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The Old Man's Advantages.

A man past fifty can do with less sleep than younger men. He can endure greater steady and prolonged strain. He can bear his burden day after day with less need of recreation. The young man can "sprint," but he cannot "stey" like the man with brain grown iron and nerves steel by many years of training.

Elderly men are less temptable. They are of fixed moral habit. Appetite and passion are under control. For better or for worse they are a calculable quantity, with slight variations to be taken into account.

Elderly men are more loyal as friends if they are friends. Their attachment to a cause or a commercial house is less changeable. They have, moreover, given bonds for good behavior in the persons of grown families whose respect is to them dearer than life. They know the difficulty of repairing mistakes.

Elderly men actually have experience. The older man best reads character. He is the wisest to select agents.—Washington Times.

An Old Superstition.

Superstition connected with the seventh child of a seventh child is commemorated by a tombstone in a village churchyard near Bridgewater, Somerset. This inscription runs: "Sacred to the memory of Doctress Anne Pounsberry, who departed this life Dec. 11, 1813, aged seventy-three years. Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God." Doctress was not merely an epithet, but a baptismal name, for she was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and was therefore credited with powers of healing. She practiced in herbs and charms. For king's evil this was her prescription: "Take the legs of a toad. Bake and grind them to powder with pestle and mortar. Place the powder in a bag around the neck of the sufferer."—London Chronicle.

Antiquity of Glass.

So far as research has been able to determine glass was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ and was even then not in its infancy by any manner of means. In the Slade collection at the British museum there is the head of a lion molded in glass, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. This is the oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date now known to exist. The invention now known as "bleezing," the mode of varnishing pottery with a thin film of glass, is believed to date back to the first Egyptian dynasty. Proof of this is found in the pottery beads, glass glazed, found in the tombs of the age above referred to.

Weeping Trees.

The literature of "weeping trees" is enormous, much of it being plainly mythical, but there is a large basis of fact upon which most of these marvelous stories rest. Many travelers have described the famous "rain tree" of Padradoca, Isle of Ferro. John Cockburn in 1735 described a tree at Vera Pas, Central America, from which pure water continually dripped from every leaf and branch.

Grief and Theft.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Bible Bell" to assuage the grief of the household.

Quite Proper.

"I'm thinking of sending my little girl to the conservatory," said the woman next door. "All those tunes you hear her playing she picked up by ear."
"Then she ought to be," replied Mrs. Kostigee.
"Ought to be sent, you mean?"
"No; picked up by the ear."—Exchange.

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Bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland*
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
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IN THE DEVIL'S CALDRON

By George Neville
Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

"The prisoners are out! They've broke jail!"

The cry was picked up by a score of voices and carried down the long, narrow main street of Cimarron—to the gambling dens, where players dropped their cards and grabbed their guns; to the dancehall, where the music stopped with a crash; to the office of the Windsor hotel, where traveling men suddenly lost interest in a lively yarn; to the ill lighted shops, where merchants locked safes and tills and prepared to join in the man hunt. There was need of many deputy sheriffs in San Miguel county in those days.

It was 9 o'clock when the alarm was sounded. It was midnight before truth and fiction had been sifted and the women of Cimarron knew the worst. Every able-bodied, dependable man in the mountain town had been sworn in either as a member of the sheriff's posse or of the patrol which guarded the town.

On a cot in his office lay Heynman, the county jailer. He was encircled by stern faced men. A notary public was taking his last statement, setting forth that Randall Wolfe, Jose Roday, Manuel Sanchez and Felipe Montez had choked and gagged him while making their escape from the San Miguel county jail. Later, at the coroner's inquest, the attendant physician testified that had Heynman been in ordinary health the fracas with the desperadoes would not have proved fatal, but the poor fellow was a "lunger" who had come to Colorado for his health. The gag had caused a hemorrhage.

The fugitives had been sentenced for six months or less on petty charges, and public opinion laid the exploit at the door of Wolfe, handsome, daredevil Randall Wolfe, who had dropped into Cimarron from no one knew where, with plenty of money and a fondness for shooting at lamps in store windows. Soon after his arrival he had married one of the most beautiful Mexican girls in the vicinity, and they had settled down to a somewhat bohemian housekeeping in a picturesque cabin among the river willows. All this had happened months before Wolfe had shot the lamps in Brown's drugstore, thereby starting a conflagration and landing in jail. And now Conchita, she of the great wistful eyes and the lithe, graceful figure, had disappeared from the cabin among the willows. People said that in her hour of disgrace she had gone back to her own people, who lived across the state line.

Two days, and three, slipped by, and one posse after another rode wearily into town until only Sheriff Maguire and a few picked men hung desperately on the trail of the outlaws. These, too, were becoming disheartened when in the steel gray of an early dawn they followed a wood hauler's trail to the Devil's caldron.

A circular pit was this, its bottom reached only by rocky paths such as mountain goats or fugitives alone would tread. On one side the walls dropped sheerly full fifty feet, and at one point a clear mountain stream cut its way through solid rock.

Maguire had ordered the horses staked a mile back in the thick timber, and as the posse drew close to the pit he motioned his men to halt. Then, dropping on his hands and knees, he crawled to the edge of the precipice and peered over. What he saw sent a thrill of exultation along his nerves. Near the smoldering fire lay the three Mexicans, while on the rocky ledge, slightly above them, lay two other figures, one of whom he could easily identify, even in the dawn's uncertain light, as the stalwart Wolfe. The fifth figure he studied carefully, but it was hidden by wrappings of gaudy blankets. But Maguire, recalling the sullen Mexican wood hauler they had passed far down the ravine the day before, knew that the outlaws had been provided with food and tidings from the outer world. Then, turning his gaze on the zigzag mountain trail ending within two feet of his hand, the sheriff smiled grimly. His prisoners were nearly trapped.

But, the smile died suddenly. The fifth figure, the one at Wolfe's side, stirred restlessly, the red and purple blanket was tossed aside, and a beautifully carved arm was thrown above a mass of raven hair. It was Conchita! Maguire drew back. To shoot men down in cold blood was one thing—he had done it before—but she was a woman, a woman who had done nothing but love too well this man of a race not her own. The sheriff had seen the firearms scattered about the campfire. And if the outlaws fought the girl would be in the midst of it.

He crept back to his men. There was a whispered conference. Eight men carefully looked over their guns. Then, dropping on their stomachs, they slid noiselessly to the edge of the caldron and surrounded it. The steel gray light had changed to rose color when Maguire's voice echoed sharply down the rocky walls of the pit. The fugitives sprang to their feet.

"Might as well come up and surrender, Wolfe. We've got you surrounded."

Wolfe threw back his handsome head and gazed upward where the first beams of sunlight touched the dwarfed pinnacles. He saw eight set faces and eight guns. He dropped his own weapon, with a bitter laugh, and stood with folded arms, staring straight at Ma-



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guire. When at last he spoke, the sheriff, even with the thirst of the man hunter upon him, caught himself wondering how that voice would sound in legislative halls.

"It's no use to surrender, Maguire. It means the gallows now. Conchita told us about Heynman's dying, and maybe you won't believe us, but we didn't mean to kill the fool. By heaven, I couldn't stand being cooped up there! Another day'd have set me mad. When he brought the supper, we just toppled him over, for a lark, but it's turned out an annoying one. We've got to pay the price, I suppose, but Conchita"—his voice seemed almost to tremble as it floated up to Maguire—"she followed me here, and now—well, I reckon you'll give her a chance to get up there safe."

Maguire nodded grimly. He knew what those words meant. Wolfe meant to die fighting. There would be no surrender. The men of the posse kept a sharp eye on the Mexicans, who now seemed too stunned even to pick up their firearms. Maguire kept his gun trained on Wolfe as the latter stood a moment in earnest conversation with Conchita. He saw something white slipped into her hands and scented treachery, but as she pushed the packet into the bosom of her gown he saw that it was merely a bundle of papers or letters.

Without looking at his companions and with Maguire's gun still aimed at his heart, Wolfe led Conchita to the narrow goat path. She took half a dozen steps, then paused, turned and stretched out her arms. Eight deputies imperiled their lives by closing their eyes.

Conchita sprang up the path and without looking back dashed into the undergrowth on the summit and disappeared. A second later there floated up to Maguire Randall Wolfe's taunting laugh. He swung round on the cringing Mexicans.

"Fight, you cowards!" he cried and aimed at Maguire. The fusillade was on.

The next day a ghastly quiet hung over Cimarron. The coroner had ridden to the Devil's caldron, and four bullet riddled bodies lay in the town's small undertaking establishment. The armed guards still patrolled the town. The members of the sheriff's posse had been spirited away to Denver, Pueblo or Canon City. A dozen reporters from city dailies were on the scene. There was talk of a Mexican uprising.

A newspaper man who had been talking with the postmaster suddenly struck off in the direction of the river and the cabin among the willows. He was on the trail of a story, the true story of Randall Wolfe. Conchita met him at the door with eyes more wistful than ever and a pathetic droop about her mouth. But that mouth took on a determined curve as the reporter talked. She shook her head.

"But," she persisted, "did Wolfe never tell you anything about his people in the east? He got money from them, didn't he? His mother wrote to him?" Still no answer. The newspaper man tried another tack.

"He's left you nothing, I hear, and it isn't to be supposed that his people will help you." He drew forth his purse. "Now, I'd be glad to help you out if you'll answer a few questions."

The Mexican woman rose and threw open the door.

"There is nothing to tell—nothing." The newspaper man shrugged his shoulders and walked out into the sunlight. He knew the woman lied. She watched him through the yellowing willows. Then she closed her door and crossed to the fireplace. From her bosom she drew a packet of letters. Among them was the photograph of a woman with white hair. These she laid on the coals and watched them burn. Then she sprang to her feet and tore from the wall a picture of her dead husband. With hungry eyes she studied each crude line, then kissed the photograph passionately and, with a sob, laid that, too, on the greedy coals. "Ah," she sobbed as the flames licked

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 2, 1901.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.

6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 34 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m	for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.
9 30 a m	for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 42 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 51 a m	for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
4 44 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Pottsville.
6 35 p m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
7 29 p m	for Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 34 a m	from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
9 30 a m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
11 51 a m	from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
12 28 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 44 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 35 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
7 29 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

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