CONSECRATING SELF.

You have feet-then run God's errands. You have feet—then run God's errands,
Here and there and everywhere—
Feet that should be ready, eager,
Every day to go—and dare,
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
He will show just where to go;
Place true guide-boards 'long your life path,
Tho' you wander to and fro.

You have hands-then do His bidding-(Hands so strong that folded lie) Strength and youth to be His servaní, As the moments quickly fly, Consecrate them now to Jesus! He will give you work to do— Lay it just within your grasping— Work which you will never rue.

You have lips—then tell His goodness, So that all the world may hear; Loudly, gladly sing His praises,
How He daily grows more dear,
Consecrate them now to Jesus!
Guard and keep them ever pure,
Saving naught to give Him sorrow—
Thus unto the end endure.

You have eyes—then see His mercies Crowding round on every hand— Health, home, friends, and all posses And this great, free happy land, Consecrate them now to Jesus! They were given you to see All his works, so great and wonderous, Wisely planned for you and me.

You have ears—then hear his teachings;
They who whispered clear and low,
Morning, noon, and in the night-time,
As you still in wisdom grow,
Consecrated them now to Jesus!
Hear his pleading, tender voice;
Heed His oft-repeated warnings,
For his friendship now rejoice.

You've a heart—give that to Jesus
Lay it humbly at His feet,
Saying, "as I am, oh, take me,
Make me for Thy service meet."
Give it gladly, don't withhold it,
He has bought it with His death;
Just for you on death Galaghe Just for you, on dark Golgotha, Did He then yield up His breath.

Consecrate them all to Jesus-Consecrate them all to Jesus—
Feet, hands, lips and eyes, and ears!
He will give you strength to serve him;
Seatter too, your many fears,
All for Jesus—all for talents,
All our labor, all our love;
Then, when earthly work is finished,
He will summon us above.
—New York Observer.

THE FIGERREAK.

EY RHODES MACKNEGHT. Liscomb lay at full length upon a bear-skin covering a rude couch. A pipe was in his mouth, and he lazily contemplated the convolutions of blue smoke rising upward to the roof of the shanty. Beside him was a window, and without the flowery prairie stretch-

ed away to the sky. The man's rough exterior was not definitive; at the first glance the most careless observer might see that. There was moulding in the countenanceas certain expression in the eyes, a turn to the mouth, that did not come in with the bireute and uncouth

Midway between two affluents of the turbid Missouri, and thirty miles north of the great transcontinental line of the Northern Pacific Railway in Dakota, he had built his cabin. That had been fifteen years before, and he was a time he had been undisturbed, a re- away he looked back, squinted cluse. But gradually cizilization had pushed the frontier toward him, and which could be seen from his window. Upon this building he new and again cast sullen eyes.

No one knew the story of this man's past life. He had come to a country the members of whose shifting papulation showed no curiosity in regard to one another's antecedents. It was understood that he had a grievance; but then most men have; and while that in itself was no cause for a man's losing himself on the outskirts of the world, it was sufficient if it pleased him to think so. He had been known to make slurring remarks without apparent reason: but they were remarks directed toward a sex not much known in the region, and, not being personal, they were passed over without thought. and drank enough; therefore he was looked upon as a pretty decent sort of fellow by the plainsman with whom he came in contact. In classing him as a man with a woman in his case they excused all his eccentricities.

The new shanty was a sore to him. He had watched it building with solitude broken in upon after all these vears was an affront -an affront the more poignant in that was not merely the neighboring of mankind, which would have been bad enough, but of womankind; for the shanty was the property of a man of family, who had settled under the provisions of the The family was Homestead Act. small-a wife, a daughter budding into womanhood, and a babe-but that was no palliation to Liesomb.

When they had come toiling over the prairie in a big covered wagon he had found it difficult to believe the evidence of his eyes, for he felt that he was certainly far enough out of the world to insure solitude for the rest of his days. But with the coming of the railroad all had been changed; a country to take up claims for the free farms the government offered. That he had the right to be. And if he had of wheat, and single handed he harvestthe Lubys came into the section where not been carried away with amaze ed it. So hard did he work that by he had passed so many years alone was chance; they had made their sedection at the land office at Bismarck. And in any event others would come.

But it was upon the Lubys that Liscomb lavished the first hot flush of his evidently not conscious of her own from their hands, and there were resentment. They were the pioneers temerity. of the new order of things, and, like all proneers, they were to bear the onus. From that first day when the lumbering family wagon loomed upon had hated them.

visible earnest of the fact that they had | weenty bit ?" come to stay. So long as they had lived in a shelter tent there was the possibility that their coming was a bad dream | ered and she showed some teeth and there was no getting over the shanty, ling,

In one of his glances he caught sight of Luby himself driving across the prairie toward him. And this sight aroused him. He got to a sitting posture, and watched the on-coming wagon for a moment. "At it again," he muttered. "Hang-

ed if I don't stop the whole blamed business before it goes any further!" Luby, it may be said, had got into the habit of driving across his neighbor's quarter section by way of a shortcut to the prairie road running north and south. It was a practice harmless enough, seeing that Liscomb's land was not under cultivation, but it was salt to the younger man's wound alintercourse exchanged. On the Luby's side there had been nothing but friendliness, but a bear had come in their

path. Liscomb got up now determinedly, put on his wide-brimmed hat, and step ped briskly from the cabin, followed by the old red setter which was his only companion. He ploughed through the heavy buffalo grass obliquely to cut off Luby's progress. In a moment they met.

"Mornin'," said Luby, shortly, and with prim lips that told of readiness for the impending battle. He was fifty. his face was bronzed and farrowed, and he had a tuft on his chin like that of a goat. He made no motion to draw up.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted you to stop crossing my land!" cried Liscomb, planting himself before the advancing team-

"Who a !" yelled Luby, rather unnecessarily, seeing that the beasts were already stopped. "How"? he then asked. "I want you to stop crossing my

land," repeated Liscomb.

"Oh, you do, eh?" drawled Luby. "Well, mebbe I will, an' mebbe I stare. "I tell you again, I want you to keep off my land."

"I don't see that I'm hurting your land any." "Do you think 'cause the govern-

own the whole Territory? Now,

your own line before you get into trou-"Guess not," replied Luby, with careful unconcern. "Guess this coun-

try's not so plaguy tight as all that comes to. county after you've lived here

"Mebbe," said Luby. Then, jerking the reins, he adjured his team to go

Instantly Liscomb whipped a revolver from the holster at his belt. 'We're our own lawyers out this way," he remarked. "You go back now, or that pa 'll be doing something-doin' I'll blow up your whole blamed out-

Luby looked at the revolver, then at the man. Without a word he turned young man then. For that length of his team. But as he drove slowly viciously, and called out: "You're jess the orneriest stinker I ever see, already an outpost was within hailing Jess you wait till I git a chance to git right out to be enemies. Don't you distance-a newly built board shanty square. Say, if I don't make you mart!"

> For a moment Liscomb stood mo. tionless, his eyes on the retreating wa gon. Then, dropping the revolver back to its sheath, he turned toward his cabin. He was not ashamed of himself. It was his distinct determination to be upon bad terms with his

neighbor. The remainder of the day he was far out to the westward shooting prairiechickens. The evening. as was his custom, he prepared to spend over his books

Some time after lighting his lamp, and when leaning over the table that occupied a corner of his living-room he heard a tootstep in the doorway. Furthermore, he rode well, shot well, He turned quickly and saw the daughter of his neighbor pausing undecided upon the thresheld.

Nettie Luby was about eighteen. She was a comely girl with fair skin and masses of bronze hair. This was range. There was in her tace something piquant when she caught his eyes Luby was greatly incensed at this growing resentment. To have one's then cast a furtive glance about the flagrant insult, and declared Liscomb room. She was not abashed; on the to be "nothin' but a stuck-up scamp contrary, she had much self-posses-

> "Well?" said Liscomb. He started to rise, but memained seated with his body tent forward and a hand upon she could not but acknowledge herself either arm of his chair. "Well?" he repeated presently,

when she did not answer. Still she let her eyes play about the her much.

asked, solemnly, rising at last.

nothing petickler. I jess come to take which separated them had been a look around." He unconsciously sat down again and stared. For a dozen years he had self was too much occupied to think of great number of people poured into the not spoken to a woman; and now he anything outside his own concerns.

ment he would have been embarrassed the time winter set in the family was despite his mood.

disconcerting steadfastness. She was of the furnishings of the shanty came "I thought I'd jess come over to give you a call," she went on, "for you! That winter was a particularly rig-

don't seem to be very friendly like. I | orous one, even for that hyperborean heerd you an' pa got kind of interduc- climate. Unused as they were to it, the distant line of prairie and sky he ed this mornin'. But say, don't you the Lubys suffered much. But perthink you was pretty sassy? Now, as he looked over shoulder at thinks so. An' I think so too. Pa of the weather they felt; whenever the newly completed shanty, he felt the thinks worse'n that. Come, don't you there was a blizzard, and there were | er to be a thick haziness. She was in ground. full force of that hatred. It was the think you was a little bit sassy—a many, they were snow-bound—absodread of tornadoes, yet she was quite

she pursued, "but we're from down in able. Ioway. Au' down that way every. The spring came late, and with its body's p'lite as ken be. Things goes coming they found themselves entirely better so, don't you see. Now there out of provisions and other supplies. ain't any of us but jess pa an' ma an' The nearest town lying on the railroad me an' the baby. That's little Annie. thirty miles to the south, it became She ain't two yet, but she's jess as cun- necessary to plan an expedition for the nin'! We didn't get on very well down relief of their necesities; and upon this there, an' so when pa gets a chance to expedition it was decided that Mrs. sell out, why, we sold out an come up Luby should accompany her husband. here to Dakota. There's only jess the They were to be gone two days and a four of us, an' we don't like it very night, driving down in the covered well 's far as we got. Y' ses we've wagon, and Nettie was to be left at the took a homestead claim, an' we get a shanty alone with the intant Annie. hundred 'n' sixty acres; but, gracious! Mrs. Luby airing her morbid dislike the land up here ain't what it is down for Liscomb, suggested that one of the cheek pillowed on the table, and was ready smarting. Several times before loway way. Leastways, that's what there had been words over it, and these words had been about the only even if we didn't get on very well, pa's Nettie company, and, by virtue of her a good farmer. Leastways, that's presence presumably, to discountenwhat everybody says. We don't take much to folks up this way. Or" (she corrected herself, with a slight laugh) 'p'r'aps they don't take much to us. sence. But the intrepid and indepen-We came by the railroad as far as dent Nettie guessed she could take care Dickinson don't you know, an' then we of herself, and Annie too, for that matcame on up with jess the team. An' ter, and so the precaution was not we've had to live jess in the tent till pa taken. got the house built. An', say don't Early in a May morning Luby and you think he was pretty smart to put wife set out their journey. Luby. as it up all jess himself? Well, the folks was his custom in the first hours of the up this way seem to be pretty near all day, was fractious and taciturn; and Swedes, an' they're easy enough folks Mrs. Luby with her husband's crossto get along with, but they're so inso ness, with the unusual excitement of ciable. Don't you think so? They the trip, with the burden of wearing her pass by you jess like sticks, an' never best in the way of clothes, and with a single word'r a smile. An', gracious! the horrible conviction that she was in when we got up here at last there ain't her normal state of forgetting someany folks up here at all ! Only you. thing was fairly beside herself. Not even Swedes! An' me, who's was bustle and confusion. The lunchbeen so much used to company! eon was not in the wagon-oh yes, it We're mighty sociable folks down was. Where were the cushions?-

> back there." She paused, and seemed to be lost for manage alone? a moment in reminiscence. Liscomb shifted himself uneasily, but he still

"But it's no use wishin'," she recallstaid 't home in Ioway. An' so," she | wagon disappearing in the distance. you'd better turn back and go down added, the smile, coming into play again-" an so when I heerd aboutthat-this mornin'-I thought, I'd jess sassy-seein' how things is."

staring blankly at her without a word, and whistled a little, and was altogeth-"Well you'll know more about this she gave a little nervous laugh as she light hearted and brave. After all, the sidled toward the door.

"It ain't perhaps jess the right what was a day, she asked herself. thing for me to be comin' over this way," she said, "but pa 'n' ma don't which amuses itself with whatever thought I'd do it all myself. An' a rattle or something with which to you won't have any words again, will make a noise, she could not quite conyou? I'm afraid-I kind of s'picion tentedly play with the little fuzzy tassomething to him' (she pointed to the was no care to Nettie at all. The girl dog) "if he comes over to our place. cleared away the rude crockery, and For pa's real riled, an' he isn't himself set the ruder furniture into prim order. when he gets that way. Now, you Then she was sorry she did not have it won't, will you? Y' see, it's hard get all to do over again. tin' along with neighbor folks anyway -leastways, it is for most people; but their ain't no kind of use jess settin' think so? Leastways, I don't see the good of it all. An'so I jess thought I'd come over to ask you not to. That's all. Good-night and before Liscomb could get to his feet she had vanished through the doorway.

For a little while he sat in a manner dazed. A dozen years out of the world puts a man in a disadvantageous position, especially with women, and he was as powerless now to appreciate the aspects of the girl's visit as he had been to answer her when she stood hefore him. All he could say was summed up in the terse characterization. "What nerve!" and that he kept repeating to himself in a voice of awe.

But Nettie Luby's interposition did not open up a cordial communication At the same moment his dog growled. of any kind. The recluse kept as much to himself as he ever had, and exchanged scowls with Luby whenever they met with the heartiest reciprocity He even went so far as to plant a row of bushes to cut off the view of the hateful Luby shanty, and this, had the first of her he had seen at a short there been anything wanting, would have farther widened the breach. Mrs. keepin' shady fer fear o' the law, Luby himself was contented with recurring forcible opinion that Liscomb was a "stinker." But Nettie, although roundly snubbed, held her peace.

Liscomb was not a man prone to petty annoyance. Almost daily there were openings for further war, but he room. The dog now seemed to interest; asked nothing but to be let alone. And the Lubys, dimly perceiving at last that "Did you want anything?" Liscomb that was the only course left open to them, humored him. For months "Oh no," she responded, meeting his there was no more connection between gaze with a slight smile. "Leastways, the two shanties than if the rods leagues.

Within a very short time Luby himwas amazed, yet could not remember if He broke ground and planted a crop in what might be called a prosperous The girl presently dropped into a condition. The women had worked chair by the door and eyed him with none theless hard, for the larger part elothes to be made and a garden to be

attended to. haps it was not so much the severity lutely cut off from everybody and every. She asked this very earnestly; but thing. Some miles to the south of as she got no reply, her lips were puck | them there was a ranch where there | from which he would awake. But dimples, Her candor was very engag. Luby had picked up acquaintance dur-

"I don't know where you're from," even that limited society was unattain-

Ioway way; an' say, but we do have there they were. They would never the fun down there! I wish I was get away; and Annie would be sure to be taken sick; and could Nettie really

But at last they were off, and as far across the prairie as eye could reach, eyed her with a dogged and stony Mrs. Luby's black bonnet could be seen bobbing out from the canvas covering of the wagon, while she threw ed herself with a deep breath, "an' I kisses back with a fat hand in thread s'pose we might as well make the best mitts. Then she wept a little, and her of it. Ma's mighty dis'pointed too. husband swore. And there was a tear An' pa' he don't say much, because he on Nettie's cheek, too, as she stood ain't one of them kind, but it's jess as holding the baby in the doorway of the ment gave you a quarter section you plain 's ken be that he wishes we'd all little shanty and watched the ungainly

Tears, however did not come easy to Nettie, and she soon had the baby squatted comfortably on the floor of the come over an' ask you not to be so kitchen, while she herself began to clear away the remains of the hurried She had risen, and as he still sat early breaktast. She hummed a little folks would only be away a day. And

The infant Annie was at that age know anything about it, an' I jess comes first to hand. Lacking a ball or sels on her knit boots, and thus she

The door of the kitchen faced Liscomb's cabin, and Liscomb's bushes were not yet leafy enough to obstruct the view. It was for this twofold reason that when Liscomb bimself came out with his gun and his dog he attracted the girl's attention. She stood in the doorway watching his figure receding to the westward. He was going for prairie chickens, doubtless. And then she rather naturally reflected that if Liscomb had been any way a decent sort of man, she might have chicken for dinner.

But Liscomb must have changed his mind, for presently she saw him come back. He put down his gun, caught his hobbled bronco, which was grazing near by, and suddled it. Then he rode away. And not once had he looked

toward her. That he did not return again that day she was sure, because she watched. Probably it was merely because of her isolation that the man's actions interested her; she would have been equally interested in the movements of any other human being. And somehow she found it convenient to assure herself of this when wondering where he had gone. There was an old horse in the Luby

barn that was an object of veneration. He was too old to work, and he was the object of Neitie's affection the more because as a colt he had been her playmate. To this veteran she paid a visit during the course of the afternoon, and upon Pilot's sleek fat back the infant Annie passed a gleeful half-hour, the while Nettie held a one-sided but earnest conversation with him. But even and the girl returned to the kitchen wearied with the trial.

She found some old agricultural paand began to read; but inasmuch as an and beast kept on from east to west she had read them very thoroughly and from west to east. Now the fire not once but many times during the was upon them. One last furrow, and long winter evenings, they did not af-ford any remarkable entertainment, The mad fi and she fell asleep over an article to which she afterward owed her life.

When she awoke it was dusk. Litpeacefully upon the sofa where she had been placed. It may have been the girl telt that something strange had come upon her. The air was heavy and hard to breathe.

She went out upon the doorstep and scanned the heavens and the surrounding prairie. She could discern nothing unusual, and was about to turn back, when she caught sight of what looked to be a low bank of clouds far sure that this was not a tornado. She had heard her father speak many a then to left. He perceived in a glance them there was a ranch where there a time of the signs which presage vio-were women, and with them Mrs. lent storms, and she had herself wit-

was not a tornado. She would not worry herself at out it anyway.

Without arousing little Annie, she went to the barn and led Pilot, then milked the cow waiting patiently at one side of the small corral. Peturning to the kitchen, she lighted a lamp and made ready the little evening meal But even with this employment she could not throw off a teeling of tore boding.

The infant Annie was fretful, and inclined to be mischievous, and it was with some difficulty that she was restrained; but in the midst of her frettulness she tell sound asleep, with her promptly put to bed. Then the girl went out to the doorstep again and cast her eyes into the inky darkness. Low down in the southwest there seemed to be a slight dull red reflection upon the sky; but it was, or whether so not it was really a reflection she could not tell. The slight breeze stirring doorway, he waited. But what he was hot and dry. She was apprehensive, as one is who does not know in what the danger lies. Brave and selfreliant, she was willing to meet almost alarmed her.

For some time she kept her gaze fix-

At the end of a half-hour she turned in again, and sat her down to read. of the ensuing five minutes were as But that she could not do so long as good to him as if he had been within. the mysterious light lasted. Time and ear shot. again she got up and went to the door. and always was there that unchanging thread of dull red.

At last, in sheer weariness she put out the lamp and flung herself upon the sofa. She did not intend to sleep, and she removed none of her clothing. For awhile she lay with wide eyes looking into the darkness-for hours, it seemed; about the table. Nettle alone caught and then she dozed and awoke, dozed and awoke. At last she was asleep.

The light on the horizon grew bright er, and gradually mounted the sky. A breeze started up, hot and gusty, and with it came a sound of crackling like the distant firing of musketry. And presently the horizon was marked by a line of livid fire. Betore it came great volumes of smoke.

The girl started up, choking. For a moment she stood stiff with fright, but only for a moment. She rushed to the door, and cast her eyes upon the sea of flame rapidly sweeping on toward her. Its edge was ragged, here swittly, there more slowly advancing, receding; dying out in places almost as suddenly as it leaped into existence, it yet came on with unvielding certainty, licking up everything before it. There were miles of it.

Amid the terrifying crackling of the dry wild grass she heard a scream of fright almost human. It was Pilot; and the beast's terror aroused her. She recalled what she had been reading that afternoon in the agricultural lournal

Without pausing a moment for brilliant as day. The aged brute was | gun levelled. stamping and snorting, and was galled with the halter which held him. She passed quickly to his side, and put

her hand on his neck; even in his

frenzy he seemed to know her, and to have confidence. She got the plow harness from its peg and threw it upon him, and in a moment she had fastened the girth. Then she led him bridleless out to where the plough lay, and made fast

the traces. She patted him gently. "Now, Pilot-now, Pilot." she said. With a mad plunge he was off. In great billow of red and amber and crange the great sea of flame was coming onward. Ebb and flow, yet always onward. Here it seemed white like breaking surf, there flowing low

breath withered and scorched. From east to west, from west to east old Pilot galloped. No stiffness was in him now. And behind him, stalwart and determined, her face lighted by the blaze, her ruddy hair flying disordered and burnished to a livelier glow, her strong young hands clutch ing the handles of the plough, the girl encouraged him, soothed him, with her clear ringing voice.

"Now, Pilot! now, Pilot!" she

cried. Leaping high into air, seethinng, hissing, eating its way voraciously mine at the time. Of these nine were through all, the waves of fire swept on killed outright and eight so badly burnhissing, eating its way voraciously It seemed impossible to stem the resistless flood, Yet she did not flinch. The furrows of black loam broadened this divertisement killed but little time, to a wide band ready to curb. Old Pilot's hoofs glinted in his rapid flight, and his snorting arose even above the loud crackling and roar. Breathless pers carefully preserved by her father panting, sweating and scorched, wom-

The mad flames leaped to the band of new turned earth, licked the edged, and made as if to burst across. But it was useless. The mighty flood was tle Annie was slumbering soundly and checked. And the furrows ran not only past the Luby shanty, but far up beyond Liscomb's she had forgiven the daze of the sudden awakening, but him. For a while the girl stood watching the flames, and when she saw that they were powerless she smiled softly to herself.

"Good Pilot! good Pilot!" she said, leaning her face up against the soft nose beside her.

And the aged animal whinnied. Thus they stood when the sound of pounding hoof-beats came from the down in the southwest. She strained rear. A bronco, toam-flecked and lackson was to-day assigned to duty her eyes, but could make nothing more wild-eyed, dashed up to the line of furof it; it was formless, and seemed rath- rows. A man threw himself to the

The girl turned and saw Liscomb. He paused, and looked first to right, nessed a tornado in the distance down without speaking. But his eyes said Speaker Flynn being the biggest fellow ing the summer; but for months now in Iowa. And she was quite sure this much. And before she could know, in the State.

with a sudden movement he threw his arms about her and pressed his mouth o hers.

She pulled herself away, panting and furious. "How dare you!" sue cried, every fibre of her militant. "Say, I'll -I'll-I'll hit you!" And before he could say a word she burst into tears

and fled to the shanty. For a little while Liscomb gazed abstractedly at the doorway through which she had disappeared, and then he turned to contemplate the flames, still without seeming to notice. When he recalled himself there was nothing but the red ashes of the grass; far to the right and far to the left the fire still swept on, blown by the gentle

breeze; but here all was over. Mechanically he tramped along the edge of the furrows to his shanty. He did not seem to know, or care, that his bronco was gone. He seemed to see nothing. Sitting upon a bench by his awaited he did not quite know.

It was not long before the dawn came, and with its coming he descried far out over the prairie a covered wagany terror; it was the uncertainty that on driven at a rate of speed not altogether in keeping with its lumbering character. It was the Lubys, he coned upon that curious dull glow. At jectured, and he was in a short time intervals it seemed to brighter, yet she made sure when it was driven up to could not say that her eyes did not de- the neighboring shanty. Luby sprang ceive her. All else was of ebon black- to the ground, Mrs. Luby tumbled out. and at the same instant Nettie appeared in the doorway. And the caresses

After waiting until the reunited family had gone within, and for what seemed to him a decorous time thereafter, he bent his steps to ward this shanty, the very sight of which he had always hated. No one seemed to notice his approach, and when he got to the open kitchen door he saw the three sitting sight of him. He beckoned her, and

she came out. "I want you to forgive me for what I did," he said. "You seemed offended -" "I was worse-I was mad; an' I'm

mad now." "But it was only gratitude on my part. I didn't know what I did. I want you to forgive me. Will you?" "Mebbe."

"Well, say you will." All right; I say it." She smiled subtly, and turned as if to go. "Anything more you want?" she added. "Yes," he replied, flushing-proba-

bly at the proximity of others. "Well, what?" "You.

Me? What for? When?" "For my wife. Now. I love you. Nettie.' She laughed, but colored, too.

Cause of the fire?" she asked. The triviality he passed. "Will you be my wife?" he repeated, stubbornly. "Well," she answered, looking into the distance, as if considering-"well, no, not jess yet awhile, I guess.'

"Some time?" he persisted. But instead of answering, she glancfurther thought, she clutched her skirts and ran madly to the barn. She need. the sound of a heavy footstep. Luby ed no light, for even the interior was had come out, and stood with a shot

"Young man," he sain, in a harsh voice, "jess you light out. I've been a-waitin' for this 'ere chance, an, now I've got. You'te on my proputty now, an' the sooner you dig ou fer home the wholer yer koggone skin'll be, 'cause I'm goin' to pepper it's full er holes as a sieve." He took a sight along the

With the first word, Nettie was between them. She suffered her father to conclude, then she said, flushed with indignation: "Pa, how aare you interrupt my company! It's jess the first time I've ever had to blush ter you, an' I hope it's goin' to be the last. I'm tired of all this fuss an' foolin'. an' there's going to be an end to it right now. The gentlman has asked me to and even like molten metal. And its get married. I said no, because I wasn't certain, an' now I'm jess goin' to say yes."

Luby, open-mouthed, lowered the gun.-Harper's Weekly.

Nine Miners Killed.

Terrible Disaster Caused by a Premature Explosion

MCALLISTER, I. T., March 14 .-- A serious disaster, caused by the premature explosion of a blast, took place last night in Shaft No. 1 of the Choctaw Coal Company's mines at Anderson. There were only eighteen men in the

ed that they will probably die. The excitement is so intense that it is impossible to ascertain the names of all the dead and injured. The dead who have already been taken from the mine are John McFadden, John Scanlan, W. E. Warren, Ernest Matthews, Love and Jules Triocori. Warren

The Appointment of a Commission. WASHINGTON, March 14.—The Cabi-

net at its session to-day discussed the matter of the appointment of a commission to visit Hawaii. Ex-Representative Blount, of Georgia was favorably considered as one of the commissioners, and he was in the Cabinet room during a part of the meeting.

But Not All of Dana's Stripe.

From the Steubenville, Ohio, Gazette. The New York Sun says there are more Democrats than officers. Well there does seem to be a large number of Democrats these times.

Justice Jackson's Assignment. Washington, March 13.-Justice

-Senator Smith, of New Jersey, is nearly seven feet high, and his gray hair is a fitting crown to the good-natur-

Lamar presided.