease, Uterine Complaints, Skin Diseases, and all Diseases in the Blood." If you have sediment in urine like blood, doct. frequent calls or retention; If you have gravel, catarrh, or any disease of the kidneys, bladder, or liver, if you have torpid liver, kidneys, spleen, liver, and gall stone, or gout, if you have rheumatism, gout, and all rheumatic diseases, SWAMP ROOT builds up quickly a run-down constitution, and makes the work of recovery rapid. Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Birmingham, \$5.00. Price, \$1.00. Dr. Kelly's & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are invited to sell it on a progressive, a test that no other can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietor, at enormous expense, has caused the name to be registered in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread the imminent disease Consumption, take it. Ask Dr. Price for SHILOH'S CURE. Price, 10c to 25c, and 50c. Dr. Price's Patent, Price 25c.

"All she lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's— we know it as curves and dimples.

What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; see free.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

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DONALD KENNEDY

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cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep

Seated Ulcers of 40 years'

standing, Inward Tumors, and

every disease of the skin, ex-

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Cancer that has taken root.

Price, \$1.50. Sold by every

Druggist in the U. S. and

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THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones.

Most easily absorbed in the blood.

50c. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities.

IVORY SOAP

99^{1/2} Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

"Are we discovered?"

"They cannot but have seen us. Miss Tracey, the boy of you to obey me, and leave the trail."

"But your peril—for my sake!"

"I will not invite any unnecessary risk. Ride as rapidly as you can down one of the side canyons, and do not wait for me or delay on my account. I will cover you escape and, once satisfied you are out of danger of capture, will rejoin you unless you reach the gulch before I do so."

Darrel cut loose the connecting strip of lasso as he spoke.

Inez cast an anxious, longing glance at her brave protector.

"Heaven grant you may not be forced to part! Despard and his men!" she burst into tears.

"'Fly!" spoke Darrel, excitedly.

He could see that the horsemen down the canyon were winding in and out the rocks as rapidly as they could, and would soon reach the spot where he was.

Darrel dismounted and led the horse toward the shelter of a small clump of trees that he himself selected a place of espionage and defense behind some rocks.

The four riders came into view as he cast a quick glance down the canyon.

His surprise he could observe no trace of her.

"She has not yet reached some distance, and we have a new count," he decided. "At all events, she is not in sight for the bandits to discover."

Darrel had led an adventurous life and had seen many fair women in many climes, but he confessed, as he gazed at the lovely creature who was his companion, flight, none so beautiful as Inez Tracey.

His nature and excitement of their situation: perhaps it was because two earnest, ingenuous spirits had met and recognized a magnetic congenitality in youth and beauty; but at all events, as their eyes met, love became mutual though unexpressed.

Inez Tracey found an interested listener in Darrel Gray when she briefly related her past and the events that had culminated in the adventure of the night.

In return, Darrel told her who he was—a surveyor sent West on business. He had become fascinated with a wild Western life, and had for some years been under the law and mining business in California.

He was about to return East in a few weeks, and quite by accident had come to the little station at Ten Spot, crossing either in a stage coach from a mining settlement located in the mountains that day.

Darrel briefly related the episode of the wounded messenger, and modestly referred to his adventure at the trail.

The deep blue eyes of Inez Tracey looked into his own, as she listened breathlessly to his story of the attempted signal to the train.

"We have been proceeding aimlessly, thinking of getting out of here," said Darrel, finally. "I am in a measure unacquainted in this locality except at the mining camps in the hills."

"I wished to reach Miner's Gulch, if possible," said Inez, "but I am at a loss to locate it."

"Then you have been here before?" asked Darrel.

"Yes, I came to see my father about five years ago. Since then I have been at school in California, which I left last week when I received a letter directing me to come here, and that a friend of my dead father would meet and care for me."

"And this man whom you call Darrel—he is a relative, you say?" inquired Darrel, curiously.

"A very distant one of my father, who never lived with him and died long ago."

Last evening he met me at a summer resort, whither our teachers had taken us for a week's vacation. I had met him at my father's ranch, before I left Miner's Gulch, and I never liked him. He annoyed me with his attention, and left me very angry when I told him I did not want to be his son.

"'Quickand Gully! Great heavens!" he gasped wildly. "Can this be true? The quickands? Is that the meaning of the sudden disappearance of Inez Tracey?"

CHAPTER V.

THE QUICKANDS.

"They rang out wild and alarmed, but not in response from the gloomy depths of Quickand Gully."

It emanated from the lips of Inez Tracey, and announced precisely the peril to which Danton had alluded—the quickands!

When Inez had left Darrel Gray she started down the side canyon, satisfied that to delay or disobey her brave protector would be only to enhance her own peril and to obstruct his movements against the quickands.

"When he sees I am at a safe distance he will follow me, and a conflict with Darrel and his men may be avoided," murmured Inez hopefully.

"And since?" asked Darrel.

"I have had some trouble to-night, which I am unable to see, and know that he must have some deep object in preventing my going to the Gulch."

"Then he will be disappointed for once, Miss Tracey," said Darrel; "for we can find the place by morning. Oh, it just occurred to me! You say you expected a friend to meet you at the depot?"

"'Twas an old friend of my father, a man who has been known in this region for years as a scout. His name is Ranger Ralph."

"I have heard of him. Do you know him—that is, well enough to recognize him from description?"

"I have not seen him since I was a child, do not I know it. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have an idea that these horses belong to him, and that he is the man who told me first of the train-wreckers. If this is so, the horses probably came from Miner's Gulch, and we will allow them to proceed on their own way. They may lead us to the very place where the quickands are to be found."

Darrel loosened the rude, improvised bridle and allowed the steeds to take their own course. They now began to leave the prairie and finally entered a canyon, following the course of a little stream.

"There is a regular trail here," said Darrel. "I am sure we are on the right road at last, Miss Tracey."

"You are taking a great deal of trouble," laughed Darrel, bantering.

"What in running away from the outlaw myself to a place of safety?"

"I have been white with fear the next moment, however. She had made a sudden discovery, so startling and appalling that a low cry of dread escaped her lips."

"The horse is sinking!"

"Merciful heavens! I understand now!" she gasped.

"We are in the quickands!"

The dawn had come while they were in the main canyon. Darrel and his men were searching every nook and corner in the branch gullies for the missing girl and her companion.

The latter, Darrel Gray, knew but one impulse as he recalled the terrible words of "I am a thief."

They were some distance away, but as they rode on, however, Darrel wished that such charming companion should last always.

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