

herders, friends.

Calhoun was a cattleman's town, discomfiture, he inad id in this warm May weather Jeph- upon the officer's foot, son's saloon bubbled over with cowboys. They were a mixed lot, reprethere, however, you might find an face. American, and even more frequently

an Englishman of good up-bringing, greaser. the had drifted into the whirlpool of The tion, possibly for a wild, unconven- new clothes. A shout of approving tional existence. An Englishman, of laughter greeted the exploit. But José and his brothers were being educated for the Army and the Church, while him back like a man." he, John Ogden, the eldest, twenty-one years old this day, was a wanderer on rage. the western prairies, earning a living "cow-puncher." as a

John Ogden had done fairly well. about armed to the teeth, he had kept his temper so far, and had never been in serious trouble. In about armed to the teeth, he had kept Clear away, boys. I'm going to pound the stuffin' out of the skunk." Clear away, boys out of the skunk."

The bar was crowded at Jephson's John drowsy and languid. Near him were was not a tall man, but squarely and

Calhoun, Lennox County, New Mex- was what his soul craved, and he ad ico, was a town of one hundred and vanced to the bar, where, with the fifty people. This included the saloon praiseworthy intention of conciliating and would be marked for weeks, but mit them to go again into the light bummers, of whom there were a score, a great man, invited the Sheriff to and the stock-raisers of the neighbor-beed number of the neighbor-drink. It was a serious blunder-not beed him; and his shooting irons of the world for another try at life. Fra Elbertus, that interesting ma hood numbering a dozen. These ranch- that Lassiter had the least objection men, with one of the store-keepers, to accepting whiskey from anyone, were the only inhabitants with much even a Mexican at ordinary times, but pretence to respectability, the bulk today he was on his dignity, and the of the population being cow-boys, attitude of his neighbors forbade conrough-riders, and their descention, even inviting aggressive measures. Finally, to complete José's

inadvertently trod "What the h-l-" roared the Sher-iff furiously, and, as José stumbled kill you." John sniffed. sentative, for the most part, of every back with an apology, he struck the grade of blackguardism. Here and wretched youth a heavy blow in the

"Take that, to teach you manners,-

the had drifted into the whirlpool of The boy receied backward, blood The Mexican's face shone. cow-punching" as some men drift to flowing freely from nostrils and gracious Senor, I nevair forget." sea before the mast, through inclina- mouth, and bedabbling his precious A month later the spring rou

"Diabalo! How hit him? He big as

He advanced with an oath, and the today, and it was some minutes before Mexican cowered behind the stove. "My turn now. Order yourself." could get his drink. When Upon this the bummers sprang out Ogden did so, his right hand within served, he withdrew to a table and sip- of the way, taking their chairs with easy grasp of his revolver. But no ped at his whiskey slowly. He was them. But there was still John Ogden. move was made against him, and after very tired, having ridden forty miles He did not move, except to rise to his close observance of the man he came that day and herded cattle most of feet with a flushed face, and to quiet- to the conclusion that none would be the preceding night, so that he felt ly lay his empty glass on the table. He made. Burt Lassiter was a coward.

the crowd stared and swore softly with wonder, while the prescient bummer licked his lips.

Ogden knelt by the sheriff, unfasten. ing the collar of his coat. His own position was now a very delicate one, and he knew it. If the Sheriff nad pals, his adversary would pay with his life for the punishment he had one of the greatest women philaninflicted. Apparently, however, the thropists of the country, may look man had no friends, for not a soul back upon as long as she lives. except the landlord and John himself Keen knowledge of the law, a troubled to find out whether he was supreme sense of justice and money to still alive.

Nothing, as it happened, was serious-'Senor, where you vamos now?" "Why?"

'Adios amigo," he said. The Mexican's face shone. "Al A month later the spring round-up A month later the spring round-up was over, and John Ogden was a free man, with \$100 in his pocket, preparthis class, one May morning, swung himself out of his saddle at Jephson's to fortify nature with a whiskey on his way south. He was the son of a manufacturer in Lancashire, England, movement from two of his neighbors. "Not that," said one gruffly. "Hit road had now reached the town, and, it was said, had brought a cargo of The Mexican " "nped in helpless people from the East decked out in the glories of civilized attire, and John longed to see anything that would re-

mountain bear!" mind him of old days. So to Calhoun he went straight away, and to Jephmind him of old days. So to Calhoun He was not without self-control and elementary instincts of his nature now son's. There, on the second day, he living in a land where all men went fully aroused by the applause of the met the Sheriff, and a pleased light

"Hey a drink," he said cordially.

This matter cleared up, John settled

down for a game of cards. He was generally a lucky player, but tonight everything went against him and he ost twenty-five dollars. This was bad, but what was worse was a suspicion that he had been cheated. He could not prove it, and he took his bad luck in silence, but such an experience is never conducive to sweet temper, and John, when he woke next morning, after a restless night, was in a very morose and uncharitable mood. Wha should he do? go for his mail? Hestrol. led over to the post-office at once and asked for letters.

Slade, the postmaster, was sweeping out his room. He, too, was a queertempered man. A lean, wiry Yankee, with a wrinkled face like a monkey's and a high-pitched voice.

He took no notice of John's request, except to say sharply:

"Come in an hour. Now considering the mail-bag was at that moment reposing on the coun-ter at the back of the room, this was ter at the back of the room, this was for a minute, his wrath rising within him, then, without deigning to speak sound argument rather than religious

Friend of the Penniless Prisoner. Fifty years of her life spent in helpspend where and when she will, are

ers to the

lished.

People's Popula

the three things which have helped wrong with Lassiter. He was Mrs. Ricker to open the gates for 'knocked out" and severely bruised thousands of accused persons and per-Fra Elbertus, that interesting man were removed from him. A few min- whose picturesque haunt at East Auroutes later Ogden was remounting to continue his journey, with a pleased countenance and somewhat sore knuckles. As he swung into the sad-is concerned. The unfortunate man dle, he was accosted by the Mexican. or woman who finds himself or herself in the prisoner's dock and calls "You will never come near Calhoun man may pay if the money is there-

for aid from this public spirited wo-"His funeral might come first. Still, never a thought of the unpaid justice you meant well. Thanks, my boy." He smiled, and with the impulse of a In the long fifty years during

good natured man, extended his hand. which Mrs. Ricker has worked un-



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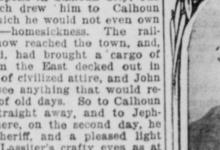
hat means. The hould read this story carn what Lady Let earned in her effort reform London's Er ber heart ber heart and this arrative of ans of life As Fot in a grea and suf of this w y; the r n search



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The E 's Ad-The M Manu-









JOHN FELT HOT IRON TOUCH THE BACK OF HIS NECK

wards with his thumb.

iff." The other grinned.

"Jedge Sanderbach's choice. Burt Lassiter is the biggest tough in town."

Jedge.'

"You bet."

They both laughed, and then relapsed into silence, while John looked stout, with long heavy face, thick lips, drunk?" beetle brows. Coarseness and bca lishman frown involuntarily. Sheriff did not notice Ogden. He was seeking for familiar faces.

The swing-door opened again to adgraceful figure of a Spanlard and the to one on the cowboy." coarse, immobile features of an Indian. His dress was a complete suit "Burt will kill him." of grey buckskin, gaudily ornamented "Done." with beads, and deeply fringed. His As the word was spoken, the Sher-

two saloon bummers, their feet orna-(compactly built and very deep in the menting the top of an unlighted stove. chest, a great contrast to the loose-The swing-door of the saloon opened, limbed Lassiter. José casting his eye and a man swaggered up to the bar. about for a way of escape, saw his One of the bummers pointed back- opportunity, and dodged round the table, whereupon the Sheriff, who had John felt hot iron touch the back of That's him, Sammy-the new Sher- rushed at him, collided violently with the Englishman.

When two bodies meet in such a "Why-naterally, he's friend of the which suffers; but in this instance, to the astonishment of the cow-boys, the Sheriff staggered backwards while the

smaller man stood like a rock. "Where are you coming to?" drawlcuriously at the man who had aroused ed John, in the most disagreeable manthis comment. He was tall, broad and ner he could assume. "Are you

"D-n you," spluttered the Sheriff, brutality were written in every line whose ribs had severely suffered by of that face, and his eyes small, rest- the scientific insertion between them less, and near together, contained a of the point of John's elbow. "For sinister expression that made the Eng- two bits I'll drop ye, as I dropped the The greaser!"

"Will you?" said the Englishman sneeringly, "then do it."

He changed his position, his chest mit another man, who stood a moment expanded; he slightly raised his arm looking about him, nervously flicking and advanced his left foot a few ina rawhide against his boots and glanc- ches, balancing himself on the right. ing doubtfully at the bar. He was a "Sammy," whispered one of the Mexican with the full dark eyes and bummers to his friend, "two drinks "I'll take ye," was the gruff answer,

sombrero, also new, was bound with a iff, seething in his wrath, bore down smart cord of yellow and green, and upon the Englishman like a threewas tilted rakishly over his left ear. decker on a gunboat. As he came he was tilted rakishly over his left ear. decker on a gunboat. As he came he His boots were polished, his spurs silver-plated, of large size, and, being pendants of steel, jingled like bells as he walked. At the sight of the "greaser" there was a general growi of disgust among the cowboys, and be divertified the bells as the empty air. The first blow "greaser" there was a general growi of disgust among the cowboys, and side. The first—a left hander—fell was partied shill a swift broad-side. The first—a left hander—fell "greaser" there was a general growi of disgust among the cowboys, and the first a left hander—fell "greaser" there was a general growi of disgust among the cowboys, and the first a left hander—fell had José Gallegos been a wise man he between the Sheriff's eyes, the second, would have gone elsewhere to assuage immediately on top of it, came under his thirst and indulge his passion for his chin-a deadly blow in itself-the gambling. But José was not wise, nor third crashed full upon the end of his the moment particularly sober. He nose, and the fourth, a vicious hamhad been left a small legacy, some six hundred dollars, and a pertion of this was still burning his pocket. Work, therefore was out of the question; drink and play with the white man

again, he strode to the bag and, break. prating does more for the cause of a ing the seal, prepared to scatter its criminal in the dock and brings to contents upon the counter. Before he the court's mind a clearer insight into could do it the postmaster flew at him the case right then before him. could do it the postmaster hed the bag Mrs ality. from his hands.

there was a shred of law in this God- her ready wit, infectious laugh and forsaken place, I'd have ye arrested clear insight makes everybody about for robbing the United States mail. As her forget that she is a "woman it is, you'll-'

But he got no further, for John's temper had boiled over, and, catching and in that city she has worked unthe little man by the back of the neck, ceasingly for forty years. Publicans he shook him until he was black in and sinners will go far out of their the face, then tossed him like an empty way to do a favor for Marilla Ricker, sack to the other side of the room. the one who of all in the vast army Slade was up in a moment drawing of wealthy women devotes her time a revolver, John did the same, more and money toward freeing unfortunquickly, but he did not fire. The post. ates. Mrs. Ricker believes in freemaster only carried a little nickel. dom. It makes no difference whether plated pistol five inches long, a mere or not the person she is defending is toy beside Ogden's great army Colt. "Put it up," said John quietly. "This for his freedom and means to get it.

thing is not worth a life." He lowered his own pistol as he spoke, when wrote of her recently: "Marilla! who from behind there came a sharp "ping" is Marilla I'll have to tell you-she of a rifle bullet, and the postmaster is Marilla Ricker. Crank? I think so. staggered against the wall, falling upon his face dead. At the same instant Beyond a doubt. Everybody who his neck, and a voice, Burt Lassiter's not love her do not know her. And said curtly:

"Hands up!"

(Continued next week.)

Shakespeare on Insurance.

have heard you say honor and policy. -Measure for Measure.

Plague of your policy. The policy of those crafty, swearing rascals.

-Troilus and Cressida. The policy grows into ill opinion. -Heiry VIII.

Did not my brother Bedford toil his wita

To keep by policy what Henry got? -Henry VI. Or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath used to do.

-Hamlet Of Albany's powers heard you not? 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Seal up your lips and give no word but mum. ---King Lear. Believe me not, yet I lie not; I confess nothing nor I deny nothing.

-Much Ado About Nothing. Heart-sorrowing peers

That bear this Mutual load of moan. -Richard III.

With Mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany -King Lear. Men and men's fortunes I could frank-

ly use. -Timon of Anthens.

An Old Joke Verified.

Baid Tom to Bill, "Pray tell me, air, Why is it that the devil
In spite of all his naughty ways Can never be uncivil?"
Baid Bill to Tom, "The answer's plain To any mind that's bright.
Because the imp of darkness, sir, Can ne'er be imp-o'-light.

Mrs. Ricker has a unique person She is tall, rather mannish "Ye cow-punching devil, you. If wears her iron grey hair short and by

lawyer.' Her permanent abode is Washington

stores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and evelashes, and quickly restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. Write to-day. for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mailit to J. P. Stokes, Mgr., 5184 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclos-ing a 2-cent stamp to help cover postage. I have never tried Poso Hair and Scali guilty or innocent. She is working Remedy, but if you will send me a triat age by mail, prepaid, free, I will use it. Elbert Hubbard, (Fra Elbertus) Wheels? By all means. Bughouse? knows her loves her; those who do there are plenty of people who do 45c not know Marilla Ricker because their mental processes run on a totally different schedule from hers. They are not on her wire. I once heard her quote the prayer of St. Augustine; "O God I thank Thee that thou hast seen fit not to allow me to be tempted this day beyond my strength to те The life business of Marilla Ricker has been to be a friend to the friendless-to be a friend even to those Dept. 49 River Street who were not friends to themselves."

Beautiful Heads of Hair.

sist."

If beautiful hair were commonly seen t is certain that poets would not go into ecstacies about it, but many a pretty face has a very meagre crown. One most fortunate girl is Miss Edith Root, daughter of Secretary Root and it is strange that some enterprising maker of hair restorer has not tried to use her picture as an "after taking" testimonial.

Her dark brown locks are of a silky quality seldom seen in curly hair, and when loose reach within a foot of the ground. She usually wears her hair braided and wound closely around her head.

Some people contend that in arranging the hair a la mode, it is better to nave meager strands rather than thick colls; women, however, still judge the 'crowning glory" by quantity rather than quality.

Baroness von Sternburg has hair that many an actress has envied. It is Titian red, curly and abundant. She wears it in the low Greek coiffure, without adornment of any kind.

Niagara river in its course from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, falls a dis-tance of 627 feet.

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