

The Robber

By RUTH GRAHAM

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David Venables many years ago, when Missouri was a wilder country than it is now, riding on one of the dirt roads and coming to a bit of higher ground where the road turned, heard in the bushes on the rise a voice which seemed to be that of a boy.

"Halt, thar!" Venables drew rein. He was armed, but, feeling sure that he was covered by an unseen enemy, thought it dangerous to attempt to draw a weapon.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked. "Put yer valubles in the road."

Venables, though disliking to be robbed by one whose voice indicated that he was little more than a child, yet dreading a bullet in his brain, complied. Taking his watch from his pocket and some silver money from his pocket, he tossed both to the ground.

"Is that all ye got?" asked the voice. "Yes."

"Well, go on."

Venables rode on and when he reached a tavern a few miles distant reported that he had been robbed by a boy who could not have been more than fourteen years old, for his voice had not changed.

Within a week Edward Ormsbee, when riding on the same road on which this robbery had been committed, saw walking ahead of him a youth who might have been between sixteen and nineteen years of age. He was dressed in the costume of the country, buckskin, and had a pistol at one hip and a knife at the other. Ormsbee, when he reached him, called to him and asked where he was going. Learning that the traveler had some distance to go, Ormsbee invited him to get up on his horse behind him and he would give him a lift on his way. The youth accepted, put his foot on Ormsbee's, gave him his hand and was pulled up on to the horse's back.

In a few minutes Ormsbee felt cold iron against his head, and the boy behind him told him that he was about to go through his pockets and if he moved he would be shot. Ormsbee was not only paralyzed by surprise, but unable to defend himself in his position. He made no resistance, and the boy took his wallet from his pocket, containing \$10 in bills, the state bank currency of the period. Then, they being in a wood, the young robber slid off the horse's rump and disappeared among the trees.

The next robbery was committed on a peddler, who said that the robber was a bearded man with a squeaky voice. Then followed another robbery by a man with a strip of cloth over his face, with holes cut for his eyes and nose. All agreed that the voice of the person who had robbed them was either not that of a grown man or else it was pitched in a very unusual key.

However, it was decided that the youngster had been permitted to commit his depredations long enough, and a posse was organized to hunt him down. So one morning three men—the number was considered quite sufficient—were armed and started out for the purpose. Just outside the settlement they stopped at the house of old Hedges and his wife, a couple whose poverty had been notorious, but who now seemed to be getting along very well.

"Had a windfall, Mr. Hedges?" asked one of the party.

"No; our Sallie's clerkin' for a man over in Hudson county, and she's keepin' us up."

When the party left it was arranged that they should proceed separately, but keep in touch. They hunted all the morning and part of the afternoon, when two of them heard a couple of shots and hurried in the direction of the sound. They found Jim Turner wounded in the hand. A masked man had held him up; but, being ready for the robber, Jim had fired at him. The robber had returned the shot and run.

All started in the direction the masked man had taken, moving several hundred yards apart. It was not long before they heard some one breaking through the bushes, ascending a hillside in the bed of a dry creek. They followed, but were soon stopped by a bullet singing over their heads. One of them, Hank Burke, a young hunter used to Indian fighting, crawled forward and reported that there was a little fort made of stones about four feet broad and as many high, with a loophole. They couldn't take the position without a likelihood of some of them being killed. It was decided that Hank should go forward for a parley. He did so, taking a position behind a tree.

"Say, you, thar, there's three of us here, all armed. You'd better surrender."

Burke listened for a reply, but none came. Presently he heard a sob.

Leaving his tree, he went forward. Neither shot nor word greeted him. When he reached the miniature fort there behind it sat the robber. He was not masked, but his hands covered his face. Seizing the wrists, Hank exposed the face.

"For heaven's sake, Sallie Hedges, what does this mean?"

"We was all starvin', and I took to the road. Please don't tell paw and mam."

The party returned, stating that their search had been a failure. But there were no more robberies. In a few weeks Hank Burke married the robber and provided for the old couple until they died.

HOP PILLOWS.

Their Efficacy as a Sleep Inducer as Shown on An Elevated Train.

A man who suffered from sleeplessness picked up in Austria recently what seemed to him to be the best remedy he had ever found. It was nothing more or less than a pillow stuffed with hops. An Austrian peasant woman recommended it not alone as a sleep producer but as a beautifier as well.

Returning to this country the man bought some New York State hops, famous for their beer making qualities, but to his surprise they did not seem as well as the hops he had tried abroad. He found out by experiment that hops that made good beer didn't necessarily produce good sleep.

After he had sampled a lot of different kinds of hops he found that by mixing hops grown in Bohemia with hops grown in California and Oregon he got a combination which seemed to answer all purposes in the sleep producing line.

He decided that he had hit it right when he took a couple of pillows he had stuffed with this combination in his office downtown home with him on the elevated. He got in at Rector street carrying the pillow and sat in one of the double seats. Two men and a messenger boy sat with him.

At Fifty-ninth street all three were in profound slumber. Several other persons who had been reading newspapers near him were in evident distress in their efforts to keep awake.

Inquiry at different drug stores seemed to indicate that the hop pillow idea was a new one, though hops have long been known to have sleep inducing qualities, as shown particularly in the case of beer. According to those who have tried hop pillows, you get all the soporific qualities of the hops in this way without breaking any temperance pledges or suffering any harmful effects.—New York Herald.

Burned Out a Squirrel Family.
C. H. Brown of Malden kindled a fire in a parlor stove that had not been used before this winter and as a result a family of squirrels was burned out of their home and the fire department made a hurried visit to the Brown residence. Near by is a heavily wooded land where squirrels abound. The squirrels' nest included a bushel of sticks, leaves and moss and the chimney was effectually blocked when Mr. Brown attempted to start the fire. While the inmates of the house were wondering at the smoke that filled the rooms a passer-by was surprised to find flames shooting from the chimney and he rang an alarm. No serious damage was occasioned and as no dead squirrels were found it is presumed that they escaped.—Boston Transcript.

Historic Engine Saved.
When fire destroyed a passenger train and the train shed at the Chattanooga-Nashville station it threatened the old engine, General, of civil war fame, which has stood in the station shed for a number of years. Firemen directed their principal efforts to it and succeeded in saving the relic. The story of the race through Dixie between the General, manned by Andrews' raiders, trying to get out of the Confederate lines, and the Texas, and the capture of the General is one of the most stirring incidents of the war. For many years the General has been kept in good repair in the Chattanooga station.—Chattanooga correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

Granite of the South.
When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England, yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the South that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the South a place in the market at any rate. The annual output is now worth about \$3,500,000 and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about \$9,000,000 worth of stone annually.—Chicago Tribune.

Maine Clam Diggers.
Clam diggers in the vicinity of Portland are now receiving more for their claims than they ever have before. The dealers themselves are not getting any more for the shocked varieties, but the diggers are making a good thing out of the bivalves. The price paid ranges from \$1.75 to \$2 a barrel, an average of 25 cents better than they have received before. The diggers have declared that owing to the scarcity of shell fish and the smallness of them they must receive a greater price.—Kennebec Journal.

Sir Reynard's Misadventure.
C. E. Shields at Roxbury, Franklin County, just one year ago, caught a gray fox in a trap, keeping the animal until the early summer of 1910, when he let his foxskin run at large. A few days ago when looking over his traps he was surprised to have the same fox in his possession, caught at the very same spot as the former time.—Philadelphia Record.

New Use for a Crypt.
The Rev. C. H. Chard, rector of Spitalfields, has converted the crypt of his church into a store where poor people whose homes are broken up may deposit their furniture free of charge until they are in a position to set up house again. At present the crypt is full of furniture.—London Evening Standard.



Points for Mothers

Truth in Children.

Little by little children must be educated in the matter of truthfulness, and in no way can they be taught more convincingly than through the lives of their parents. If the mother is herself truthful, if she never promises her children anything that she cannot or does not fulfill, if she is accurate in every detail of speech and they learn to see through her what truth is and the vicious and sin of a lie, they will come into a very clear and permanent understanding of the truth.

They must understand truth if they are to reap any spiritual benefit from speaking it. To avoid falsehood through fear of detection and subsequent punishment is far more creditable.

If a child is to understand the truth he must be taught it, and who is there better fitted to teach him than his mother?

An Amusing Game.
Most mothers are sometimes at a loss for new ways of amusing the little ones. The game of "hold fast" is one that they will appreciate. The only requisite is a number of lengths of tape, all of the same number of inches, or if the tape is not at hand cut silesia or any cotton goods into narrow strips and use this. The person who leads the game holds one end of each of the tapes. The opposite end of each strip is held by some other player, and all players other than the leader form a semicircle, which the leader himself must stand facing.

When the leader says "hold fast," all players must let go their tapes, and when he says "let go!" they must, on the contrary, hold them fast. Any one obeying the commands literally, as some are sure to do, must pay forfeits.

Developing the Muscles.
Prevention is better than cure, and it is generally easier than cure too. The prevention of ungraceful figures and of deformities which lead to disease rests chiefly upon simple exercises, which, without fatiguing the child, will develop and strengthen its muscles, expand its chest, straighten its figure and interest its mind.

This last is most necessary. There are few things children hate more than the old-fashioned dreary "calisthenic exercises," which are almost as penitential as the exercise of the prison yard. The mind affects the body. The dull routine of calisthenics will not produce the same beneficial effect as games which have for their object the interesting of the mind as well as the development of the body.

The Terrors of the Tub.
Many an infant cherub has been known to set up a loud wail when put in its tub for a bath, and its people have grown to dread the hour of the daily bath.

A writer declares that many babies are frightened at the tub because they feel insecure and slip around in it and that this fright does not wear off until the little one is well grown.

She suggests that a thick towel be placed in the bottom of the tub. Baby will be delighted, she says, and even the most timid will lose all fear when he finds he does not slip about.

Round Backs.
A child compelled to sit still for a long time in one position—during lesson hours, for instance—is very apt to contort its body into injurious postures, and if this goes on unheeded, especially if the child is at all weakly, some kind of permanent and mischievous result is almost sure to follow.

It is in this way that round backs, which contract the lungs and often lead to consumption, curvature of the spine, pigeon chests and such very common deformities, frequently arise.

Sunshine for Childhood.
Every mother should give due thought to the situation of the room she is to use for the children. The day nursery should always be on the south side of the house, where part of the day it is flooded in sunshine, and where the north winds do not reach it. The night nursery should always be the quietest room in the house, and should face north, for babies should have absolute quiet to sleep in and plenty of cold fresh air.

Pulling the First Teeth.
A child's first tooth should not be pulled until it fairly drops at the touch. If it is pulled from the jaw before the permanent tooth is well formed the jaw shrinks. When the permanent tooth appears, being larger than its predecessor, it does not find the proper room which growth of the jaw would otherwise give, and the result is ugly, overlapping teeth, so disfiguring, so painful and so costly to remedy.

Emergency Night Light.
If you run short of night lights try this: Take a wax candle, cover the top, which has been burnt level, with a thin layer of salt, leaving only the blackened end of the wick exposed. Light the candle, and it will give a faint but steady light all night.

NIPPED IN THE BUD

The Story of a Mexican Revolution

By JOHN GALLAGHER, JR.

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The Mexican army was assembled on the plain outside the capital for maneuvers. Captain Feraud Cardoza had just come into his tent from battalion drill when a messenger summoned him to the president's tent.

Cardoza obeyed the order immediately. "Captain," said his excellency, having satisfied himself that there was no one about to hear him, "I have received information of a plot to carry these troops over to General Jose Furtado, depose me and make him president in my stead. I have another force, loyal to me, thirty miles from here, which if present would turn the scales in my favor. I have ordered these troops to march at once, but it will be impossible for them to get here before tomorrow night. I am desirous not only of delay, but of concealing my knowledge of the plot from my enemies. You I know I can trust to aid me, and I have an especial matter for you to attend to."

Cardoza stood without reply. He was bound in honor to the president, but one thing stood in his way—he loved the daughter of the man who was plotting to control Mexico.

"Are you heart and soul for me?" asked the president, eying the captain.

"I am."

"Very well. Just before daybreak a signal will be given for the troops encamped here for certain brigades hostile to me to rise. A force will be sent to my tent to dispatch me, while others proclaim Furtado president. I wish you to prevent the signal being given. A cannon is to be left loaded without the guard line of the Third brigade with a primer in the vent. Some one at the first gray light of dawn will pull the lanyard. I wish you to prevent that signal gun being fired. Conceal yourself near by and dispatch silently whoever attempts it."

"Your excellency's order shall be obeyed."

Captain Cardoza that night emerged from his tent, passed beyond the guards and, making a detour, came upon the rear of the Third brigade. There on a small natural mound a cannon mingled with the gloom. Cardoza lay down in some bushes beside the piece and waited. It was with difficulty that he could keep awake. Indeed, shortly after midnight he fell asleep, but he slept lightly, so that a slight stirring of bushes on the other side of the gun awakened him and he started up.

The moon had risen and shone on the cannon and a figure standing by it. No man stood there, but a woman and, though the moon was waning, it gave enough light to enable Cardoza to see her face distinctly. He recognized Marina Furtado, the daughter of the man who was conspiring to be president.

"Marina!" he gasped.

She started.

"Fernand! Is that you?"

"You are not going to fire that gun?"

"I am."

"One moment. I wish to speak with you."

He sprang toward her, and she seized the lanyard. He stood holding a knife above her head.

"For heaven's sake, don't pull that cord. At the slightest movement I shall bring the knife down upon you."

"You, Fernand! You would kill the girl you love and who loves you?"

"Honor compels me. I am pledged to prevent you."

"And my pledge to my father obliges me. He would trust no other."

"Fire at your peril!"

She looked into his face and saw by the light of the moon that his resolution was taken.

"I thought you loved me?" she said. "I do, but I love my honor more."

The two stood gazing at one another. Slowly the arm that held the lanyard sank, and the cord dropped from her hand. Then her lover took her in his arms, and she fainted on his breast.

When she recovered they formed a plan. He was to return to the president and report that no man had attempted to fire the signal gun. She was to return to her father and tell him what had occurred.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Captain Cardoza entered the president's tent. He found the head of the republic pale and anxious. He had not slept during the night.

"Well?" asked his excellency.

"You are, of course, aware that the gun was not fired. Perhaps the information you received was false—perhaps was intended to injure General Furtado."

"I cannot think so."

At this moment General Furtado rode up to the president's tent, dismounted and entered.

"I have understood, your excellency," he said, "that I am accused of conspiracy against the government."

"I have been informed to that effect."

"I will not deny that there is dissatisfaction as to some of your recent acts. If you will satisfy your people in this respect I can control the army in your favor and will do so."

"State them."

General Furtado left the president his ardent supporter, and the revolution had been nipped in the bud. But it was the lovers who had made the change. Captain Cardoza had prevented the signal from being given, and Marina had won her father over to the plan of action he had adopted.

All About a Cruiser.

"What sort of a boat is this?" inquired the inquisitive man at the docks.

"A cruiser," replied a smart lad.

"And where is she going?"

"A cruise, sir."

"What makes it go?"

"It's screw, sir."

"Who are on board?"

"It's crew, sir."

"It looks pretty smart."

"We have to keep it clean, or rubbish and dust would accrue, sir."

"Oh, you're too smart! Where do you come from?"

"From Crewe, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Manhattan Scallop.
A delicious breakfast or luncheon dish is Manhattan scallop. Shred sufficient cold cooked fish to measure a good half pint. It must be free from skin and bone. Add to it one cupful of fine stale breadcrumbs, a good seasoning of salt and pepper, two well beaten eggs mixed with a half cupful of steamed tomatoes. Turn all into a buttered dish, sprinkle the top with buttered breadcrumbs, dot with bits of butter and brown in a hot oven.—Suburbanite.

Sizes of the Planets.
An ingenious way of comparing the sizes of planets with the sun is suggested by a French scientific writer. Let the earth, he says, be represented by a twenty franc piece; then Venus is 15 francs; Mars, 2; Mercury, 7; Uranus, 280; Neptune, 320; Saturn, 1,840; Jupiter, 6,800, and the sun 67,800,000.

A Time For Blindness.
There is sometimes a greater charity in seeming not to see our neighbor's trouble than in trying to relieve it. "Let me alone!" is the prayer of many a tortured heart when the curious, the officious and the tactless force the door of its place of desolation, albeit they bring wine and oil.

Looked Like a Big Dose.
The man in bed had never been sick before. The doctor, wishing to ascertain his temperature, pointed the thermometer at him and commanded:

"Open your mouth, Jim."

"Wait a minute, doc," objected the patient. "I don't b'lieve I can swallow that."—Judge.

CRAWLING STONE LAKE.

Its Floating Rock Once the Throne of the Great Spirit.

In the northern part of Wisconsin is a large lake whose waters abound in fish. In this lake there is also a great rock which floats about in its waters. This rock, says a writer in The Red Man is held by the Chippewa Indians as a sacred monument to the great Manito.

Stories are told generation after generation that this great rock was at one time the throne of the Great Spirit. Here he sat and ruled the people, the animals of the forest around and the fishes of the waters of this lake.

Every summer the Indians hold dances near the place where the rock stands. They bring food and tobacco and place them on the rock so if the Great Spirit does not get enough to eat in the other world he comes down and gets the food that is placed by his former subjects.

Where Pumpkin Came From.
Despite the fact that the pumpkin in all its forms has found its fullest need of popular appreciation in the United States, it is by no means certain that the plant had its first home on this continent. Some authorities claim that it did, and produce evidence to show that the aborigines of North America planted it among their maize. Others contend that it is of Asiatic origin and still others point out that pumpkins have been cultivated either as a curiosity or as an article of food in England since the year 1570. The orange-hued orbs of joy are grown in various European countries, notably in France, where the market gardeners in the vicinity of Paris go to the trouble of sowing their pumpkin seeds in April in a hot-bed under glass and nurture them carefully until they are transplanted in May.—Christian Herald.

Liquor selling was prohibited in England as early as the reign of the Saxon King Edgar, who closed hundreds of ale-houses.

Only one person was killed in England last year in every 70,000,000 railway journeys, and one injured in every 2,300,000.

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