Donald, the Dreamer.

By J. J. BELL.

hamman management of the second

you have me do?"

an object and ambition in life.

pose it must be business."

business experience."

could not resist.

he had kissed her.

write to him tonight."

her cheek against his

"Good boy!"

marry me?"

whispered.

smiling into his troubled face.

you will Besides, you've had some

"I was once a clerk in my uncle's

office," he said with a wry smile, "but

a few months of that were enough for

me. Ah. Nora. Nora. why did you

"To make my boy into a maa," she

"You could never make me happier

'Walt and see Donald! And you

selfish creature, you ought to be think-

"I'm going to give you your desire

ing of my happiness," she said, gayly

Nora. I happen to know that Harold

Burbury wants a partner, and I-I'll

"And now, dear, when will you

She crept into his arms, and laid

"Whenever you like, Donald!" she

"You're late, Donald, and you're

"Oh, I'm all right," he returned

carelessly, dropping into an easy chair

by the library fire. Six years of busi-

ness life had altered the man more

than the woman; he had gone into the

whirlpool; she had merely floated near

and watched. But she, too, had grown

"Burbury is ill," remarked Donald,

as he lit a cigarette with somewhat

shaky fingers, "and there's a lot doing

just now. Burbury is a wonder for

work, and I only realize how much

he does when he's away. By the way,

Nora, there are those sapphires you

fancied." He pitched a small packet

into her lap. You can thank Burbury for them. I think I'm beginning to

get used to his luck. I closed up one

of his operations today, and my share

of profits is about four thousand. So

on my way home I remembered the

sapphires. Don't you want them now.

She came over to him with the un-

opened parcel in her hand. "Dear, I

don't need any more jewelry. I cer-

tainly admired the sapphires, but I

never dreamed of buying them. Oh,

Denald, you are working and worry-

We're going somewhere, aren't we?"

needn't go. You are tired and-

keep friendly with him."

'Nonsense! Wear them tonight.

"To the Medways, dear. But we

"Oh, Vil be all right after dinner.

Nora suppressed a sigh. Presently

"Donald, I wrote to Westellff today,

"Well, I dare say you and Kitty will

"Do you know, it's three years since

"So much as that, Nora? Well, I

suppose it is. 1 remember I couldn't

get away last year, when you and Kit-

"But you'll come with us on Monday

"I'm afraid that's impossible; Bur-

bury won't be back at work then, and

one of us must be in the office. There

is so much to be done at present, but

-but if I can, I'll run down to West-

"I couldn't possibly manage it be-

fore Saturday, Nora. Don't bother

about me. I'm perfectly well-only a

till after dinner tonight, if you don't

es, and her mouth quivered. She bent

straightened herself, and went quietly

"He can think of nothing but his

business," she said, in her sorrowful heart, and, when she reached her room,

she flung herself on the bed in an agony

She wore the sapphires that night

had forgotten all about them. And, as

she gazed at them in the early hours

of the morning, she imagined for an

instant that she was lying at the edge

the depths of a shining blue sea.

of a high, grassy cliff, looking into

Donald had written that he would

hough he could not be had taken her little

endeavor to get away from business

cliff on Saturday afternoon."

"Say Friday, Donald."

from the library.

on Saturday

dear, and take a little holiday?" said

his wife, anxiously and appealingly.

ty were living in the old house."

be none the worse of a change. West-

cliff is a rare place in the spring," said

her husband, half closing his eyes.

ou were there, Donald?"

asking them to get the house ready for

Medway's just the sort of man who's

ing too much!"

looking so tired, poor man!"

a little weary looking.

replied, with a sweet laugh, which he

than I've been, dear," he said, after

waken me from my dreams?"

triumph.

"You're nothing but a dreamer, Donaid!" The girl's voice was slightly contemptuous, and her eyes as they rested for a moment on her companion,

were half sad, half scornful. The young man removed his gaze from the shining sea, whose murmur arose faintly from the shore far bereath his grassy resting place, and regarded the speaker with a lazy, good-humored smile. "Well, my dreams are pleasant," he said, softly, "They are, as usual, of you, Nora."

She made an impatient sound. He reached out and caught her hand, which he held in spite of her "What's the efforts to withdraw it. matter, dear?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, nothing!" she returned coldly, without looking at him.

Donald watched her curiously while the sweet breaths of the summer afternoon stirred the hair partly concealing her frowning forehead, "Something is bothering you, dear,"

he said at last. "And it has been bothering you for some time, now, though I've kept from saying I noticed it. Nora, I want you to tell me

"I can't tell you! You wouldn't understand.

"Try me, Nora. We've been engaged for nearly three years now, and I've trusted you in everything. You can surely trust me. And I-I wish you would make up your mind to get married, dear. The house has been ready for you for ages now; and so have I. I don't want to hurry you, but, stillwell, I'm wearying, you know. However, we'll talk of that after you've told me your trouble." He bent over and kissed her hand.

"Donald," she said, "I wish you hadn't asked me to tell you. You'll think it mean of me, but—but I can't help it.

"Do you love me, Nora?" he demanded, suddenly.

"Yes, yes! That's why I'm miserable, dear, at least-oh, don't make me

"If you love me, dear, you will tell me. Is it anything I can do?

Her eyes met his. "Donald," she cried, letting free the pent-up passion of months, "why don't you do something? Why do you waste your life Why do you live lazily away from the busy world, and let the years go past while other men do great things? Oh, there, I've told you the thoughts that have tormented me. while, day after day, I've walked with you and sat with you here. It's horrible of me-but I can't help it, Don-

For nearly a minute he stared at her, his face growing paler and paler. 'In other words, Nora, you are ushamed of me," he said, in a low voice. Never before had she heard him sneak bitterly.

"No, no!" she cried, quickly, holdang out her hands to him.

"Why didn't you tell me of this long mgo?" he asked, ignoring her gesture. "I couldn't, Donald. I don't know how I managed to tell you now. Are you angry?"

"No, I'm not angry. But I'm sorry . sorry for you. How you must have suffering while-while I was dreaming!"

"Don't-oh, don't talk like that!"

"What a fool I've been!" he went on. "I thought we had everything that love required. A house to live in. enough money for comfort, and a beautiful country roundabout us. And

"But a man ought to have work to do," she put in, nervously.

"Work? Work is simple a hard road that is supposed to lead to happiness. If I have happiness through you, and the few thousands my father left me, why should I struggle, and for the most part fall? My garden gives me enough exercise; you and nature and an occasional book give me enough to think about. Ah, Norawhat is it you want me to do?"

She sighed. "Do you want me to have some ambition?" he asked, all of a sudden.
"Yes, Donald!" she cried eagerly. "That's it. You'll get tired of this

comfortable dreaming-you'll get tired "Oh, you sweet little fool!" whispered, and catching her in his

arms, he kissed her. "Get tired of you?" He laughed softly. For a moment she was utterly happy

Then she drew herself clear of his

"Donald," she said, solemnly, "you're only 26. Will this-this sort of life content you when you're 40?

"Why shouldn't it? If I do les dreaming then, I can do more gardening. Why, dear, I'm not such an idle wretch, after all. If I were paid for keeping my garden in order, you'd call me a workman, wouldn't you!" "But gardening is a pleasure to you,

ahe said, doubtfully, "Of course it is! Which shows it

to be my proper vocation." His sweetheart shook her head. A smile died on his lips.

"Nora, are you really in earnest about wanting me to do-er-some

"Well, but suppose I tried to do something, and falled miserably?" "You wouldn't fail, dear," she re-

"How can you know?"
"I just feel it."

He tried to laugh, but his heart had ne too heavy. His peace of mind been pricked like a balloon, and ropagings in the atmosphere of y drama, were over. Even if title of village, had only two trains daily from town, the second of which-Nora watched anxiously as it rattled dongside the platform "Papa hasn't come, Kitty, darling,"

he said , a minute later. "Papa making heaps of money," said

the child, airlly. "Come morro-day." Nora could not speak. She knew he she had no reason to be proud of him would not come now for a week at He had never seen her love in that "Too busy even to telegraph, she thought, sadly, hardly hearing her "Dear," he said at last, with a new child's prattle as he gently hurried humbleness in his voice, "what would her homeward. The rest of the afternoon dragged heavily away, and in the Her face flushed with delight and evening, when Kitty had been put to bed, she found her loneliness in the "Anything, dear, that will give you parlor unbearable. It was dusk, but the air was mild, and at last, throw-For a long time he lay with his facing a wrap about her, she opened the between his hands on the cool, kindly French window and went out into the grass, while she softly stroke his hair "Donald would never have garden. "It's too late to think of a profesarranged his hyacinths like that," she sion," he stammered at last. "I supmurmured, as she passed a plot from which a faint, exquisite fragrance "Well, why not?" whispered Nora. arose. He'll be angry when he sees You must try to forget to be romantic how they have clipped the hedge," she and sentimental, dear," she added, added to herself, when she reached the bottom of the garden. "But perhaps don't care what you do, Donald, so he won't notice it," she sighed. long as you do it well; and I know

A little gate yielded complainingly to her repeated efforts, and she found herself on a path leading to the cliffs. Soon she was standing on the edge, breathing the briny air, hearing the unceasing sob of the waves, and seeing, not the misty expanse before her, but the smiling face and untroubled eyes of her lover of six years ago. "Oh, God!" she moaned. "Give him

back his dreams!" It grew late. The freshening breeze chilled her, and with her prayer still trembling on her lips, she turned and went drearily toward the house, her eyes fixed on the path.

'Nora, Nora, what are you-"Donald!" She nearly fell. "Did I frighten you?" he asked,

laughingly.

Westeliff.

"I-I didn't expect you. How-" "I got a late train to Castleton, and drove over. Hadn't time to telegraph And when I got home I found the window open, so concluded you'd gone out, and followed you. How sweet the

"If you'd like to stay here a little I-I'm not a bit cold. Donald." "Are you sure? Well, we'll stay till

I've told you the news. It's very bad news. Nora." Had Burbury's luck turned at last? Had Donald been almost ruined? If so, she was ready to take her husband in her arms and weep, while her heart sang for joy. She had enough money of her own, she told herself for life at

"Burbury died this afternoon," said her, husband. "Poor chap, he fancied was better on Thursday, and came into the office, and, I believe, added another thousand to our pile. He-"Burbury dead? Oh. Donald, then

you are free?" The words were out before she could stop them. "Free, Nora? Oh, I see what you mean! But I'll miss his judgment terribly. The business will be a much

smaller affair without him. I haven't got anything like his nerve.' "But, dear," she began, and halted

helplessly. "It is glorious here," he said.

"When will you get a holiday to enjoy it, Donald," she asked timidly. He shook his head. "Heaven knows! I must be off early on Monday, and it will be time enough to talk of a holiday six months hence. I don't want to take a partner. I've an ambition to run the concern myself. You'll be a very wealthy woman yet, Nora," he

added, with a slight laugh. "Donald, I don't want any more!" she cried, catching his hands. "How cold you are! Let us

be offended, and Burbury wants me to side. "Wait a little. Donald, did you notice the garden as you came through?" What idiots of men did you

Her heart thrilled, "He noticed? He had not forgotten!" she thought. "You-you ought to take it in hand yourself, dear," she said, feverishly. 'So I would, but I haven't time."

"Ah! But, Donald, do you remember how I used to tease you about dreaming here-here, just where we are standing?" "Yes," he said, softly, looking about

"Have you no dreams now?"

"No, you cured me of dreaming, Why, what is it? You're crying, dear."

"Oh, it's killing me, Donald! Why why did you go into that awful busi-He stared at her. "I don't know of

any other business," he said slowly, "in which I would have been as quicksuccessful.

"Oh, you don't understand, you don't understand! Tell me, do you love this business?"

trifle fagged. I don't think I'll dress "No, sometimes it sickens me. But a man must have work to do, and it's better to have some ambition even if He closed his eyes, and, as she looked it's not a very noble one. Would you down on him, tears hung on her lashrather I tried something else. I might be a failure the second time, you down to kiss him, but suddenly know.

> "Don't-don't! Tell me, Donald, do you love Kitty and-and me?"

"What a question! Of course I love you and Kitty better than all the world!" His voice had grown wonderfully soft. "Oh, my dear," he whispered, "have you been feeling negbut it was quite obvious to her that he

"Terribly!" she sighed. "But what can I do, Nora?" "Gardening."

"G-g-gardening and d-dreaming. No more b-business. He looked at her till she was ready faint with shame. Then he opened

his arms to her. "Come here, you neglected little thing!" he cried, with a choking laugh.

"Oh, Donald, dear!"
"Don't speak—for five minutes," he said, pressing kiss after kiss upon her willing lips.—Now York Weekly.

DIAMOND HARD TOSTEAL MOST OF THE SALESMEN KNOW ALL THE CROOKS' TRICKS.

Systems Employed in the Big Stores -Women Thleves as Compared with Men Thieves-One Way to Circumvent the Stealers.

Says the SanFrancisco Chronicle: Attle does the average customer, as he sees the clerks of the jeweler lounging in apparent indifference behind the counter, realize that they are in fact amateur detectives, keeping in operation an elaborate system of espionage.

There are innumerable attempts more or less successful, to despoil the ewelers on a small scale, and every clerk is carefully instructed regarding all the "crook dodges" known to the trade before he is allowed to handle the more valuable stock. A clerk in a Market street store says that he has even known professional prestidigitators to be employed by European goldsmiths to test the vigilance of their employes, and by giving them a good scare to make them more careful. Or dinarily, the young man learns by long experience to watch every move of every customer, and by the time he is old enough to be intrusted with the diamond trave is more than a match for any one but the most clever of the genus thief.

Fortunately, all schemes to obtain gems without paying for them divide themselves into a few categories, and after one has had his attention called to them all he is not likely to be duped by an immaterial variation. The chief trick of the thief is substitution, and great skill is often displayed in playing it. A pawnbroker in the retail district recounts his experience with a rogue of this class:

"One day," says he, "a Chinese called to see some solitaire rings. It s not unusual for the better class of Chinese to purchase second-hand jewelry, so I handed him out a tray of the best I had in stock. He picked up the finest stone I had in the tray, and af ter asking its price shufflel out, mut-

tering, "Come may be back tomollow." "Sure enough, ne did come back at he time promised, and again examned the same stone. But he didn't buy it, and as he failed to return for several days I forgot all about him. But at the end of a week he came in again, and once more picked up the diamond which had pleased him on the former occasion. As he turned to go I happened to notice that something was wrong with the stone he had returned to the tray. 'The rascal had made an imitation and nearly palmed it off on me. I jumped over the counter and he handed back my property No. I didn't prosecute-what would have been the use after I had my

"I depend upon my experience with numan nature and upon observation, declared the head clerk in a down town establishment where many costly articles of the goldsmith's craft are constantly kept in stock.

"Do you suspect women more than men?" he was asked.

"No. I wouldn't say that. Women are undoubtedly more given to petty shoplifting, but we have only the professional sharks to gear, and these are mostly men. But whether it is a man or a woman who asks to see anything costly, there is always a second clerk who appears to be doing nothing, but who in reality keeps his eyes on the goods, while the one who is trying to make the sale watches the customer. I look particularly at the eyes. If the eyes roam all about the room, it is a bad sign, as they are trying to see whether anybody is looking or not. Even with all precautions there is a regular annual loss in almost all big Micres. I know of one firm in Chicago which reckons on losing \$500 to crooks over its counters annually, but there is less of that kind of crime in

San Francisco." Most of the "cinch games" originate in Paris. It was there that the "red pepper trick" was first tried. It has en attempted once or twice here and consists simply in blowing a quan tity of the pepper in the clerk's eyes and making off with all the stock that can be grabbed in the confusion. It was in Paris, too, that the "cause celebre" in substitution took place, A man, whose name is even now a mystery, called one afternoon at a fashion able Parisian goldsmith's and critical ly examined a cluster of diamonds wrought into a brooch and worth many thousand dollars. He called on two ubsequent occasions, and finally said he would buy the precious ornament, but that he did not intend to have any substitute valmed off on him. So he asked for a box and some sealing wax. Before the propreitor's eyes the purchaser put the brooch in the box, wrapped it in paper, tied it securely with twine and sealed the knots with wax stamped with his own seal ring. He gave directions that it be put in the safe until he sent for it, which would not be within several days and hen, after making a small deposit, wished the delighted jeweler a very pleasant afternoon. A week afterward the box was opened and found to contain-nothing.

A few years ago San Francisco boasted a very mysterious woman, at whose hands several of our local merchants suffered. She was an adept at the famous "handkerchief trick," and was so beautiful that nobody could be found to prosecute her. Even her name was not known. A clerk who has had much experience in the jew elry business in this city thus describ scribes the attempt of this light-fingered siren to "do" him out of a pair diamond earrings:

"She had been looking at the ear rings for several minutes, when she

drew a fine silk handkerchie! from her pocket and wiped her lips. I was sue picious at the sight of the handkerchief, but she made no move to drop it on the counter for several minutes. When she finally did drop it I had ceased to notice. It tay on the counter, with the car rings beneath it, for fully 15 minutes, she told me afterward, when I forced her to confess and when she finally ventured to pick it up she held it in her hand for five minutes longer before putting it in her reticule. Being sure that I had not noticed the operation, she left the store and it was not until I counted over the stock that night that I knew I had been robbed. I succeed in locating er, but she had influential friends, who promised that she should leave town if no prosecution was instituted. I knew she could cry too beautifully for a jury to believe anything against her, so I let her go, charging the trouble she had caused me to my experience

account. The "wedding ring" trick was very officacious until the trade became familiar with it. Any one attempting to execute it now would find himself inder suspicion at once. It originated n England, where there is a superstition that it is unlucky ever to take the gold band from the finger after the marriage ceremony. A woman will enter a store and complain that the wedding ring that has been shown her is so large that it might slip off and cause her ill luck. She is consequently shown one that fits very tightly, and she is compelled to wet her finger with her lips before she can get it off. A brass ring, previously carried in the mouth is handed back to the salesmen. If the rings in the trave are 18-carat fine it is very difficult to detect the difference, but no brass burnisher yet discovered can produce quite the effect of 22-carat gold.

Rings are sometimes dropped into parasol carried by a female thief. It is very difficult to prove such cases, as it is always possible that the movement was accidental. Most jewelers will pretend to accept the accident theory, and politely call the lady's attention to the fact that she is carrying off property not her own. All goods are identified by numbers in well regulated stores, and a record kent of their manufacture and sale. An account is also taken of the most preclous gems every night. Therefore it is very difficult for the thief to succeed, except by regular robbery, as was done to the pawnshop of M. J. Franklin, at 215 Grant avenue, Feb. 21, 1895, when \$3000 worth of gems were taken by smashing the show window. The last famous sleight-of-hand diamend theft in the United States octurred at New Orleans, when an Italian secured \$10,000 worth of fewels from George E. Gail by appearing to put them in a box before his eyes. When Gail opened the box he found a wo-dollar bill wrapped in a silk handkerchief. By the pretence that the gems were to be manufactured into a cross as a gift to the pope the jewel er's confidence had been so completey won as to dull the edges of his prudence.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Calnamen consider it impolite to wear spectacles in company

In Paris, France, a youth attempted to kill his father in order that as a widow's sen he might escape conscrip-

Coins are classed, according to their state of preservation as "proof," "uncirculated," "fine," "good," "fair" and

Fashionable dogs in Paris, France, which for some time have worn overcoats with pockets for their little handkerchiefs, are now provided with goggles for their eyes when taken

Most fishermen on the French const wold going to sea on the first two iays of November, owing to a superation tious fear of the "death wind" and the belief that drowned fishermen at that time rise and capsize boats.

A Samoan editor is angry because one of his subscribers who owed him money sent him instead a boatload of bananas, oranges, guavas and alligator pears, asking him to sell them and forward the balance to him.

Great Yarmouth, England, has the narrowest street in the world. There are many parrow streets in Great Yar mouth, but the narrowest is Kitts Witchas, which is only 55 inches wide You can lean out of your window and shake hands with your neighbor across the street.

An Important Omission. In a sham fight which was held it connection with a volunteer camp late ly, the invading force was led by an of ficer whose hand was better suited to the plow than to the sword. They were marching down a road, and on turning a sharp corner they came a ross the enemp lying but a short distance from

"Charge!" commander the officer. Away went his men at full speed but when they had covered about half the distance to the enemy they heard their officer shout,-

"Come back, come back, the hale pack o' ye; come back to where ye started from, and start over again. I've forgotten to order ye to fix bayonets.' Letter Too Perfect.

"Now." said the kind-hearted woman after the tramp had eaten everything

in sight; "there's the wood-pile, "Wonderful!" exclaimed the knight of the road, as he began to sidestep. "I never saw the like."

SHEEPHERDERS IN WEST LONELINESS OF THE LIFE MAKES A MAN MOROSE.

In Caring for His Flocks He Must Endure Privations and Face Deadly Enemies, Including Cattlemen-The Pay is \$40 a Month.

Sheepherders in the far west are having a strenuous time owing to intermittent renewals of the war with their ancient enemies, the cattlemen. In Big Horn county, Wyoming, a few weeks ago, a party of masked and heavily armed cattlemen made a raid on the sheep camps of Patrick Dunn, on Broken Neck creek, killing over 300 head of sheep, destroying three sheep wagons and their contents and driving the sheepherders out of the country. This is only one instance out of

hundreds, showing the constant danger run by sheepherders. Cattlemen from Montana to Arizona are fighting for the preservation of their range, and many a sheepherder, in the past few months has been compelled to see his employer's property destroyed, knowing that the first sign of protest will be the signal for a shower of bullets in his own direction. Yet the menace of the cattle interests is only a small portion of the sheepherder's troubles. In reality, his tob is one of the most strenuous of all employments, and yet the majority of people think that the sheepherder has a sinecure, with nothing to do but walk about in the sunshine and fresh air, and let his faithful shepherd dog do all the work of herding. A few days spent in any sheep camp in Montana, Wyoming. Colorado or any other great wool state, will convince the skeptic that the sheepherder's life is anything but a life of ease, and that the cowboy, the soldler, the miner, or almost any other man whose position is supposed to entail great danger, does not take half the chances of the solitary man whose lot is cast on the sheep ranch. Not only is there a great deal of hard work connected with the sheep business, but there is a larger loss of life among those who actively engage in it than in any other branch of the stock industry.

In Constant Danger.

In the summer time, when the sheepherder starts out with his band of sheep and proceeds to find feed for his charges, he is in constant danger from lightning. Many sheepherders are killed every year by lighting, their bodies being found weeks afterward. Little notice is taken of these tragedies-two or three lines in a country newspaper usually form the sheepherder's obituary. The herder, who usually stands on an eminence in order to watch his flock the better, seems to offer a shining mark for lightning. Two years ago three herders in Chouteau county, Montana, were struck and killed, all inside of one week. There seems to be an attraction about a band of sheep that draws the lightning-something that scientists have not yet explained. In the late autumn these electric storms are the most violent and sheep herders naturally regard them with a sort of superstitious terror.

The death of a herder near Greeley, Colorado, may be cited as an instance of the constant danger from lightning. The body of Adolph Scrubli, a sheepherder, was found on the prairie last July, evidently having been struck by lightning. Two of Scrubli's sheep dogs stood guard over his remains, but in spite of their efforts, part of the body had been devoured by covotes. Some silver coin in the herder's pocketbook was melted, showing conclusively by what agency the man had come to his death.

In the winter, of course, the sheepherder has an even more strenuous time. There is constant danger from blizzards, and there is no means of gathering statistics regarding the number of men who annually sacrifice their lives in trying to save their flocks from the cold and snow. One severestorm in Montana or Wyoming usually causes the death of at least half-a dozen herders, but the ranks are always filled with recruits, and the patient, couragcous men go right on facing death in the performance of their duty.

A Pathetic Case. One of the most pathetic cases of

this nature occurred last winter in the Red desert, sixty miles west of Rawline, Wyoming, William Moody, sheepherder, and his dogs were caught in a terrible blizzard. The sheep perished by scores, but Moody did not abandon the attempt to save his flock. At last he fell in the snow and froze to death. His dogs for two weeks stayed upon that spot guarding the body of their dead master. The animals kept themselves alive by eating the carcasses of the frozen sheep. fought off coyotes and when the herder's body was finally discovered it was with difficulty that it could be taken from the watchful care of these two animals. The danger from wild animals in

the west is small in comparison with

other dangers faced by the sheepherder, but it is to be considered, nevertheless. When the sheep are "bedded down" for the night there is constant danger of a visit from a bear. A silver tip is usually a harmless animal when not crossed in the work of getting a meal, but, when a shoopherder disputes the ownership of a lamb, there is likely to be trouble. Many sheepherders have lost their lives in this way, and others have been set on by the wolves which they have wounded and which have turned at bay. A flock of sheep is constantly menaced by enemies of the animal kingdom, coyotes being the chief pest. A coyote will keep far out of range of a herder and his dog, but with infinite patience and cunning will meneuver until it is able to "cut out" a lamb or a fat ewe from the herd. Sheep lose their heads easily and when one has been separated from

Its fellows the covote enally turns if towards the prairie and kills it as lelsure. In order to guard against these menaces of the flock the berder must keep constantly on the more. He depends a great deal on his dog, of mals being little short of remarkable. There is a comradeship between the herder and his dog which is broken only by death. Some of the herders spend all their spare time teaching the dogs tricks, and the lover of intelligent canines can find many wonderful and well-trained animals in western sheep camps.

A Bold Hold-Un.

Recently some sheep herders in the Opper Wind river country found a new foe in the shape of the red man. Several Ampahoe bucks found a band of several hundred sheep which had strayed away from their herders and drove them to a snot where they could corralled. They then sent word to the herders that the sheep would be returned when the owner had paid a cortain ransom. The feed in the country where the sheep were corralled was very poor and the owner took immediate steps to get back bis flock before their condition had been damged. After some argument, the owner managed to get the price down to \$50, which ransom was paid and the sheep released. This was one of the boldest held-up cases in the history of Wyoming, yet nothing was done to

the Indians. In the spring, at lambing time, the sheepman's life is about as hard and disagreeable as can be imagined. The lambs, which come in the cold months of early spring, have to be gathered up in the arms and carried off with the mothers and placed in a small pen, in order that mother and offspring may come to know each other. When

a band of 2000 ewes is dropping lambs in cold and stormy weather, the sheepman's life is anything but a pleasant one. Lambing crews are hard to get, although as high as \$50 a month and board are paid for men that do such work.

All for \$40 Per Month

Notwithstanding the dangers and discomforts which the sheepherder is constantly facing from one year's end to the other, and in spite of the fact that he may at any time be called upon to lay down his life, either in combat with the elements, of with the cattlemen, he receives small pay. Forty dollars a month is the standard pay for sheepherders in western states. course, the owner provides food and shelter in addition to this pay, but the food is generally not of the best and the shelter of a tent or sheep wagon in the rough weather is not much to boast of.

Despite the drawbacks of the life, however, there seems to be no lack of sheepherders. Many of the men are intelligent, well read fellows who have taken up such a life in order to regain health, or perhaps to take themselves "far from the madding crowd." The loneliness of the life is liable to make a man morose, and there is no exaggeration in the many stories of sheepherders who go insane. There are few pleasant features to compensate for the many disadvantages and dangers of the sheepherder's existence, and it is hard to understand how such a life appeals to anyone. The sheepmen are constantly gaining in their fight for the range, nowever, and as long as they do so the number of herders is bound to increase, while their more picturesque rivals, the cowboys, will suffer a corresponding decrease.

ALMOST THE SAME.

His Road Wasn't as Long but It Was Just as Wide.

The waking hours of G. Otto Krupp were spent in thinking of schemes whereby he might get rich quick. As the owner of an eight-mile railroad he was a person of considerable local importance in the Pennsylvania-German settlement where he resided.

One morning when Mr. Krupp's brain was particularly active it occurred to him that by sending passes over his road to the presidents of the big rallroads of the country he might receive complimentary passes in return. This would enable him to see something of the world at comparatively small expense, and such passes as he could not use personally he could dispose of advantageously. Mr. Krupp lost no time in getting letter-heads printed with his own name in large type as president. Then he sent "R. and A." passes broadcast and awaited

results. One hot afternoon a flushed repreentative of a big Western road walked into Mr. Krupp's office and said he had been all over town looking for the "R. and A." Railroad and could not find it. He said he was sent from Philadelphia to investigate before the company issued a pass over its entire line. 'It is chust outside of town-five

minutes' valk," explained Mr. Krupp Buzvely. "How long is your road?" asked the

railroad's representative. "About eight miles, I t'ink."

"Thunder! You don't expect us to exchanges passes with a road like that, do you?" the representative demanded angrily. "Why, we have eight thousand miles of road."

'Vell," answered Mr. Krupp, drawing himself up with an air of offended dignity, "maybe my road ain't so long as yours, but it's chust as vide."-Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincotts,

Prison Reform in Italy. The king of Italy has signed a decree abolishing the use or the straitwaistcoat for punitive purposes in all the prisons of the kingdom. This reform is a direct result of the notorious D'Angelo case at the Regina Coeli prison in Rome, where the prisoner whose guilt was dubious, died while undergoing this species of torture.