## THE OMAHA DAUDY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1890, -SIXTEEN PAGES.

# TALES OF THE WILDER WEST.

A Montana Miner Who Sheds His Skin Annually Like a Snake.

HOT RACE WITH IDAHO ROBBERS.

Jonguin Miller Relates an Experience of His Youth-Sad Story of Whitey Rupp-He Interviewed five Bears.

Dropping into the barroom of the Kaiser hotel last evening, my attention was attracted by quite an extensive cabinet of minerals, curiosities, and tric-a-bare, occupying a prominent position in the place, says a Phillipsburg letter in the Butte Miner. "You have an interesting collection here,"

I remarked to the barkeeper. "Who owns it?" I was now but a few hundred yards I asked.

"I do," said he, with a good deal of pride. The owner, Mr. Herman Kaiser, then gave me the history of the most interesting articles of the road and were within a few miles of the high platcau, so that the wind was tear in the cabinet. The mineral specimens were all obtained from the claims and mines in the immediate vocinity of Phillipsburg.

"But there is the greatest curiosity that I have," said Mr. Kaiser, pointing to an article that appeared to me to be a fish-colored "Now, you would take that to be a glove. giove at the first glance, wouldn't you ?" "I certainly would."

"Well, it isn't a glove at all," said he. "Examine it a little more closely, and you will see that it is the skin of a human hand." Such it reaily proved to be. The palm, the thumb, the fingers were all there in one perfect piece. There was no mistake about that. gallopt "That is indeed a curiosity," I observed. "Some man must have been skinned hereabouts by the Indians."

"You are mistaken. The man from whose hand that skin came is skinned alive once a year; he does it himself, and he resides in this vicinity...

You don't intend to make me believe any thing of that kind, do you!" I asked in

amazement. "You can be lieve it or not, as you please," said be, "but everything I tell you about Johnny Price is gospel truth, and it can be proved by over a hundred witnesses in this town. That piece of skin, as I said before, comes from a human hand-the right hand of hero of the anventure is said to be Bert Mon-Johnny Price, a well known resident of this town. He sheds his cuticle every year, be-tween July 14 and 16. This singular process ree, son of Henry Monroe of the valley, says the Helena Journal. The boy is about nine-teer or twenty years old, and is an enthus-instic hunter and a dead shot. Last fall he killed the largest bear that had ever been has been going on ever since he was a child. He is now thirty seven years old. Sometime ago he wrote to some Pittsburg doctors, dekilled in this section, and he refused \$75 for scribing his case and sending them pieces of his skin. They did not believe his statethe hide. Although this latest adventure in which he is said to have figured so prom-nently sounds considerably like a bear story, his friends in this city are inclined to think his skin. They did not believe his state-ments, but kept writing to him, and, finally, to satisfy themselves, they determined to make an investigation. They had never heard of anything of the kind before. After considerable correspondence, they agreed last spring to pay his expenses to Pittsburg and return. Accordingly, Mr. Price went to Pittsburg about two weeks before the usual time of the shelding process, in he would not besitate to tackle one bear or a dozen if he came across them together. Young Monroe started out for St. Peter's Mission a few days ago on a hunting expedi-tion. He was after bear and he found more than he had bargained for. His journey took him up toward the head of Milk river, and while not expecting it he came face to face to Pittsburg about two weeks before the usual time of the shedding process, in order to give the medical men plenty of time to study every stage of the case. Just before the skin begins to peel off Mr. Price becomes deathly sick, and remains so for two or three days. He then recovers and strips himself of his old cuticle and appears in a saw skin. with a bear which emerged from what after-ward proved to be a bears' den or lair. He bad no sooner killed the bear with his trusty in a new skin.

bad no sconer killed the bear with his trusty rifie than another one appeared. He killed this one in the same way and the third ap-peared. He killed this one also and before he had time to realize that he was getting about all the bear he cared for in one day bear num-ber four appeared. This fellow was also killed and there was only one cartridge left in his magazine. He needed this cartridge, too for a fifth bear and larger than any of the "Arriving at Pittsburg he was taken in charge of by the doctors, and, sure enough, about July 17, after his usual sickness, the change of skin took place. The doctors suc-recided in removing the entire cuticle from his neck and face down to the end of his toes, too, for a fifth bear and larger than any of the other four came out of his den and made for him. He fired his last shot and though it In one piece, just the same as you would re-move a suit of ughts from an acrobat. This him. He fired his last shot and though it probably hit Bruin it did not do the business, for he came straight at him. Monroe did not have time to get another cartridge in his gun before the infuriated beast was on him. The animal made a siap at him, which sent the useless gun flying out of his grasp and he just had time to draw his hunting knife and give Bruin an ugly cut in the throat. In doing this he received a severe squeeze from the monster and a fearful bite on the shoulder. Then he lost consciousness. It was done with a view of stuffing the skin. To say that the doctors were astonished and completely puzzled does not begin to express It. They have made arrangements to take Mr. Price to Europe next year and bring him before a convention of the most eminent him before a convention of the most emiment doctors of the old world and let them make a thorough atudy of the case for the benefit of science. Steps will also be taken to cure the patient if possible. All Mr. Price's expenses are to be paid, and if any money is to be made out of this singular transformation process he is to have the bene-fit of it as he is poor man. He has hed a shoulder. Then he lost consciousness. It must have been only a few moments, how-ever, for when he came to again his horse was between him and the bear. The latter was evidently hurt, for he was making a faching attack more the horse and mas head fit of it, as he is a poor man. He has had a lot of photographs taken, which he seels every now and then. The doctors did not know what name to give to his singular case They simply call it a freak of nature, and could in no way account for it. Mr. Price was born in Nebraska. He is Mr. Price was born in Neoraska. He is five feet, seven inches in height, fair com-plexion, good looking, weighs 150 pounds, is of good form and very active. He is quite an athlete and wrestler, and has had several wrestling matches, all of which he has won He is very popular among all who know him. He formerly ran the Silver Lake hotel in this town and everybody knows all about him. At present he is mining over at Black Pine. He has three brothers and a sister, and has lived in Phillipsburg about fifteen years. "Price very frequently makes an exhibi-tion of himself, but he has become a chestnut fallen. here. Just after July 14, if he is seen com ing up the street, nearly everybody will re-mark: 'It must be skinning time.' He has received a proposition from a dime museum, and may accept it after his trip to Europe next year. "When Price undergoes the transformation he comes out in a new skin that is as white and soft as that of an infant. I have seen him come into this barroom with his sleeves rolled up and his hands having the appearance of being encased in gloves. He had rolled down the skin from his arms and formed a gauntlet at the wrist. He asked me what I thought of his gloves, and I replied that they looked quite stylish. Hothen showed me what he had done. I certainly thought he had on a pair of gloves. After bis annual lilness, and when his skin begins to peel off, he uses a little oil to soften it and make it more pliable. I had the entire skin of his back in that cabinet two years ago last spring, but he came and got it and sent it to the Pittsburg doctors." the Pittsburg doctors." I was lying ice-bound at Lewiston, Idaho. Men wanted to send money to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go! Could I go? writes Joaquin Miller in St Nicholas. The snow was deep. The trails, over open and monotonous mountains, were driftedfull. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla! At first the merchants had tried to hire indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. Not one cauld be found to sa When the Not one could be found to go. When the atorm abated a little the men who kept the ferry across the Shoshone river scraped off the snow and cutting down the upheaved blocks of ice made it possible to cross with a horse

narrow trail before you with his two friends behind me was fearful ! I had two six-shooters close at hand under the bearskin flap of my saddle-bag where the gold was. I kept my left hand in my pocket At a library desk stood some readers one day Crying, "Novels, ob, novels, oh, novels!" And I said to them: "People, oh, why do where ready. lay a small six-shooter warm and Once, as the drifting and blinding you say 'Give us novels, oh, novels, oh, novels.' Is it weakness of intellect, people," I cried, "Or simply a space where the brains should abide !" snow broke away up the mountain, I saw Canada Joe with his head bent down is the storm still pushing on ahead of me at a safe storm still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few moments after, as I climbed the farther bank of an ugly caron, the two robbers came close enough to hall me. One of them held up a bottle. They evidently in-tended to overtake me if they could and pro-fess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my amiltious horse to his best. But to my dismay as I hastened up a narrow pass I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low-prowed black fellow was reported to be the worst may in all that country. And They answer me not, for they only replied :--"Give us novels, oh, novels, oh, novels." Here are thousands of books that will do you

ng past in a glee, and the dritting snow al-Suddenly I had a new thought. Why not

take to the left, gain the platean by a new route, and let these blood thirsty robbers close

beir net without having me inside?

were taking deliberate aim.

more good Than the novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! You will weaken your brain with such poor mental food As the novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! to be the worst man in all that country. And that was saying he was bad indeed. I was in a tight place now and had to think Pray take history, music, or travels, or plays, Biography, poetry, science, essays, Or anything else that more wisdom displays

fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up. But Than the novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! A librarian may talk till he's black in the

I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But no! no! All this was abandoned almost as soon as thought of. In those days, even the most desperate had face About novels, oh, novels, oh, novels ! And may think that with patience he may

raise the taste Above novels, oh, novels, oh, novels! He may talk till with age his round shoulders certain rights which their surviving friends

are bent. And the white hairs of time 'mid the black hind Canada Joe. So far as I could find out, the robbers were closing in on me. But we had ridden over the roughest part

"NOVELS, O, NOVELSP

Library Journal.

ones are sent, When he hands his report in, still seventy per cent Will be novels, oh, novels, oh, novels !

### PRIVATE SMITH'S RETURN, HAMLIN GARLAND, IN THE ARENA.

their net without having me inside? I rose in my saddle with excitement at the idea, and striking spurs to my brave horse, I was soon climbing up the gradual slope at agailop. Ah! but I was glad! Gallop!gallop!gallop! I seemed to hear many horses: Turning my head sud-denly over my shoulder I saw my two pur-pters not a hundred yards behind me. They should ! I was now on the high datean and 1. The nearer the traindrew toward La Crosse, the soberer the little group of "vets" became. On the long way from New Orleans they had beguiled the tedium with jokes and friendly chaff; or shouted! I was now on the high plateau and the snow was not so deep. Gallop! gallop! gallop! Canada Joe-thank Heaven-was with planning with elaborate detail what they were going to do now, after

gallop! Canada Joe-thank Heaven-was away to the right, and fast falling behind. Gallop! gallop! I was gaining on the robbers and they knew it. Fainter and fainter came their curses and their shouts. And then: Whiz! Crack! Thud! I looked back and saw that they both had thrown themselves from their saddles and wors then and the saw the war. A long journey, slowly, irregularly, yet persistently pushed northward. When they entered on Wisconsin territory they gave a cheer, and another when they reached Madison, but after that they sank into a dumb expec-But to no purpose. Not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached the first statancy. Comrades dropped off at one or tion, and finally rode into Walla Walla, with my precious burden, safe and sound. two points beyond, until there were only

four or five left who were bound for La Crosse county. A story of an encounter between five bears Three of them were gaunt and brown, and a boy, in which the latter came out vic torious, reached this city yesterday. The the fourth was gaunt and pale, with signs of fever and ague upon him. One

had a great scar down his temple; one limped, and they all had unnaturally large bright eyes, showing emaciation. There were no bands greeting them at the stations, no banks of gaily-dressed ladies waving handkerchiefs and shouting "bravo," as they came in on the caboose of a freight train into the towns that had cheered and blared at them on their way to war. As they looked out or stepped upon the platform for a mo ment as the train stood at the station, the loafers looked at them indifferently. Their blue coats, dusty and grimy, were

too familiar now to excite notice, much less a friendly word. They were the last of the army to return, and the loafers were surfeited with such sights. The train jogged forward so slowly that it seemed likely to be midnight be-

fore they should reach La Crosse. The little squad of "vets" grumbled and swore, but it was no use, the train would not hurry, and as a matter of fact, it was nearly 2 o'clock when the engine whistled "down brakes."

Most of the group were farmers, living in districts several miles out of town, and all were poor. "Now, boys," said Private Smith, he

of the fever and ague, "we are landed in La Crosse in the night. We ve got to stay somewhere till mornin'. Now I ain't got no \$2 to waste on a hotel. 1've got a wife and children, so I'm goin' to

find his companions. They stood gazing RING OUT THE OLD 'Looks nat'ral, don't it?" they said,

as he came out. "That's what it does," he replied. "An' it looks good. D'veh see that peak?" He pointed to a beautiful sym-metrical peak, rising like a slightly truncated cone, so high that it seemed the very highest of them all. It was lighted by the morning sun till it glowed like a beacon, and a light scarf of gray morning fog was rolling up its shadowed side.

"My farm's just beyond that. Now, ef I can only ketch a ride, we'll be home by dinner time." 'I'm talkin' about breakfast," said one

of the others. "I guess it's one more meal o' hard-tack f'r me," said Smith. They foraged around, and finally found a restaurant with a sleepy old German behind the counter, and procured some coffee, which they drank to wash down their hard-

"Time'll come," said Smith, holding up a piece by the corner, "when this'll be a curiosity."

"I hope to God it will!" I bet I've chawed hardtack enough to shingle every house in the coolly. I've chawed it when my lampers was down and when they wasn't. I've took it dry, soaked and mashed. I've had it wormy, musty, sour and blue-mouldy. I've had it in little bits and big bits; 'fore coffee an' after coffee. I'm ready i'r a change. I'd like t'git hol' jest about now o' some of the hot biscuits my wife c'n make when she lays herself out f'r company." "Well, if you set there gablin', you'll

never see yer wife " "Come on," said Private Smith. "Wait a moment, boys; less take suthin." It's on me," He led them to the rusty tin dipper which hung on a nail beside the wooden water pail, and they grinned and drank. (Things were primitive in La Crosse then.) Then shouldering their blankets and muskets, which they were "taking home to the boys," they

struck out on their last march. "They called that coffee Jayvy," grumbled one of them, "but it never went by the road where government Jayvy resides. I reckon I know coffee

from pons " They kept together on the road along

the turnpike, and up the winding road by the river, which they followed for some miles. The river was very lovely, curving down along its sandy beds, paus ing now and then under broad basswood trees, or running in dark, swift, silent currents under tangles of wild grapevines, and drooping alders, and haw trees. At one of these lovely spots the three vets sat down on the thick green sward to rest, "on Smith's account. leaves of the tree were as fresh and green as June, the jays called cheery greetings to them, and kingfishers darted to and fro, with swooping, noiseless flight. "I tell yeh, this knocks the swamps of

Louesiana into kindgon come." "You bet. All they c'n raise down

there is snakes, niggers, and p'rticler

"An' fightin' men. If I had a good hook an' line I'd sneak a pick'rel out o' that pond. Say, remember that time I shot

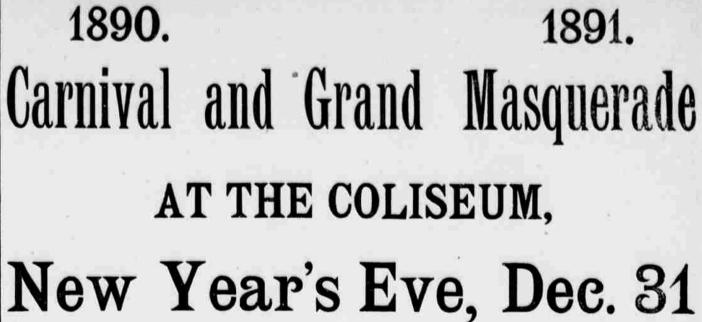
that alligator-" "I guess we'd better be crawlin' along," interrupted Smith, rising and shouldering his knapsack, with consid-erable effort which he tried to hide. "Say, Smith, lemme give you a lift on that.

"I guess I c'n manage," said Smith. grimly.

"'Course. But, yeh see, I may not "Course. But, yen see, I may not have a chance right off to pay yeh back for the times ye've carried my gun and hull caboodle. Say, now, gimme that gun, anyway." "All right, if yeh feel like it Jim," Smith replied, and they trudged along doggedly in the sun, which was getting bigher and hotter each half mile.

higher and hotter each half mile. "Aint it queer they aint no teams comin' along?"

"Well, no, seein's it's Sunday." "By jinks, that's a fact! It is Sunday. I'll git home in time fr dinner, sure.



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tume. BEAUTIFUL VASE to second best female character

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DIAMOND RING to handsomest costumed lady. And numerous other prizes to individuals and groups. Grand March of Characters, en masque, at 9 o'clock p.m

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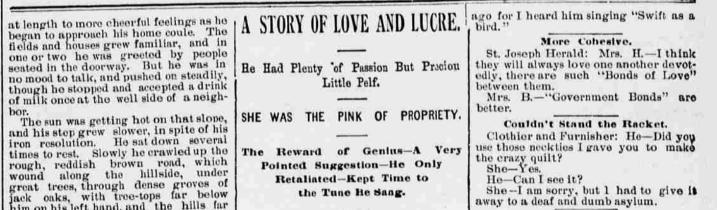
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Gladstone & Co., Grocers, 1308 Douglas, Kuhn's Drug Store, Fifteenth and Douglas, Eicher & Kipplinger Cigar Store, First National Bank Building.

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News Stands at Principal Hotels. Gaynore's Cigar Store Corner. 16th and Dodge, Leslie & Leslie, Druggists, 16th and Dodge. Wm. Gladish, Druggist, Dodge street. And at the Coliseum.



William Barelay Dunham in Life.

Thro' the maddening maze of the waltz;

Two blossoming buds are your lips, love,

Your eyes say your heart is not false.

Your hands are so dainty and white, love,

But no! there's a frightening fear, love,

I'm making twelve dollars a week.

Whoever for reasons of his own

Has loved a single horse.

work for the Bazoo any more?

York," for the Bazoo.

She-Of course not.

y your fairy feet.

Liner-Yes.

would you?

itative.

ather?

That will not allow me to speak, You're spending three thousand a year, love:

A Matter of Course.

Philadelphia Times.

That he should come to love the race, Is but a thing of course.

A Losing Business.

Munsey's Weekly: Liner-Do you

You know I did

Spacer-No, indeed. You know I did that article on the "Gamblers of New

Spacer-Well, I lost \$500 getting my

points and got \$16.00 for the article.

The Pink of Propriety

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: He-

Now, Miss Evelyn, you wouldn't kiss a

young man under any circumstances,

A Level Headed Girl.

Street & Smith's Good News: Mother

-Now that you have become a chiropo-

A Pointed Suggestion This.

Drake's Magazine: He (rapturously)

-I love the very ground which is trod

She (innocently)-Are you aware

hat this land does not belong to my

Why She Added to Their Safety.

New York Horald: "Your new wait-

ess is a very attractive looking per-

"Very; and it has added largely to our

safety here. There is always a police-

The Reward of Genius.

Tooth in.

Munsey's Weekly: Crosby-What is

man on duty in the kitchen.

Your figure so wondrously fine,

11

RING IN THE NEW

At first I meant to carry only letters, but having finally consented to take a little gold for one merchant I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly \$10,000

A few muffled-up friends came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning, after I had mounted my plunging pony I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like. There was Dave English, who was hung on that spot with several of his followers, not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hang in Montana; Cherokee Bob, killed in Millersburgh; and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a little way down the river. So when he rade ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise; for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however. And when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home, and then finally got back into the trail, I knew there was trouble ahead. But the "Rubicon" was now behind. My

impetuo, vi if if it it is show and I was soon tearing through the storm up the hill. Once fairly on my way I looked back below. Dave English and Boon Helm back below. Dave English and Boon Helm were bidding goodby to two mounted cow-boys at the ferry house. Ten minutes later, as I looked back through the blinding snow, I saw that these two desperate fellows were following me.

True, there was nothing criminal in that. The two highway men had a right to ride behind me if they wished. And Canada Joe had just as good a right to ride ahead of me. But to be on a horse deep in the blinding snow and loaded down with gold was bad mough. To have a desperade blocking the ware were telegraphed, but have not responded.

eble attack upon the horse and was bleed ing profusely from the wound in the throat. When the horse turned tail to his adversary roost on a bench, and take the cost of a and began to kick the bear made off to the

brush, leaving a trail of blood behind. Mon-roe found that he was hurt in his back and side, which had been terribly torn in his brief struggle. With difficulty he mounted his horse, which was quite unburt, and rode two miles to a point where men were at work on a railroad grade of the Great Northern. From there he was taken to the Piegan agency, where he now is. A party went out the next day found the four which had been killed and a trail of bloo leading as far as a stream, made by the fifth bear. The gun was also found where it had

At the age of sixty-six, alone, unattended worn out by the life he had led and without a friend in the world, J.J. Bayard, the boss craak of the American nation, died in his den, near Boorne, Kendall county, says a San Antonio, Tex., dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He was a nephew of Thomas F. Bayard, secretary of state under Cleveland, and was born in Delaware in 1834. The story of his life is a romantic one. He graduated from Yale at the age of twentyone, and for ten years after led a life o pleasure. His father was wealthy and gave him anything he asked for. Fifteen years ago he appeared in this section of the state and brought some little money with him. He was a kind man to the common people, and speedily made himself popular. His visita-tions to the sick and charities to strangers are still remembered in this city. At that time he was dressed more like legendary time he was dressed more like legendary "Old Grimes" than any other character in fiction or history. He used to wear a long black coat, the primmest of white neck-ties and shoes that were always carefully

Tiring of life here he removed to Kendall county, and purchased a few acres of land about nine miles from town. Then he be-came a hermit. Such time as was not de-voted to religious meditation or healing the sick he put in in the manufacture of patent medicines, which he brewed from herbs found near his domicile. This domicile was in itself a wonder. In the side of a hill he dug a cave, and near that built himself a log hut. He convected the two by a subterranean passage some four feel under the ground, and five feet high by three wide. In the cave he brewed his medicines, and to it he retired when visitors called. The mouth of the cave where it opened on the surface was partially closed with stones. He staid there so long that they became woven togeth er with moss. Behind this rampart he would retire and hold conversation with his callers If they wanted medicine the bottle was handed over the rampart and no money taken. If they wished to take Bayard would converse from behind his intrenchment, if they wished to inquire into his past history they were promptly requested to leave. He became known among the farmers as a hermit who posseessed strange healing powers and who preached a very simple religion, which called upon men to do their best, one for the other and to believe in the Savior. His medicines have been demonstrated to be of the plaines character. Such natural purgatives and fe brines as he could find he divided into doses, and always accompanied a gift of them with an explanation of their a gift of them with an explanation to the strength and effects, and always refused to treat complicated or chronic cases. He per-sistently refused to take money from anybody and seemed to live altogether upon the little capital he had stored away, paying cash for anything he bought, and buying very little indeed. He occasionally walked Boerne, but was never seen to go near the postoffice or to have correspondence of any kind. To the day of his death he persistently refused to talk about his relatives in Delaware, or to allude in any way to his past life. When he died yesterday his premises were invaded by a curious mob who wished to know just how he had lived and what effects he left behind. They found an old trank, a rough mattress, a pair of blankets, and in one corner of the cave a few articles of solled underclothing. There were no papers of any kind. Standing against the wall were a few bottles of medicine. His relatives in Dela-

bed out of my hide." "Same here," put in one of the other men. "Hide 'll grow on again, dollars come hard. It's goin' to be mighty hot

skirmishin' to find a dollar these days." "Don't think they'll be a deputation of citizens waitin' to 'scort us to a hotel, eh?" His sarcasm was too obvious to re quire an answer.

Smith went on: "Then at daybreak we'll start for home, at least I will." "Well, I'll be dumned if I'll take \$2

out o' my hide, ' one of the younger men said. "I'm goin' to a hotel of I don't never lay up a cent." "That'll do f'r you," said Smith, "but

if you had a wife an'shree young 'uns dependin' on yeh-" "Which I aint, thank the Lord! and

don't intend havin' while the court knows itself." The station was deserted, chill and

ark as they came into it at exactly a quarter to 2 in the morning. Lit by the oil lamps that flared a dull red light over the dingy benches, the waiting room was not an inviting place. The younger man went off to look up a hotel. while the rest remained to camp down on the floor and benches. Smith was attended to tenderly by the other men, who spread their blankets on the bench for him, and by robbing themselves, made quite a comfortable bed, though the narrowness of the bench made his

sleeping precarious. It was chill, though August, and the two men sitting with bowed heads, grew stiff with cold and weariness, and were forced to rise now and again and walk about to warm their stiffened limbs. It didn't occur to them, probably, to con trast their coming home with their go ing forth, or with the coming home o the generals, colonels, or even captains -but to Private Smith, at any rate, there came a sickness at heart almost leadly, as he lay there on his hard bed

and went over his situation. In the deep of the night, lying on a board in the town where he had enlisted three years ago, all elation and enthusi asm gone out of him, he faced the fact that with the joy of home-coming was mingled the bitter juice of care. He saw himself sick, worn out, taking up the work on his half-cleared farm, the inevitable mortgage standing ready with open jaws to swallow half his earn-He had given three years of his ings life for a mere pittance of pay, and

Morning dawned at last, with a pale yellow dome of light rising silently above the bluffs which stand like some huge battlemented castle, just cast of the city. Out to the left the great river swept on its massive yet silent way to the south. Jays called across the river from hillside to hillside, through the clear, beautiful air, and hawks began to skim the tops of the hills. The two "vets" were astir early, but Private Smith had fallen at last into a sleep, and they went out without waking him. He lay on his knapsack, his gaunt face turned toward the ceiling, his hands clasped on his breast, with a curious pathetic effect of weakness and appeal.

An engine switching near woke him at last, and he slowly sat up and stared about it. He looked out of the window, and saw that the sun was lightening the hills across the river. He rose and brushed his hair as well as he could, folded his blankets up, and went out to

She don't have dinner usially till about 1 on Sundays." And he fell into a muse, in which he smiled.

"Well, I'll git home just about 6 o'clock, jest about when the boys are milkin' the cows," said Jim Cranby. offly 'I'll step into the barn, an' then I'll say. 'Heah! why ain't this milkin' done be fore this time o'day?' An' then won' they yell?" he added, slapping his thigh in great glee.

Smith went on. "I'll jest go up the path. Old Rover'll come down the road to meet me. He won't bark; he'll know me, an' he'll come down waygin' his tail an' showin' his teeth. That's his way of haughin'. An' so I'll walk up to the kitchen door, an' I'll say, 'Dinner fr a hungry man!' An' then she'll jump, up ar'---"

up, an He couldn't go on. His voice choked at the thought of it. Saunders, the third man, hardly uttered a word. He walked silently behind the others. He had lost his wife the first year he was in the

war. She died of pneumonia caught in the autumn rains while working in the fields on his place. They plodded along till at last they came to a parting of the ways. To the

right the road continued up the main valley; to the left it went over the ridge. "Well, boys," began Smith, as they

grounded their muskets and looked away up the valley, "here's where we shake hands. We've marchel together a good many miles, an' now I suppose we're done. "Yes, I don't think we'll do any more

of it f'r a while. I don't want to ! know.

"I hope I'll see yeh, once in a while, boys, to talk over old times." "Of course," said Saunders, whose voice trembled a little, too "It aint

exactly like dvin' "But we'd ought'r gehome with you."

said the younger mar. "You'll never climb that ridge with all them things on yer back.

"O. I'm all right! Don't worry about me. Every step takes me nearer home, yeh see. Well, good-bye, boys.' They shook hands. "Good-by. Good luck.

"Same to you. Lemme know how you find things at home."

He turned once before they passed out of sight, and waved hiscap, and they did the same, and all yelled. Then all marched away with their long, steady, loping, veteran step. The solitary climber in blue walked on for a time, with his mind filled with the kindness of his comrades, and musing upon the many jolly days they had had together in camp and fie'd

He thought of his chom, Billy Tripp. Poor Billy! A "mine" bail fell into his breast one day, fell walling like a cat, and tore a great ragged hole into his heart. He looked forward to a sad scene with Billy's mother and sweetheart. They would want to know all about it. Hetried to recall all that Billy had said, and the particulars of it, but there was little to remember, just that wild wailing sound high in the air, a dull slap, a shert, quick, expul-sive groan, and the borlay with his face in the dirt in the plughed field they were marching across.

That was all. But ill the scenes he had since been through had not dimmed the horror, the terror of that moment, when his boy comrade fell, with only breath between a laugh and a death groan. Poor handoone Billy! Wo millions of dollars was his young life Worth These sombre recollections gave way street. W. F. Vall agent.

jack oaks, with tree-tops far below him on his left hand, and the hills far above him on his right. He crawled along like some minute wingless variety Your foot is the tinjest that trips, love,

He ate some hardtack, sauced with wild berries, when he reached the sum-mit of the ridge, and sat there for some time, looking down into his home coule. Sombre, pathetic figure! His wide, round, gray eyes gazing down into the beautiful valley, seeing and not seeing, the splendid cloud-shadows sweeping over the western hills, and across green and yellow wheat far below. His head drooped forward on his palm, his shoulders took on a tired stoop, cheek bones showed painfully. An his observer might have said; "He is looking down upon h is own grave."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Census and City Populations. Representative William M. Springer points out in the December Forum that the population of the United States has ncreased between 1880 and 1890 from 50,000,000 to 64,000,000, or about 26 per cent. Deducting the urban population, the increase of rural population is found to be only 8 per cent, while the increase of the urban population is more than 57 per cent. This classification of urban population includes only cities of 8,000 inhabitants and upward. If the classification should embrace cities of 4,000 inhabitants and upward, it would undobtedly appear that the rural population had decreased during the decade, while the total increase would be in the cities. This general result has been brought about notwithstanding the immense in crease in population in the rural districts in extreme western states, such as the Dakotas, Minneseta, Nebraska, Kan

sas, Arkansas and Texas. Table showing the increase of the total population of several states and the

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Increase	- in	CI
1880-1800.	Popu	Int

	TOOL TOTAL	T to put the
Maine	11,325	
Massachusetts		22
Connecticut		14
Rhode Island		54
New York		71
Hilnols		70
TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT		

population to the whole increase of population, between 1880 and 1890, in several states, are as follows: In Maine there was an actual decrease of rural population, the increase in the cities being more than the total increase in the state. In Massachusetts the increase in cities was 60 per cent of the whole increase, in Connecticut 95 per cent, in Rhode Island 70 per cent, in New York more than 75 per cent, in Pennsylvania nearly 50 per cent, in Ohio more than 50 per cent, in Illinois 87 per cent.

the largest price you ever got for a ingle poem? Mr. Rondo-Well, I consider that some verses I wrote to Miss De Rocks before we were married netted meabout \$70,000. sort of O maha people, or to other points in Flor, will find that the rates and time are the same via The Burlington to Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Maug

Chicago and thence via Cincinnati or Louisville, as via St. Louis, with the ad--I have such a terrible pain in one o ditional advantages of the vestibule limited trains and elegant dining car my teeth, but I am afraid to have it drawn. Cholly-Why don't you have it photo service which are characteristic of this route. The Burlington also has on sale graphed? round trip tickets to all southern points Kept Time to the Tune. either via Kansas City and Memphis, or St. Joseph Herald-Mother-Where is Harry? I sent him into the yard for a

via St. Louis, offering a greater variety of routes than any other line. For full bucket of coal and told him I wanted it information, tickets and sleeping berths right away. That must be an hour ago. Daughter-He was there a short time

the Tune He Sang.

#### An Exhausting Place.

Munsey's Weekly: Mistress-I am at a loss to understand your motive in leav-

ng. Bridget-The work is too harrud, mum, and it's worn out I be entirely. Mistress-Why, I have done most of it That I'm tempted almost, but not quite, love, To say I adore you!--be mine!

myself! Bridget—Yes, but it's worn out I be hearing yez tell me of it.

#### The Romance of a Window.

New York Sun: The first morning I came down town on Third avenue elevated with the bald-headed man he called my attention to a womon who sat sewing near a window not more than thirty feet from the station. She was

both good-looking and happy. "Often see her husband up there with his arm around her," said bald-head. "Cosiest couple I know of. Always look in on them. She's devoted to him and home, and my ideal of a wife.

After that I always looked for the woman. Sometimes the bald-headed man and I exchanged words about her, but there was nothing new. One morning, after about three months, bald-head observed:

"She's got an anxious look. Husband is probably sick.

Three days later he said;

"She's awfully worried. Husband is probably worse,

Two or three days later we saw her in mourning, and it was no use to tell each other that her husband had passed awav.

He-And why? She-Because he should take the in-"Too bad! Too bad!" sighed my friend "Well, she'll reverence his memory all the rest of her days."

Almost every morning for three months we saw her at the sewing machine as the train pulled up at the station. On one occasion my friend blurted out:

"Sad! She's got into second mourning already! It's probably a case of necessity. I suppose she can be just as sorry in that."

A month later we saw her at the glass curling ber hair. My friend didn't say anything, but he looked uneasy. It wasn't a fortnight before her second mourning had disappeared, and we heard her humming a lively air as she threaded a spool. I looked at my friend. "Probably visits his grave every Sunhe replied. "Light-hearted women day,

never get over grieving. She's singing to ease the pain in her heart." Just a month from that day she stood

at the window. There was a man beside She had her head on his shoulder. her. "Married again, by thunder!" almost

shouted my friend. "But I thought you said she would never-

"Never said a durned word about her, gosh durn her!" he cried; and now we never look into that window any more. Our romance has been shattered and dispelled.

Change Cars? No. Among the many sxigencies of modern

travel there is one requirement which is always popular and always in demand, and that is "a through service." Life is too short to "change cars" every few hundred miles, and the travelling pubhe have very properly rebelled against all such old-fashioned railroading. The through equipment of the Union Pacific, "the original overland route," provides for a through car service for all points west from the Missouri river.

A STATE OF A

The percentages of the increase of city

Are You Going South This Winter? Parties contemplating a visit to the far-famed Sutherland, the favorite re-

dist, where are you going to settle? Ambitious Youth-I think, mother, I'll go to Nebraska. All the papers say increase of the city population: that is a great corn state. 1ty tlon, 14,290 50,000 5,000 49,000 61,000 00,000