

Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1899.

## FAREWELL.

The boat went drifting, drifting, over the sleeping sea,

and the man that I loved the dearest sat in the boat with me

The shadow of coming parting hung over the great grav swell. And the winds that swept across it sobbed on,

farewell, farewell

The boat went drifting, drifting, in the linger ing Northern light,
And the face that I loved the dearest paled

with the paling light. We strove to join light laughter; we strove to

wake a jest; But the voice that I loved the dearest rang sadly 'mid the rest.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while the dull skies lowered down, And the "ragged rims of thunder" gave the rocky head a crown.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while to the darkening sky

For the man that I loved the dearest the prayer rose silently

Oh, true, strong hand I touch no more; brave smile I may not see;

Will the God who governs time and tide bring him back to my life and me? -The Home Oucen

## THE ASSISTANT BOSS.

The Girl Who Managed a Political Campaign.

There are millions of women who can recline, hundreds of thousands who can sit, but the woman who can stand is one in a multitude. Her backbone does not fold. That was one distinction about Lucy Kemper which made her a positive personality. She stood on her feet as if she were glad of life. No poet could have written hazy lines about her willowy ways. She could not,—in all honesty, she probably would not if she could,—fulfill the ancient idea of the ivy and the oak. Being a chip of the old block, she was a healthy oak her-

As she stood by the library window,standing well and thus seeming tall, standshe looked like a pose for a portrait, but the intenseness of her face shadowed a

In her limited lifetime she had had odd experiences. At fifteen, her mother and only brother had been taken from her, and in less than a year she was a young woman, mistress of the house, the confidente and companion of her father. Extensive travel followed in different years, educating and developing. "The Governor" was in her hands, and the Governor was the man next to the skies, he soared a bit higher, and markable talent. You should be to the skies, he soared a bit higher, and markable talent. You should be to the skies, he soared a bit higher, and markable talent. You should be to the skies, he soared a bit higher, and such a daughter, Mr. Flanders." in greatness to the man who ruled his own party. temper, for he surely ruled the city in which he lived. He had the genius for

usual, Lucy spanned the chasm. She you, and I know, too, that you will necessary messages to the invalid. He was to trust all else to her.

So she was standing at the library winow, thinking. Suddenly she was standing at the library winow, thinking. to trust all else to her.

So she was standing at the library window, thinking. Suddenly she gave a little cry and clasped her hands. The man of all men she was the least prepared to meet was coming up the path,—George Howe, who expected to be nominated District Attorney, and whom the workers of the party torney, and whom the workers of the party torney. The property is the politician straight in the eyes, and asked in tones that would have moved a saint or converted an infidel: "Mr. Stack, may I depend upon you?"

She folded her hands in a pose of feminine helplessness and dependence, and leaning forward a bit imploringly, looked the politician straight in the eyes, and asked in tones that would have moved a saint or converted an infidel: "Mr. Stack, may I depend upon you?"

The assistant boss has got us so that we're all ashamed to do anything low or mean," said Hobbs Stack

"Well, now, Flanders, is it her fault "Sartinly am hungry 'lection times," said Uncle Eph, wisely shaking his head. young oak, the lithe, glad, growing oak, bends little to any breeze, and when George Howe came in, Lucy Kemper was smiling, and she greeted George as if he had come for luncheon.

George was radiant. A six-footer, with a fine face and a frank, magnetic manner, he looked like a leader of men, and a follower of love. The genuine masculine

quality was written upon him.
"You sent for me?" he said after the usual weather prefaces.

"Yes, by order of father." At which George drooped, considering it an entirely uncalled-for explanation. "He is really very ill," she continued, "and the dector has ordered absolute quiet. But he is not content at that, and so we have compromised to this extent: I am to be his agent, or representative, or whatever he calls it, and take to him only the messages that are necessary."
"And you may count on me. In what

way may I assist?"

"That's the trouble. You can assist, and

you can't assist. You want to be District Attorney?"

George really blushed, politician that he was. "Rather say I am going to be," he replied with considerable satisfaction. Well, you are not, and that is the trouble," she said very calmly, and George gazed at her in dumb amazement.
"It is just this way," she went on.

"Father has given me a full statement of conditions and things, and directed me just what to do. But really, you are to do it nubbins." what to do. But really, you are to do it all. He says you are the brightest man in old rogue: the party, and you know how to make up fatted calf, nor even any veal, but how to attend to this."

"That is easy enough," he replied, re-covering from the shock. "The nominations are practically made. We know whom the party wants, and, as it it a short ticket, the trouble is slight."

"And he also said that, while personally ton for District Attorney.

'Thank you!" "And he also said that, if you would agree to this, he would see that you received something equally as good or better later on.

George paused, and the silence in the in the totals is the real factor. room seemed long and deep. Finally he found his voice. "Miss Kemper," he said, the lower wards, and the vote of one of his "in politics there are no to-morrows. The whole world is filled with those classed 'equally as good,' and virtue is their only reward, although many of the poor fools expect at some time to draw salaries. Now, I have worked for this nomination; I want it; the party wants me to have it, and the only way to keep me from it is to heat. only way to keep me from it is to beat

nly way to keep me from it is to beat ne."

She liked to conquer,—she got that from her father,—so she had made inquiries about the Flanders tribe.

When Flanders was ushered in he was woman who could stand well rose, walked

rders and beat you."

George laughed so spontaneously that he merriment cleared the atmosphere like

Miss Kemper entered, he rose ungracefully and ducked his head for a bow.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Flanders," she

a purpose which George inadequately un-

"Of course," said George patronizingly,
"you are new in the direction of politics,
and you will pardon me if I tell you that
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"They cannot change,—at least in this corn," he replied cheerfully. Then he fortable," said Miss Lucy gently. continued: "I shall be perfectly satisfied to let matters take their course.

have the nomination. You must wait."

Lucy demonstrated to herself with absolute satisfaction that her part in the matter was purely impersonal. She was under the pledge to her father to carry out his George Howe, whom she had known all her life, had thrown down the gage of battle, the fighting blood of the Kemper family was aroused. Somehow, she felt that er own reputation was at stake, and, the closer Goodington seemed to get to

As a matter of fact, however, she did not if we did, I want to know what you're goexchange a word with Goodington through- in' to do for me 'boys'?" out the whole contest, although she did write him one note. No man can be a nero to a woman more than twenty-four hours unless he is kept at a safe distance. But the cause of Goodington was ever pres-ent, and Miss Lucy had it in her sacred

The calls began. Kern Martin, like Irving's sparrow, chirping cheerfulness in any corner,—and just about as rich,—came. "Really, Miss Lucy," he declared, growing very serious for once, "it won't do to turn poor old George down, really it won't. As for Goodington, well, really, we won't have him. And I came to tell you for the Governor that if you do try to work for the ticket; really we won't."

"That would be deplorable," said Lucy very solemnly, and Kern afterward de-clared that he felt like a monkey on whose

"You know very well, Mr. Martin, that standing well and thus seeming tall, standing straight and honest with the world,—
she looked like a nose for a portrait but best,-now don't you?"

> "He is a great leader," admitted Kern. "Well, then, that settles the whole ques-

Hobbs Stack called. He was grandiloquent, and, after he had praised George to the skies, he soared a bit higher, and markable talent. You should be proud of the arena, the fight turned into a festival.

handling men. He loved the sense of power. Politics to him was the opportunity of satisfying the implanted ambition of conquest. He laughed at his puppets, but he liked to move them.

"It you to be so devoted to the party. It makes me understand why father likes The red fa politics so much. When a man of your Suddenly stricken, his inability to direct threatened party chaos. Absolute quiet was the order of the doctor. As leader. And I know how he depends upon usual Lucy speamed the characteristics.

did that," he said, "she knocked me six that you do not give up the business when looked right down into my soul, and be-fore I knew what I was doing, I was on my fore I knew what I was doing, I was on the feet, saying with a bow, "You can, ma'am, to the end of time and the other side of is always saying."

"Oh, miss, don't! That's what in the control of the saying and the other?"

"And why do you not listen to her?"

"And why do you not listen to her?"

Next came Uncle "Ephriam, a colored statesman, open to conviction and always hungry. Lucy saw him in the kitchen.

"Laws bless my soul, Miss Lucy, but you am beautifuller ebery day, and hits glory to de eyes to look at you. You was de beautifullest baby in the town, and Mandy used to say hit more considerable.

Mandy used to say hit were a powerful pity, 'cause pretty babies grow up plain, but I says, says I, 'No, Mandy, hit kin neber be, 'cause hits unpossible for dat baby to grow out of her beauty.' And here I is, lookin' at you, more beautifuller dan any lady in de wide world."

He paused to note the effect of his praise "Hit's jest disaway, Miss Lucy. Las' 'lection de old man was tempted. De Governor's party was only payin' two dollars, and here come erlong the oders and offered de ole man a five-dollar bill, and de old man, who's a weak and mis'ble sinnah, fell by da wayside. But de stray sheep is a-comin' back to de fold, Miss Lucy, and I wants de Governor to know dat he's a knockin' at de do,' willin' to take eben But George Howe was there. He did not enjoy it much, and after he had heard Miss Marie Antoinette Flanders applauded and twice recalled, he slipped out and wended his way toward the office. His route lay

Lucy laughed heartily, and said to the "Uncle Eph, we haven't any would some nice chicken, cooked to a turn, with plenty of gravy and some sweet potatoes, and a piece of gooseberry pie, suit you?" And thus Ephriam was captured.

But the most important visitor came later. It must be said in justice to George he wanted to have you nominated, it would be necessary to deter to the Independents by accepting Mr. Richard Everett Goodingand the people in politics followed custom and called at the Kemper home. There were many on curious errands, who amounted to nothing in the real situation. pensable. The unit in politics is the vote, and the man who can place the most units

and, facing the lawyer, replied: "Well, it's very disagreeable, but I must carry out my orders and beat you."

When Flanders was ushered in he was distinctly uncomfortable. His red face had lines of trouble. He sat halfway in the chair, as if afraid to sit back. When

while he's sick you take hold. Yes, you take hold—you——"
"Sit down, Mr. Flanders, and be com-

"Thanks, ma'am. Y-e-s, you take hold. That's it; you take hold. As long as you "But the thing is decided. You cannot take hold, I come to say, -- beggin' your pardon that your a woman, -- I come to

"Go on, Mr. Flanders. I shall be very glad to hear what you have to say.' "And I'll say it," he declared with grim determination, "though they all said I orders, in so far as she was concerned, and she intended to keep her word. But when shame it is,—and I tell you its's a shame it is, - and I tell you its's a tion was rightfully mine, and the simple shame---'

"You refer to me, Mr. Flanders?" "No, ma'am; no, ma'am. Course I don't. 'Scuse me. I'm all a-gittin' rat-

"Your boys, Mr. Flanders? How many have you?' "A hundred and forty-seven, and ivery one of 'em has a vote, but it will take mon-

ey. Goodness, ma'am, are ye sick?" startled countenance

Flanders?" she asked in amazement. It took Mr. Flanders some little time to claimed, in a way that showed her boldness realize that the young lady was not fully had startled him. acquainted with all the political terms, but he finally explained that the "boys" were you with the same implicit faith as my fathe men who hung around his place, or ther, and I know you willwhose votes he reached and controlled. turn George down, our crowd will not Then he went on: "Of course, it's agin the

pause made the room wonderfully still. flict. Kemper saw the situation, and After the minute had seemed much longer steeled himself for the meeting, but some-

daughter, is she not?" tion, and I am going to depend upon you to help." And before Kern appreciated what he was doing he was entirely won over.

"Yes'm," came the reply, and then the little eyes of the man began to open. He wondered what in the world his daughter around Howe's shoulders and said: "John, I've been trying to hate you, but I can't." And John, strong as he was said simply.

> "I am, ma'am; I am," he said. "Mnsic's our only pleasure. Some say I'm a

Mary,"—he could not quite get the Marie, -"has been brought up on music." "If you love good music, how can you be a full and absolute surrender, until he act-

The red face grew a great deal redder as he gasped at the question, and, before he could reply, Lucy took the lead: "You It was the most wonderful campa surely want your daughter to have the opportunity to show her talent?"

"And why do you not listen to her?"

Never did Lucy follow up an advantage more brilliantly. As soon as you can, send him something equally as good, did you your daughter here to me. I will see that not?" she plays at the concert. I want you to

get her the right kind of a dress." "I'll pay a thousand dollars for it, if need be," broke in Flanders with pride, that was almost pathetic. "And, oh, ma'-am, if this kin be done, me and me wife will worship you as long as we live."

"It will be done, Mr. Flanders, "she replied. And it was done. Not only did Lucy get the girl on the program, but, in managing the case, she sent her only note of the campaign to Goodington. She asked, as a special favor to her, that he would turn Miss Flander's music on the night of the concert. And Goodington

turned the music. Lucy could not go to the concert, course, owing to her duties to the invalid. But George Howe was there. He did not past the Kemper home. It was early, and, as he saw a bright light in the library window, he rang the bell. Lucy was at home

"How is the Governor?" he asked.

man for District Attorney." man for District Attorney."

She took the piece of paper, somewhat nervously for her, and left the room. The Governor looked it over and pronounced it she wants a bird on her hat she's going to admirable. "All excellent men," he said. "Now, write Goodington's name in the blank space, and tell George we'll have blank space, and tell George we'll have something better for him later on. Now, it's off my mind, and tell him not to bother me any more during this campaign."

As she returned to the room she felt as if something akin to a crisis was in the air. Jeorge was too quiet. She did not like your like y George was too quiet. She did not like that at all. But she summoned all her self-possession and handed the list to him as if it were a matter of no importance the looked at it were calmly and the self-possession. He looked at it were calmly and the self-possession was a summary of the self-possession and handed the list to have heads to wear them on, excepting them what has to wear sun bonnets. whatever. He looked at it very calmly and

offering it to her.

A woman is never truly happy until she soul. She rose to it with instant enthu-

"And did she play so well?" she interrupted eagerly. "She is a genius," he replied judicially,

but emptily. "I am so glad!" she exclaimed. "Evidently," he said, with some harshness in his tone; 'but it happens that I do not like discussing music to-night. I do not like to bother you, but I am under the necessity of asking you to take a message to your father. Please tell him that my connection with the active management of the party is broken. I resign all the responsibility for the ticket. This nominademands of self-respect will not allow me

to remain in a false position."

Lucy appreciated the crisis. Her judgment and her emotions, her thoughts and tled. It's a shame you're goin' to turn her sympathies were struggling. She saw down George Howe, and take up that the sincerity of the man, his honesty of nomination as necessary to her own happiness. And the more she thought of this, the closer Goodington control of the man, his honesty of purpose, his strength of resentment, and she somehow knew she must be someh she somehow knew she must win him for mean ma'am. No, sir, ma'am,—I mean; oh, my! oh, my! Me tongue's off the trolley, but all the same we won't, and even she turned to him with a smile of sunshine that stirred the fog. "Mr. Howe, I will take your message to

father. "Thank you."

"I shall say to you, -for you, -that, aly. Goodress, ma'am, are ye sick?" though you are deeply disappointed, you He had caught sight of Miss Lucy's are too strong and noble a man to show it, and that you will take charge of the cam-"One hundred and forty-seven sons, Mr. paign, and do all in your power to make it "But this is not my message!" he ex-

An old story about the Governor in his law, but we have to keep open election day for the boys, and the party will have to stand the bill, and we don't want Goodington nohow. If he has to go on the ticket head a ripe cocoanut had fallen from the top of the tree.

it will cost more to hold 'em in line. Now, purpose, and when Kemper opened the door of the anteroom of the hall on that Miss Lucy did not reply at once. The eventful day he stood ready for any conthan it really was, she leaned forward slightly and asked:

how, as he approached his enemy, who had been an old friend of boyhood days, by one slightly and asked:
"Miss Marie Antoinette Flanders is your of those inexplicable and utterly illogical impulses of human nature, he put his arm around Howe's shoulders and said: "John, wondered what in the world his daughter had to do with the case.

And John, strong as he was, said simply, "It is hard work." And after that, when Lucy did not throw her arms around George Howe, the son of John Howe, but there was in her ways much of the same magnetism and personal appeal which made her father a leader of men. Talking on, she forced him, by her gentle eloquence, to

ually promised to take charge of the whole When she gave back the bit of It was the most wonderful campaign the little city ever knew. "Deed we do ma'am, deed we do. That's Kern Martin. "Guardian angels hover again, if I hadn't wanted him for my hat, some other woman would have wanted him,

"The assistant boss has got us so that as the rest of us do, and I couldn't believe

And so the election passed as a thing not of earth, and after the fall shadows had ways from Sunday. Those eyes of hers looked right down into my soul, and be-"Oh, miss, don't! That's what me wife s always saying." hand pressed a sweet caress upon the Governor's forehead, and the Governor, renewed by the long rest, kissed it tenderly.

> "Something better, I think I said."
> "Well, he is coming to ask you for it tonight," and before the Governor could say a word she went on: "I am very glad George did not get that other place. He belongs to Congress, and he must go there. Then, too, everyone says Washington is the loveliest place in the world for a honeymoon—especially for a Congressman's bride.
>
> —By Lynn Roby Meekins in the Saturday

Evening Post. Bird on Her Bonnet.

How the Audobon Society Gained An Enthusiastic New Member. The Novel Way of Her Conversion She Reads Documents and Examines Pictures Sen Out by the Friends of the Birds but Remains Unconvinced. About an Embarrassing Accident.

"Speaking of birds," said the woman

with the plain ribbon bow in her bonnet. I had an invitation to join the Society for Abolishing the Wearing of Birds on Bonnets the other day. Not only that, but I was asked to act on the committee that was to rush around and get other people to join. I hadn't made up my mind whether to join it or not when that old blackbird "How is the Governor? He asked.
"He is especially bright this evening, having slept well in the afternoon."
"I am glad of that. I have brought the list, and I would like you to submit it to kim. All the names are there except the on my hat decided me. I'll tell you about wear it than it was to kill it and eat it; and have it on her hat, and that's all there is to wasted, she says, to go trapesing around over the country joining societies and act-

"But about the old blackbird of mine. "I do not think I care for it," he said, had very many to wear on my hats. To tell the truth, I couldn't afford them, and that's "And I am quite sure that I do not want to the rock-bottom reason, if you want to know it; so, that being the case, the subject didn't interest me much until I happened to be invited to act on that committee what sets on them birds and things. Well, they sent me a nice little card with that the rock-bottom reason, if you want to know it; so, that being the case, the subject didn't interest me much until I happened to be invited to act on that committee what sets on them birds and things. Well, they sent me a nice little card with the piece of paper.

"Rather say you are beaten, but that this means something better,—father said so,—later on," she replied.

"Thank you. But I do not care to have it that way. Pray tell the Governor that he is under no pledges as far as I am continuous to wash my hands of polithe merriment cleared the atmosphere like an electric compact, and Lucy laughed, too, at her own audacity; but beneath this was at her own audacity; but beneath this was look in the space and not be specified in the space and not be specified in the space and not be specified in the space and not be specified. It didn't seem to make much difference how they piped and screeched, them be space and not pretty to look at. When they became finally convinced that no gold was in reach at looking gravel, heavy in the spade and not pretty to look at. When they became finally convinced that no gold was in reach at looking gravel, heavy in the spade and not pretty to look at. When they became finally convinced that no gold was in reach at looking gravel, heavy in the spade and not pretty to look at.

parent bird may ornament a hat!"

THE PICTURE OF SADNESS "That was a pretty sad picture. Then when you went on and read about how the old mother bird was killed while she was nesting, because her plumage was brightest then, the tears came pretty near dropping down out of your eyes. Still, when you come to think of it, you ain't right certain to the still the sti about that, either; at least I ain't. I've seen many an old hen a-setting on her nest, and her feathers were drab and sad-looking as they could be. They didn't seem to have no life in them at all. Maybe birds are different, but I know it's when a hen is ready to scatter her brood and flirt around again, like some frisky, fat pullet, that her feathers begin to brighten up, same as a widow's eyes when she quits cry-

ing and begins to take notice.

'Anyway, it's a mighty sad picture to look at. It don't make any difference what reason they've got for killing them old birds while the young birds is teething, they've got no business doing it. They might just as well wait until the little mail carrier for the district. "Chicken things are out of the nest and gone. After a Bill" had a claim on Fryer Hill not far bird has finished raising her young ones she is like a mother with grown-up chilshe is like a mother with grown-up children, she might as well peg out and be done with it—or so think some children—and if somebody wants to kill her and stuff her and set her on a hat, she ought to be glad enough that she can do a little more other and luckier man's claim and dropped good in the world and die a-chirping. That's the way I look at it, or rather did. I've changed my notions since the accident and offered to sell out for \$150. Unhesito that old blackbird.

"Since then I've been trying to convince Sue and myself at the same time that there ain't no real good reason why birds should be worn on hats. There are plenty of other things to wear that are much prettier, I said, but there's no convincing Sue. She's gone and ordered about a dozen birds for her spring hat, just out of pure contrariness. It's a shame, too, when she might just as well have had flowers. Flowers are going to be more stylish than ever this spring, they tell me, flowers and ostrich feathers. And then ostrich feathers are different from stuffed birds, mighty differget them

THE BLACKBIRD'S PIERCING EYE.

"Well, to come back to the blackbird. I'd been wondering and wondering whether or not I should join that society and act on that committee, and still wondering I got out my hat and put it on, for I was going down town to do a little shopping. I had forgotten how that old hat of mine was trimmed, and I sort of started back gasping when I saw that blackbird a-setting up stiff and prim on one side of it, tucking his head and looking straight at me out of one eye-he didn't have but one, the children had picked the other out with a hat-pinand seeming to kind of blame me because he was setting there instead of hopping about, alive and chirping, on the limb of some tree. I was completely turned about again, seeing the thing from all sides at once. It wasnt' my fault that he was there on that hat, that is, not altogether. I didn't kill him or have him killed. Still, ittle city ever knew.
"We're walking in a dream," declared Kern Martin. "Guardian angels hover again, if I hadn't wanted him for my hat, again, if I hadn't wanted him for my hat, "That is very noble of you. Perhaps I can help you. The Harmony needs a soloits for its concert next week."

its for its concert next week."

turning mugwump and placeled of turning mugwump and placeled on his flute. George Howe is writing poetry, and I have a fatal desire to go to was to work out his fate or destiny or whatever you've a mind to call it, just the same it was my fault that he had been hatched and had grown to be a good sized bird and then had been cut off in his prime all for the express purpose of roosting on the side of my old hat, though it might have been. The whole thing was awful puzzling, and it was made all the might have been and the might have been as the might have been and the might have been appeared to the might it was made all the more puzzling by the way he cocked his head and looked at me sort of reproachful-like out of the corner of the old hat off, gave him an extra flick or two for looking so knowing, put the hat on, stuck a hat-pin straight through his foot, and started off down town.

brown bird instead of a shining blackbird, and half the time I had forgotten he was on this continent. Much of it was in Honmy hat; but now, would you believe it, I duras, much in the Northwest and some on worried about him all the way down town. I kept thinking that everybody in that car was looking at that bird and saying to est of the old houses there were built by themselves, What a wicked, wicked woman she is to have a bird killed and stuffed made up his mind that it was time to move, so what remained of the stock was packed store the old nouses there were built by him, but all had passed from his possession before his death. Going to Washington, he married the young woman a character of Leadville for whom he left

ville, by Tabor's naming. It is said that I read in a woman's eyes across from me the name was given in this way: Several of the old timers were talking of a name for the place when it had become certain that there was to be a permanent settlement old bird. there, and several suggestions were made. One hopeful spirit suggested Goldtown, "after the metal that's common around here." It so happened that the night before there had been a general shooting at the saloon and bullets had flown in all directions with fatal results to these of the rections, with fatal results to three of the men concerned. Having this in mind,

Tabor spoke up: "If you're going to call the place after the metal that's plenty, what's the matter with Leadville?" he said. And Leadville

Soon he began to grub-stake needy prospectors, who with the outfits furnished by him would go back into the hills and hunt for precious metal, which they usually didn't find. Tabor's friends said it was bad business and predicted his ultimate ruin, but he kept adding to his business, and, despite the items charged to profit and loss on account of his grub-stake business, he prospered. It was generally supposed

went up on the hill and dug until they were exceeding weary of digging and at-tained to no gold—only a species of curious

but I will take any message you have for is to be outweighed by a piece of piano coming to them, and she had a mighty good that point they abandoned the claim and reason for not coming to them. In the other corner of the card there she sat, killmakes a man suffer. Lucy was eminently feminine, and this remark was joy to her ed and stuffed and perched up on the side of a hat! And between the two were these what it was that made it so eternally words in large letters: 'Starving-that the heavy to hoist. The assayer to whom he took it told him it was silver, almost pure. The Irishman and the German survived the shock, went back to the claim, and sold out for \$100,000 apiece. This was the Little Pittsburg Mine. One-third of it belonged to Tabor as his stake for the grub. He was regarded as an irresponsible idiot when he refused \$100,000 for his share. There was plenty of time, however, for those who so regarded him to change their minds during the days when the claim achieved the neat little output of \$8,000 a day. Tabor finally sold his part of it for a million, and said that as he'd done tolera-bly well on his profit and loss account he'd just keep on in the mining business for a while.

This was a source of unselfish sorrow to his friends, who knew that an innocent sort of chap like Tabor would get swindled right and left if he tried to in-Tabor would get crease his capital in gold instead of soaking it away. The first person who thought Tabor would be a good subject for a confidence game was "Chicken Bill" Lovel, exit in the mud vein he was working. Then he sent for Tabor, showed him the dust tatingly, the innocent Tabor paid the price. "Chicken Bill" went down to town and bought drinks for himself for a week. At the end of that time he was looking for some one to blow him off to a carbolic acid cocktail, for Tabor had dug five feet deeper than he had gone and had struck gold that had not been transplanted. Before the vein was worked out it brought in a million dollars. That was the way the Cryso-

lite mine was discovered. People said this was bullhead luck, and Tabor was a good fellow, but didn't know enough to go in when it rained. After he different from stuffed birds, mighty different; you don't have to kill the ostriches to come out far ahead on all of them public opinion had another opportunity for a sec-

Among those who thought that Tabor was "easy" were Foley and Wilgus, owners of the Matchless claim, which showed

some color, but not enough to convince them that it was really much good. They convinced Tabor, however, so successfully that he gave them \$112,000 for the property. It was reckoned to be worth per-haps \$25,000, as claims were going then. As soon as the sale was completed the former owners went about telling everybody how they had "fooled good old Tabor." The curious circumstance of a sub-sequent offer of \$3,000,000 to Tabor for the Matchless saddened the remainder of their existence with the knowledge that under some circumstances honesty is the best policy by a huge percentage. Then there was the Maid of Erin mine which Tabor and a Major Dubois bought for \$20,000; a dead loss, said Leadville. Two months later they sold out to an English syndicate for ten times that amount: the luckiest hit ever made, as Leadville put it. But the syndicate didn't like the looks of the claim after they had bought, and raised such lamentations over the matter that Tabor said he didn't want to swindle anybody and he'd take the mine back at the same price. Thereupon Leadville, which hadn't learned any better yet, wrung its collective hands and said that somebody ought to look up a nice quiet lunatic asylum for poor Tabor, where he'd be restrained from dissipating his fortune in such a manner. A year o so later somebody tried to buy that same rejected mine for \$2,000,000 and was greeted with a cheerful laugh.

Thus far all had prospered with Tabor to which he had put his hand. People called him the luckiest man in Colorado, and as that one eye of his. Anyway, I brushed soon as he got the title his luck changed. It is a singular circumstance in a world where evil deeds are not always visibly punished that as soon as he had deserted the wife who had been a true helpmeet in "There's a good deal in the way you look at things. Now, I had been wearing that blackbird on my hat the whole winter long and he hadn't feazed me. I had worn him until he was beginning to be a rusty brown bird instead of a shining blackbird, and half the time I had forgetten he went a change for the worse. He got a divorce from her—through no fault of hers—and with \$300,000 which he settled upon her as the price of his release she went up to live in Denver and dropped out of his life. His money—\$7,000,000 approximately—was now scattered all over the days of his adversity. Tabor's affairs a mile or two up the gulch, where there were rumors of good strikes, and business was resumed at the new place.

his wife. The marriage was made famous by Eugene Field's poem of the \$10,000 nightgown, which was alleged to be ras resumed at the new place.

This new place was subsequently Leadiust to make her look pretty!' and I thought

> "I was glad when I got off that car and went into a store. You'll be surprised when you hear what happened in that store. I was looking at some handkerchiefs and waiting for the clerk to get through waiting on about a dozen others to ask her the price of them when something came tumbling over my face onto the counter. I looked down, and there was the blackbird's head on the counter. It had fallen on one side with that good eye of his uppermost, staring straight at me. The thing kind of gave me a shock. I looked in a little mirror opposite me, and there was the rest of that blackbird broken half in two, one wing hanging down over my hair and the other lying back flat against the bonnet as if he'd gotten tired sitting up straight so

long and wanted to rest awhile. "I took what was left of him off my bonnet then and there. I couldn't go into the street with a headless bird dangling about that his aid to the prospectors was not regarded by him as an investment, but as a charity which he could afford to dispense where it was most needed; and it is certain that he saved many men from want and hunger in this way. Everybody knew that these items of profit and loss were all loss, and as usual everybody knew the thing which was not.

Street with a headless bird dangling about—and got the girl to put this bow on in place of it, and I took it for a sign that I mustn't wear birds. Since then I haven't worn the ghost of a bird on my bonnet and I won't. Not only that, but I've joined the committee and am working hard—and that's something bran new for a committee —trying our level best to abolish this monstrous killing of birds and stuffing them and perching them on women's hats. ror one day in 1878 there came to the storekeeper an Irish prospector and a German tailor, badly smitten with the gold fever and without means, whom Telescott man tailor, badly smitten with the gold fever and without means, whom Tabor started in their search with a good outfit. They went up on the hill and dug until the world in their wantly and the encourage with the gold fewer and without any and the encourage with the search with a good outfit. They went up on the hill and dug until the world space and the world out to encourage with the gold fewer and without any and the world out to encourage with the gold fewer and without means, whom Tabor start-the world out to encourage with the gold fewer and without means, whom Tabor start-the gold fewer and without means, who will be gold fewer and without means and the gold fewer and without means and the gold fewer an without any encouraging of them in it, if I do happen to be a woman that says the same."—Chicago Inter-Ocean,

-You ought to take the WATCHMAN.