

HE WAS A COACHMAN YET.

Once on a time there were two men,
Ambitious Dick and thoughtless Ben,
And both drove coaches for a boss
And played together pitch and toss.

Around the fiery stable they
Spent many a rough but happy day;
They laughed at one another's jokes
And on clay pipes had chummy smokes.

At last Dick left and Ben remained,
And after years had waxed and waned
There to the stable came a man
To hire a handsome coach and span.

Ben was the driver, just the same,
Tough, rough and ready as his name;
The gentleman, well dressed, and proud,
Was eyed with awe by all the crowd.

But something in his face or tone
Appealed to Driver Ben alone;
He'd seen the gentleman before—
But where and when? He watched him more.

Along they rode, Ben thinking who
Could be that stylish "gent" he knew;
Then came a flash of memory quick—
"Why, bless my heart—he's my old Dick!"

With hand held out and beaming eyes,
Ben turned around in glad surprise:
"Why, Dick! Old chum! This is a joy—
I'm glad to see you. Shake, old boy!"

The gentleman Ben coldly eyed;
His kid gloves hand stayed at his side.
"Why, Dick! I'm Ben—Ben Hick, you
know—
Your coaching partner long ago."

The passenger seemed not to share
Ben's pleasure at the meeting there;
"Excuse me, Mr. Hick," said he,
"But please drive on. You've stopped, I see."

"Why, Dick! Don't you remember when
We both were coachmen?" answered Ben.
"Yes," said the man, "but you forget
My friend, that you're a coachman yet."

This little tale may show young eyes,
How with ambition men may rise,
But, all the same, we think Ben Hick
Was more a gentleman than Dick.

A man too proud to condescend
To greet an old but humble friend,
May have some brains beneath his hair—
But he's a snob for all of that.
—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

East-Side Thompson's Petition

By Marguerite Stabler.

IT was not a pretty story; it was more.
It was fraught with that primitive
ruggedness one gets an impression
of along with cutting prairie
winds, bucking broncos, the crack of
a revolver, the whiz of a bullet.

The fellow's name was Thompson,
and he could handle a bunch of steers
with the best of them, but there was
an air of metropolitanism about him
that assorted ill with his surroundings.
And although he drank harder, swore
better, and went rougher than any man
of them, he had never been able to live
down his nickname of "East-Side"
Thompson. Under the influence of rolling
prairies, the boundless sweep of
cloud and sky, an intimacy with the
elements, and reliance upon nothing
but his own wit and courage, a man
grows to be a strong, sagacious, vital
creature, so different from our cir-
cumscribed ideas of a man that, for
want of a better term, we call him a
"cow-puncher."

The three-X outfit of cow-punchers
had been on the trail more than a
month, and, according to all precedent
and reason, the rains should have set
in weeks before, but they had not. The
grass that had sprung up with the first
early showers had scalded and died be-
fore the next rain came to keep it
alive. The shallow, sluggish little
streams of brackish water that crawled
along the bottom of their beds, which
the year before had been swollen be-
yond their banks, finally gave out ut-
terly. In every direction the white
alkali plains glistened away to the
meeting line of the sky in an infinite
of isolation. The oldest inhabitant in
all the country round could not recall
a winter that equaled this in dry-
ness.

Howbeit Nevada was then a new state
and the population migratory. Wil-
son, the boss of the outfit, had hoped
to get out of the sagebrush country
and strike the California line some-
where above Bodie by the end of the
first month out, but there was no rain,
no water, and the plains lay in open
cracks. Day after day the sun arose,
smiled down upon the parched little
bunch of men and cattle 14 long hours
as he sailed across a cloudless sky, se-
renely unconscious of the maledictions
hurled against him, while the bare,
burning prairie stared back in un-
blinking defiance. There were gor-
geous sunsets every evening—moments
when the great fiery ball seemed almost
to stand still to give a long backward
glance before dropping out of sight,
and with a Midas touch turn all the
world to molten gold. But to the
played-out cow-puncher sunset means
nothing but bedtime—bedtime after a
hard, parched, hopeless day. There
were clear, chaste moonlight nights
of wondrous radiance, too, but the
moon was seen only in the early morn-
ing, when they rose to another day,
more hard, more parched, more hope-
less. The cattle—were anatomical
charts by this time—went staggering
about in crazy circles, too weak to
need watching, the three Xs on their
flanks reduced to half the original size
by the shriveling of the hide, or fell
heavily to the earth to rise again, after
many seasons of sun and shower, as
prairie flowers and salt grass. Their
bellowing was reduced to a moan al-
most human in its misery, for the one
voice common to all created things,
animal or human, is the voice of suffer-
ing.

The Missourian, a great, hulking
young fellow, was first of the men to
show signs of weakening. That is the
most terrible moment in all like experi-
ences, when the men who have held on
grimly and endured together see one
of their number losing his grip. This
had been an ill-assorted outfit when
they started out with the cattle across
the plains, but standing together,
shoulder to shoulder, defying death
against fearful odds knits a man deep-

ly into the life of his fellow. Among
these men there was no spoken sym-
pathy, no overt act of kindness, but
in their very sullenness was that grim-
est of all sacrifices, each man endur-
ing in stolid silence in order that he
might not intrude his own sufferings
upon his already overcrowded neigh-
bor. The clinching of the lips to sup-
press a groan when one is thirst-mad-
dened may require more heroism than
facing a cannon with flags flying and
drums beating, inasmuch as "he that
ruleth his own spirit is greater than
he that taketh a city."

At last one day the Missourian gave
out utterly. He was not of the cow-
boy build in the first place, but his
splendid horsemanship and enthusiasm
had induced Wilson, the boss, or
"Yankee Bill," as he was called, to take
him on. In his delirium he lay and
cried for water, day and night. He
blubbered and begged for water, and
called upon the names of those he had
known in his childhood. Every man
went about his own business, which
was largely the formulating of fervent
and eloquent oaths against the heat,
the drought and the delay; and ap-
parently no one heard his cries. Water
was the one thing he wanted, and the
one thing he could not get, so, after
they had put his boots under his head
to make him comfortable, they let him
alone. Under ordinary circumstances a
Missourian more or less was of no
great consequence to "Yankee Bill,"
but this break in the ranks shattered
the last vestige of hope. Whatever
may have been done after that in the
effort to keep up their spirits was mere
bravado, for each man foresaw the
end.

The Missourian had been a quiet
sort in the camp, and no one had ever
heard him talk much, but now he
talked incessantly in the soft, thick
drawl of the south. And always of
home scenes, the memories of boyhood
that whetted the edge of their tor-
ture till it was beyond all enduring.
Now he was fishing along some stream
and swearing in round terms at some
"fat-headed nigger" for scaring the
fish; now he was in school struggling
with some problem he could never
solve beyond "carry seven." Always
coherent enough to call up memories
in their own minds of a youth, mis-
spent for the most part. They could
not move farther away because they
were camped under the only shade in
sight. They thought of dragging him
off beyond ear-shot, but while every-
one would have been glad to have it
done, no man could do it himself. Their
horny hands had grown gentle in their
ministering touches.

Escape was long since out of the
question, for the horses were worse off
than the men; not one of them could
carry a saddle, much less a rider. Each
man had saved a last charge in his
revolver, knowing that that perhaps
would be their only deliverance from
a death too horrible to name. All but
"East-Side," who, when a decision had
to be made between himself and his
horse, had led her out behind a little
scrubby and put his last charge
through her game little heart. Now
he must make his exit in some other
way, if he would let his disembodied
spirit pass on unincumbered by a sun-
parched frame. The knife he carried
in his boot was a miserable back of
a thing, fit only for shaving tobacco
or chunking bacon. He felt a momen-
tary regret as he ran his fingers along
its jagged edges that a man with his
record should be obliged to make his
exit with so mean a weapon. The big
Swede in a moment of madness had
raised his pistol as if it had been a
jug, saying: "Wal, boys, here's to a
wetter country!" But he had not shot.
The cold iron seemed to cool the rash-
ness of his brain, and the mirage of
hope lured them on a day farther.

After the second day the Missouri-
an's talk began to grow less, his rav-
ing subsided into a weak, incoherent
babbling; at last it ceased altogether,
and he lay staring wide-eyed into the
relentless sky. As they had done
everything else, they did this silently,
stolidly. A shallow bed was scooped
out and the canvas taken off the
wagon for a winding sheet. When
the broken circle closed in around
the open grave, the boss cleared his
throat and said: "Boys, before we go
any farther, some one must make a
prayer, sabs?"

They sabsed, but although every
man's soul might be consumed with a
voiceless cry to some power above
himself for the repose of the departed
soul, and release from a like fate,
they were all dumb when confronted
by the thought of taking the name of
God reverently. Instinctively they
turned to "East-Side."

"It's your lead, 'East-Side,'" they
said. And "East-Side," groping blind-
ly backward toward the memories of
his youth, tried to recall something
of religious import. Slowly through
his desiccated brain percolated a line
from a church hymn: "Greenland's
Icy Mountains," but, although the
thought was pleasant in this burning
desert, the words were not to the
point—besides, that was all he knew
of it. He shook his head sorrowfully.
"In the beginning"—he thought he
had struck the right lead there—"In
the beginning, God created—" But
again he was stuck and could go no
farther.

"Lead up, 'East-Side!'" they urged.
Then the light broke. The backward
groping had brought him down to the
days of his childhood, to the
words his grandfather had been wont
to say, as with bowed heads the fam-
ily, to the third and fourth genera-
tion, was gathered around his table
on Thanksgiving day. So, under the
burning sun, whose only shadow was
cast by the flocks of carrion birds
that circled above the remnant of the
outfit, they stood over the grave of
their dead companion, waiting for a
like fate, or death by their own hands,
to be torn by coyotes perhaps be-
fore the breath was out of their
bodies, the six gaunt men with

bowed, uncovered heads, while "East-
Side" pronounced in solemn tones:
"Oh, Lord, for what we are about
to receive make us devoutly thankful.
Amen."

A prayer was a prayer to "East-
Side." Anything that began with
"Lord" in reverent terms and ended
with "amen" was a prayer. His
grandfather had been a godly man,
and he had said it, therefore it was
appropriate on this occasion. The
effect was the same upon the others,
for the words smacked of the phrase-
ology of the wandering exhorters
they had heard.

After the passing of the Missourian
there was even less to do; the men
were more taciturn with each other,
but there was noticeably less pro-
fanity among them, possibly because
jealously and the exertion was un-
necessary, or because their mouths
were too dry to articulate many
words. It was now six weeks since
they had set out across the "sink,"
expecting to get the cattle off their
hands and have a little "time" in the
city before starting back to the camp,
but the wild-eyed, sorry-looking
things seemed unpromising enough
now even for a glue factory.

As "East-Side" lay on the ground
looking up through the holes in his
hat—they stood upright and walked
no more than was absolutely neces-
sary, for that required an expendi-
ture of strength—lazily watching the
flocks of birds that swooped and
peeped in the air above him, he dis-
covered or thought he did, that they
cast a shadow against the sky—a tiny
gray shadow that he watched for the
utter lack of anything else to watch.
When the birds flew lower, the shadow
seemed to grow larger and darker.
With a wild whoop he sprang to his
feet, forgetting the value of harbor-
ing his strength as he grasped the
import of that shadow. It was a
cloud! Every man sprang up at that
tiny speck and went to work with
white face and unsteady hands. The
speck grew larger and the men
worked harder; every hole or trough
that led to the basin was cleared for
action so that not one precious drop
might be lost. Their words were few
but kindly as they scraped away,
with one eye on the ground and the
other on the cloud slowly but unmis-
takeably growing larger and coming
their way.

During the night those sun-scorched
dreamers dreamed of moist winds,
and rain drops pattering gently until
they made a soaking downpour. But
they had often dreamed that—dreamed
it when their parched tongues hung
out of their mouths and cracked for
dryness. By this time they had grown
wary; even in their sleep they were
on their guard and not to be beguiled
into believing.

When at last in the early morning
the rain did come, with the first pat-
tering drops every man forgot every-
thing in the world but the all-con-
suming passion to slake his burning
thirst; until their hats had caught
enough to drain, they sucked their
shirt sleeves. Then, because his own
need for that last charge was no longer
imperative, the outfit boss drew a
head on the likeliest animal in the
herd, and they feasted royally, joy-
ously, uproariously on steak and wa-
ter. And in the exuberance of their
glence no one noticed that for con-
venience they had chosen the mound
that covered the Missourian for their
table.

After the feast every man lay down
in his trench, which was now filled
with water, and soaked, soaked
through to the marrow, rousing him-
self only to drain his hat, then fall-
ing back and soaking more. And
when, after 24 hours of soaking, they
got up out of their trenches each wa-
ter-logged man was a firm believer in
the efficacy of prayer.—San Francisco
Argonaut.

DURATION OF MODERN WARS.

The Contest Between the English and
the Boers Has Not Been Un-
usually Protracted.

The unexpected protraction of the
Boer war need not alarm Englishmen,
since much longer wars have been
fought by them within this century,
says Collier's Weekly. Napoleon de-
clared war against England in May,

1803, the previous war between the two
countries having only terminated by
the treaty of Amiens in October, 1801.
The war of 1803 lasted till April, 1814,
when Paris surrendered to the allies
and Napoleon was sent as prisoner to
Elba, where he arrived on May 4. He
escaped from Elba in March, 1815, and
recommenced the war, which finally
terminated with Napoleon's defeat at
the battle of Waterloo, on June 18, 1815,
having lasted nearly 12 years. Napo-
leon was sent as prisoner to St. He-
lena, where he died in 1821. The Euro-
pean power that has been most at war
during the century has been Turkey—
38 years of it, as against 62 of peace.
The second on the list is Spain, with
22 years of warfare, not counting her
last fatal campaign. Then come
France, with 27 years; Russia, with
24, and Italy with 23. Great Britain
has had no less than 21. Germany, not
counting Prussia, follows with 14;
Sweden with 10, and Denmark with 9.
Our own country during this century
has escaped with three foreign wars,
one civil strife, the Philippine Insur-
rection and a baker's dozen of Indian
campaigns, the longest of which was
the Seminole war.

Underground Roads in Cities.

New York's underground street rail-
way is only a beginning of subterra-
nean car tracks in large American
cities. They are needed in the con-
gested districts of every city. St. Louis
would be vastly benefited by under-
ground railways down town, says the
Post-Dispatch of that city. Street car
traffic in that part of the city is now a
constant peril and inconvenience.

WOMANLY BEAUTY

The well known writer, Evelyn Hunt in her
book entitled "Womanly Beauty" says: "It is
my contention that every woman not only may
possess a charming personality of face,
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may be freshened, brightened and made clear;
dull eyes without expression, may gladden
and sparkle, and every woman of every kind
may be improved. Facial defects and wrinkles,
imperfectly developed features may be per-
manently remedied and womanly beauty ac-
quired and retained. It is every woman's
duty to accomplish these results." The Marilla
Company, 108 Fulton Street, New York, offers to
send a copy of Evelyn Hunt's book free, with a
small size box of "Cassandra Cream" and a free
envelope of Cassandra skin soap, to any lady who
sends five two-cent stamps to cover expense of
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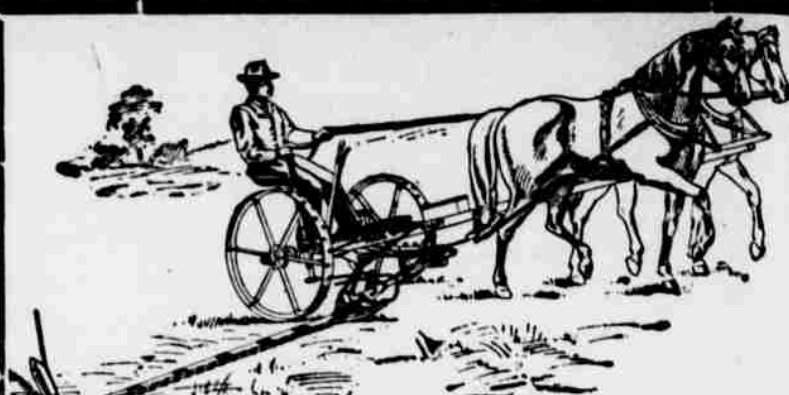
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