

THE WOOD OF DREAMS.

Here in the Wood of Dreams, be still, be still! I weary of your passion and your sighing...

There is a knowledge hid among the trees; Philosophy amid the grasses glens; I think I hear, "There is no such thing as death..."

The Sheriff and the "Bad Man."

BY T. R. PORTER.

An amusing story of the glimmer days out West. The Sheriff of Deadwood "wanted" three desperadoes, who took refuge in an old mine and defied him to do his worst...

In the days when the Far West was really "wild" in every sense of the word, the resourceful man forged to the front and stayed there...

Deadwood was a town of five thousand people in just three days. It was all because of the great "strike" of placer gold made down in Deadwood gulch...

Deadwood was a vast gambling den in those days—although not a single roulette wheel turns now. Dance-halls, saloons and gambling dens constituted three-fourths of the houses...

Just at that time Captain Seth Bullock came to Deadwood. He came from over in Montana, and he brought with him the reputation of always attending to his own business...

It happened that in the camp there were three cronies bearing the nicknames of "Bad Bill," "Curly" Desmond, and "Scar Face" Wilson. They were the "baddest" of the "bad" men...

Finally, there came a time when Sheriff Bullock "wanted" "Bad Bill" and his two companions. They had had a row with a "tenderfoot" whom they were cheating at cards...

A "killing" in Deadwood was rather the usual than the unusual, yet the slaying of an inoffensive "tenderfoot" who simply protested when he discovered that he was being robbed was more than the people would stand...

attempt at lynching them is made. But I'll arrest them and you can try them in the regular way. Bullock's quiet manner won the day...

"We don't 'low no blamed 'tenderfoot' to tell us we cheat," the three rascals added. "And we don't 'low no sheriff to arrest us..."

The murderers knew Bullock would make an attempt to capture them, but they did not know from what quarter the attempt would come...

"But again the trio hurried defiance at the marshal, and retreating to their log cabin, barricaded the door and yelled through the window that they were ready for a siege.

The "hole" consisted of a shaft some fifteen feet deep and a tunnel running into the hill from the bottom of the shaft. The tunnel was about twenty-five feet long...

The three men were observed stealing away from their cabin into the old mine, and Bullock was informed as to their whereabouts. Then he quietly came out of his little office...

It is impossible for a white man to adequately describe a Chinese stink pot. It is, to say the very least, deserving of its rather suggestive name but no one has ever been able to figure out just what it does or does not contain...

The next morning when Bullock came from his room he found that a general holiday had been declared; every mine had closed down and every miner was in the streets, watching to see what "Cap. Seth" was going to do...

and were in first class working order. The pots were wrapped singly in pieces of paper, and the waiting crowds had no idea what Bullock was doing in Chinatown.

"Where do they go?" is the question thousands of persons ask. And the police answer grimly: "Oh, some kill themselves, some start life all over somewhere else, some sneak back after a few years and live in secrecy..."

"That's the way they come along," said he. "That boy probably has run away and in a few days will come back. But, on the other hand, he may join the great army of the lost..."

Many Children Unclaimed. Of the 1648 persons who were reported missing in 1908 in all boroughs 557 from New York...

Coupled with these figures are others little less interesting. Of a total of 2213 children who were picked up from the street by the police 446 were unclaimed by friends or relatives...

Study of the records of the cases of disappearance reveals some interesting facts. It is shown first that painters have the disappearing habit to a greater extent than any other class of men...

There have been instances where newly wedded women, perfectly happy and prosperous, have just vanished for no reason whatever; or men in prosperity deserting happy families without the slightest warning...

Buffalo Robes Are Scarce. "Buffalo robes will soon be a thing of the past," said a local dealer, who has had six robes on sale this winter, the property of a citizen who could not afford to keep the precious skins longer...

Imagine a carriage being driven about town, a \$600 robe thrown carelessly over the seat while the owner stepped into a business house for a few moments. Few people could recognize the robe as valuable, however, as they have no more style than the ordinary fur robe sold at \$50 or so...

Eagles Raid Barnyards. The bald eagle, which is fast disappearing, still has its haunts in the vicinity of St. Mary's reservoir, especially in Mercer county. With no food at hand the eagles have become ferocious through hunger and are raiding the farm yards, carrying off pigeons, chickens and sheep...

Man's Principal Trait. An old gentleman, pointing to his favorite dog, said proudly: "That dog certainly seems almost human at times." "Yes," said his wife, "he growls over his food as much as you do."

Hundreds Join the City's Army of "Missing."

Persons Vanish Daily For No Known Reason and Often Are Never Seen Again—Many of Them Are Women—Just Drop Out of Sight.

That 425 persons disappeared and were not again heard of is the rather startling information contained in the annual police report of New York City for 1908.

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at No. 994 St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, left his home on August 23 and not a subsequent trace of him was obtained.

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BILLBOARD ADVERTISING

Not So Profitable as That to Be Had in Newspapers.

At a meeting of the Twentieth Century Club in Boston recently, according to the Boston Transcript, Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., spoke on billboard advertising in a large part as follows: I am uncompromisingly opposed to billboard advertising for the following established reasons: First, billboard and other forms of outdoor advertising constitute a second or third grade of profitable publicity...

From the readers' standpoint the billboard advertisement is something for nothing and commands the respect of nobody. The public acknowledges the newspaper's right to carry advertising matter on its pages, but the magazine could remain self-supporting. It does not object to newspaper or periodical advertising; in fact, it favors it, because this class of advertising has an educational and other intrinsic value.

One of the most notable disappearances and "finds" of the year concerned the Rev. George C. Poolton, a clergyman, of Navesink, N. J. He left his home in that village to attend a conference of ministers in Calvary Church, New York. When the conference ended he did not reappear at his home, and inquiry showed that he had attended but one session of the conference.

There was great excitement over the case and his friends and relative were at a loss to explain the matter. They were positive that there was no reason for his to hide himself and equally sure that he would not get away on a journey without telling them. After it had been decided by his friends that he was murdered in New York word came from England that he was at the home of his father. Why he took the journey so quietly was not learned.

Still another remarkable case was that reported by Mrs. Carey, of No. 56 Douglas street, Brooklyn. She went to Police Headquarters about three months ago and said she wanted to find her daughter, who disappeared mysteriously seven years ago. Asked why she had delayed reporting the case, Mrs. Carey said she had often thought of seeing the police but didn't know how to go about it. She said her daughter left home when she was seventeen years old, and she insisted on giving the police a description of her as she then appeared, as to clothes as well as in person.

Around the disappearance of Wilford L. Jones, a real estate lawyer, of No. 34 Boerum avenue Flushing, there was deep mystery. Prosperous and in every way contented, he drew several hundred dollars from a bank on November 10 and dropped from view. He was but thirty-five years old, well known socially and just the sort of man who would not be expected to do anything out of the ordinary.

And so they run. Every day one or more stories of disappearance are told to the police. There is little the police can do to find the lost persons. A minute description is written down and that is communicated to every policeman and detective in the city. He is instructed to keep an eye open for the person described, but at the same time he is under instruction to keep a lookout for a dozen or score of other persons from pocketbooks to embezzlers, and it is reasonably certain that none of the descriptions lingers long in his memory.—New York Herald.

Moriarity's Answer. Eugene Moriarity, who seemed to be a fixture in the Massachusetts Legislature some years ago, was at one time on the Worcester School Board. A fellow-member, Rev. D. O. Mearns, more than hinted at one meeting that there were altogether too many Irish names on the list of Worcester teachers. The charge passed unchallenged at the time, but at the next meeting rose Mr. Moriarity with this little gem: "Mr. President, at the last meeting of the board some one intimated that there were too many Irish names on our list of teachers. The next day I went up to the public library and saw Mr. Librarian Green and asked if he had a dictionary of American names. 'I have,' he said. 'Is it complete?' he asked. 'It is,' was the answer. 'Can I take it home?' 'You can,' he said. 'Mr. President, I took it home; I searched it through from cover to cover. I found no Mearns in the book, but I found that Michael Moriarity was one of the bodyguards of General Washington.'—Judge's Library.

A DEADLY PARALLEL.

It Pays to Be Considerate in the Restaurant and Elsewhere, After All.

The considerate man walked into a restaurant. One choice seat had a hat on it. Another was occupied by a newspaper.

A feeder had his feet upon the rung of a chair. The considerate man, wishing to bother no one, walked past these choice seats and found a chair which was sheltered from every cooling breeze and which also permitted an unrivalled view of a piece of wall and a coat hook.

Once he coughed in a gentle sort of way. Other times he tucked his head around and tried to catch a waitress' eye. Or picked up the bill of fare and put it down with an air of finality as though wishing to be observed as saying to himself, "There. That is what I want. Now I am ready to place my order."

He began to feel as though he was being slighted. He flushed, and as he sat there with his wrists resting upon the edge of the table (his finger tips together) viewing the wall and the coat hook, he began to feel a warmth at the back of his neck, and became sufficed with all the helplessness of a man who knows that his ears are turning red.

At last a waitress (possibly inexperienced) ran up to him, leaned over him, wished the table with her napkin and gave him a look that said, "Now, then, slowpoke! You needn't think you're waiting at the church."

"Do you mind bringing me, please," said the considerate man, "a small steak, well done, and a cup of tea?" In half an hour she slipped a portion of liver and bacon down in front of him. "Cawfee?" she demanded. "Please," said he. Now as he sat there viewing the wall and the coat hook while he chewed his leather and bacon, not wishing to hurt anybody's feelings by calling attention to mistakes (always fearful of causing a good girl's discharge from honest employment) another man came into that restaurant.

He was a man without modesty or breeding. He selected a cool spot where he could see everything in the place, tipped a hat and a parcel out of a chair, sat down, glanced at the bill of fare, and snapped his fingers for a waitress. He waited one second and banged his knife against the waiter's chest. He waited another second, half arose from his chair and exclaimed, "Here! I want some one to wait on me!"

Hearing that voice three waitresses made a leap for him. "Bring me eggs and bacon," he commanded, "eggs fried on both sides and the bacon crisp. Mind it's crisp! Graham bread. Cup of coffee. And hurry up! I can't wait all day!" He got them so quick there seemed to be magic in it.

And while the considerate man was still struggling with his rubber heels and bacon, the bold, forward man snipped his last drop of coffee, uttered "Ah!" with a great sound, scowled at the bill, paid it, left the waitress moping, listened to the manager's opinion of the weather, barked "Yea! Yea!" and ran out to elbow an old lady off the sidewalk.

The bold forward man went to his office. The starter, hearing him elbow, held the elevator for him and then shut the gate neatly in the face of the considerate man, who followed. In a few minutes the forward man, wishing to descend to the street, reached the elevator shaft just as the car dropped past his floor. "Down!" he howled and the car came back for him as meek as a lamb; but later, when the considerate man said "Down, please," three cars went down past him with an unhesitating emphasis that was insulting.

Coming now to the deadly parallel we will give the first column to the considerate man. The bold forward party gets the second column.

Which proves that it pays to be considerate.—New York Sun.

The Bark of the Sequoias. California's giant trees, the sequoias, thousands of years old, have been preserved to this day because of their enormously thick bark. From time to time in the course of ages forest fires have swept through the big tree lands, destroying everything, yet only scorching for a couple of inches' depth or so the almost fireproof bark. The flames, having carbonized that much of the bark, could not penetrate farther, for the carbonized portion formed an absolutely fireproof covering for the remainder of the interior bark.

Good Books For Boys. By a poll taken recently it was ascertained that "Robinson Crusoe" is still the first favorite with the English boy. Next to it come "Coral Island," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ivanhoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Treasure Island," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Westward, Ho!," "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield."—London Tribune.

Negroes plan to run a line of steamers from Baltimore to the Jamestown Exposition to accommodate colored persons only.