

NEWSPAPER LAWS

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ADVERTISING RATES.

1 square	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year
1 column	\$4.00	\$10.00	\$25.00	\$40.00	\$75.00
1/2 "	2.00	5.00	12.50	20.00	37.50
1/4 "	1.00	2.50	6.25	10.00	18.75
1/8 "	.50	1.25	3.12	5.00	9.37

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BLUE BELLS.

One fine morning, as I was leisurely walking down Main street, with no particular object in view, my attention was attracted to a little blackback. Some one in passing had dropped, or carelessly thrown away a small bunch of blue bells. My attention was first attracted to the little fellow by his stooping to pick them up, but what was my amusement to see him tenderly kiss them and then carefully fasten them in the button hole of his faded jacket. My curiosity was aroused. I made up my mind to quiz the boy, so I walked up to him and asked him for a shine. I looked at the boy carefully, he was very small and very poorly dressed, he was pale and thin, and the large blue eyes looked as if they were full of unshed tears.

"Half-a-dime," he said, when he had put a final polish on my shoes. I took out a quarter, and said, as I balanced it on my forefinger, "Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for the flowers," pointing to the bells in his button hole.

He put his small hand over the flowers quickly, and gave a quick gasp.

"No, sir; I can't sell them; if I was starving I wouldn't sell a blue-bell."

"And why not, my little man?" I inquired.

He looked at me so piteously that I was almost sorry I had asked him. I put my hand on his head and said:

"Excuse me for asking, you need not tell me unless you wish to, and you can keep the quarter besides."

He looked up at me a moment and then said:

"I like you, and if you care to listen I'll tell you."

"Of course I am anxious to hear why you love the blue-bells."

"I will commence at the first and tell it all to you, but first let us go down there and sit down," pointing to some dry goods boxes not far from where we stood.

We went, and after seating ourselves on a small box behind some larger ones where we would not be observed, he took the blue-bell bouquet and holding it in his hand, began by saying:

"It is just a year ago this month, and it has been such a long year I thought the blue bells would never come," and then he stopped and put his hands over his eyes as if trying to shut out some horrid sight; I did not interrupt his reverie. Presently he took down his hand, and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some fine property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born, for we have always been poor as far back as I can remember. Mother says that father drank up the farm, the oxen, horses, sheep, cows, hogs, furniture and everything else. We got so poor mother had to go out and wash by the day to get food for Bess and me to eat. We lived in a little log house, a quarter of a mile from any one; it was about half a mile to town. Mother used to walk to town every day, except Saturday, to wash for somebody. On Saturday she washed for ourselves and ironed on Sunday.

"Sunday is the Lord's day. Your mother certainly didn't work on the Sabbath!"

"Yes, sir; she had to. Mother said the Lord made six days for the saloon-keeper and one for Himself, but He forgot to make a day for the drunkard's wife. She said the saloon keepers had confiscated the Lord's day, but she had hoped the Lord would consider her circumstances and forgive her for working on the Sabbath. She said if there were no saloons she would not have to work on Sunday. There were just four of us, father, mother, Baby Bess and Willie, that is me."

"So your name is Willie, is it? but go on with your story."

"Well, as I said, mother was away all day, and sometimes she would not get home until after dark; she was not very strong, and sometimes she had big washings, and sometimes we didn't have much to eat, because the ladies mother washed for, didn't have the right change, or they would forget to ask their husbands for it. Mother always hated to ask for money after she had earned it, she said it did seem as if they ought to know that she needed the money, or she would not wash for it, and it generally happened that when one didn't have the change none of them did, so sometimes we got awful hungry while we were waiting for folks to pay us."

"Why didn't your mother ask for her money; it was her's after she earned it?"

"She was afraid to, for sometimes they would get mad and say she didn't half wash their clothes, and then they would hunt up a new wash woman. It was one of those weeks when nobody had any change, it was Friday morning, we had very little to eat on Thursday, and on Friday morning there was

only a pint of corn meal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed the baby when she woke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father; he was in town on a big spree; he was awful cross when he was drinking; it was not safe for him to get his hands on us, so we always hid when we saw him coming, if mother was not at home. Little Bess would nearly go into fits when she saw him coming home drunk. 'Don't let Bess cry if you can help it, Willie; I'm afraid I won't get home until after dark to-night. Mrs. Gray always has such large washings, but I will come as soon as I can, and will bring home some provisions, for I must have some money to-night, or we starve.' She kissed Baby Bess, as she lay asleep and then kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister.' Bessie slept a long time that morning, and I passed the time in sitting by her and going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said the first thing, 'Baby is so hungry, Willie, get something to eat.' 'Get up, Bessie, and let me dress you, and then we will have breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful, nor had mother tasted food before leaving home, and I was awful hungry myself. She got up, and I dressed, washed and combed her; but when we sat down to the table, Bessie looked at the food and then she just dropped her curly head right down on the table, and sobbed out: 'Oh, Willie, I am so tired of corn bread and molasses, I can't eat it. I want some meat and butter.' 'Don't cry, Baby,' I said, stroking her curls, 'mother will bring home something to-night.' 'But it is so long to wait—this is Mrs. Gray's day and mother is always late when she washes for her.' 'Try to eat,' I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try; but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then she left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread, I thought maybe she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch it. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat what we had. It was a long day to both of us. Father had not come home, and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the door step, Bessie laid her head against my arm, and began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie, mother stays so late to-night.' 'Don't cry, Baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course she will,' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond up, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of blue-bells into Bessie's lap. 'Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes down on the pretty blue bells. 'Come, Bessie,' I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She got up and stood on the door step with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the blue-bells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one when some one jerked me off the bottom step. It was father; he was drunk, and I knew by his looks that he was almost crazy with drink. He pushed me aside and stood between little Bessie and me. Bessie turned to run, but he caught her and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?' She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do anything,' she gasped out. Father left her go and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me or I'll shake the breath out of you.' He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm, 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.' He looked in at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look in at that table, there is plenty to eat and good enough, too, for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly. She began to cry and I tried to put my arm about her, but my father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything, I will give you something to drink,' and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path that led to the pond where he got wash-water. It was not a frog hole, the water was as clear as a lake, and it was surrounded by green grass and several large trees grew near the bank. It was a lovely place in summer and a glorious place for skating in the winter. It was only a short distance from the house. Bessie hushed crying but she looked so awful scared I followed close behind father. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he exclaimed, when he reached the edge of the water, and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I was so frightened. He waded in about knee deep, then he took Bessie and putting her feet under one arm, he put her little curly head down under the water. She threw up her little white hands and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby,' just as the curly head went down. I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father

to take her out, but he did not listen to me. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a grunting sound, and then all was still. I begged father to take her out, I prayed God to save Bessie's life, but all in vain, God was far away and did not hear me cry, at least it seemed so to me. It seemed hours to me, but father at last lifted up Bessie's white dripping face. I called her name frantically, madly, wildly, but her blue lips didn't move; she was dead. Father carried her and laid her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't be hungry for a while,' he said, as he laid her down. I was so stunned that I neither moved or spoke, until I saw the blue bells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away; it seemed as if it was dear little Bessie's sweet, dead face drifting away; I could not bear the thought, so I waded out after them; the water was up to my arm-pits, now over my shoulders, still the blue bells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them; the water touched my chin, another step and I caught them, and just as I did, I heard mother call: 'Willie! oh, Willie! where are you?' I looked for father, he was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie! oh, Willie!' came mother's voice again. I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie! oh, Bessie!' I called. 'Here mother, at the pond.' Father gave one mad leap into the water, he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and taking father's old straw hat, put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it. In a moment she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak. She lifted the hat off of Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie, tell me quick.' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I had finished, shriek after shriek rent the air. She stood with clasped hands over Bessie, and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot. Father had drowned himself; his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery along side of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac from the moment she uttered the first heart-rending cry over her dead baby Bess. I put the blue bells in a little box, and hung them around my neck, but after the funeral I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever, but when I came to myself, the box was still around my neck, here it is, and he drew from his bosom a small box, which upon opening, revealed a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet little baby Bessie," he said, as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom. Then he looked at me straight in the eyes and said:

"Please, mister, don't ever vote for whisky. It killed my father and dear little baby Bessie, my only sister, and it locked mother up in a mad-house. Please don't vote for rum."

And I man that I was, drew the boot-black down and kissed him, and said:

"God helping me, I never will vote for license or whisky men again."

He Had Tackled Him Once.

A lot of traveling men were seated about a stove, in a southern hotel, telling stories, when the name of a local tough and bruiser was mentioned.

"He's a bad citizen," remarked one, "and I'd hate to tackle him."

"Bosh," put in a little drummer in a plug hat and fiery eye, "I tackled him once."

"Aw, come off. You ain't a patchin' on a man like him."

"All the same I tackled him."

"May be you did when he was in one town and you in another."

"Not much. I went right up to him and called him a liar to his face."

"Hold on, now, you can't give us a dose like that."

"You don't have to believe it if you don't want to, but I did just what I tell you, and I got the stuffin' kicked out of me in about three quarters of a minute, railroad time."

The crowd took him out and filled him up.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Are you disturbed at night and broken by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? Also, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures colic, wind and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—Use Prof. Wright's Indian Vegetable Waters for Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Worms. Sold by all dealers. Price 25cts., 50cts., and \$1.00 per box.

—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL.

THOS. A. HENDRICKS, The Vice-President of the United States, Suddenly Meets Gri m Death.



A Fatal Termination Not Anticipated to so apparently Slight an Illness.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 25.—Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, died very suddenly at his residence in this city at 4.45 o'clock this evening, under circumstances that were particularly distressing to his family and friends, inasmuch as they had not anticipated a fatal termination of his brief illness and nobody was with him when the end came. He returned from Chicago on Saturday last and since then had been complaining somewhat of a pain in his head and breast, but nothing serious was thought of it. Last night he and Mrs. Hendricks attended a reception given at the residence of Hon. John Cooper, Treasurer of the State, returning home in their carriage about midnight. Hendricks had taken off heavy clothing, which he usually wore, and put on a suit of lighter material, and before he got home he complained of chilliness and a certain degree of exhaustion, but attributed it to malarial influence. He sat by the fire for an hour or more before retiring, but declined to send for a physician, although urged to do so. He slept restlessly until about 8 o'clock this morning, when he arose, dressed himself and ate quite a hearty breakfast, saying that he felt much better and would attend to considerable delayed business during the day. He and Mrs. Hendricks walked out for nearly half an hour, and he had apparently regained his physical vigor and cheerfulness. An hour later, however, he began to be troubled with pains in the region of his stomach, and Mrs. Hendricks sent for the family physician, Dr. W.C. Thompson, the life-long confidential friend of the Vice-President. As the pains in his stomach continued to increase he was given an emetic and afterwards an injection and relief came in a natural way. He arose from his bed in which he had lain only a few minutes and read the morning paper, talking cheerfully with his wife and old house servant. Just before noon he had a relapse, however, and the physician was again summoned and administered the usual remedies besides bleeding the patient, and Mr. Hendricks again expressed himself as being greatly relieved. He remained in his room all afternoon, occasionally rising from his bed, to which he was compelled to return by a recurrence of abdominal pains. To all callers who came, and they were numerous, he sent word that he was indisposed, but would be glad to see them to-morrow afternoon about 4.30 o'clock. Mrs. Hendricks, who had been at his bedside all day, went down into the parlor to see a caller who had come to consult with her regarding the affairs of a reformatory institution of which she was one of the managers, and she remained with him about twenty minutes. Tom, a colored servant, and Harry Morgan Hendricks, a nephew and page in Washington, remained with him. The servant went out and Morgan stayed. Mr. Hendricks tossed uneasily in his bed and complained of great pain, but suddenly it seemed to cease and he said to his nephew: "I am free at last. Send for Eliza," meaning his wife, and these were his last words, for the young man not realizing the urgency of the message did not deliver it at once. Just before five o'clock Mrs. Hendricks came into the room, and found that her husband was dead. The end of a long and eventful life had come peacefully and quietly. He lay in bed outside of the covering, only partially disrobed, with his eyes half closed as if he were in a gentle sleep. On his face there were no traces of pain or suffering, but the pallor had come over it that indicated only too plainly that he had passed away. It needed no close examination to tell that he was dead, and Mrs. Hendricks screamed and ran down stairs. A servant was dispatched to the residence of Dr. Thompson, adjoining, and he came immediately, but by the time he had reached his bedside

the limbs of the distinguished dead man were becoming cold and rigid, and to Mrs. Hendricks' pathetic appeal, "Oh, doctor can't you do something," he was obliged to answer, "It is too late."

Mrs. Hendricks became almost distracted with grief and it was an hour or more before she became sufficiently composed to give any information about her husband's last moments. The family servants, two of whom had lived with Hendricks for years, ran about the house crying and moaning and there was the utmost confusion for a time. When the news was bulletined down town it was generally discredited, yet in a very few minutes a hundred or more of Mr. Hendricks's close political and personal friends had hurried to the house. Very soon a great crowd had collected around the entrance and on the street and it was found necessary to refuse admission to any and all comers except immediate relatives. Mr. Hendricks died in his private chamber, a large, comfortable room in which he did most of his work. Dr. Thompson says that in his opinion Mr. Hendricks died of paralysis of the brain, and there will probably be a postmortem examination to establish what the disease was. For several years Mr. Hendricks had not been a robust man and was subject to frequent "bad spells," as he called them, during which he would be prostrated for days at a time. About two years ago he was confined to his room for several weeks by grungrenous affection of the foot, which at that time, it was feared would result in blood poisoning and it was then thought that the end of his life was near at hand, but he apparently recovered entirely from this and was in his usual health. Hendricks had been dead but a few minutes when forces of men began draping the State, county and city buildings, and throughout the night similar emblems were placed on nearly all the prominent business places and residences, so that by morning the city will have but on a general garb of mourning. All the city ministers will, in their Thanksgiving services to-morrow make appropriate mention of the death of the distinguished statesman, and Right Rev. Bishop Knickerbocker, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese, of Indianapolis, of which church Hendricks was a life long member, will, it is understood, preach a memorial sermon.

A Touching Train Story.

On the Chicago express from Omaha were two conspicuous passengers. One was a rather portly, apparently well-to-do gentleman, and the other was an infant of tender age. They were not traveling in company, however, and were, in fact, total strangers. But both seemed sad. The gentleman sat most of the time with his forehead resting on his thumb and fingers. He occasionally tried to read, but the magazine seemed to have no interest for him. Not a word escaped his lips, and his thoughts seemed far away. As for the baby, her voice was not so silent as expressed. Her voice was quite loud in proportion to her size, and she lifted it on high. The other passengers cast reproachful glances at the poor, tired mother, who did her best to comfort the bairn, and at the same time take care of two other little ones, and muttered unspeakable things to themselves so that the little woman could understand even if she could not hear.

Soon the gentleman's eyes were fixed upon the infant. He seemed attracted where others were repelled. As some of the passengers sought seclusion in the smoking saloon, he walked up to the baby and held out his arms. In another second he held the little one close to his face. His embrace seemed to have that tenderness which influences even a baby. His fine whiskers were fair playthings for the tiny hands. His cravat was pulled away in the romp. Ere long his eye-glasses hid baby's blue eyes. And in half an hour she was sitting upon his lap biting at his gold watch, which he held within her reach.

Both gentleman and baby now seemed happier. He smiled at the mite's antics, and the mite had long since ceased her wailing. Hour after hour passed and the strange pair were still together. The mother could not keep her child more than ten minutes at a time. The big gentleman was always eager to have the little form again in his embrace. If baby slept her admirer watched her fondly, and hailed her waking as a joy. The hours of an autumn day are long aboard a railway car, but the devotion of baby's attendant did not tire. He was her inseparable companion, and he seemed never so happy as when the little white arms were about his neck and the little soft face was pressed against his lips.

"You are so fond of children," said the mother, "that I judge you have babies of your own."

"Yes, I have," the gentleman replied, a cloud coming upon his face. "I have one—a little babe like this. I am hastening home to see her, as she is—she is—this telegram will show you."

And as the mother read: "Come home immediately—your child is dying," the gentleman's eyes were hid from view against baby's cheek.

Queer Letters.

The *Youth's Companion* says: If the hand-writing reveals anything of the writer's character, certainly what a letter contains tells us much more of the person from whom it comes. The queer conceits of people show as plainly in their correspondence as in their conversation.

Wit is no less pungent in the letter than in talk. If the soul of wit consists in brevity, then the wittiest of all letters ever written must be those which passed between two friends. The first contained only a note of interrogation (?), implying, Is there any news? The reply to this was a cipher (0). None.

Even an address may be given in a form so strange and comical as to provoke laughter. Charles Lamb once accepted an invitation sent him by his friend Haydon, in a note, as follows:

"MY DEAR HAYDON—I will come, with pleasure, to 22 Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half-way up, right-hand side, if I can find it. Yours,

C. LAMB.

"Covent Garden, East," "Half-way up, near the corner," "Left-hand side."

There is no less wit in the manner in which writers have sometimes subscribed themselves. A letter from Franklin to a friend in England, upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, is often quoted. It closes in this form: "You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy, and I am Yours, B. FRANKLIN."

This grim joke may have been original with the doctor, or it may have been suggested to him by the following very pointed note from one Scottish Highlander to another:

"MY DEAR GLENGARY—As soon as you can prove yourself to be my chief, I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime, I am Yours,

"MCDONALD."

What She Wanted.

Mrs. Sam Smart advertised for a colored servant. An elegantly dressed colored lady put in an appearance. She wanted fifteen dollars a month in advance, which was conceded. She wanted a room with a carpet and a stove, where she could receive the visits of "several gentlemen who am payin me tenshuns." This was also granted. She was allowed to attend church all day Sunday and twice during the week. When a revival was in progress to be out every evening in the week. This and several other concessions were granted by Mrs. Smart, who is fanatically opposed to doing any hard work herself, and will put up with everything from a servant rather than soil her precious hands.

"And I wants hit understood about de meals," continued the would-be-mienal. "I likes to eat hearty. We has to hab beefsteak or sausage every mornin' and for myself I want chocolate instead of coffee. Den I wants a lunch of cold ham or tongue about ten o'clock, so I kin hold out till dinner at one o'clock. I don't take coffee with my dinner. De coffee and cakes come about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, which will make me hold out till tea at eight. De best time for supper am about eight o'clock. Good supper I wants."

"I say," said Sam Smart, who had been listening with growing indignation, "suppose we keep you busy eating all the time, how much more will you charge by the month?"

He was reading a novel, and his white plug hat rested on the seat beside him. He did not notice the stop page of the train nor realize that an old lady was searching for a seat. His mind finally drifted off the story to find her snugly ensconced beside him.

"Madam, I had a hat in this seat," he cautiously observed.

"Don't doubt it, sir," she replied, as she disposed of her satchel.

"And you probably sat down on it?" "Shouldn't a bit wonder."

"In which case the hat must be completely wrecked."

"It certainly must, therefore there is no need of my getting up until they call out my station. Please hist up the window. I allus did like the smell of coal smoke."

ECCLESIASTICAL ITEM.—Teacher—"What are the names of the seven days of the week?"

Boy—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Teacher—"That's only six days. You have missed one. When does your mother go to church?"

Boy—"When pa buys her a new hat."

Romance of a Claim.

A YOUNG DAKOTA SETTLER LOSES HIS FARM—HOW HE REGAINED IT.

A Sully [Dakota] letter to the *New York Sun*, tells this romantic story: A year ago last spring a young man named Belden came to this county, took up 160 acres of land, and built himself a shack. Two weeks later a girl named Helen Chapman took up the claim adjoining him on the west, and also built a cabin. The neighbors became slightly acquainted, but both were too busy to do much visiting. Belden was an easy-going fellow, none too fond of work, and Helen was an active, aggressive, good-looking, and ambitious young woman. She did two days work to his one, and had a better farm at the end of sixty days than he would have had at the end of a year if he had kept on in the way that he was going.

After Belden had been on his place about three months he became weary of the monotonous life, and, going to town to have some fun, found so much enjoyment that he came pretty near forgetting to go home. When he had been gone longer than the time permitted by the land law, Helen, who had been watching her opportunity, jumped his claim, and in less than ten hours had a shack of her own standing on his farm. Belden returned at last, and, finding that a woman had jumped his claim, he said nothing. If it had been a man it would have been his duty to go out and fight him to the death, but as it was a woman, and a rather comely one at that, he thought he would say nothing and trust to luck to get rid of her. Occupying his own shack, he was not more than 300 feet from her new habitation. She held her ground well, treated him as an interloper, and never acting as though she had any idea that he belonged there.

Belden's wrath began to rise finally, and when he reflected on the comments that would be made if he permitted a girl to jump his claim he grew furious. Knowing that the temper of most settlers would brook no interference with a girl farmer, he went to town for consultation. First he talked with his friends. They shook their heads and said it was a mighty bad job. Then he consulted a lawyer, who gave him some hope.

In the course of a day or two he got two of his friends and the lawyer to go out to his place with him to see what they could do toward patching up a settlement. Once on the ground it was agreed that the lawyer should go and see the girl. He was absent an hour and a half, and when he returned he said it was no use. The girl was posted, and he didn't see what could be done about it.

"If it was a man," he said, "we could go over there and throw him by the heels into the next county, but it won't do to harm a woman."

The four talked the matter over, and it was finally agreed that the lawyer should call again in the morning, and represent to her that Belden's friends were coming to his assistance, and that if she wanted to avoid serious trouble she had better abandon her shack and leave his claim alone. The lawyer started out on this errand the next day, but he was back again in fifteen minutes with a lump on his head the size of a horse chestnut, where he said she hit him with an axe handle.

After talking the matter over, everybody being mad, it was decided that they would give her a scare as soon as it became dark. At about 9 o'clock all hands went over to the girl's new shack and surrounded it. At a given signal they yelled and fired their revolvers in the air. The reports had hardly died away when a shotgun was discharged from one of the windows of the shack, and a moment later another shot was fired from the other side of the house. The men waited in silence for a few minutes, when two more barrels were fired. This convinced them that the girl was not to be frightened, and they crawled away as stealthily as they could. All that night the girl's shotgun thundered at regular intervals, until her adversaries, who were vainly trying to sleep, wished that it would explode, and blow her and her shack to kingdom come.

In the morning Belden's lawyer and two friends started for town, leaving the jumped farmer alone in his misery. After their departure Belden did some work on the place, taking care not to run across the girl, and though they saw each other frequently they both avoided a meeting.

Things went along in this way until fall. Helen worked on her own farm a good part of the time, and Belden passed many days in hunting. He had made up his mind that he could tire the girl out, and he believed that after she found that he was not to be got rid of, she would voluntarily abandon the

[Continued on fourth page.]