

**KIT OR NELL?**

Carrot Jim had been up on the range for six months, and when he came down the old Oregon trail with 4,000 cattle he was as thin as a rail and homesick with that awful homesickness which a man feels who hasn't a home. He was in sight of Bryson when his pony went down and, falling on him, fractured his leg. When they got him in town, they took him to the hotel and proceeded to mend him.

"Thought you was just in time to go to the weddin' Jim," said some one.

"What weddin'?" asked Jim, glad to speak and save himself from groaning.

"The weddin' up at Lee's."

"At Lee's?" cried the sick man, sitting up. "Which girl is goin' to be married—Kit or Nell?"

"Don't know."

Carrot Jim got up on his elbow and looked over the crowd.

"What man's here that will do a service for me?" he asked. That it was not a trifling service which he was about to ask was apparent from his manner. His face was strained and white with physical pain, but in his eyes was a look such as physical pain cannot give.

"I guess I'm your man," young Higgins said, coming around from behind the big base burner. "What's the job?" He was a strapping young Irishman, with round blue eyes, and Carrot Jim got him out of a stampede on the range the year before. Every one had forgotten it except Higgins himself. "It's a little slow," he said apologetically, "so I'll be glad to git out of here. What do you want me to do?"

Carrot Jim saw everything black before him, and his voice as he spoke sounded far off and like the voice of another man, but he managed to say:

"Ride to Lee's—now, now, now! Git back before the weddin' and let me know whether it's Kit or Nell."

"Well?" said young Higgins. "Well?"

"Well," cried Carrot Jim, gesticulating violently with his fingers like a man in the wheat pit, "if it's Nell, come back here and let me know, and I'll set 'em up for the hull crowd, and if it's Kit—why, if it's Kit!"

"Then," said young Higgins, comprehending, "probably you'd rather not see me at all."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," said the hotel clerk. "If a weddin' is on, it can't be stopped. There's a storm comin' up. I wouldn't want anybody I was concerned about goin' far today."

But Carrot Jim turned frantic eyes on young Higgins, and Higgins nodded to Jim and went out.

It was eighteen miles up to Lee's, and the road lay in the open country. It ran in fact the length of a treeless mesa, and the pulverized dust of the highway, poisoned with alkali, was a torture to the nostrils, blinding to the eyes, agonizing to the throat. Higgins got a cayuse, because they have the souls of Indians in them and will go their journey no matter what comes.

By and by there was a yellow whirl of dust all about him, and the little cayuse was blown out of the road, and then suddenly the wind seemed blowing from the heart of Glacier bay, and there was an awful lincness that seemed to freeze his heart and great swirls of yellow sand going up to heaven—splendid moving spirals wonderful to see—and a noise as of great angry waters, though there were no waters.

But the cayuse, mind you, had the soul of an Indian in him and would go to his journey's end, no matter what came. So he put his nose to the ground and stood there with his rigid legs planted firm, and the young Irishman lay flat on the horse's back, and they stuck together like two brave fellows who knew when the fight came and weren't going to run away.

In a few moments the dramatic part was over, the thermometer had fallen 28 degrees, and a northwester was beating on them. Then they took up the road again and pushed on. When they got to Lee's, the horse whinnied, and some one came out and lugged Higgins in to the fire, and after a drink or two he was all right. And then, what with having the cold in his brain and the memory of a pretty victory in his heart—for he liked to be a hero and was glad he was alive—he sat up and whooped like an Indian, so that the cayuse out in the stable heard it and lifted its ears as if his old masters were calling him.

For the bride was Nell; it was Nell, with the china blue eyes and the silly yellow hair, and Kit—who had lovely eyes of brown and a brow like a Madonna's, and whom Carrot Jim had been thinking of all those awful solitary nights up on the range—Kit was asking Higgins how he felt and why Carrot Jim hadn't come with him.

They didn't want him to go back that night. They said it was suicidal, but Higgins had his own ideas, and he had read of D'Artagnan, so he got into a squirrel skin coat and kissed the bride and took a stirrup cup and rode away. In his breast was an envelope with a lock of brown hair. It was for Carrot Jim, and Kit had cut it for him with her own hands.

So the Irishman went out singing and laughing and swearing at the northwest, which he gave permission to do its deadly worst, for he was a lover by proxy and had a foretaste of days when he should be a lover for himself.

**All Modern Warships Are Rams.**

All turreted ships are called monitors after Ericsson's celebrated ship, Monitor. All modern warships are meant to ram and to that end are built with a projecting prow under water extending to a considerable distance from the regular bow line. There are no vessels known as rams nowadays. Ericsson's Monitor was not built with a projecting prow or beak. As a matter of fact, all modern ships of war are rams in everything but name.

**Read This! Save This!**

It Was the Talk of All the Town

**BIG**

Nothing Like It Ever Heard Of

**CLOTHING SALE**

At the urgent request of many of the patrons of Refowich's Wear Well Clothing and Shoe House, of Freeland, especially those who were unable to be waited on during their big sale, the above firm has decided to continue their record-breaking sale for another fifteen days.

**\$20,000 Worth of Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods**

Which we purchased at a sacrifice during a recent sheriff's sale, must be sold at once. We must have the cash. Now is the time to buy, as never before were you offered good, reliable goods at the prices we are asking. Bargains like these are heard of but once in a lifetime. Come immediately and get your share of them.

**Read This Sample List of Tremendous Reductions:**

Men's Suits	Boys' Suits	Footwear
Men's Suits, worth \$6.00, now - - 2 98	Boys' Long Pants Suits, were \$ 5.00, now 3 50	Ladies' and Gents' 1.50 to \$1.75 Shoes, now 98c
Men's Suits, " 8.50, " - - 4 28	Boys' Long Pants Suits, " 7.00, " 4 25	Ladies' and Gents' 2.00 to \$2.25 Shoes, now 1 48
Men's Suits, " 10.50, " - - 5 00	Boys' Long Pants Suits, " 9.00, " 6 50	Ladies' and Gents' 3.00 to \$3.25 Shoes, now 1 98
Men's Suits, " 14.00, " - - 8 00	Boys' Long Pants Suits, " 12.00, " 3 8c	Ladies' and Gents' 4.00 to \$5.00 Shoes, now 2 98
Men's Suits, " 16.00, " - - 9 00		Shoes for Children at all Prices.
Men's Pants	Children's Suits	Furnishings
Men's Pants, worth \$2.00, now - - 98c	Children's Suits, worth \$1.75, now - - 98c	Men's and Boys' Dress Shirts, worth 75c, now 38c
Men's Pants, (the famous Reading make) worth \$2.00, now - - 1 28	Children's Suits, " 2.25, " - - 1 25	Men's and Boys' Dress Shirts, " 1.00, " 50c
Men's Pants, worth \$3.50, now - - 2 00	Children's Suits, " 3.50, " - - 1 75	Men's Medium Heavy All-Wool Underwear, worth 75c, now 38c
Men's Pants, " 5.00, " - - 3 00	Children's Suits, " 5.00, " - - 2 48	Children's Medium Heavy All-Wool Underwear, worth 35c and 40c, now - - 16c
Children's Knee Pants, worth 25c to 35c, now 11c		Umbrellas, 75c and \$1.00 kinds, now - - 39c
Children's All-Wool Knee Pants (lined all through) our own make which we manufacture from remnants of cloth, worth 75c to \$1.00, now - - 48		Umbrellas, \$1.50 kind, now - - 68c
		Umbrellas, \$1.75 kind, now - - 75c

Thousands of Other Articles Have Been Proportionately Reduced.

**CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES** Should you prefer your clothes made to order you must not forget that we lead all others in this line. Our stock this season is the largest and the prettiest ever brought to Freeland, and with our reputation for perfect fitting, good trimmings and guaranteed workmanship none can equal us in giving you a satisfactory Easter or spring suit.

**ALL OUR GOODS MUST BE SOLD--YOU GET A BARGAIN IN EVERYTHING**  
 Money Refunded If Goods Are Not as Advertised and Entirely Satisfactory.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE! MAKE NO MISTAKE!**

Don't Be Misled By False Signs and Prices.

But Save Money by Coming Direct to the Old Reliable Store, the

**Wear Well Clothing and Shoe House, Freeland**  
 M. Refowich, Prop.  
 Refowich - Building.

**THE JAPAN CURRENT.**

**Kuro Siwo Piles Great Loads of Driftwood on Alaska's Shores.**

In one sense the Kuro Siwo, or Japan current, is the most interesting in the world because many oceanographers believe it was the direct means of peopling America. This much at least is certain: If a boat were to be set adrift on parts of the Asiatic coast and survived all storms, the Japan current could be depended upon to carry it across the Pacific and deposit it on the American shore. Such a thing has happened. In 1832 nine Japanese fish-

ermen were left derelict and unable to find their way back to shore. They went with the current, and after a drift lasting during several months they were carried to Hawaii.

Trees torn by storms from the banks of Asiatic rivers frequently float across the Pacific to the American coast. Between Kakatag and Kyak islands, about 1,200 miles northwest of Seattle, enormous piles of this driftwood cover the beaches. There can be no question of the Asiatic origin of the timber. They are the trunks of the camphor tree, the mango and the mahogany. Logs 150 feet long and eight feet in di-

ameter are frequently found. Many of them are seen floating shoreward, with fantastic roots standing high above the waves. In places the logs are piled twenty feet high. They are generally without bark, which has been peeled off by the waves, and most of them have become white and heavy from impregnation with salt water. As they pile up the sands drift over them, and gradually they sink out of sight, and new beaches are formed. This process has been going on for ages, and the shore line is being steadily extended. Excavations along the beach show that texture of the buried timber gets hard-

er and harder the farther in you go, until in some instances petrification has taken place. Other excavations show logs that have turned to coal.

The presence of Siberian driftwood on the shores of Greenland convinced Nansen that his idea of drifting across the Polar sea in the Fram was logical. Great quantities of the wood are annually cast on the coasts of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and there are tribes of Greenland Eskimos who depend for sledge runners and other wooden implements on the drift from Siberian forests. For years they depended for iron implements on the

hoops of casks which came to them over seas.—Theodore Waters in Ainslee's.

**His Propensity.**

"I never forget a joke that I once hear," remarked Borem.  
 "No," rejoined Guyer, "and you don't give any of your acquaintances a chance to."—Chicago News.

The specter of unpaid bills never haunts those who buy only what they can afford.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one we love.