

## YOUNG SUMMER.

BY MARLA K. LAW.

Hills after hills,  
A sea of billows,  
And everywhere a brook  
With feathery willows.

Fern-scented woods  
In every glade,  
Where ghostly silver birches  
Haunt the shade.

Fringing the roads,  
The happy summer flowers  
While lady away  
The sunny hours.

At hide-and-seek  
Among the maple trees  
The sun in varied mood  
Plays through the leaves.

Wide pastures bare,  
With lichen-covered rocks;  
Above, the mackerel clouds,  
In little flocks.

A far cascade,  
A bridal veil of white,  
Gleets with its murmurings  
The coming night.

—Outing.

## Cupid and the Six-Shooter

BY DR. R. B. HILL.

ADMIT that the six-shooter, in its its palmy days, was much oftener a weapon of offense than of defense, and was largely the cause of lawlessness and bloodshed; and the mere knowledge that he was an expert in its use caused many a man to draw it when otherwise he would not have done so. But, like every other evil, it was not an unmixed one, and was not "pulled" invariably with blood-letting intent. A six-shooter figured prominently in one of the prettiest little romances I ever knew of, and no blood was spilled, either. But the hand of time has to a great extent drawn the veil over those days, and they linger only in the memories of the old-timers who are left and who—

"Here, man, don't excite our curiosity in that way, by suggesting an interesting story, and then quietly proceed and leave it untold," said one of the listeners.

"That's what I say," "Certainly," "Of course," "By all means," came in chorus. "Let us have the episode in which the deadly revolving machine figured."

A group of men, several "forty-niners" among them, were gathered in one corner of a Los Angeles hotel rotunda, talking of their former experiences in the gold fields, and comparing the men and the methods of that lurid period—the days of the pick, shovel, washing-pan and revolver—with present-day mining methods, machinery and men.

"It was more than an episode, gentlemen; it was an event, in the lives of two of those concerned," said the first speaker. "For Steve Daniels, knight of the six-shooter, it was perhaps only an episode. Later, he—but that's another story."

"In 1860 I was working a claim at Mono, in Nevada County, and doing fairly well. More than a year had passed since pay-dirt was struck, and there were some 800 or 1000 people in the camp, and saloons, of course, in proportion. The 'Golden Eagle' was one of the most popular of these, and Steve Daniels was the bright particular star among its frequenters. It was reported that he had formerly been a cowboy, and an unusually quiet, peaceable member of the unquiet calling, until after the death of his wife. He soon after came to the diggings, bringing with him his little boy, about three years old, and Manuel, a Mexican, whose special business it was to look after the child, though he incidentally acted as cook also."

"Daniels, who was one of the early arrivals at Mono, staked a claim and stuck closely to business for some time; that is, until his first gun-play. When sober he was an easy-going, lumpy fellow, just the kind a bully would select to impose on, and this one of that class was deceived into doing no longer after the rush to Mono. He was buried next day, and Daniels' reputation as a remarkably quick and accurate shot was duly established. He fired three times and yet we could find but one hole through the man's body, and that not much larger than the opening usually made by one ball from a regulation six-shooter, the bullets having scarcely varied a line."

"After that Daniels got on sprees periodically, and while they lasted he let himself loose for the fun there was in it. He did not fear God nor regard man when drinking, but drunk or sober he loved his child with every throb of his heart. And 'Nugeto,' for that was the name given him by Manuel, because of his golden curls, was as sturdy, handsome and cute a little fellow as one would wish to see. As an off-hand swearer he was about the easiest and most accomplished—within the limits of his vocabulary—that I ever heard. He was given many a pinch of gold-dust by those reckless miners in exchange for 'cuss words,' and as his list lengthened his pile increased."

"Manuel seemed really fond of the boy, and no one could have taken better care of him; that is, while he was on duty. But the Mexican was like his employer in one respect, he would go on jamborees. On these occasions he always disappeared, however, and was usually gone several weeks. Daniels accepted these little defections as a matter of course, never touched a drop while Manuel was absent, but attended strictly to the boy and the claim. By the time the Mexican returned Daniels had dust enough on hand to enable him to act the part of master of ceremonies at the Golden Eagle with satisfaction to himself and his friends. He was having his fling one night, soon after Manuel's return, when some one remarked that a tenderfoot had come in on the afternoon stage."

"Trot him out, then," ordered Steve. "Some of you fellows go and get him and I'll furnish the fun."

"Two of them went out, and re-

turned in a few minutes with a slender, city-bred looking young man, apparently about twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

"There's the man that wanted to see you," one of them said, pointing to Daniels.

"What can I do for you?" asked the stranger, pleasantly.

"We're feelin' sorter cull an' want you to entertain us some," drawled Daniels. "Our entertainments generally begin by settin' them up to the crowd. Got no conscientious scruples, have you?" winking at the others. "Never promised our mother on ner cyin' bed that you'd die before you took a drink, or anything of that sort, did you?"

"Never," answered the tenderfoot, "and as I came here expecting to locate, and wish to get acquainted, I know of no quicker way. Barkeeper, drinks for the crowd, please."

"So frank and pleasant was he in words and manner that Daniels was slightly taken aback for the moment; but the drinks were swallowed with a will."

"The next thing on the programme," said Daniels as the last glass was returned to the bar, "is the light fantastic. Not a member of the church, are you?" with another wink.

"I am," he replied; "but my church is not one of those that prohibits dancing occasionally. The Scriptures tell us there is a time for all things, and I suppose this is my time to dance. I am a very ordinary performer, but will do what I can."

"Throwing off his hat and coat he began a light, graceful heel-and-toe dance. This he kept up for several minutes and then stopped."

"Here, what do you mean by quit-ting so soon?" growled Daniels. "I didn't give you the word to stop!"

"Why, I'm tired," was the answer.

"Tired!" roared Daniels, whipping out his gun. "There's no such word as tired in our dictionary; leastways, for you! When we're tired we'll say so. Till then, you move them tender feet of yours, and move 'em lively! Look out, now!"

"He fired as he spoke, and the bullet cut half its thickness through the edge of his victim's shoe-sole."

"For a moment an expression of startled surprise flashed into the young man's eyes."

"If I must, I must," he then said quietly, and began to dance again.

"Faster! Faster!" ordered Daniels, emphasizing his commands with shots from his gun, and it seemed miraculous that he could shoot so close to those moving feet and not hit them.

"He had fired the last shot in one revolver and was drawing the other, when a small golden-haired figure, dressed in miniature miner's costume—red flannel shirt, rough trousers, stuck in boots and held up by suspenders—stood in the doorway, looked about the room, and seeing Daniels ran up to him, clasped his legs, and cried:

"Take me, daddy! Me so hot an' tired an' sleepy! So vebly sleepy, daddy!"

"Catching Nugeto to his breast Daniels asked: 'How did you get here? Where's Manuel?'"

"He's gone! Me cunned all the way by myself. Me not 'fraild'!"

"Well, I'll be—!" Daniels paused suddenly, and, searching the boy's face with anxious solicitude, asked: "What ails you, anyhow? Your face is all breakin' out!"

"I will tell you what ails him," said the stranger, after looking closely at the child; "he has smallpox."

"Smallpox!" roared the crowd as one man, and they fell over each other getting out.

"How do you know he's got it? Who're you, anyhow?" demanded Daniels, threateningly.

"I'm a physician, come here to practice my profession, and I tell you positively the child has smallpox. Are there any cases in the camp?"

"Haven't heard of one."

"I heard some rumor of the disease as I came up from Frisco. Has no one in camp been down that way recently, and returned?"

"My Mexican cook has just—!" Daniels paused suddenly and relieved himself of a good long paragraph of oaths. "That's it," he said, with conviction; "that greaser caught it somewhere and brought it back with 'im. I noticed his face was mighty red the day after he got back, but thought it was the drink. So he's give you the smallpox, my Nugeto, an' then run away to keep me from bovin' his yeller carcass full o' holes! But I'll find 'im an' kill 'im fore the smallpox has a chance to—whether you live—or—die. But, doctor, his voice breaking, you can save him, can't you? You won't let him die?"

"I will certainly do my best; and, with your help, I hope the chances are good to pull him through."

"And they pulled him through, but it was a very close call. The doctor took

his patient to a vacant shack about a mile from camp, and there he and Steve nursed him day and night till he was well. The doctor—Collet was his name, he said—took such good precautions that the disease didn't spread, and he and Daniels both escaped it."

"When Nugeto was back in camp again nothing was too good for him or the doctor. What with gunshot wounds, cuts and bruises and ordinary sickness, Collet was kept pretty busy. He was always pleasant, but very quiet; so much so that I told the boy I believed he was troubled in his heart about something. And so it turned out."

"Nearly a year after Collet's introduction that night to the hangars-on in the Golden Eagle, Daniels was initiating another tenderfoot. This one was smaller even than Collet; so small and delicate looking, in fact, that the little black mustache he wore seemed out of place. He was plainly in a fearful funk, so scared he couldn't talk, and didn't know how to order drinks. He only pretended to drink himself, and sat his glass down full. When Daniels brought his fist down on the bar and roared, 'Drink every drop of it and be quick about it!' he made a desperate effort, but came near strangling, and the glass fell and broke. His knees were visibly shaking when the order came to dance, and when Steve followed his command with a shot close to the visitor's feet, there was a scream—a woman's piercing, terrified scream—and she fell back in a dead faint, the false mustache breaking loose as she struck the floor."

"Among those who rushed in at the sound was Dr. Collet. As he bent over the small, white-faced figure he uttered an exclamation, and apparently forgetting there was anybody else in the room, began pleading with her."

"Edith, darling, look at me! Speak to me!" he said.

"Boys, I think we've got business on the outside just at this stage of the game," said Daniels, and we all went out."

"Mike Brannon, the barkeeper, told me afterward that she was not long in coming to, and that then two soft, white arms went round Collet's neck and a mighty sweet voice said: 'Oh! Arthur, how could you, why did you go off in that awful way, trying to make us all believe you were drowned? I didn't know what to think. Why did you, Arthur?'"

"Because," he replied, "I thought you had fallen in love with Leonard Wells. He was just the kind of man (except his poverty) that most women fancy—handsome, brilliant, full of audacity and of manly proportions—everything, in fact, that I was not. I overheard him say you had given him good reason to believe you were in love with him, and that he would marry you if I was out of the way, and you had the entire fortune. From what I had seen of your manner toward him on more than one occasion I believed he spoke the truth, and, as I wished you to be happy I made away with myself, or tried to leave that impression. Then I came to this out-of-the-way corner of the world, changed my name and have been practicing my profession. I thought I was as good as buried alive. How did you find me?"

"I did not, but detectives found you for me. But I had told you I loved you. Why could you not believe me?"

"You had not met Wells then. Did you marry him after you thought I was drowned?"

"I did not think you were drowned. My heart told me you were not. But I would not have married Mr. Wells if you had been, not if he had been the last man on earth! I have loved you from the first, as I told you. Do you believe it now, or must I go back without you?"

"Yes, sweetheart," he said. "I do believe it, and I hope you will forgive me for doubting you. But tell me how—"

"Not in this horrible place, Arthur. Take me away, quick, and I will tell you all about it when I take off this coat and—these other things."

"Mike told me he cleared his throat several times to let them know he was there, but he might as well have been back in Ireland for all the attention they paid him."

"We heard afterwards that not a great while before Kendrick (for that proved to be the doctor's real name) came to Mono, a wealthy uncle in San Francisco died, leaving a fortune to him and the daughter of an old friend, jointly, on condition that they married. If either should fail to carry out his wishes he or she was to be cut off without even the proverbial shilling and the entire estate was to go to the other. The rest you have heard."

"I suppose everything came out all right?" ventured a listener.

"Of course. They are still living, and have one of the handsomest homes in Frisco. And they did a good part by Nugeto, too. When Steve Daniels finally struck the wrong tenderfoot and was killed, Kendrick and his wife took the boy, brought him up, and he is now a prominent business man of Frisco."—Good Literature.

### Hebrew in Jerusalem.

Yiddish is an archaic and corrupt form of German extensively spoken by Jews in many countries besides Germany itself. An instance of its popularity is given by a writer. In Jerusalem he met "a worthy man who denounced me for being unable to converse with him in Yiddish. 'You are no Jew,' he protested, 'for you do not know the Jewish language.' I answered that Hebrew was the Jewish language and that I was quite willing to speak to him in it. His rejoinder was: 'I have no patience with this new fangled idea of speaking Hebrew in Jerusalem.'"

New York City's gross debt is \$618,796,337, and the net debt \$447,882,030. The year's increase was \$48,000,000.

## THE OLD WEST.

BY "HUNTER."

YEARS ago—it seems a great many years ago to me—I decided to take Greeley's advice and "go West." It required some little nerve for a young man raised on a farm in New York State to leave his friends and make a break alone into the then almost unknown West. There was a "frontier" then; now there is none.

I went to Junction City, Kan., and then on foot south to the Santa Fe Railroad, which was then just being built, and finally stopped where the city of Wichita now is. At that time it was a military post. I could stand there then, and looking southwest across the Arkansas River, see the whole country speckled with buffalo as far as the eye could reach. I stayed there a few days, and then went on up the river to what is now Hutchinson. Here I met a man who told me about the Medicine River country, which was about 125 miles further southwest. He represented it as being a well timbered country, with quite high bluffs along the streams, and as all the country where I was then had scarcely any timber, it looked very dreary to me; besides, I had an idea of going into the cattle business, so I decided to go and look at the Medicine River country.

I bought a pony and we started. We had heard of a camp of hunters, at the junction of the Medicine and Turkey Creek, who had a wagon trail into Wichita. We went south, so as to strike the wagon trail and follow it to their camp. I proposed taking along some provisions, but my new friends said there was no use buying or carrying supplies, as we could get all the game we wanted; so we went without any provisions.

Well, we started out, and there seemed to be a break in the buffalo, as there were none in sight, and we went on all the first day without a chance to kill anything; and slept that night on the ground by a "chip" fire, with nothing to eat and no timber in sight. We were on what I afterward learned was the north fork of the Ninisquaw River. The following day we traveled all day and killed nothing until night, when we stopped on the south fork of the Ninisquaw, and I killed a bird about as large as a robin, which we roasted and divided between us.

The following day we began to see buffalo, and about noon came to a timbered stream, and within half an hour I had killed a big turkey; and I think that I never tasted any other turkey quite so good as that was. We camped there in the timber. No one knows just what a luxury timber is to camp in for fuel, until they have camped on the bare prairie and burned chips.

That afternoon my friend killed a buffalo. I was greatly surprised at the size of the animal. I had seen the buffalo robes that we used in the East, and which at that time could be bought for from \$5 to \$10, but they were small, and I learned that the large ones were never made into robes, as their great thickness called for too much work to dress them. White men never dressed robes; the Indians did that, as their time was worth nothing. A squaw would work a month or two tanning a hide; then her lord and master would trade it to a white man for a plug of tobacco or a pint of firewater.

We went on the next day and reached the hunters' camp, which was owned by Captain Griffin, formerly of Dutchess County, New York. The following fall Captain Griffin was killed by the Indians about thirteen miles from his camp on the head of Mule Creek. He was a fine shot, and although he had a wooden leg below the knee, he was one of the best horsemen I ever saw. It was by means of the wooden leg that we were able to identify his bones when we found his remains. He had a needle gun, and in the buffalo wallow, where his bones were, we found about 100 empty shells, which showed that they had fought there for some time. There was a man from Pennsylvania by the name of Van Buren with Captain Griffin at that time. We buried their bones together.

The Medicine River country was an ideal one for game. The bottoms were well timbered, and there were plenty of red deer and turkeys in the timber; the prairies were alive with buffalo and antelope. Sometimes the buffalo would mass together and form a vast herd, and when once started to run, would go for no one could know how long. I have seen a mass of them, say half a mile wide and perhaps two miles long, all on the run in a solid body. They would come to a stream and go roaring over the bluff and through the water, and come in sight on the other side, and the great black river of living animals would go pouring on across the prairie. If something alarmed them in front they would wheel like a body of cavalry by the flank, and on they would go in another direction. While this great mass of animals would be sweeping past, others would be grazing or lying down, and would not appear to pay any attention to the galloping herd, unless in front of it, and then they usually joined the herd and went with it. The numbers were so great that it simply went past the power of enumeration, and one might as well attempt to count the sands on the seashore. I saw them once in June so thick that they nearly drank the small streams dry, and poisoned the

water so that it was almost impossible to get any to drink.

The buffalo was a noble animal. Its habits differ from those of the deer family entirely; with antelope, red deer, elk, caribou and moose there is a similarity in habits of them all, but the buffalo has no relatives. When a bull became old and was crippled he became a social outcast, and was driven from the herd, and no others would associate with him. He wandered around by himself, and finally became a prey to the wolves. Whenever there were buffalo there were wolves. They would hang around the outskirts of the herds and wait for a chance for an old one or a cripple or a calf.

A great deal has been written about the wanton waste and destruction of the buffalo, the substance of which no doubt is correct; but did you ever stop to think that it would be impossible to operate a farm in a country where buffalo roamed at will? A herd sweeping down across the country would stamp the farm into the ground, and a fence would be no more obstruction to them than a spider's web. Stock could not be herded in a buffalo country; they would stampede the cattle and ruin a cattle man. They had to go. The country that they had used for ages civilization demanded for homes for civilized men, and they had to go the same as the Indians had to go.

When the buffalo disappeared, it had one blessed effect; it compelled the Indian to keep near the military post, from when they drew their supplies. When the buffalo was plenty, they could wander where they pleased, and were sure of plenty to eat; they could go on their devilish raids and murder settlers, who, with their labor, were striving to make homes for their loved ones.

The buffalo are gone, and it would have been a great blessing to humanity if the Indian could have been wiped off the face of the earth at the same time. The buffalo helped the settler to meat, while at the same time he fed the settler's enemy. His room was needed. He roamed over this continent in millions, accomplishing no good except to feed a race of vagabonds that have left no trace of their ownership on the face of the land except the graves of their murdered victims. Here, instead, are millions of homes, where dwell a happy and contented people. From the hilltop where the worthless Indian watched for some one to slay, now rises the church spire or the flag of the school house. God, in His supreme wisdom, never intended that this vast fertile continent should belong to a few wandering barbarians when suffering humanity demanded it as a place for Christian homes.—Forest and Stream.

### A Chicago in Korea.

The Koreans eat a great deal of meat and the raising of beef cattle is an industry which promises to grow most lucrative under Japanese direction; but it must be under Japanese direction, for the Koreans have no initiative. The hills of Korea, or at least the foothills of the verdurous peaks, offer fine grazing in some provinces, and the common cattle here that grows thickly in almost any kind of soil fattens very rapidly, and if the Japanese are wise they might make Seoul in time an Oriental Chicago.

The Koreans themselves have no niceties of selection as to the part of an animal or fowl, and they consume everything, from the entrails to the hide, without wasting any time in the process of cleaning and dressing. Nor do they consider cooking always a necessity. In common with the American Indian, they consider steaming hot, fresh, raw liver, a great delicacy when it is dipped in a mixture of condiments more or less resembling Chinese soy. I take the word of others for this, because, having once witnessed a government "beef issue" to the Indians near Ft. Reno, in Oklahoma, I could not be induced to look voluntarily upon such another exhibition in any part of the world. The man who has written the best "history of Korea" did it before he ever set foot in the country. He had at his command all the records in the Chinese language, which he read as easily as his own, and he dwells with great glee upon the Korean "fatted calf," which is usually a fowl or animal of some sort cooked and served without having been marred by knife or water. A man who served such a feast is considered to be a most generous host.—Leslie Magazine.

### Caught Big Shark on Fish Line.

While fishing off the terminal dock about noon yesterday, N. Gonzales hooked an eight-foot shovel-nose shark and drew it up to the dock with an ordinary fish line.

The monster was easily drawn in and made but little resistance until a heavy line was thrown over him and the slip knot began to tighten, and then the fun commenced. The water was lashed into foam for many feet around and the strength of several men was required to prevent its escape. Two boat hooks were finally brought into play on the back and sides of the big fish and very soon it was conquered and hauled on the dock. It was hideous and frightful looking and was viewed by numbers of people in the afternoon.—Miami (Fla.) Record.

### Americans Are Paint Users.

It has been remarked that the American people consume more paint, both in the aggregate and per capita, than any other people in the world. In a recently published article on the subject it was figured that our yearly consumption is over 100,000,000 gallons of paints of all kinds, of which over one-half is used in the paintings of houses.

The reason for this great consumption is twofold: a large proportion of our buildings, especially in small towns and rural districts, are constructed of wood, and we, as a people, are given to neatness and cleanliness. For, take it all in all, there is nothing so cleanly or so sanitary as paint.

Travel where we will throughout the country, everywhere we find the neat, cheerful painted dwelling, proclaiming at once the prosperity and the self-respect of our population.

Fifty years ago this was not so; painted dwellings, while common in the larger cities and towns, were the exception in the rural districts; because, on the one hand, a large proportion of those buildings were temporary makeshifts, and, on the other hand, because paint was then a luxury, expensive and difficult to obtain in the out-of-the-way places, and requiring special knowledge and much preparation to fit it for use.

The introduction of ready mixed or prepared paints, about 1860, changed the entire aspect of affairs. As the Jack-of-all-trades told the Walking Delegate in one of Octave Thénard's stories "Any one can slather paint." The insurmountable difficulty with our predecessors was to get the paint ready for "slathering." That the country was ready for paint in a convenient, popular form is shown by the immediate success of the industry and its phenomenal growth in fifty years from nothing to 60,000,000 gallons—the estimated output for 1900.

Some pretty severe things have been written about and said against this class of paints, especially by painters and manufacturers of certain kinds of paste paints. Doubtless in many instances these strictures have been justified and some fearfully and wonderfully constructed mixtures have in the past been worked off on the gullest consumer in the shape of prepared paint. But such products have had their short day and quickly disappeared, and the too enterprising manufacturers that produced them have come to grief in the bankruptcy courts or have learned by costly experience that honesty is the best policy and have reformed their ways.

The chief exceptions to this rule are some mail order houses who sell direct to the country trade, at a very low price—frequently below the wholesale price of linseed oil. The buyer of such goods, like the buyer of a "gold brick," has only himself to blame if he finds his purchase worthless. With gold selling at any bank or mint at a fixed price owners of gold do not sell it at a discount; and with linseed oil quoted everywhere at fifty to seventy cents a gallon, manufacturers do not sell a pure linseed oil paint at thirty or forty cents a gallon.

The composition of prepared paints differs because paint experts have not yet agreed as to the best pigments and because the daily results of tests on a large scale are constantly improving the formulas of manufacturers; but all have come to the conclusion that the essentials of good paint are pure linseed oil, fine grinding and thorough incorporation, and in these particulars all the products of reputable manufacturers correspond; all first class prepared paints are thoroughly mixed and ground and the liquid base is almost exclusively pure linseed oil, the necessary volatile "thinners" and Japan driers.

The painter's opposition to such products is based largely on self-interest. He wants to mix the paint himself and to be paid for doing it; and to a certain class of painters it is no recommendation for a paint to say that it will last five or ten years. The longer a paint lasts the longer he will have to wait for the job of repainting. The latter consideration has no weight with the consumer, and the former is a false idea of economy. Hand labor can never be as cheap or as efficient as machine work, and every time the painter mixes paint, did he but know it, he is losing money, because he can buy a better paint than he can mix at less than it costs him to mix it.

Prepared paints have won, not only on their actual merits, but on their convenience and economy. They are comparatively cheap, and they are incomparably handy. But when all is said, the experienced painter is the proper person to apply even a ready mixed paint. He knows better than any one else the "when" and "how" and the difference between painting and "slathering" is much greater than it appears to a novice. Every one to his trade, and after all painting is the painter's trade and not the household-er's.

### Early Training Does It.

Spoiled children are apt to develop into spoiled men and women, for what are these but children of larger growth. In all nature, the same as ill manners, is a result of improper training in early childhood. The child that is brought up to good manners will ever be well-mannered. Its manners will be unconscious, therefore, easy and natural.—Erasmus Wilson.

### A Reticent Tombstone.

Dr. Sawyer, of Williston seminary at Easthampton, Mass., was discussing the early education of the older generation. "It was not such as people get now," he said, "but I am not ashamed of it. When I think of it I am always reminded of an epitaph I once saw in a desolate little town. It devoted two lines to the virtues of the good woman buried there, concluding with this line: 'She averaged well for this vicinity.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

### Longest Underground Hello.

The longest underground telephone line in the world has recently been completed, and extends from New York City to New Haven, Conn., a distance of over 70 miles. If this system proves to be a success, its extension to other cities may be expected very soon.

A London cabman has provided against possible accidents by inventing an automobile that can be used as such or drawn by a horse.