

The major laughed, "Well, I can't

turn Jackson off, even for you."
"Well deon't do it then-only if he

gets drunk agine and drops a match into the milk can, fancy! and blows us all up, doen't come back on me, that's

They both laughed at this, and the major said: "This is the young man I told you about, Mr.—e.—"

"Ramsey is my name," said Arthur.

rising.
"Mr. Ramsey, this is my partner, Mr.

he had been struck for the first time by the lash of caste, and it raised a welt.

He Heard the Major Calling as he Went Down the Stoir

and passed upon his good points as if he were a horse. There was something in the lazy lift of his cycbrows which

Look here, Ramsey, you mustn't

my men. I'm trying to live up to tra-

"Now get into my eart, and we'll go out to the farm and look things over,"

You're Like Our Own Folks Back in

Illinois.' ettled. Tve ben trying lately to get into harmonious relations with my employes, and I think I'm succeeding. I have a father and grandfather in shirt sleeves to start from and to refer back

steeves to start from and to refer back to, but Saulisbury hasn't. He means well, but he can't always hold himself in; he means to be democratic, but his blood betrays him."

Arthur soon lost the keen edge of his grievance under the kindly chat of the major.

The farm lay on either side of a small

The farm lay on either side of a small stream which ran among the buttes and green mesas of the foot hills. Out to the left, the kingly peak looked benignantly across the lesser heights that thrust their ambitious heads in the

light. Cattle were feeding among the smooth, straw-colored or sage-green hills. A cluster of farm buildings stood against an abruot, cedar-splotched bluff, out of which a stream flowed and shortly fell into a large basin.

The irrigation ditten bleased and in-

shortly fell into a large basin.

The irrigation ditch pleased and interested Arthur, for it was the finest piece of work he had yet seen. It ran around the edge of the valley, discharging at its gates streams of water like velns, which meshed the land, whereon men were working among young plants.

young plants.
"I'll put you in charge of a team, think," the major said, after taiking

he said, and Arthur clambered in. "I can't blame you very much," the major continued after they were well

thing.

He choked with his rage and stood silent, while Saulisbury looked him over

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HE train which Ramsey into Red Rock arrived a bout eight o'clock of a dark day. The next morning he confided to the landlord his plan of take the trouble to rise.

"Mr. Ramsey, this is my partner, Mr. Saulisbury."

"How de do," said Saulisbury, with a nod and a glance, which made Arthur hot with wrath, coming as it did after the take he had heard. Saulisbury did not take the trouble to rise.

Arthur was not thick-skipped. lord his plan of finding a fore-man's position on a stock farm. "Well. I dun-

guch places, but they're always snapped up fore you can say Jack Robinson "Well, I'm going to giv it a g try," the young fellow said bravely.
"That's right. If I was you I'd go
out and see some of those reel estrafellers; they most always know wha

That's a good idea, much obliged, That's a good near mach conger.
I'll tackle 'em at once."
The next forenoon he made his first attempt. He had determined on his speech, and he went into the first office with his song on his lips.
"I'm looking for a place on a dairy

farm; I've had five years' practical exarm; I've man hive years practical ex-perience, and am a graduate of Agricultural college. I'm after the po-sition of bookkeeper and forenan." The man looked at his gravely You're aiming pretty high, young feller, for this country. There are plenty of chances to work, purching cattle, but I don't think chances are good for a foreman's place."

was a kindly man, and repented

the was a kindly mail, and repented when he saw how young Ramsey's face feil. "However, I'll give you some names of people who hire."

Following these clews Ramsey made long walks into the country, tolling from ranch to ranch over the dun-colored, lonely hills.

He was returning late one afternoon.

He was returning late one afternoon from one of these fruitless journeys. It was one of those strange days that come in all seasons at that attitude The air was full of suspended mist-it did not rain, the road was aimest dry under foot-and yet this all pervasive moisture seemed soaking everything. It was a cloud, for this whole land was mountain top

He sat down upon a little hammock to rest, for his feet ached with the long ing, sweet notes, cheerful and undaunted ever. There was a sudden lighting up of the day, as if the lark's song had shot the mist with silver light.

As he rose and started on with pate ful slowers.

shot the mist with silver light.

As he rose and started on with paint ful slowness, he heard the sound of horses hoofs behind him, and a man in a yellow cart came out of the gray obscurity.

Arthur stepped aside to let him pass, but he could not help limping a little more markedly as the man looked at him. The man seemed to understand.

"Will you ride?" he asked.

Arthur glanced at him and nodded without speaking. The stranger was a fine-looking man, with a military cut

"Look here, Ramsey, you mustn't

fine-looking man, with a military cut of beard getting gray. His face was

ruddy and smiling.
"Thank you, I am rather tired,"
Arthur said, as he settled into the seat.
"I guess I'll have to own up, I'm about played out."
"I thought you looked foot-sore. I'm

enough of a western man to reel mean

when I pass a man on the road. A foot-man can get very fired on these stretches of ours." "Tve transped about 40 miles today.
I guess. I'm trying to find some work
to do," he added in desperate confi-

"The afraid that's too much to expect."

Arthur sighed, "Yes, I suppose it is, if I'd known as much two weeks ago as I do now, I wouldn't be here."

"Oh, don't get discouraged, there's plenty of work to do, I can give you something to do on my ranch."

"Well, I've come to the conclusion that there is nothing here for me but an give me anything—"

"Oh, yes; I condition to expect the standard of the first time that there is nothing to expect a place as forestant of the instance of a common hand, so if the standard of the instance of a common hand, so if the instance of the instance o

but the major enjoyed it. It was ex-cellent schooling for his friend.

"Well, work for me, Mr. Ramsey, Sam knuckles down to me on most questions. I hope I know how to treat "Oh, yes; I can give you something to do in my garden. Perhaps something better will open up later. Where are you staying?" he asked, as they neared Arthur told him, and the man drove

him down to his hotel. "I'd like to have you call at my office tomorrow morning; my partner does most of the hiring. I've been living in Denver. Here's my

After he had drove away the listening landlord broke forth: "You're in luck, Cap. If you get a place with Maj. Thayer, you're fixed."

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"Who is he? Why he owns all the land up the creek, and has banks all over Colorado."

"Is that so?" Arthur you delicated.

"Is that so?" Arthur was delighted.
Of course it was only a common hand's
place, but here was the vista he had
looked for—here was the chance!
When he entered the office next day, however, the major merely nodded at him over the railing and said: "Take a

Seat, please."

He seemed deeply engaged with a tall young man of about 35 years of age, with a rugged, smooth-shaven face. The young man spoke with a marked English accent, and there was a quality in his manner of speech which appealed very strongly to Arthur.

"Confound the fellow," he was saying, "I've discharged him. I cawn't reengage him, ye kneow! • We cawn't neat, please.

WORKS

in curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood when all else fails.

man, who looked at Arthur with his head thrown back and one eye shut. "Well, now you're safe," said the major, as he got into his buggy, "so I'll

leave you."

Arthur knew and liked the foreman's family at once. They were familiar types. At supper he told them of his plans, and how he came to be out there, and they came to feel a certain proprietors by him at the came.

torship in him at once.
"Well, I'm glad you've come," said
Mrs. Richards, after their acquaintanceship had followed in a day or two.
"You're like our own folks back in Il-Arthur winced a little at being classed

n with her folks, and changed the sub

One Sunday, a couple of weeks later, One Sinday, a couple of weeks later, just as he was putting on his old clothes to go out and do his evening's chores the major and a party of visitores came driving into the yard. Arthur came out to the carriage, a little annoyed that these city people should not have come when he had on his Sunday clothes.

day clothes.

The major greeted him pleasantly. "Good-evening, Ramsey, Just hitch the horses, will you," I want to show the ladies about a little."

Arthur tied the horses to a post, and came back toward the major expecting him to introduce the ladies, but the major did not, and Mrs. Thayer did not wait for an introduction, but sald, with a peculiar, well-worn inflection: "Ramsey, I wish you'd stand between

me and the horses. I'm as afraid as death of horses and cows." The rest laughed in musical uproar, but Arthur flushed hot. It was the tone English people in plays and stories used in speaking to their butler, or

He helped her down, however, with a sullen air, for his rebellious heart seemed to fill his throat.

The party moved ahead in a cloud of laughter. The ladies were dainty as spring flowers, in their light, outdoor dresses, and they seemed to light up

the barnyard. One of them made the most powerful impression upon Arthur. She was so dainty and so bird-like. Her dress was quaint, with puffed sleeves, and bands and edges of light green, like an April flower. Her narrow face was as swift as light in its volatile changes, and her little chin dipped occasionally into the deep of her ruffled bosom like a swallow into water. Every movement she made was strange and sweet to see. She cried out in admiration of everything and clapped her slender hands like a wondering child. The others eemed to laugh every time they looked

steemed to laugh every time they down at her, she was so entirely carried away by the strangeness of the farm. She admired the cows and the colts very much, but shivered prettily when the bull thrust his yellow and black

nuzzle through the little window of his The horrid thing' Isn't he say-

"Not at all. He wants some meal, that's all," said the maje: The young girl skipped and danced and shook her perfumed dress as a swallow her wings. She was not vain: t was natural in her. Arthur looked it her with deep admiration and de-light, though Mrs. Saulisbury was

talking to him. He liked Mrs. Sallsbury at once, though naturally prejudiced against her. She had evidently been a very handsome woman, but some concealed pain had made her face thin and drawn and one corner of her mouth was se in a sight fold as if by a touch of paraly-sis. Her profile was very beautiful, and her voice was that of a highly cul-

muddened Arthur.
"He looks a decent young fellow erough: I suppose he'll do to try." tivated American. She seemed to be interested in Ar Saulisbury said at last, with cool inthur, and she asked him a few ques and all her questions were intel-Saulisbury amused himself by joking

ne girl, whom he called Edith.
"This is the cow that gives the cream. y' kneow, and this one is the butter-milk cow," he said, as they stood look-ing in at the barn door. Edith tipped her eager little face up

at him, "Really?" The rest laughed again.

"Which is the ice cream cow?" she was not to be (ooled with. Saulis-bury appealed to the major, "Majah, what have you done with our ice cream

"She went dry during the winter," said the major. "No demand on her; supply regulated by the demand, you

mind Sam; he's an infernal English-man, and can't understand our way of meeting men. He didn't mean any-They drifted into the horse barn.
"We're in Ramsey's domain now," said
the major, looking at Arthur, who
stood with his hand on the hip of one
of the big gray horses.
Edith turned and observed Arthur Arthur looked down at him silently and there was a look in his eyes which went straight to the major's heart
"Come, Ramsey, I want to give you
a place. Never mind this You will
really be working for me, anyhow."
Saulisbury himself came down the
stairs and approached them, and Ar-

for the first time. A slight shock went through her sensitive nature, as if some faint prophecy of great storms came to

her in the widening gaze of his dark (To be continued.)

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"You'll admit it is a tradition," says Saulisbury, glad of a chance to sidle away. He cared nothing for the youth, but felt something was due his partner. The major laughed.

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Recognizing the interest attaching Recognizing the interest attaching to the appearance in this city, on Friday evening, of Coi. Henry Watterson, who will deliver his incomparable lecture on "Lincoln" in the Frothingham for the benefit of the Oral school, we present herewith two portraits of him, one taken when he was 30 years of age and the other at 37 They are interesting "human documents," which will be ing "human documents," which will be ingreat paper of this country, I could not

gan to speak. The lecture, which required nearly two hours for its delivery, was anecdatal and analytic rather than ora-torical or eulogistic. Mr. Watterson pos-resses a strong magnetism and holds his reeses a strong magnetism and holds his audience from the first word that he speaks until the last. His lecture on the war president is unique in its masterly manner of handling one of the simplest and yet one of the greatest personalities known in history.

In yesterday's issue some facts in Colonel Watterson's eventful life were

Colonel Watterson's eventful life were given, but here are a few additional ones: When the elder Watterson's term in congress expired he assumed control of the Washington Union, which he conducted from 1850 to 1855, and it was there during his vacations that Henry Waterson obtained his first practical knowledge of newspaper work. In October, 1856, Henry Watterson began the publication of a paper called the New Era, which he edited for two years, It is still a live, prosperous and influential weekly.



HENRY WATTERSON, AGED 21. From the Chicago Times-Herald.

he appeared in the representative chamber escorted by the governor and committees of the two houses, standing, a mark of respect rarely, if ever, paid by an official body to a private citizen. Concerning his appearance in Denver, the Sun, of Feb. 19, 1875, says:

Henry Watterson received from Denver a most enthusiastic greeting. Hundreds of people crowded the Central Presby-

examined attentively by admirers of this most versatile and eloquent of southern journalists.

Suthern journalists.

In yesterday's Tribune mention was went the rounds of the Democratic made of the reception tendered to Col-

made of the reception tendered to Colonel Watterson upon the occasion of his delivery of this justly celebrated lecture in Chicago. Mr. Watterson went from Chicago to Denver. Kausas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul, meeting overflowing crowds everywhere. In the capital of Minnesota, the general assembly which was in session—though two-thirds Republican—met by concurrent resolution in joint session in Mr. Watterson's honor, receiving him, as he appeared in the representative chamber escorted by the governor and completely regained the loss.

After the war Mr. Watterson associated himself with Albert Roberts and George E. Purviss and achieved one of the most remarkable triumphs, all things considered, ever known in the journalism of the world. The lather of Roberts mortgaged his farm for \$1,000 and with this the three young means and with this the three young means.



HENRY WATTERSON, AGED 37. From the Chicago Times-Herald.

terian church, in which he delivered a lecture that has added much to his fame among the people of the United States. Every space was filled, the gaileries were crowded and the aisles had not an inch of standing room left at 8 o'clock. All classes gathered to hear a brilliant journalist, an original thinker and a typical southerner, who fought on the side of the Confederacy, speak of Abraham Lincoln. Over the railing of the choir gallery hung a silk flag, having above it the legend: "We meet tonight under the spell of a great name. The mystic chords of memory are touched by the better angels of our nature." When at 8.15 the speaker of the evening appeared, accompanied by C. S. Thomas, who introduced him, there was a burst of applause that swept from the most distant chair in the gallery to the foremost pew. As Mr. Watterson looked down upon the faces of the citizens of Denver, the demonstration ceased and the throng waited in absolute stillness for the first words of the great journalist. Staning beneath the flag, Mr. Watterson be-

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