

THE MIRACLE OF DAWN.

What it would mean for you and me if dawn should come no more. Think of its gold along the sea. Its rose above the shore!

A Real Bad Man



HE yellow sands of the Painted desert flew past the car windows as the train plunged into an Arizona twilight.

of the exhilarating and peculiar beauty of the desert, which is all its own, the eastern man should start a reminiscent discussion of life in the wild and woolly west.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows," declared K—. "I don't believe there exists to-day a good example of the



STANDING IN THE DOORWAY WITH BOTH CANNONS POISED FOR ACTION.

old-style 'real bad man' of the west. You read about 'em in stories written by those newspaper fellows who have never been west of the ponds in Jackson park and who are made up of three-fourths imagination and one-fourth froth."

"If what I hear is true," protested one of the party, "there are, on the contrary, a few of the real article left around there very same bad lands we're scouting through at this moment."

"Oh, pooh," retorted K—. "It's just like the stories of the cowboys which we read every day. The real, simon-pure article in the cowboy line don't exist any more except in fiction. Travel the west over and you won't see one of 'em, and I know what I'm talking about. Hain't I eaten with 'em, bunked with 'em and helped 'em sober up many a time in the early days, when I was a freight agent in Colorado? They are not to be found, I tell you, and in this respect they are just like the typical 'em man of the west. Oh, of course," he conceded, "there are a lot of counterfeits hikin' around, simulating the real article, and making the tenderfoot believe in 'em. That's easy enough when a fellow is a tenderfoot, but if I should see one of those blabbering, counterfeiting coyotes hanging around I'd know him for what he really was."

"I dare say you are right," replied one of the party. "Of course, you are familiar with the west, while the rest of us are more or less green in this respect."

"I should say I was familiar with it," declared K—. "There isn't any kind of western character that I am unacquainted with, and I know how to handle them, too, the bad man included."

As K— concluded the train slowed down for water at Winslow. The shadows were beginning to

waggle and there was a momentary lull in the conversation. Suddenly the air was rent by a series of yells which would have put to shame an Apache on the warpath. The terrible sounds, which were frequently accompanied by the crack of a revolver, evidently came from just outside the door of the private car.

"I'm bound for La Junta to drink the town dry and bust the bloomin' bank," declared the voice, which had a larger and more fanciful register than a steam callopie. "I ain't goin' to spend a cent for car fare. I own the train; in fact, I own the road, but the blamed old thing ain't worth ownin'. Whoopee, but I'm it with a big I. Why in ——— don't some one try to stop me—me, the Arizona cyclone?"

This challenge was concluded with a yell that split the night atmosphere for fully three-quarters of a mile and was concluded with a revolver fusillade that did the western terror great credit.

"I guess he's one of 'em, all right," said Mr. M—, as another shriek set the telegraph wires to jingling a merry tune.

K— opened the door of the private car and, towering to his full six feet and throwing out his Sandowic chest, demanded: "My good fellow, what is all this row about?"

"Well, I'll be blankety, blankety blanked if there ain't a real 'risto-crate," declared the bad man. "Say, pard, take off that whitewash collar and line me. We're the boys who can do it."

The bad man laid a large, grimy "paw" upon the railroad man's shoulder and tried to kiss him. Upon the railroad man's resisting this familiarity the fun began. Out came two forty-fours simultaneously with another war-whoop which made a record.

"You onery, sneakin' coyote," shouted the bad man, "I like the looks of this blamed car and so I'll just take it and make you come along. And when I take possession you can bet you'll take off that whitewash collar."

Into the car plunged the bad man, emptying a couple of chambers in his revolver by way of emphasis. This had the effect of scattering the occupants. M— made a wild dash in search of the conductor, convinced that K—'s last hour had come. K— massed up his mind to the same effect, massing he could reach his own revolver in the sleeping room of his car. Making a run for it, he tried to beat the bad man to it, but it was no use. Like an avenging Nemesis the terror of the plains came charging down the center of the car, letting loose a picturesque flood of billingsgate directed at K— and the whitewash collar. As he reached the trunk in his room and sought to grasp his revolver K— glanced over his shoulder and saw the terrible westerner standing in the doorway with both cannons poised for action. Therefore he decided not to stop at the trunk, but to go right on out of the window, which he did. Landing upon his head and shoulders, the railroad man picked himself up and started for the rear of the train just as the bad man began to show his appreciation of the empty car by giving vent to a series of blood-curdling war cries.

On his way to the rear K— encountered the conductor, to whom he breathlessly told the story of the bad man's invasion of his car. Without a word, but with a peculiar smile on his face, the conductor hastened to the private car, K— following at a respectful distance. Without a moment's hesitation the conductor sprang into the private car just as the bad man had concluded telling the world that he owned it. When the bad man saw the conductor he dropped both revolvers and started for the forward end. But the conductor was too quick for him, and grasping the western terror by the coat collar he exclaimed:

"You measly bum, I've been looking for you all through the train. I told you that if you ever bothered me again I'd break every bone in your cowardly body."

Drugging the limpid terror to the car platform, the conductor administered a lusty kick which sent him plunging headlong into the sands of the desert. As the bad man picked himself up and limped dejectedly away the expression on K—'s face was a study.

"In the excitement of the moment you didn't recognize your friend, did you, Ed?" asked M—, laughing. "Is he the real thing?"

"Just couldn't bear to hurt him, I suppose," said another.

"Well, it wasn't up to Ed, anyway," declared a third. "He wasn't running the blamed train."

"Well, anyhow, boys," retorted the crestfallen general freight agent, "he's a bad man else he wouldn't hit the boss so hard."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Peculiarity of Lushotors.

While a large band of Dushotors, from Russia, were in London the other day on their way to Canada, many persons sought of them for curious some of their traits.

Self-Made.

Joseph Chamberlain, the celebrated Englishman, is not a graduate of any university nor large public school. He was a full-fledged business man at the age of 16, and when 38 his fortune had assumed such proportions that he was able to retire from commercial life and devote himself to the study and practice of politics.



LOVE.

Hope's window looketh to the East; There sits she, while the flames spread; She sees the pale fires overhead To burning crimson flames increased.

Faith eyes serene the setting sun; Fearless though daylight disappear; Knows God is true, and still is here, Though darkness fall and day is done!

LITTLE THINGS.

The Serviceableness of Just Every-Day Living and the Common Duty of Every Hour.

Faithful in the least is God's order. The most serviceable thing, after all, and about which we should concern ourselves the most, is just every-day living, the common duty of every hour. The round of service in this lowly, uneventful life of ours for every day is going to make the warp and woof of eternity. Sometimes we clamor like the child who was repeating the Lord's Prayer, clause by clause after her mother, and when the mother said: "Give us this day our daily bread," the child cried: "No, no; we want cake." So we are not always willing to take the means our Heavenly Father provides, but long for the flesh-pots of Egypt. We should remember that the way up is usually to go down in gentleness and humility. There are submerged lives with strong undercurrents of being hidden beneath the surface, and after all, says Rev. A. C. Welch in "Character Photography," it is this quiet influence that is moving the world of thought. Much that is gorgeous and grand and elegant is only ephemeral. It fades out, but the real abides. Truth makes silent progress, like the water that trickles behind the rocks and loosens them, so that some day there is a mountain slide, and a single hour lays the work of years.

How much of life's work has been done under disadvantages by men and women who were hampered in the struggle! Sometimes the highest inspiration is that of necessity, "the must power." The very despatchment of our condition is the best spur to heroic endeavor. The pressure of circumstances is so energetic and critical that surpassing effort must be made. Divine revelation lays great stress on little things. More value is given to quality than to quantity. The question is not "How much?" but "How?" We often shrink from the ordinary duties of life, and we say "Give me something great." Pride rebels, and we say: "Why make me sweep and dust?" Yet out of these come the larger duties, and from these spring the finished results. The beautiful butterfly is developed from the chrysalis of the worm that crawls. A red-cradle often rocks a noble and lordly life. It needs, like the diamond, only to be smoothed and polished to gleam and glow with a marvelous beauty. We think of the lowly life of the Nazarene, of the life of retirement at Nazareth. Nazareth lay among the hills of Judea. It was reached by a narrow, steep and rough mountain pathway over which the villagers brought their harvests from the plains below. Their streets were narrow and dirty, their people were rude and coarse, and their morality doubtful. Yet there Christ lived and toiled for 39 years. He climbed its mountain path, and drank at its springs and fountains. There, as a boy, he played and wandered about. He was a peasant's son. His parents were plain, ordinary, humble Jewish folks, without either rank or wealth. Joseph was a Galilean artisan, and he was "the carpenter's son."

He labored for his daily bread at a work-bench and this sanctified toil, and made it ever blessed. He was trained in the lowly life for His great responsibilities, that He might be an example to others.

What is the meaning of the daily life, its drudgery, its endless, petty strife? O deadly certainty of common things! O hours with heavy lagging wings!

Do Thou O Carpenter of Galilee, Teach me Thy secret; let me learn of Thee. Rend visions of those days when Thou didst share The lot of working men, his trials bear. "Help me to feel that Thou dost work with me In earthly tasks, in heavenly I with Thee; And yet, dear Lord, with Thee is always Heaven. I see my common lot hath blessed heaven."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

We never know the sweetness of mercy till we trace it up to its source. It is no use talking about growing in grace while you are standing in sin.

Lies are always losers; they gain no confidence, and they lose all character.

The devil flees from the man who is not afraid to look his own faults in the face.

It is better to learn how to accept loss than how to make great gains selfishly.

The will of God is soon forgotten when you get anxious about keeping the good will of men.

Every man may be born with his feet in the dust, but he is born with a heart that longs for the Divine.—Rum's Horn.

Two Statements.

Knock—Some people are saying that you made most of your money in politics.

Leader—But others are saying I made most of my money out of politics. So who are ye going to believe?—Philadelphia Ledger.

DEVIL LOOSE IN MEXICO.

Many Unpleasant Things Happen There on the Day of San Bartolo.

A big fire, a suicide and a number of accidents in the city and a heavy wind and rainstorm here and numerous crimes and accidents in many parts of the republic were the rational consequences, it is to be supposed, of the annual one day's leave of absence taken by his diabolical majesty the devil yesterday—a leave of absence which his majesty spends in this earthly planet doing a number of devilish tricks, says the Mexican Herald.

It is a common belief among almost all Mexicans that on the day of San Bartolo the devil is loose and many unpleasant things happen. The devil is supposed to be very busy all the year around roasting bad people in the inferno, but on the day of San Bartolo he takes a little rest and comes to the earth to see how things are going on. That is, he comes on a trip of inspection to see the prospects for the coming year.

Many people are so superstitious about this that they stay at home all day and refuse to receive calls because, according to tradition, it occurred one time that the devil disguised himself and called upon people whom he wanted to carry away. The object of the visit was briefly explained and the interested parties were so scared that most of them dropped dead, whereupon the devil carried away their souls.

The superstition is much more widely spread in the states of the interior. In Guadalajara, for instance, they claim that San Bartolo is the day when the city shall be destroyed by a flood and a hurricane, according to the prediction of a priest who died many years ago, although nobody knows the name of that prophet nor the year when he made his prophecy.

AND JONES GOT HIS RAISE

Smart Trick of His Friend Willie Unexpectedly Helped Him to Get It.

"The question is," said the young man according to the New York Sun, "whether the joke is on me or Jones. You see, Jones came to me."

"I ought to have my pay raised five a week," says he, "but I hate to tackle the boss. How could you go about it?"

"Why don't you write to him saying that Mr. Jones is a deserving young man, who has done good work for the firm, and ought to have his pay raised five dollars a week," says I. "Then sign it 'Lewis Jarvis,' and send it in."

"By Jove, that's a great idea," says he. "I thought he'd take it as a joke, of course. But that night Jones came up to me, grinning all over."

"Well, I sent that Lewis Jarvis letter," says he. "Send it through the mail too."

"Say, I felt rotten. Here I'd be a young and inexperienced man like Jones to get gay with the boss, and maybe ruined all his prospects. I lay awake half that night, and the more I thought, the more it seemed to me that it was going to be up to Willie to 'fess up and save the job for Jones."

"I didn't see Jones until noon next day. He came to me with his hand out."

"Say," says he, "the boss thinks it's the greatest ever! He's showing it to the big boss now, and they're splitting their sides. And he made that raise \$7.50."

MANY AMERICANS ABROAD.

Stated That More Than 100,000 Are at All Times Residing in European Cities.

Year by year the number of Americans residing in the chief European cities has been increasing. Two years ago an estimate of the number of Americans living in London was made and the number was shown to be 15,000, or 12,000 in Paris.

There are according to the last estimates 25,000 Americans residing in London permanently, 30,000 in Paris, 5,000 each in Rome and Berlin, 2,500 in Munich, 1,500 in Florence and 1,000 in Venice.

There are at all times between 100,000 and 150,000 Americans resident in European cities, apart from the number of Americans who make a summer trip to Europe and come under the designation of either transients or travelers. Most European countries do not include in the census of inhabitants taken unaccustomed foreigners, and for that reason the figures of the number of Americans are not always easy to get. Ten per cent of the population of Paris, exclusive of transients, is made up of foreigners—250,000 foreigners constantly in Paris, of whom 20,000 are Americans.

Enormous Reservoir.

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake, or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the Great Tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of 21 square miles.

Proof at once.

"There, old man," exclaimed the proud young father, "is a baby that is a baby. Don't you think he resembles me?"

Just then a pin got busy with the baby's anatomy and he let out a strenuous squall.

"Yes," replied the bachelor friend, critically, "there is certainly a resemblance."—Chicago Daily News.

Bat of Panama.

A traveler in the Panama country has this to say of one of his boatmen: "The negro limped from a sore in his foot. He explained that his toe had been attacked the previous night by a vampire bat, which paid him frequent visits, though he was never conscious of the blood-sucking process until he awoke."

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