



THE JIMMY JOHN BOSS
By OWEN WISTER
AUTHOR OF "RED MEN AND WHITE"
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SYNOPSIS.

The Christmas festivities at Max Vogel's cattle ranch at the Malheur agency have ended in a most unexpected manner. The programme supervised by young Dean Drake, the superintendent, has been interrupted by the arrival of a demijohn of whiskey and cowboys. Peco knows that Drake allows no liquor at the ranch and smuggles in to the cowboys—buccaroos as they are called in the region, a demijohn of whiskey. Drake discovers this when the buccaroos are summoned to partake of the fine dinner Sam, the Chinese cook, has prepared. The men come to dinner much intoxicated. Drake and Bolles, the schoolmaster, who lives at the agency, are waiting for them. The most horridous of the buccaroos are three brothers named Drinker, whose bibulous tendencies have won them the nicknames of "Full," "Half-past Full" and "Drunk." The men smear the agency and the dinner ends in disaster. The finally withdraw to their quarters, but in a short time Drake hears them stealthily returning to the agency. Suddenly Sam calls him into the kitchen, under pretense that the stove is broken.

PART V.

The superintendent came out of his office, followed Sam to the kitchen. He gave no look or word to the buccaroos with their demijohn; he merely held his cigar between his teeth and walked with a hasty stride through the sitting room. Sam took him through to the kitchen and round to a hind corner of the stove, pointing.

"Misser Drake," said he, "Stove no blike. I hear them, sild bunk-house. The going to kill you."

"That's about the way I was figuring it," mused Drake.

"Misser Drake," said the Chinaman with appealing eyes, "I velly sorry you. They be hurting me. Me cook."

"Sam there is much more in your words. Condensed beef don't carry with you. But reserve your sorrow yet awhile. Now what's my policy?" he debated, turning the stove here and there for appliances, somebody might look in.

"Shall I go back to my office and get my guns?"

"You not, you not run now?" said the Chinaman, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, Sam. But I like my gun traveling. Keep me kind of warm. Now, if they should not be afraid of me arming—no, she's got to stay here till I come back for her. So long Sam! See you later. And I'll have time to thank you then."

Drake went to the corral in a strolling manner. There he found the strongest of the horses, and also the schoolmaster's. In the midst of his saddling, Bolles came down.

"Can I help you in any way?" said Bolles.

"You've done it. Saved me a bothersome touch-and-go play to get you out here and seem innocent. I'm going to drift."

"Drift?"

"There are times to stay and times to leave, Bolles, and this is a case of the latter. Have you a real gun on you now?"

Poor Bolles brought out guiltily his 22 Smith and Wesson. "I don't seem to think of things," said he.

"Cheer up," said Drake. "How could you thought-read me? Hide it by Bunting, though. Now, reserve of. Quietly, at the start. As if we were merely joggling to pasture."

Sam stood at his kitchen door, mutely wishing them well. The horses were walking without noise, but Half-past-Full looked out of the window.

"We're by anyhow," said Drake.

"Quick, now. Burn the earth." The horse sprang at his spurs. "Rattle your hoofs. Brindle. Vamoos!"

The shout word was a lash with his quirt. "Duck!" he called to Bolles.

Bolles ducked, and bullets grooved the spraying snow. They rounded a corner and saw the crowd jumping into the corral, and Sam's door empty of that prudent celestial.

"He's a very wise Chinaman!" shouted Drake, as they rushed.

"What?" screamed Bolles.

"Very wise Chinaman. He'll break that stove now to prove his innocence."

"Who did you say was innocent?" screamed Bolles.

"Oh, I said you were," yelled Drake, disgusted, and he gave over this effort

"Now isn't that too bad?" he exclaimed.

"It is all very bad," said Bolles, sorry to hear the boy's tone of disappointment.

"I didn't think they'd fool me again," continued Drake, jumping down.

"Again?" inquired the interested Bolles.

"Why, they've gone home!" said the boy in disgust.

"I was hoping so," said the schoolmaster.

"Hoping? Why it is said, Bolles. Four miles further and I'd have them just."

"Oh!" said Bolles.

"I wanted them to keep after us," complained Drake. "Soon as we had a good lead I coaxed them. Coaxed them along on purpose by a trail they knew, and four miles from here I'd have swung south into the mountains they



THE BUCCAROOS YELLED HOT ON THEIR HEELS.

don't know. Then they'd have been gone as far from home as the snow without supper, like you and me, Bolles. But after all my trouble, they've gone back snug to the fire. Well, let us be as easy as we can."

He built a bright fire, and he whistled as he kicked the snow from his boots, tucking over the horses and blankets.

"Take a rest," he said to Bolles. "One man's enough to do the work. Be with you soon to share our little cottage."

Presently Bolles heard him reciting confidentially to his horse. "Twas the night after Christmas, and all in the houses only we are not all in the house." He slapped the belly of his horse, Tyree, who rambled away to the limit of his pikelet rope.

"Appreciating the moon, Bolles?" said he, returning at length to the fire.

"What are you so gawful about, father?"

"This is all my own doing," said the schoolmaster.

"What, the moon is?"

"It has just come over me," Bolles continued. "It was before you got in the stage at Nampa. I was talking in the house—that I was glad no whiskey was to be allowed on the ranch. It all comes from my folly!"

"Why, you hungry old New England conscience!" cried the boy, clapping him on the shoulder. "How in the world could you foresee the crookedness of that boy Bunting?"

"That's all very well," said Bolles, miserably. "You would never have mentioned it yourself to him."

"You and I, Bolles, are different. I was raised on miscellaneous wickedness. A look at my side would make you say your prayers."

The schoolmaster smiled. "If I said any prayers," he replied, "you would be in them."

Drake looked moodily at the fire. "The Lord helps those who help themselves," said he. "I've prospered. For a by-year-old, I've hooked my claw fairly deep here and there. As for today—why that's in the game, too. It was their deal. Could they have won it on their own play? A joker dropped into their hand. It's my deal now, and I have some jokers myself. Go to sleep, Bolles. We've a ride ahead of us."

The boy relied in his blanket, skillfully. Bolles heard him say once or twice in a sort of judicial conversation with the blanket, "and all in the house—but we are not all in the house. Not all." Not a full house—"His tones drowned comfortably into murmur, and then to quiet breathing. Bolles fed the fire, snatched the unneeded wind-break (for the calm, dry night was breathless) and for a long while watched the moon and a tuft of the sleeping boy's hair.

"If he is blamed," said the schoolmaster, "I'll never forgive myself. I'll never forgive myself, either."

A paternal, or rather maternal, expression came over Bolles' face, and he removed his large sericus glasses. He did not sleep very well.

The boy did. "I'm feeling like a bird," said he, as they crossed through the mountains next morning on a short cut to the Owyhee. "Breakfast will brace you up, Bolles. There'll be a cabin pretty soon after we strike the river road. Keep thinking about coffee."

"I wish I could," said poor Bolles.

He was forgiving himself less and less. Their start had been very early; as Drake bid the schoolmaster observe, he had nothing to detain you, nothing to eat and nothing to pack, is a gain in journeys of haste. The warming day, and Indian Creek well behind them, brought Drake to whistling again, but depression sat upon the self-accusing Bolles. Even when they sighted the Owyhee road below them, no cheerfulness waked in him; not at the nearing of coffee, nor yet at the companionable tinkle of sleighbells dancing faintly up through the bright, silent air.

"Why, if it isn't Uncle Pasco!" said Drake, peering down through a gap in the foothills. "Well, get breakfast sooner than I expected. Quick. Give me Baby Bunting!"

"Are you going to kill him?" whispered the schoolmaster, with a beam-

ing countenance. And he scuffed with his pocket to hand over his hitherto belittled weapon.

Drake considered him. "Bolles, Bolles," said he, "you have got the New England conscience rank. Plymouth Rock is a pudding to your heart. Remind me to pray for you the first spare minute I get. Now follow me close. He'll be much more useful to us alive."

They slipped from their horses, stolidly down a shoulder of the hill, and waited among some brush. The bells jingled unsuspectingly onward to this ambush.

"Only hear 'em!" said Drake. "All full of silver and Merry Christmas. Don't gaze at me like that, Bolles, or I'll laugh and give the whole snap away. See him come! The old man's breath steams out so calm. One, two, three— Just before the sleigh came opposite Dean Drake stepped out. "Morning, uncle!" said he. "Throw up your hands."

PART VI.

Uncle Pasco stopped dead, his eyes blinking. Then he stood up in the sleigh among his blankets. "H'm," said he, "the kid."

"Throw up your hands. Quit fooling with that blanket," Drake spoke dangerously now. "Bolles," he continued, "switch everything out of the sleigh, while I cover him, he's got a shotgun under that blanket. Sling it out."

It was slung. The wraps followed. Uncle Pasco stepped obediently down and soon the chattels of the emptied sleigh hit the snow. The old gentleman was invited to address as



couple took train and team for the Malheur agency.

The avengers reached Indian Creek duty, and the fourth day after his Christmas dinner, Drake came once more in sight of Castle Rock. "I am doing this thing myself, understand," he said to Brock. "I am responsible."

"We're here to take orders," returned the foreman. But as the buildings grew plain and the time was coming, Brock's anxious heart spoke out of its fullness. "If they start in to—to to—to-night, I wish you'd let me get in front," he begged, all at once.

"I thought you thought better of me," said Drake.

"Excuse me," said the man. Then, presently, "I don't see how anybody could a told he smuggled whiskey that way. If the old man (Brock meant Max Vogel) goes to blame you, I'll give him my opinion straight."

The old man got no use for opinions, said Drake. "He goes on results. He trusted me with this job, and we're going to have results now."

The drunkards were sitting around outside the ranch house. It was evening. They cast a sullen inspection on the newcomers, who returned no inspection whatever. Drake had his men together and took them first to the stable, a shed with managers. Here he had them unsaddle. "Because," he mentioned to Brock, "in case of trouble we'll be sure of their all staying. I'm taking no chances now." Soon the drunkards strolled over, saying good-bay, hazarding a few comments on the weather and like topics, meeting sufficient answers.

"Goin' to stay?"

"Don't know."

"That's good horse you've got."

"Fair."

But Sam was the Mithest spirit at the Malheur agency. "Hi-yah!" he exclaimed. "Missis Drake. How fashion you come quick so?" and the excellent Chinaman took pride in the meal of welcome he prepared.

"Supper's now," said Drake to his men. "Sit anywhere you feel like. Don't mind whose chair you're taking—and we'll keep our guns on."

Thus they followed him, and sat. The boy took his customary perch at the head of the table, with Brock at his right. "I miss old Bolles," he told his foreman. "You don't appreciate Bolles."

"From what you tell of him," said Brock. "I'll examine him more carefully."

Seeing their boss, the sparrow hawk, back in his place, flanked with supporters, and his gray eye indifferently upon them, the buccaroos grew polite to oppressiveness. While Sam handed his dishes to Drake and the newcomers ate what was good, before the old initiate-stant got a taste, these latter grew more and more polite. They offered sugar to the strangers, they offered their beds. After supper Half-past-Full urged them to sit companionably in the room where the fire was burning.

He had said very little, had Uncle Pasco, but stood blankly, obedient and malignant. "H'm," said he now. "Goin' to ride with me, are you?"

He was told yes, that for the present he was their conchman. Their horses were in their seats, unapproachable; the drunkards felt the crisis to be a strain upon their sobered nerves. They glanced up from their plates, and down along to Drake eating his hearty porridge, and back at one another and the hungry, well-occupied strangers. They began to the strangers.

"Course you don't. Breakfast's what you're after."

"Oh, well, you'd have got gay. A man gets gay."

"Sure."

Drake, and the buccaroos' hopeful eyes dropped. "I'm going to divide you," pursued the new superintendent. "Split you far and wide among the company's ranches; stir you in with decoder blood. You'll go to White-horse ranch, just across the line of Nevada," he said to Half-past-Full. "I'm tired of the brothers Drinker. You'll go, like see—"

Drake paused in his apportionment, and a sleigh came swiftly round the turn.

"What was dat shooting I hear joost now?" shouted Max Vogel before he could arrive. He tossed the reins to the placid Bolles and sprang out like a sure-footed elephant.

"You little rascal," he looked around at everyone, not comprehending and seeing his boy, Dean Drake, unharmed, standing with a gun, his inquiring eye stopped. "Thank the good God!" he exclaimed.

The boy closed one gray confidential eye at his employer.

"You little rascal," said Max, fondly. "What you shoot at?"

Drake pointed at the demijohn. "It was bigger than those bottle at Nampa," said he. "Guess you could have hit it yourself."

"He's the boss, sir," put in Foreman Brock, with fervor.

Max's great frame shook. He took in the situation now.

"Und you have had nodding else?" said he, and looked at Uncle Pasco, who blinked copiously. "Mine old friend, you never get rich if you change your business so frequent. I tell you that thirty years now." Max's hand found Brock's shoulder, but he addressed Brock. "He is all what you tell me," said he to the foreman, "he save judgment."

Thus the huge jovial Teuton took command, but found Drake had left

far down as a six-shooter that Drake suspected. Then that ate his lunch, drank some whiskey that he had not told to the buccaroos, told him to repack the sleigh, allowed him to wrap up again, bade him take the reins while they would take his six-shooter and shotgun to point out the road to him.

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"Mr. Drake," said Half-past-Full, sweating with his effort, "we were sorry while we was a-fogging you up."

"Yes," said Drake. "You must have been just overcome by contrition."

A large laugh went up from the spectators, and the meal was finished without further diplomacy.

"One matter, Mr. Drake," stammered Half-past-Full, as the party rose. "We're glad to pay for any things what got sort of broke."

"Sort of broke," repeated the boy, eyeing him. "So you want to hold your job?"

"I—" began the buccaroo, and halted.

"Fact is, you're a set of cowards," said Drake, briefly. "I notice you've forgot to remove that whiskey jug."

The demijohn still stood by the great fireplace. Drake entered and laid hold of it, the crowd standing back and watching. He took it out, with what remained in its capacious bottom, set it on a stump, stepped back, leveling a gun and shattered it to pieces. The whiskey drained out, wetting the stump, creeping to the ground.

Much potency lies in the object lesson. A grin was on the faces of all present, save Uncle Pasco's. It had been his demijohn and when the shot struck it, he blinked like a dog when the whip is raised.

"You ornery old mink!" said Drake, looking at him, "you keep to the jewelry business hereafter."

The buccaroos grinned again. It was something to witness wrath turned upon another.

"You want to hold your jobs?" Drake resumed to them. "You can trust yourselves?"

"Yes, sir," said Half-past-Full.

"Well, I don't trust you," stated

little for him to do. The buccaroos were dispersed at Harper's, at Fort Rinehart, at Alvord Lake toward Stein's Peak, and at the Island ranch by Harney Lake. And if you know East Oregon, or the country where Jones E-egante helped out Specimen Hies, his soldier friend, when the hostile Bannocks were planning his immediate death as a spy, you will know that wide regions separated the buccaroos. Bolles was taken into Max Vogel's esteem; also was Chinese Sam. But Max sat smoking in the office with his superintendent, in particular satisfaction.

"You are a little rascal," said he. "Und I r-r-raise you fifty dollars."

(The End.)

Bicycle Oil.

Various brands of camphorated oils for bicycle lamps have made their appearance, and appear quite satisfactory. The camphor is supposed to cause the oil to give a very white light, so well as to give strength to the flame, so that it is not easily blown out. A recipe for the compounding of such an oil is as follows:

Fill a pint bottle with two-thirds of the best lard oil and one-third of head-light oil, to which add a piece of gum camphor about the size of an egg.

It Was Thunder.

A leading judge is very deaf, and recently there was frequent applause during the hearing of a case. He listened it several times, but after a while came an outburst louder than ever, and in great indignation he exclaimed: "Those demerit phones are most unseemly. If they continue, I shall have the court cleared at once." But the noise the judge had heard was a peal of thunder.—Buffalo Times.

TO BEGIN MONDAY.

The Blue Laboratory,

BY

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ROBERT EUSTACE.

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From the New York Sun.

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We observe with satisfaction that the B. A. degree is not conferred by this institution on false pretences. Applicants for admission to the classical course leading to that particular degree must give evidence of a certain acquaintance with both the Greek and Latin languages. That is to say, a prospective freshman must have read, in Latin, four books of Caesar's commentaries on the Gallic war, six of Cicero's orations, six books of the Aeneid, and the ten Eclogues of Virgil, and must be able to construe easy Latin at sight; in Greek he must have read four books of Xenophon's Anabasis and three or four books of Homer, according as the Iliad or Odyssey is chosen and he must be able to construe at sight passages of average difficulty from those authors; he is also required to translate English into Attic Greek. If a young man has studied only one of the classical languages, but can meet the requirements in either French or German, he may enter the philosophical course leading to the degree of bachelor of philosophy. If he is ignorant of both classical tongues, but is prepared in both French and German, he may enter the science course, and obtain the degree of bachelor of science. There are also courses in architecture, letters, painting, interior-decoration, and law, respectively conducting to the degree of bachelor of architecture, or letters, or painting, or music, and the laws and that of M. D. All this is as

It should be. Nobody is taken in by these diplomas; they mean precisely what they say.

It remains to note that in the college of liberal arts the studies of the freshman year are prescribed; those of the other three years are elective, except that students in the classical course are required to study both Greek and Latin in the sophomore as well as in the freshman year. This also is as it should be. Four years are prescribed, likewise, for the attainment of the degree of bachelor in architecture, painting and music, but there is a special two years' course in architecture, and only 186 term hours are needed in order to secure the degree of bachelor of letters. On the other hand, a quadrilateral curriculum must have been fulfilled by a student to make himself eligible for the degree of bachelor of science or of philosophy. The law course, we regret to say, covers but two years, but to secure an M. D. degree one must have completed four full years of medical study, the last of which, at least, must have been spent in the medical department of this institution.

No Danger.

"I'm afraid," said a person of questionable or unquestionable habits, that I am likely to have water upon the brain."

"You will never have it upon the stomach," was the companion's consolatory reply.—Tammany Times.

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"STOVE NO BLOKE. THEY GOING TO KILL YOU."

at conversation as their horses rumbled along.

It was a dim wide stretch of water into which Drake and Bolles galloped from the howling pursuit. Twilight already veiled the base of Castle Rock, and as they forged heavily up a ridge through the caking snow and the yells came after them, Bolles looked seriously at Dean Drake; but that youth wore an expression of rising excitement. Bolles looked back at the dusk from which the yells were sounding, then forward to the spreading skin of night where the trail was taking him and the boy; and in neither direction could he discern cause for gaiety.

"May I ask where we are going?" said he.

"Away," Drake answered. "Just away, Bolles. It's a healthy resort."

It was ten miles until either spoke again. The drunken buccaroos yelled hot on their heels at first, holding more obstinately to his chase than sober ruffians would have attempted. Ten cold dark miles across the hills it took to cure them, but when their shoutings had faded over heights where the pines grew and down through the open swales between, dropped off and died finally away among the willows along the south fork of the Malheur, Drake reined in his horse with a jerk.

"HE WAS INVITED TO UENDRESS.

have joyfully exchanged. He was taken along with the avengers. They could not wring his neck, but they could play cat and mouse with him and his concertina; and they did. But the concertina of Bolles still tolled. When Drake and the men were safe away, he got on the wagon going for the mail, thus making his way next morning to the railroad and Boise, where Max Vogel listened to him, and together this

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