

EASTER.

Easter, smile o' the year! Bringer of music and flowers! Easter, whose skies are clear With spring days' lengthened hours! What shall we sing that is new? What shall we sing that is old? Sermon or sonnet or chant Gliding refined gold.

THE OLD WELL SWEEP.

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.

"OU ain't goin' to take that well-sweep, away, Jotham—the well sweep that was there when I was a baby? Don't do it, Jotham—don't!"

Squire Sedgwick beckoned to his son to lay down the uplifted axe.

Mrs. Sedgwick stood in the doorway, with a fat, old-fashioned tumbler and a glass-towel in her hand.

Ellen, the daughter, paused in the act of tying up an obstreperous young honey-suckle shoot; and old Grandis Sedgwick, leaning on his staff, with his gray hairs blowing in the fresh spring wind, looking not unlike one of the ancient Druids.

"Why, father, we didn't know you'd care," said the squire. "It's a rickety old thing, anyhow—"

"Well, so'm I a rickety old thing!" quavered the octogenarian. "But you wouldn't go to me with an axe and a mallet, would you? I used to draw water with that well sweep afore I stood as high as the curb."

"Well, well," soothingly uttered the squire, "if you've any feelin' about it, it shan't be touched! Only, sence the pipes have been laid on the spring up on Savin Hill, Eunice, she thought—"

"I don't keer what Eunice thinks!" said Grandis Sedgwick. "The pipes from Savin Spring ain't nothin' to me. I'd rather hev a glass o' clear water from the old well than all the springs in creation!"

"So you shall, father—so you shall!" said Mrs. Sedgwick, picking up the knotted cane which the old man had dropped, and tenderly guiding his footsteps back to the cushioned chair on the porch, which he had just left.

But Ellen tossed her much-be-crippled head.

"It's the only well sweep left in Kendal," muttered she. "Horrid old fashioned thing! Everybody calls our home 'the place with the well sweep.' It's too bad!"

"Hush, dear!" said Mrs. Sedgwick. "Grandis's a very old man, and he's never got over the shock of Dora's running away."

Dear though he was, the old man's ear caught a word here and there, when it was least expected that he would. He looked quickly around.

"Dora," he repeated—"little Dora! My son Adam's daughter, with the black eyes and the real Sedgwick features! There ain't but a few things that I care for left in this world, and Dora was one o' 'em. What have you done with Adam's orphan gal—eh, Eunice? The gal that hadn't no one but me to look after her?"

A distressed look crept over Mrs. Sedgwick's kindly face. She hesitated visibly.

"It wasn't our fault, father," said she. "Dora was always a restless child, and she somehow couldn't seem to be contented in this quiet place."

The old man shook his leonine white head.

"I dunno nothin' about that," said he. "All I know is I miss little Dora, and I want her. Jotham," turning abruptly to his stalwart son, "where's Dora?"

"I don't know any more than you do, father," said the squire, leaning up against the porch pillar, and saying to wife in a lower tone:

"What has set him off thinkin' of Dora just now?"

"Thinkin'! Ain't I always thinkin' of her?" piped up the old man. "Adam's gal, that was left to us to take care of, and Adam was always the best of the family! You nagged her, and you worried her, and she was too high-spirited to stand it, and now she's gone, an' you say you don't know nothin' about it. Eh!"—and his voice grew thriller—"that was what Cain said, mind you, when the Lord asked him where his brother was! That's why I set here on the porch, where I can see half a mile down the road, to get a sight of Adam's gal, Dora, comin' back where she belongs!"

The three lookers-on glanced uneasily at each other.

Martin Sedgwick, the son, flung his axe emphatically on the ground.

"Grandis speaks the truth," said he. "The house ain't itself since Dora went away."

And he stalked gloomily down the hill, to where his handsome four-year-old colt was tied to the fence rail, awaiting its daily exercise around the square.

"Eunice," said Squire Sedgwick to his wife that afternoon, "Martin is getting restless again. He wants to go West."

Mrs. Sedgwick clasped her hands nervously.

"Martin—our only son!" she cried.

"He was just beginning to be reconciled to life on the farm, when Dora

went away," said the squire, dejectedly. "And it was she that reconciled him. Eunice—if we could get Dora back again! It's as my old father says—she was the luck of the house."

Mrs. Sedgwick burst into tears. "It wasn't my fault, Jotham!" she said. "I always liked the child, though she wasn't no more like our folks than a corn flower is like a squash blossom. But she and Ellen couldn't somehow agree. Ellen always wanted Martin to marry Miss Brownlee, and she up one day and accused Dora of settin' her cap for Martin, and Dora couldn't stand that; and when they appealed to me, I'm afraid I didn't take Dora's part quite so strong as I might hev done."

"I knowed a woman's tongue was at the bottom of it all," said the squire, with some bitterness. "Poor Dora!"

That night the whole Sedgwick family were aroused by a light blaze in the doorway—the old-fashioned well sweep burning up. Grandis, in his flannel dressing gown and knotted stick, his leonine head well outlined in the scarlet glow, looking more Druid-like than ever.

"You done it o' purpose," said he, feebly shaking the stick at the assembled family, who were trembling in the doorway. "You know you did. First Dora, and then the old well sweep. The only things I keered for in this world—and now they're both gone, an' I may as well lie down and die!"

"I didn't mean any harm!" hysterically sobbed poor Ellen. "I was lighting a taper to seal a letter—Marian Brownlee always used the new-fashioned colored wax to seal her letters—and it burned up too quick, and I flung it out of the window, but I never dreamed it would fall among the dead leaves around the old well curb and set it on fire! I didn't mean any harm!"

"Don't fret, father," said the squire. "We'll build it up ag'in—me and Martin—just exactly like it was before."

The old man shook his head. "It won't be the same," moaned he—"it won't be the same! Nothin's the same in this world!"

And he took to his bed from that day.

Poor Ellen hung down her head like a drooping lily. In neither case had she intended any actual harm, but in both instances she felt acutely responsible.

Martin was making preparations to go out West. Grandis seemed to have lost all interest in the surrounding world.

Her mother went about with swollen eyes and a pale face, and Squire Sedgwick sat by the hour on the front porch, looking as if he had lost his last friend.

One violet-scented April afternoon, however, Martin came home from the city, whither he had been to purchase some absolute necessity for his travels, with a flat parcel under his arm.

"Look, mother!" he said. "It's something for grandis. I don't know but what I've been extravagant, but I declare to goodness I couldn't hev it. The minute I set eyes on it, I thought of the dear old man lyin' up stairs in his bed. It's a picture," he added, as Ellen came hurrying to his side—"an oil painting with a fine gilt frame. Exctly like our old well sweep that was burned down, with the red barn in the distance, and the sun settin' behind the woods, just as I've seen it go down times without end. You don't know how queer I felt when I saw it in the store window, and I went in and paid twenty dollars for it. I'd do without them campin' blankets and the fur robe, mother, but I wanted grandis to have that picture."

They hung it up on the wall opposite the head of his bed, and when the old man waked from a nap, just as the sunset beams shone over the unvarnished oak, he looked at it with a smile.

"It's our old well," said he, not evincing the least surprise. "Just like I was a-lookin' out of the window at it. I've got the well sweep back ag'in now, and I praps Dora'll come next. Who knows!"

And for the first time in a week, he got up and dressed himself, and deigned to give a sort of conditional approval to the repairs going on in the burned district.

"It looks too new now," said he, adjusting his "far-away" spectacles. "But praps in a year or two it'll be more weather-beaten an' nat'ral-like. I can always look at the picture, though when I want to see the old well sweep."

Ellen pulled her brother's sleeve as he stood intently regarding the bright little oil painting on grandis's wall.

"Martin," said she, "nobody ever could have painted that picture by guess. It is our old well sweep, and there's the very butternut tree and the broken shingles on the barn roof. And don't you remember, Martin, how fond she used to be of painting?"

He turned suddenly around with an irradiated face.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" he cried.

Mr. Solomon Feldman, sitting behind his desk rail in the darkest corner of the dark little art store, was startled from an abstruse financial calculation by the questioning gleam of a pair of dark eyes close beside him.

"Is it sold?" a soft voice timidly asked—"my 'O'd Well Sweep'! I see it is gone from the window. Oh, is it possible that I can be so lucky as to have sold that picture?"

Dora Sedgwick was very plainly dressed. Her shoes and gloves were unmissably so; there was a certain pallor in her skin and sharpness in her features which told of a battle with the world, in which she had not as yet gained the advantage.

But at that moment her face seemed transfused with exultant joy.

Mr. Feldman referred to his books.

"Twenty dollars," said he, with lead pencil between his teeth. "Not a bad price for a beginner, and twenty-five per cent. commission. Price of frame, five dollars, and—here is your ten dollars. You might as well send something else."

A shadow from without made the little gas lighted cubby hole look a degree dingier than before at this moment.

"Could you give me the name and ad-

dress of the person who painted the picture I purchased yesterday—the 'O'd Well Sweep'?" asked the voice of Martin Sedgwick.

The veiled and shawl wrapped figure turned suddenly around, so that the flickering gaslight shone full on the dark eyes and mobile lips.

"Martin!" she cried out, with an involuntary step forward.

"Dora—my Dora! No, you shall not draw away your hand!" he cried. "I've got you now, and I mean to keep you—yes, always, Dora!"

"Eh!" cried Grandis Sedgwick, rousing himself from one of the frequent slumbers of extreme old age. "Dora, is it? Adam's little black-eyed gal? Well, I knowed she would come back before the Lord sent out a call for me. Somethin' told me she would. They've fixed up the old well sweep, Dora, and you're back again! I ain't nothin' left to wish for now."

"And she's promised to be my wife," declared Martin, with his arm passed carelessly around the girl's slim waist.

"And Martin's given up the Western plan," ecstatically cried Mrs. Sedgwick, "and he's going to be contented to settle down here for good and all."

"And oh, I'm so glad!" gasped Ellen, while the squire slapped his son's back in an encouraging fashion.

Old Grandis Sedgwick looked from one to the other with a serene smile.

"I hain't nothin' left to wish for," he repeated.—Saturday Night.

Facts About the Skeleton Industry

Paris is the head-center of the skeleton trade. The mode of preparation is a very delicate operation. The scalpel is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues. Its work being done, the bones are boiled, being carefully watched meanwhile that they may not be overdone. After this cannibalistic procedure they are bleached in the sun. Even then spots of grease are apt to appear when they are exposed to heat.

The French treat these with ether and benzine, securing thereby a dazzling whiteness, which is a distinguishing mark of their skeletons. They are warranted never to turn yellow and to stand the test of any climate. Now York in midsummer is not too hot for them. They are put together by a master hand.

A brass rod with all the proper curvatures support the spinal column. Delicate brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges of the most perfect workmanship give to the joints a graceful and lifelike movement. Cleverly concealed hooks and eyes render disjunction at pleasure possible. The whole construction plainly indicates the care and skill of an artist and connoisseur.

Domestic skeletons are generally the work of amateurs. Janitors in medical colleges rescue bones from the dissecting rooms and cure and articulate them. They find purchasers among the students, who on the completion of their studies resell the skeleton, if happily the market is not glutted. A second-hand skeleton may thus be had at quite a reasonable figure—occasionally as low as \$15.

The imported article, however, ranges from \$50 to \$100. The very high-priced ones are value because of the preservation of the nervous and circulatory systems.

Of course, they are beyond the reach of modest purses, and, as a taste for medical and scientific research has not yet developed among the millionaires, very few \$100 skeletons are sold. They are always a special order. A very fine French skeleton may be had for \$15, and that is as high as the general run of purchasers care to go.

Skulls, hands, and feet may be purchased separately, but to obtain a rib, an arm, or a collar bone, the whole affair must be bought. A skull and cross-bones, suitable for decorative purposes, cost but \$1. The skull has but one cut; it may be pretty, it is not artistic.

For \$2 a skull that will unbind and reveal its hidden contents is possible. The bones of the ear are compressed in this measure.—Boston Herald.

The Round City's Name.

The city having been named in honor of St. Louis many suppose that the pronunciation should be "St. Looie," because that is the correct pronunciation of the name of the saint. Louis is not an English name, and Hume, in anglicizing it in his history, always writes it "Lewiss."

All the French kings of the name "Louis" are "Lewis" in Hume's writings. Those who say "St. Looie" in speaking of the city may think it is more honor to the sainted King of France, for whom it was named, to use the French pronunciation. On the other hand, our language is English, and it is perfectly natural that there should be some cities should be as nearly English as possible. The "St. Looie" pronunciation will never cause any one to forget why the city was named St. Louis, and if it is the most popular it should be generally accepted. Doubtless the earliest settlers never said "St. Looie," but it is a long time since they were here.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Arctic Indians.

There are no people in Maine in whom the aristocratic instinct is stronger or who have more pride of birth than some of those who live in Oldtown Island.

At present the tribe is greatly adopted over the question whether an adopted child shall be admitted to the inner circle of the island's Four Hundred. A year or two ago Mr. and Mrs. Sabatia Shea adopted a child from another tribe, the child being half white, as are many of the Maine Indians.

"Owing to the fact that the child is a half-breed and belonged to another tribe," says an island correspondent, "there is a certain class on the island that is trying to prevent her from having her rights, while Mr. Shea claims she is entitled to all the rights of the tribe, as she was legally adopted. There are other cases of similar nature, but no trouble was ever made before, and Mr. Shea proposes to fight it out in a legal way."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

BEET SUGAR MAKING.

HOW SWEETNESS IS STOLEN FROM SUNBEAMS.

Beets furnish 60 Per Cent. of All the Sugar Used—No Difference in Taste—Extent of the Industry in This Country—Converting the Raw Material Into Fine Table Sugar.

Process of Manufacture.

In a recent number of the Cosmopolitan, H. S. Adams has an excellent article on beet-sugar making. The writer says that while the beet-sugar personally asked to name the origin of his sugar-lowl, would respond, "Sugar-cane, of course," this juicy reed and all other sources combined, save one, supply only about 40 per cent. of the world's product; the remaining and larger portion has been stolen from its abundant liberality.

drawn through the veins of myriads of leaves and stored up in the tapering roots of one of the most important members of the vegetable world—the beet; a plant that hides its light under a bushel, that even in culinary art comes to the front only as epaves-salad and boiled beets—in short, a dweller in tilled fields of which but little might be expected. Yet the whole world is under lasting obligations to this erstwhile garden-trunk for its abundant liberality in supplying what has come to be considered one of the prime necessities of life. Tell this same person that he is eating beet sugar, wholly or in part, and he will laugh at you, because he labors under the delusion that as compared to sugar, i. e., cane sugar, it is a European goods, and that in other words, a substitute of inferior quality, for of course he could tell beet sugar if he saw it. The fact is, however, that there is no difference at all, except in name. Sucrose, or crystallizable sugar, is identically the same, whether extracted from cane, from sugar-maple trees or beet-roots, and those people who claim, on sampling the product of the latter, that they can distinguish "a vegetable taste," are giving too much credit to their tongue and too little to their imagination.

European goods as it is a native state; it reaches the great Eastern refineries, where also comes raw sugar

from the cane countries. These two are inseparably combined, and the mixture goes forth as refined sugar, far and near; and refined sugar it is, nothing more nor less. Nothing is distinguished, as there is nothing to distinguish; so it must not be thought for a moment that there is any sailling under false colors. Only this—that honor should be given where honor is due. Up to the present time the cane has received in the popular mind the credit of being the original source of all this product; but now that the sugar beet is struggling for supremacy in American soil, its part in the matter should be recognized, and no longer remain unacknowledged.

The amelioration of the sugar-beet is a business in itself and would require a volume to discuss it thoroughly. In this country it is as yet quite undeveloped, but in Europe has very long been carried on the most scientific and elaborate scale. Having secured a seed that bids fair to produce a large yield of sugar, the grains, which resemble ordinary beet seeds in size and also in point of containing several germs, are planted as soon after the first week in April as the weather will permit, quite thickly, in rows of eight or ten inches apart, the soil, which must be of the best, having been plowed at least a foot in depth to allow the tap-roots to penetrate as far as they wish, otherwise a deformed beet would result or the top appear above ground, and thereby accumulate an undesirable amount of water. The roots should be of as perfect shape as possible, the best type being a long tapering form with a marked twist, resembling that of a cork screw. When the young plants show four leaves, they must be thinned out immediately, one being left every six inches or thereabouts, and the cultivation of the weeds will have disappeared and the broad leaves spread over the ground. The crop must then be "laid by," it being very essential that the foliage remain unbroken so that the full complement may be in readiness to absorb the sugar that the sun showers down in reckless munificence. From now on each moment that they are basking in solar splendor the honeyed substance is mingling with the arterial fluid, and flowing on, seeks the subterranean storehouses. When sufficiently ripe they must be topped and carried to the factory as soon as possible.

Arrived at the factory, the wagon or car loads are weighed, tared, and as soon as a sample basket for analysis has been selected, the roots are stored in sheds constructed for that purpose. The latter are immediately connected with the sugar-house by means of conduits through which a moderate flow of water carries the beets. Into these they tumble hour after hour, day in and day out, almost incessantly, for a beet-sugar mill must never flag during its necessarily short season—say one hundred days run each year. The hapless beets are borne along to their doom like so many hogs to a Chicago slaughter-house; on, they go, in mad confusion, as they are driven down the length of the canals; through the factory wall they pass, are caught by a wheel and hurled with-out ceremony into a huge gutter, where revolving arms speed them along, and—minus stones, dirt, etc.—delivers them to a spiral, which in turn carries them to the washer proper. This is an immense barrel, with sides per-

forated, in which they are whirled round and round until they disappear beyond the farther edge, only to reappear bobbing along over a set of great whalebone brushes; then, with the last vestige of dirt removed, they leave the washhouse and enter the factory proper. Without a moment's rest they are caught in the buckets of an elevator and taken to the top of the house, where they fall pell-mell into the receiver of an automatic scale. When this is full it holds 1,100 pounds. It registers the number of the weighing and then precipitates its bulky load into the slicer. A hand on the lever, and the great mass sinks like melting snow, until, after the lapse of several moments, nothing is left but a few chips dancing and coquetting with the swiftly rotating blades on the bottom of the receptacle.

The beet-root, being composed of concentric rings, each full of tiny cells, in which are stored the solution of sugar and other matter, it is necessary in slicing to rupture as many of these vessels as possible. To this end the knives used are serrated and produce narrow

slices, of which we call "cosettes" for lack of an English name. As these leave the slicer they glide down a movable feeder which supplies the diffusion battery below. The latter consists of a circular arrangement of fourteen large cells, within whose walls the juice is extracted by what is known as the diffusion process. In other words, the withdrawal of it by soaking in water. Briefly, a current of warm water is turned on the contents of No. 1; this circulates through the mass of cosettes, passes out by means of a false bottom into a pipe which enters the top of No. 2; the mixture of juice and water being drawn into the next cell, where, in turn, follows it constantly. The temperature of the former is maintained by steam-chambers attached to each cell. The same process continues with the other vats until No. 12 is reached, when the circuit ends in one cell must be filling all the time and an empty one stands ready always to take its place. No. 1 is then emptied by removing the bottom, the wet mass being carried to presses, where the surplus moisture is removed, the pulp going out of doors to be used as fodder. No. 2 then becomes first in order, and so on, until the last cell in each cell receiving twelve saturations.

After making the round, the fluid, which on exposure to the air has become a deep purple color, is conveyed to a measuring-tank near-by, from which it flows into a mixer, where it is defecated with lime and then pumped into a huge carbonation tank in which the lime and whatever foreign matter it may take with it are rendered insoluble, by means of carbonic-acid gas forced through it.

Now the carbonated juice is pumped to the filter-press room, where, by means of an elaborate series of frames, hung with heavy cloths, it is filtered and becomes a transparent fluid of a pale-yellow hue. The lime thus recovered possesses about the same color as putty, and is conveyed at once to the yard, to be used, in the following season as a mild fertilizer. The process of mixing, carbonation, and filtration is then repeated with a second set of machinery, less lime being used this time.

This finished, the juice is treated with sulfur fumes, filtered by means of mechanical filters (bags being used instead of folded cloths), passing into the quadruple effect, four great boilers in which the larger part of the water contained in it is evaporated by the use of steam. With a repetition of the sulphur treatment and mechanical filtration the chemical part of the manufacture ceases, and the liquid, now called "thick juice," is ready for crystallization.

This syrup is boiled in the vacuum-pan, a receptacle containing a copper coil heated by steam, until the proper crystals are obtained, which, with the uncrystallized sugar, forms the "masse cote," an unprepossessing mixture, which the centrifugals are able to render into white sugar in the brief space of a few minutes. These machines make about a thousand revolutions a minute, the centrifugal force driving the moisture through the porous walls of the receptacle, leaving a solid layer of crystals clinging to the side. After being sprayed with water, the damp sugar is released and conveyed to the drier, an immense tumbler whose heated walls remove all moisture. It gradually works to the

other end, the crystals falling like spray from a mountain waterfall as they make their rough journey, and, arriving there, drop through various-sized sieves into chutes under which yawn the open mouths of sacks. These are filled, and the sugar is ready for the market.

The entire process of converting the raw material into the finest grade of table sugar has thus gone on under the same roof, and the beets which were yesterday in the farmer's wagon are to-day sacked and branded "extra fine" and loaded in cars for shipment. Not all beet-sugar factories refine their product, but in America it is a distinct advantage, partly because of their remoteness from the great refineries and partly from commercial reasons. There are now in this country six plants, the locations being Alvarado, Watsonville, and Chico, in California; Grand Island and Norfolk, in Nebraska; and Lehi in Utah; the last four of which were established in 1890 and 1891. All have been able thus far to cope with the disadvantages that lie in the path of the

industry in the way of the solution of the agricultural problem, and the business may be said to have gained already a strong foothold.

When it is considered that more than half a thousand of such factories, each costing several hundred thousand dollars, would be required to supply the sugar that we consume annually, it is not difficult to see that millions of dollars now sent abroad year after year would be retained here, to say nothing of the labor afforded to thousands of workmen, the advantage to a community of possessing a factory that uses raw material whose production is a benefit to the immediate neighborhood, and last, but not least, the improvement in general agriculture that must necessarily result from the pursuit of the very careful methods required in the culture of sugar-beet.

But though still in its infancy in America, the manufacture of beet sugar is not a new departure for us; it is only its success that is recent. The long list of failures dates back as far as 1830, which is about the time that it was placed on a permanent footing in France, and for nearly half a century its pathway was strewn with wrecks. Eight years later an attempt was made at Northfield, Mass., the experiment of drying the beet being tried, but the endeavor was unrewarded with success.

Two or three years later then passed before any move toward reviving the industry was made, when a plant was located at Chatsworth, Ill. It managed to struggle along several years, but finally went to the wall. It was moved to Freeport, and later to Black Hawk, Wis., with only partial success. At last it found itself in Fond du Lac, in the same State. Here its establishment was attended with a measure of success, but the enterprise being hampered by insufficient capital, and the opportunity occurring to increase the latter, it was once more removed, this time to Alvarado, Cal. Again disaster, and Soquel was chosen for a site, but after a time abandoned. Then the factory at Alvarado was revived and a success, which continues to this date, was reached. Later on, the plant at Watsonville was erected.

There is a vast belt stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and of no mean width, which invites the culture of the sugar-beet and promises success almost from the start, if experiments thus far made can be relied upon. Soil and climate are there; careful culture will come with farmers realize that the brain must be used in tillage. As for sunbeams, the great illuminator is not shy of them.

BLEW ITSELF UP.

A Cinnamon Bear's Inquisitiveness and Its Result.

What may bring a man misfortune in one place may prove his salvation in another. This is illustrated in the case of a construction hand on the line of the Great Northern Railroad, Montana.

Jim Robinson, who was known as Dynamite Jim, was discharged by the contractor of the railroad for the reason that his habit of always carrying dynamite with him caused a disastrous explosion. Jim, thus thrown out of a job, started for Cheyenne, eighty miles distant. He was supplied with his blanket, a small basket of provisions and the inevitable dynamite. The first evening he encamped "neath the shade of a cottonwood tree," lit a fire and was leisurely taking luncheon, when he heard a roar that caused him to spring to his feet. Looking, he saw coming toward him at a rapid gait and with mouth wide open a huge cinnamon bear. He gave a bound for the cottonwood tree, which he rapidly climbed. Before the bear uttered a despairing explosion, Jim, thus thrown out of a job, started for Cheyenne, eighty miles distant. He was supplied with his blanket, a small basket of provisions and the inevitable dynamite. 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