

WHAT about getting through to-night, driver? "It's all right, I guess. Drifting some on the Little Cimarron, but that won't do much damage."

The anxious traveler returned to the fire in the uninviting office of the Mid-Continental hotel. She was brown-haired, cheery-faced, and evidently accustomed to looking out for herself.

"All aboard!" called the driver, and the passengers hurried into the three-seated carryall that served for a stage. The woman sat beside John Carlin, the owner of Circle Bar ranch.

"Mighty poor day for a pleasure ride," "Slightly," remarked his seat-mate, smiling, "and you know what day it is?"

"Yes, and we are likely to run over into Christmas, for the roads may keep us out until after midnight, ma'am."

"Call me Miss Macon—I'm the new instructor." "Better be prepared for whatever happens, Miss Macon; this is a tough stretch of country across the territory."

"Are the Indians bad?" Her eyes grew big and wondering. "Whites are a blamed sight worse than redskins. We can handle Indians."

"But some good men go west—very good men!" The eyes grew softer as she recalled a memory of the days back east.

not see his signal. With a quick action of impatience he swung his arm across his face and the mask was for an instant displaced. Only for an instant, but it was time for the bright moonlight to fall on his clean-shaven features and for the woman gazing intently at him to realize that this was for her a time of fate.

"Well, it ain't right," he admitted, shamefacedly. "But who cares?" "I care—everybody cares—your poor old mother sitting alone in the little farmhouse at Danvers, cares. You don't know how much she cares—and Anna cares!"

"I will do this, Frank. I will give you two years to prove yourself. If you are sincere, the secret will be yours and mine. If you do not, I will tell them of to-night and of—"

"Hands up!" Carlin's cool voice gave the order, and his revolver was pointed at them. The other robbers had fled. The crowd was alone.

"Do you belong to this company?" he asked, a little bitterly, as she loosed his arms, now that it was too late.

"No, but you remember what you said a little while ago, 'there is more than one kind of bravery?'"

"Merry Christmas! I am Santa Claus!" He bowed again, stepped back, bent his eyes on Miss Macon—and the strangers had departed.

"The passengers, looking down at their watches, read the time—it was past midnight—Christmas morning.

"The stage reached the end of its journey six hours late. Before it arrived Carlin had asked permission to call on Miss Macon and discuss the strange events of the ride.

"Hands up!" and their arms were extended toward the stars. Miss Macon, even in her terror, noticed that the constellation of Orion was nearly overhead.

"Quick, ma'am, what have you got?" "Something in the tone aroused her and she looked anxiously into the half-masked face of the handsome frontiersman who bent toward her.

"Well, it ain't right." "You're from New England? What are you doing out here?"

"I'm going to the agency—I'm Miss Macon, the new—"

"The man stepped back as if he had been struck by a mailed hand. He motioned to his confederates to join him, but they did not see his signal.

His Big Sister—No, Tommy. I'm too old. Tommy—Yes, but the older one gets the more it will hold.

His Salutation. She never will speak to him. This stupid youth so bared. She stood beneath the mistletoe. He merely shook her hand.

Great Expectations. The Minister—Well, Willie, what do you expect Santa Claus is going to bring you this year?

Couldn't Give Herself Away. Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present.

What Hurts Most. Who tells malicious lies of us is bad enough, forsooth. But far more mortifying is the case who tells malicious truth.

Not a Fault-Finder. I hope you are not one of the men who find fault with the cooking.

An Echo. "Nothing but work and worry day after day," sighed Mrs. Peck.

Unanswerable. Wife—You should have been at church to-day. The minister preached a powerful sermon about men who neglect to attend divine service.

His Mean Retort. "You married me for my money," she exclaimed, angrily.

Calculating. Elderly Adorer—I am 69 and have \$300,000.

Fair Young Thing—I'll give you an answer the day after to-morrow. I will have to figure it out in the mortuary tables.

Human Nature. Jaggles—I never saw anyone work so hard at anything. Is that his regular business?

The Kind She Wants. Yeast—You say your wife wants one of those fetching bonnets.

By No Means. "Some of those jockeys have princely incomes."

No Doubt About It. "A married man can live on less than a single man."

Proof Positive. "Do you believe, Miss Gotrex, that ignorance is bliss?"

First and Foremost. "There goes a girl with her best fellow."

His Attitude. "I was always against bars," said the man with the ruby headlight.

Responsibility. Strappes—Five pounds for a bonnet! Madam, it is a crime!

How It Started. Jack—She and her husband have had their first quarrel.

From Foot to Face. "When a man has an aching corn," remarked the Observer of Events and Things.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE. All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Bank No Use for It. "Now, here is a showcase," said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar-looking specimen of his wares.

Optimism. "Cheer up!" cried the statesman, whose met defeat.

GOOD THING FOR TOMMY. Jimmy—Didn't you hear the teacher say your conscience is what tells you when you do wrong?

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FURNITURE..... If you are in need of Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Oilcloth, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Pictures, and Picture Frames, give us a call. We can suit you in Style and in Prices..... Our stock is new and up-to-date. It is no trouble to show goods and quote prices. REPAIRING neatly and promptly done. Lewistown Furniture Co., No. 12-14 Valley St. Felix Block

The Jury's Sympathies. Stranger—You still have lynchings here, do you? Westerner—Only in the case of bad characters.

Two and Ten. First Fisherman—Why do you come to this landy place to fish?

The Truth Out. Clara (at the seaside)—There! I knew it. He has proposed this evening, and she has accepted.

Changes. She—Do you really think the average woman changes her mind so much oftener than a man?

An Unkind Cut. "Ah!" sighed Miss Searen Yellough, "I dread to think of the time when I, too, shall be old!"

Hazarding a Guess. "I wonder why there is no marrying in Heaven?" simpered the obviously aged maiden.

Trying to Explain. "Why do they refer to the men who go into Wall street for the first time as lambs?"

The Secret of Peace. Fuddy—There would be fewer unhappy marriages if young people in their days of courtship did not try to deceive one another.

Quite a Difference. Daughter of the House—I have graduated from cooking school and I know how things are done.

A Sad Case. "Great Heaven!" he said. "It seems incredible!"

And with a gasp he laid the newspaper on his desk. "To think that, in this enlightened land, at the dawn of the twentieth century, a man should be found who never heard of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln or even—"

Reciprocity. Wife—I've been thinking, dear, since you gave me Hugo's work on my birthday, which you said you would long to read, what present would make you on your birthday.

A Complicated Transaction. "Did Billings borrow five dollars from you?"

Notice! Special Coat Sale At the NEW STORE. We have decided to make a reduction on all Ladies Coats before the holidays, so as to give everybody a chance to buy a brand new coat before Christmas at a reduced price.

FURNITURE Do you need any furniture? If so, don't fail to come to our store and get our prices. We can suit you in style and prices, from the cheapest to the better grade. Elegant Three-piece Bed-room Suits Hard wood, golden oak finish. Only \$12.50 Mattresses = \$1.90 Bedsprings = \$1.25 Good White Enamel Beds with Springs \$5.00

Had Got Partially Over It. "You haven't voted yet?" "No, and I ain't going to. I care a dog-gone how the election goes."



What About Getting Through Tonight...

mine is in the west—he was a daring fellow, but a brave one. "Then he is fitted for the west. Such men are his pride—it is to see the right ways."



Well, It Ain't Right.

freat women with more courtesy," she retorted. "You're from New England? What are you doing out here?"



Tommy—Ain't you goin' to hang up your stockings, Nellie?



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 109-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE. All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles. Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.



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