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More than one hundred writers have
written the life of Mr. Gladstone.

During the past fiscal year the num-
ber of immigrants arriving in this
country was only 258,596, which was
less than any year's immigration since
1879.

A Chicago paper thinks that the
trouble with San Francisco is that
"it is too distant from the center of
things." In San Francisco they think
that things are too distant from the
center.

Judge Hicks, of the United States
Circuit Court of Ohio, has decided
that the Comptroller of the Currency
can make an assessment on stock-
holders of insolvent National Banks,
and that the assessment can be re-
covered by a suit at law.

The total railway capital of the
world is \$30,000,000,000, of which
Great Britain owns one-sixth. The
total mileage of the world is 400,000,
and of this the British Empire has
70,000, employing 400,000 men and
carrying annually 900,000,000 pas-
sengers.

"Have you seen the fact stated in
the newspapers that Russia has begun
to buy her armor plates in this coun-
try," asks the New York Herald, "and
has it come to your ears that Japan
will probably have some of her new
battle ships built here? Those two
facts are worth noting. We are a great
country."

In England a distinction is made
between a "village" and a "town,"
the dignity of town being applied only
to those places which are large enough
to support a weekly market in the
public square, to which the farmers
of the surrounding country bring for
sale and barter their butter, eggs and
other produce.

Young women with fortunes to in-
vest in titles would do well to try Po-
land, suggests the San Francisco Ex-
aminer. In Warsaw alone, with a
population of 500,000, there are 30-
728 persons belonging to the heredi-
tary nobility, and 9237 "personal no-
bles"—people entitled to the distinc-
tion by reason of office or discovery.

A curious fact discovered by Penn-
sylvania's Dairy and Food Commis-
sioner is that much of the raspberry
and strawberry jam put up so neatly
in little jars contains a very small
quantity of the fruit from which it
should be made. What appear to be
the seeds of the berries, explains the
New York Post, are introduced into
the preserves by using plenty of grass
seed.

Somewhere has unearthed a book
written by Bartholomew Anglicus,
about 1250, of which one of the most
amusing chapters is on the children
of his day. Of these he writes: "They
dread no perils more than beating
with a rod, and they love an apple
more than gold, and make more sor-
row and woe for the loss of an apple
than for the loss of a heritage. They
desire all that they see, and pray and
ask with voice and with hand. They
keep no counsel, but they tell all that
they hear and see. Suddenly they
laugh, and suddenly they weep. Al-
ways they cry and jangle and jape;
that unless they be still while they
sleep. When they be washed of filth
anon they defile themselves again.
When their mother washeth and
cometh them, they kick and sprawl
and put with feet and with hands, and
withstand with all their might." All
of which makes it appear that those
1250 boys were the same then as now.

The San Francisco Chronicle ob-
serves: Mrs. Craigie, the novelist,
known as "John Oliver Hobbes," has
some sensible ideas on the folly of
American girls marrying Englishmen
or other foreigners. Whatever may
be the virtues of the foreigner, his
training has been so radically differ-
ent from that of an American that
there can be no sympathy between
him and his American wife. The
American girl has been bred to expect
deference from men in private as well
as in public. Too often she expects
more than she should, for the tenden-
cy of the American father is to spoil
his daughters by over-indulgence. In
England the method is to teach girls
that their brothers are superior, and
that obedience is the cardinal virtue
in women. Instead of being taught
upon by her husband the American
girl who marries an Englishman dis-
covers when too late that she is ex-
pected to cater to the tastes of her
husband and to render him personal
service whenever he sees fit to demand
it. She gets no deference, and scanty
respect. This may seem a small mat-
ter, but it has been the cause of much
unhappiness in inter-racial mar-
riages.

SMILES.

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little,
All along the road,
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit you in gloom and darkness,
With your grief to sup?
As you drink Fate's bitter tonic,
Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns, and smiles are blos-
soms.

Oh for weary feet,
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sudden frown,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

Smile upon your undone labor;
Not for one who grieves
O'er his task, waste wealth or glory;
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and sorrow
In the passing years,
Smile a little, smile a little,
Even through your tears.

—Ella W. Wilcox, in Youth's Companion.

A COWBOY'S LOVE.

BY LESTER KETCHUM.



BILL FACED BILL
stumbled, almost
fell, recovered
himself, then stood
stock-still, and,
turning his head,
looked appealingly
into his master's
eyes.

"What's th' mat-
ter, Bill?" asked Sam. "Casta shoe?
Blessed if ye hain't," he continued,
after dismounting and examining the
foot of the horse held up for inspection.
"Ought 'a' ye had ye fixed up more'n
two weeks back, ol' hoss." He took
out his knife—a sort of pocket black-
smith and carpenter-shop—leftly re-
moved the rest of the nails by which
the shoe hung to the hoof, put the
shoe in his pocket, then stood up and
scratched his head.

"This was serious business. Here he
was, over sixty miles away from home
(and in a hurry to get there), in a
sparsely settled portion of the coun-
try, and without the slightest idea of
where or how he was going to find a
place where he might get that shoe re-
set. True, he had no business rid-
ing an animal that required the ser-
vices of a farrier; but Bill was not a
native horse, and, having worn shoes
when Sam first got him, he had been
kept shod ever since.

It was twenty odd miles back to
Taberville, whence Sam had started
that morning, and he disliked the
idea of returning that distance just to
have a shoe set; so, after some min-
utes' hesitation he decided to go
ahead and trust to luck; and after
walking about three miles (a painful
task for a cowboy), he "met up with"
a man traveling in the other direc-
tion, who, much to his relief, told him
that there was a cross-roads just
ahead in the timber, with a store and
a blacksmith shop situated close by.

Sam thanked him and passed on,
but presently, much to his surprise,
the stranger turned and galloped back
to him.

"I thought I'd tell ye," he said,
"bein' as ye're a stranger, th't ye'd
best not dally 'round that place none
—an' don't drink nothin'." Ye see,"
he went on to explain, "they be'n
fellahs turped up a missin' th't was
heard of last night 'bout yere. Noth-
in' wa'n't never proved, but it's a
purty good place f'r t' right sly of, I
reckon."

"Good! You bet I'm right glad ye
tol' me 't s' so," said Sam. "I don't think I'll
dally none whatever."

Then Sam and the friendly stranger
parted, and Sam found his way to the
crossroads.

The blacksmith was at work when he
came along, but assured him he would
attend to Bill "in a jiffy." Four or
five men were loading about the place,
and they at once proceeded to take
note of, and comment upon, Bill's
good points—a fact that Sam would
have duly appreciated had he been
able to convince himself that their at-
tentions were altogether disinter-
ested. As it was, however, he viewed
with suspicion all their overtures to
black striking up an acquaintance, and
found it difficult to treat them with
the civility that Southwestern courtesy
demands—albeit they were, to all ap-
pearances, just as honorable and up-
right citizens as himself. In fact, they
looked just like the average frontiers-
man whose time, for the moment,
hanged heavily on his hands, and but
for the warning of the friendly stranger,
Sam Stires would doubtless have
"mixed free" with them. As it was,
even, he inadvertently admitted that he
was going to get there; but he sensibly re-
fused all invitations to "likker up,"
on the ground that it didn't agree
with him.

The blacksmith's "jiffy" lasted until
almost six o'clock, and whilst he was
engaged on Bill's foot, the loafers
wandered out, one at a time, and dis-
appeared up the hillside, presumably
in the direction of a house, and this
reminded Sam that it was supper time,
and that he was hungry.

"Bont' suppetime, stranger," said
the blacksmith, suddenly, as though
divining his thoughts. "Hadt' ye
betta come up an' graze with we-
all, an' let th' job go f'r a bit?"

"Cain't do it, pardner," Sam re-
plied, somewhat hastily, thereby con-
firming the other in a certain suspi-
cion he held concerning Sam (i. e.,
that he was a marsh'd or sherrif).

deputy)—" 'Cause ye see, I got t' be
a-movin' right peart, an' gittin' t'
Rio. 'Blighted' ye, all th' same. I'll
jes' go oveh t' th' store an' git a snack
w'ile ye finish th' job."

There was a little, faded, sharp
featured woman behind the counter in
the little store, and her keen black
eyes studied Sam critically as he pro-
ceeded to serve him with the cheese
and crackers he called for. Presently
a tall, big, square shouldered fellow
came in and stood by the door, and
the woman went and joined him. They
conversed in low whispers for about a
minute, and Sam, dimly suspicious,
glanced at them two or three times.
The last time he saw that they were
looking at him. Then the woman,
with a half laugh, shrugged her thin
shoulders and said, aloud, as the big
man turned to go out:

"Quien sabe? Quien sabe?"
The moment the big man was gone,
however, she hastened to the back of
the store, looked into the bar room,
apparently to make certain that it was
unoccupied, then came up to Stires,
who was hastily gobbling his lunch,
and asked, in a whisper: "Stranghe,
be you a dep'ty?"

"Me? No, o' co'se not. What—"
"Co'se," said the woman, with an
impatient gesture, "I might 'a' knowed
ye wouldn't say so, ef ye was. Look
yere," she went on, hastily, coming
closer and laying a hand on his arm.
"Ye're in danger, mister. Le' me tell
ye, w'ile I've got th' chanst, th't ye
wantuh git o' th' real quick—an' say,
don't take th' Rio trail f'r."

Leave it a mile out, an' cut cross
to 't Amity Forks—hush me!"
"Yes'm, I sho' do, but what—"
"Don't stop t'ast no fool questions.
That big fellah 's Ned Flynn, an'
yere's w'e're 'e hangs out a lot. They'll
git ye, ef ye don't look out. I'm
telling ye this, 'cause—'cause—well,
nevah min'. Only, git a move on."

Sam lost no time in seeing that Bill
was properly "fixed," and, getting
started, he took the strange little
woman's advice and turned toward
Amity Forks, thereby preserving, no
doubt, a whole skin. He asked him-
self, many times, why the woman
could have taken the trouble to warn
him, but was unable to find any rea-
son for it.

As a matter of fact, the woman her-
self could have given no reason be-
yond that essentially feminine "be-
cause."

The face of Ned Flynn haunted Sam.
Why, it was impossible to say, for Sam
Stires, like the rest of his family, was
not at all imaginative. There was noth-
ing remarkable about the face of
Flynn, the outlaw, excepting that it
belied the character of its owner, being
a square, honest face, with two clear,
honest blue eyes, while Flynn—well,
everybody within a hundred miles of
the line knew what he was. Neverthe-
less, that face bothered Sam all the
way home and for two or three days
afterward, and he could think of no
reason for its constant appearance be-
fore his mental vision until, one after-
noon shortly after his arrival home,
he started out for the Huston place to
see Mat. Then, as he forded a creek
near the Huston ranch, he remem-
bered the man he had met there one
time, who, he had been told after his
arrival at the house, was Harry Arm-
strong, his much-hated-of but never-
before-seen rival for Mat's affections.

And he remembered now that the
stranger's face was the face of Ned
Flynn, outlaw and "rustler."

After making this startling discovery
he rode more slowly, in order to re-
cover his mental equilibrium. He
was in doubt how to act in the matter,
for he was by no means absolutely
certain that he was correct, and he
knew that to tell Mat of his discovery
and then find that he was mistaken,
would jeopardize, if not ruin, his own
chances with her. Wherefore, he re-
solved to proceed with caution, and
to assure himself that he was right be-
fore going ahead.

"Say, Bart," he asked, in a confi-
dential tone, of Mat's brother, who rode
a mile or two with him on his home-
ward way late that night, "who's this
yere man Armstrong, anyway?"

Bart Huston laughed. "Gittin'
scared of 'im, Sam? Didn't s'pose he
wasn't yere at all, I sho' didn't."

"Oh, I wouldn't 'a' p'tic'lar," said
Sam, hastily, with a gesture of depre-
cation. "O'ay, I'm jes' sort of cur'us
'bout 'im, that's all."

"Wal, fact, I d'no's I know
much about th' d'ck," confessed Bart.
"Seen 'im once, didn't ye? Wal, all
I know 'bout 'im, th't 'e's got a
ranch oveh on th' Pecos, an' 't'hoth
one oveh th' Two-Mile—ol' Watrous
place, ye know. Say's 'e's goin' t'
sell out th' Pecos place, an' move
oveh t' this country ateh th' fall
round-up. Seems t' be a purty good
soht of fellah, an' ac's like 'e's got
dough. He's some educated, too."

"M-hm," grunted Sam, as though it
was immaterial, all this information
about his rival. And he said nothing
more to Bart on the subject, but cer-
tainly "kep' a-thinkin' a lot," as he
would have expressed it. He must
make sure that his surmise was cor-
rect, and then—well, Mr. Armstrong,
or Flynn, or whatever his name was,
would not only be decidedly out of the
running, but was in a fair way to con-
cede one of his visits at the Huston
place at the end of a roata.

But before Sam had time to think
out the best plan for assuring himself
of "Armstrong's" identity with Ned
Flynn, he learned that that gentleman
was expected, in a few days, on a visit
to Mat; and this information, volun-
teered by Bart, whom he met on the
range, decided Sam—who had been at
the point of deciding for him-
self—on a course of action, and the
very next day he rode over to see
Mat.

As he rode up to the house, he no-
ticed that it looked singularly quiet,
and (so tired was he by this time) he
almost hoped the "folks" were all

away, and that he could again post-
pone asking Mat the question he had
so long been wanting, yet fearing, to
ask. But Mat herself met him at the
door.

"W'y, howdy, Sam!" she ejaculated.
"I'm right glad t' see ye! Didn't
know, f'r s'ho, but what 'twas some
one a-comin' t' carry me off!"

"I've a right good notion t' do it,"
said Sam, with what he considered re-
markable audacity—and then he failed
to follow up this opening, but asked:
"Be ye all alone, Mat?"

"I sh'd say alone! Maw 'n' paw's
gone t' town, Bart an' ev'ry han's
sout on th' range, an' even ol' Man-
uel's done shipped—went oveh on th'
creek to a Grueser funeral. But go
an' put Bill up an' come in. We'll
have suppet, right soon."

Sam soon returned to the kitchen,
and sat there, with eyes and mouth
open, watching Mat as she flitted
gracefully about the room preparing
supper. He took in every detail of
the tall, lithe figure, the pretty face,
and the thick tawny hair, with its lit-
tle curls that clustered about her neck.
He wondered if she would ever let him
handle those curls.

"Well, come 'n' graze, Sammy," she
said, finally. "I reckon they ain't but
us two t'ast, this time."

"Wonder wh' she'd say if I sh'd
tell 'er I wish t' it was just us two
allays?" thought Sam. But he did not
say it, being very timid, and very hun-
gry, beside. After supper, however,
they sat out in the "gallery," and Mat
gave him an opportunity to speak.

"Seems funny, don't it, f'r jest us
two t' be a-settin' yere?" the girl said,
smiling at him frankly.

Sam swallowed spasmodically; his
throat hurt him.

"Why not f'r 'alays, Mat?" he said,
finally, in a husky voice. "Mat,
darlin', s'pose me 'n' you fix it up t'
be t'gethah f'revah? Don't—don't
stop me," he went on, as the girl rose
to her feet and would have spoken.

"I be'n tryin' t' say it f'r two yehs.
Mat, will ye marry me?"

The girl had one arm across her
eyes, and was sobbing. "Oh, I wish't
ye hadn't, Sam! I wish't ye hadn't
s'poke! I hain't treated ye right,
Sam, I hain't."

"Why—why?"

"'Cause I got t' tell you, Sam,"
she said, more steadily, but with eyes
averted. "Ef I got t' tell ye—oh,
Sam, I was married t' Harry Arm-
strong last winteh, w'en I was oveh
on th' Pecos!"

Sam sank limply back in his chair.
"Ye don't mean it, ye sho' don't
mean it, Mat!" he gasped. But the
girl nodded her head affirmatively,
and bit a corner of the handkerchief
she held to her eyes.

"I cain't b'lieve it, Mat—I sho'
cain't!" said poor Sam, plaintively.

"Le' me think—"
So engrossed were they that they
had not heard the sound of galloping
hoofs, and both were startled when
some one reined up suddenly, almost
in front of them, and cried, hoarsely:
"Good God! Mat, where can I hide?"

"Ned Flynn!" ejaculated Sam,
starting to his feet dazedly.

"Harry!" shrieked the girl, as the
man, pale, bareheaded and disheveled,
threw himself from his drooping horse
and staggered toward them. One side
of his face and neck was covered with
blood.

The girl sprang forward and threw
her arms about him. "What is it,
Harry? What is it?"

"Nothin'," said the man, grimly—
"only they've sent out three posse
after me, and I'm caught. There's a
lot of 'em just behind. If I could get
over the Two-Mile—"

Sam started forward. "How fur
'hind are they?" he asked, in a queer
voice.

"Right on my heels," replied the
other man, with the calmness of de-
spair. He sat with his head buried in
his wife's lap, and did not look up
seemingly to care not at all what hap-
pened next.

"Did he do something that sur-
prised himself 'Git inside, you two!"
he said, roughly, and tossed his hat to
Flynn. Then he ran and leaped into
the saddle the other man had just left,
jammed his spurs into the weary
horse's flanks, and, with a wave of
the hand, was off toward the hills—
and not a quarter of a mile behind
him, when he struck the road, were a
half dozen horsemen.

They caught sight of him crossing
the road ahead, and, with loud yells,
raced after him.

Sam knew that the horse he rode
could not last long, but he still had
time to think of what he had done,
and what would be done to him. He
knew what generally happened to per-
sons who aided the escape of men like
Flynn—but he reflected, grimly, that
he had his revolver on, and they should
never hang him, at least.

But—why had he done it? He did
not feel sorry, really, but he could
not comprehend his own action.

"Ping!" They were shooting at
him now, and the bullets were flying
unmistakably close. If he could only
reach the timber! He glanced back,
and it gave him a pang to see how
rapidly they were gaining upon him.

His horse stumbled, fell, and threw
him; but he was back in the saddle in
a moment and urging the poor crea-
ture on. Again he looked back. One
of his pursuers suddenly halted his
horse, dismounted, and, with his knee
for a rest, began pumping lead after
the fugitive. One—two—three shots
missed him. He hoped he was draw-
ing out of range. Then—

"What's th' matter w'?" asked
the man who had dismounted, as he
came up and joined the rest. It was
Sam's cousin, Will Stires. "Through
th' back, hey?" And he turned the
body over. "Stick an'—good heav-
en! It's Sam! You fellahs don't
s'pose he'd be mixed in w'—"

"Not by a h'it s'ight!" said one of
the others. "They's somethin' funny
'bout this d'ck—Sam wa'n't in it."

And up at the Huston place, other
members of the posse had closed in
upon the house, dragged Ned Flynn,
outlaw, from the arms of his shrieking
wife, and, without any useless delay,
were just at this moment giving him
the punishment he had so long and so
richly deserved.—San Francisco.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No insulator of magnetism has yet
been found.

A dry frost of 250 degrees destroys
germs of infection.

The skeleton of an average whale is
said to weigh no less than fifty thou-
sand pounds.

Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, is said
to be an excellent winter refuge for
consumptives.

When water freezes it expands with
a force which Trautwine estimates at
not less than thirty thousand pounds
to the square inch.

At last hydrogen is liquefied. What
was once pure theory is now an estab-
lished, substantial fact. Every known
gas has been forced from invisibility
to visibility.

The Russian Army authorities are
about to establish a scientific branch
of the service. The object is to work
out the applicability of electrical
discoveries to war purposes.

They are building locomotives in
France now in a form to present as
little hold as possible to the air, which,
it is claimed, is an important factor in
diminishing the speed of fast trains.

The Fourth avenue street car line,
New York City, after long experi-
menting with storage batteries to run its
cars, thinks that it has an article that
fill the bill, and is about to equip all
its cars.

The length of the day varies in
different places. In London the longest
day has sixteen and a half hours; at
St. Petersburg nineteen and in
Spitzbergen the longest day lasts
three months and a half.

The water animals were lower in
organization and older in existence than
the air breathing animals. They
naturally found their existence easier
than did the animals exposed to the
vicissitudes of the atmosphere.

J. E. Gore, writing on the "Size of
Solar System," says that "enormously
large as the solar system absolutely is,
compared with the size of our own
earth, it is, compared with the visible
universe, merely as a drop in the
ocean."

A new lead for deep sea sounding
carries a cartridge which explodes on
touching the bottom. A submerged
microphone receives the sound and
the depth is estimated from the time
occupied by the lead in sinking to the
bottom.

A heavenly census is now being
taken by the Paris Observatory; to
count the stars the heavens are photo-
graphed in sections. Some of these
sections show only a dozen stars, while
others of the same dimensions show
over 1500.

There are being shown in Sheffield,
England, samples of compound com-
pressed solid petroleum, the invention
of Paul D'Hunay, a French naval en-
gineer, who claims to have solved the
problem of solidifying petroleum and
low grade bituminous oil. Under his
process he states that three cubic feet
will represent the bulk of a ton of
coal, and will last combustible as long
as fifty tons.

American Big Game for England.

Colonel William Root, of Laramie,
Wyoming, recently received an order
from the representatives of some
wealthy British sportsmen owning big
preserves in the Scottish Highlands
to be shipped to Scotland for restock-
ing the preserves. He has in former
years secured and sent over several
similar consignments of big game to
Great Britain and the Continent. The
deer, he says, stand the long journey
well, but elk and moose seem more
delicate, have to receive the greatest
care, and the most carefully selected
food, and after all frequently die on
the ocean trip. He will hunt in the
northern part of Wyoming, where elk
and moose still abound, for the ani-
mals to fill this order. It is a much
harder task, as may well be imagined,
to secure these animals alive and in
good condition than simply to stalk
and shoot them.—New York Sun.

Discovered a Pirmy Tribe.

Dr. Donaldson Smith, of Philadel-
phia, the explorer of Somaliland, has
reached London in the best of health.
Dr. Smith had a narrow escape from
being killed by a rhinoceros while on
his way to the lakes, but he pushed
onward and succeeded in exploring the
country, discovering many new tribes,
the members of one of them being un-
der five feet high. The exploration,
Dr. Smith said, had been successful
from a natural history point of view.
They had discovered a number of fer-
tile districts and new tribes, and had
located several doubtful rivers. They
only lost six people killed during the
whole journey. Dr. Smith will return
to the United States in January.—
Chicago Times-Herald.

At Law Over a Pig.

A \$150 lawsuit over a \$1.25 pig has
just been ended in Michigan, Ind.,
and the town treasury is out the former
amount. A month ago the City Mar-
shal impounded a pig belonging to a
farmer named Hills. The farmer re-
fused to pay the \$1.50 pound charge
and reprieved the pig. The town
sued him, and after three trials the
Circuit Court the other day gave a
verdict for Hills, with \$1.01 damages.
More than half the people in town
were summoned as witnesses, and the
total amount of money lost over the
pig runs to a pretty high figure.—New
York Sun.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE
FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

As to Stone Walls—His First Case—
in the Car—Natural Inference—
Letting Her Down Easy, Etc., Etc.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
For him who has the wherewithal
Good lawyers to engage.
—Indianapolis Journal.

HIS FIRST CASE.

Patient—"Doctor, I am troubled
with insomnia."
Young Doctor—"Er—a—what are
the symptoms?"

MASHED ON HERSELF.

Alice (the friend)—"I don't see how
anyone can help loving Blanche."
Gertrude (the rival)—"She can't
help it herself."—Life.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Clara—"