"FOLLOW THE FLAG."



# BOSTON AND RETURN

## BACK TO ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR STATION No Other Line Can

Tickets may be made via steamer between Detroit and Buffalo. Long limit and many stop-overs allowed. The Wabash is the only line that can route you from Chicago and back to St. Louis over its own rails. Wabash trains leave Chicago daily at 11:00 a. m., 3:00 p. m., 11:00 p. m. Special G. A. R. train leaves Chicago for Boston via Detroit and Niagara Falls 1:00 p. m. August 14.

Insist on your tickets reading via Wabash, the only line at main entrance World's Fair. All agents can route you via Wabash. All information at City Office, 1601 Farnam Street, or address HARRY E. MOORES, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Neb.

### Difficulty with Windy Walker

A Short Story by Morley Brothers

Double Mountain danced in the haze, while Double Mountain Fork, which emptied itself into the Brazos miles to the northward, stoamed between its banks. The sheep lay in their camps about the scanty mesquite and the cut banks of the creek and under a couple of cottonwoods rooting in the slow waters. It was the time of day to do nothing, to say nothing, and to take lying down all the hammering that the sun and wind could give. Jeff said so, and he lay down under his cottonwood, near which the sheep panted, while he played lastly upon a pickety old mouthorgan. And he knew just about as much about his tunes as the old broke off in the middle. And, unlike him, no stranger rode by to eke out the tale end of the music. His father came along nstead, for the old man roused himself from his bed in the old shack by the cysek. and staged into the radiance of the day with one shaking hand over his eyes.

"Yep, paw," said Jeff, at he scrambled Ho was a long, lean and lank son of the

"Get up the pinto," said old Jefferson exter; "I'm air in' to go into the city." him to be anything else, for the old man flud a heavy hand, a flerce eye and the timper which gives his cutting edge to an American. But now he "reared" a little, and according to his own notion there was head and put his mouthorsan away inside house. his shirt before he spoke. When he did apport he uttered a fact without the least use of represen behind it. You was full las' night when you come

home; paw," he said. was," said his father,

And mebbs you don't reckled what you Dexter shook his head. son, I don't reckise' one word. Did I speak? Pd a sort of kinkle I was speech-

Young Jeff shook his head in turn. "Far from it, paw, for you mat on the table a good while, and you yanked me

outer bed to hear." "What did I discourse of?" naked his "I do hope I said nothing unbecomin' your father, Jeff. But since your phor spathur paymed away into the eternal beyond I've had loss sense than I should have. Did I blaspheme any?"

leff nodded. "O my, paw! you said offul things-most Can you repeat any of 'em, Jeff?" asked

his father, anxiously. But old Degrer' raised his hand. VMy curiosity is sinful," he said, "and

Order a Free Bottle Of Drako's Palmento Wine. It gives vigor ask effectly to the whole hody, needless, heals and palgeorates stomachs that are weakened by principles living or when she modes living of the stomach is impelied by harful medicines or food. Drako's Palms to Wine will clear the type and historys from congression, cause them

The sun was hot upon the land and I'll curb it. I'll offer up a general re pentance scheme when the stiffness goes outer my knees. And you forget what said mighty quick or I'll flay you some, I will. Get up the pinto, Jeff."

Jeff showed reluctance to move. "Paw, you mostly cussed one pusson. Dexter, who had turned to go back into the shanty, faced his son again swiftly.

"You did, paw. And as far es I could gather up the tale in the confusion of your shoutln' you appeared to hev hed some sort of a difficulty agin with Mr.

Dexter's face was as black as a thunder Arkansaw did. Like him, Jeff Gloud when he heard what Jeff said. He nodded and stared at the boy from under bent thatch over his burning eyes. "I do reklee," he said at last. "Him and

me had words, I know-bad words-and I've a notion the boys pulled me down and hold me. I knew, Jeff, I had business in town and I couldn't prop'ty locate in my mind what it was. That man sure insulted me in some way, having done it before, prairie, sandy, freekeled, hard and is years engin' I'd brand mavericks as soon as cat ple. And he went on to throw out hint as to brand burning. Jeff, my son, mayerick ain't nothing; there's no reaso Young Jaff was respectful because he had a man shouldn't brand any beast as his een so all his life. It never occurred to owner ain't keerful to put a mark on. But brand burning is a hoss of another color, and the insult bit into me. I feel in

my bones he up and said things. Het up There was visible distress in the shoy's region for libbing. He scratched his shock eyes, and he followed the old man into the "Paw, don't you recken it would be wise to wait a day? After your jamboree you

hand will shake some, and they do say that Walker shoots like death. There's many he's killed, and you don't use your gun oncet a year. "Get up the pinto, boy," said Dexter "I cayn't wait a day to learn what he said

o me in the American house last night." When Jeff opened his mouth again the old man bent his brows on him till his eyes were almost invisible. "Get up the pinto, Jefferson," he said And poor Jeff ran out of the shack into

the burning sun as the tears rolled down "There's no one but me, and sis she's tr old Virginny, and Mr. Walker will kill him or sure if they tell the trewth of him ut now paw's mad; he's mad, and mebbe

als hand won't shake." He brought up the pinto and hitched the skewhald into the rattling old Stude baker wagon which was the carryall for everything on Double Mountain Fork.

And when it was ready old Degter was "I'll be back by midnight," said Dexter "Git up, that!" and he struck the horse over he fank with the double lines; and so far as Jeff could see the old man never turned his head after the pinto once got started But the boy stared across the prairie down

he track which Texans call a road till he could eee nothing but the brown grasses of summer and the dancing base of noor day heat. "Like enough," said Jeff, "Pil never as the old man no more. He's stiff and thet

maticky, and he cayn't get out no gun fast enough for Walker. I day wish that Walker would run up agin comsone like Ben Thompson. Ben Thumpson would have made him look like a Mexican's blanket, more holes than wood. But Walker don't take no plances thataway. He's ne more than a poor tool killer, and paw's

a Post." .left wiged swap a tear and made himself

he led and he gever knew it. The world and hev you seen my dad?" was big, so he had heard, but West Virignia was the end of it toward the east. A it with the bridle reins on the ground, came

cound and broken prairie was his world and Creek and was not often that way. the slow creek his river. He wondered how much bigger the Mississippi was; for his nother, now in the cemetery at the "City" toward which the old pinto was going, had come from Memphis.

"I'd like to go to Sis in old Virginny," said Jeff, as he took his mouth-organ out of his shirt and went to look at the sheep. I reckon they don't care much for borega in Virginny. I dew wonder some why paw hankers after sheep when he has cattle A sheep is sheer muck to a steer."

He sat by the bank of the "orick" and played his poor bits of tunes, and presently as the sun westered and the thin shadows f the meaquites stretched two hours' jour ey on the grass, the sheep rose from their camp and started browning. Jeff wished for his dog, a lean mongrel with a big head his heavy eyebrows, which drooped like and wistful eyes, and started to loaf the way the herd of sheep went. He played as he walked. Once more young Pan piped, and the hase at least danced. But his heart was heavy.

"I cayn't play worth a darn," said Jeff. 'I'm mighty anxious about paw." He put away his instrument and played to more. He spoke to his dog.

Bob, old son, if that Walker puts lead into the old man, I'll-I'll blow a bole threw him a rat ked crawl threw.' "I'm darned sorry for the old man, whim-

pered his son; "he ain't had no circus of a used to let on, and here they was tough and then she died. He sin't bin the same sence, but more flerce and contrairy, and when may was alive. I dow wish I'd hed never ha' lot me." At sundown he correlled the sheep and

against the raids of coyoles and went back the shanty. He cooked a mess of flour and a bit of bacon, and ate his supper, washing it down with a drink from the creek. Then he gat outside on an opturned so's I can go into town and see Paw? keg which had once held nails and played a little more as the night came on. The stars broke out in the east and then they shone over him, and the west was blue at last as the moon rose in the east. The blace of the time was upon him and for

little while his heart was easier. "The boys won't let Walker shoot him up any," he said, hopefully; "They're a fine lot of boys to the city, and I reckon some day they'll make Walker look like a sieve." But when he went into the house he took down his father's old shotgun and

"I'll be the only one left," said Jeff, as he put it back in its place; "the only one but Bis."

But nevertheless he slept soundly when he was once in the blankets, and he never woke tillest was past midnight and the high moon made the prairie almost as light as day. When he woke he sat up suddenly. "Paw," he called; "paw; on that you?" But there was no answer, and he came to

And even as he spoke he heard the sound of a horse coming across the prairie at lone. He sprang out of bed and ran to the

"That ain't paw, unless he's left the wagon to the city," he said. 'There's times he will, when he sin't sober and ain' rightly full."

Yet he knew how unfiledly: it was the the old man should do no now. There wa seldom a time that poor old Dexter wasn "rightly full" when he came back home And the sound owner nearer, nearer yet In another minute the horseman pulled u outside the shack.

some coffee by heating up the remains of with a sinking heart. "What's brot you his quickness, and takes up attitudes in the show some one outside that the Bob and my old pinto pony," his dad's breakfast. It was a hard life that this way? Hey you come from the city. little world in which he shines. And quiet window was open. "Will you take them, Bill?"

emote California was in the far west. The up to Jeff. He was a cowboy from Ennis "I've rode out to tell about him," said

Bill Davies got off his pony and, leaving

Bill quietly. "O," said Jeff. "I know. He's dead,

"He's gone, Jen." "And Walker shot him?" "He's the third Windy Walker has shot and killed in two years," said Davies. 'And 'twill be self-defense, Jeff. Your old man started to pull on him and was as slow getting out his gun as a mudturtle

him and shot him three times before he teched the ground. The poor old man is But Jeff swallowed his tears. "I sin't grisvin' now, Bill Davies. I'll find time when Walker's dead," he said in

a choking voice. Bill Davies shook his head. Twas self-defense, Jeff; it was, sure, For las' night they had a sort of difficulty, and we held your old man down, and he said he'd shoot Walker on sight. And in quietly. He mostly lay about the empty Walket laffed. And we got your dad out town lots that were at the back of the o' town fightin' semethin' awful. And he American house and the Green Front, the pulled his gun first. There's four to take chief saloons in Colorado street. The gamthe stand and say so. There won't be no bling saloons of both houses were at the trouble for Walker. He says he'll do the back and the windows looked upon a waste thing handsome and bury the old man in of old boots, old kerosene cans and empty

Jeff threw up his head. "You ain't defendin' Walker now, greyou, Bill Davies?"

The cowboy shrugged his shoulders. "Me defend him, Jeff. He's the meanest sort of murderer. He don't take changes the savvy to go in with him. But he'd with any but old men and tenderfeet. He ain't the man to kill when it ain't selflefense. He looks for self-defense, and is their lambs in a straggling mesquite corral greedy for it. I'd like to see him laid out cold, and before I buried him in style I'd

see the dogs eat him?" "I kill him," said Jeff. "Will you sleep here. Bill, and lend me your pany, I'll send the pony back early."

"You kin ride," said Bill. "I'll stay here. Do you mean what you say, Jeff?" "Sure's death," said Jeff; "ain't he killed paw? Who elects there?" Bill Davies took him by the hand. "You're a man, Jeff, and I'll be proud

of you. But makied he's quick on the trigger. Don't take no chance. He won's give none." "I'll give him none," said Jeff, "You're a boy after all," mused the cow-

ooy, "and if you kill him there'll be those that'll sympathize with you. But p'rhaps you'd better no back to Virginia to your To say so was to case his mind of a hard futy. Bill Davies felt much easier after it.

"I'm goin' back soon," said Jeff. And he rode through the moonlight to the town. He sent the pony back as soon as he found his father's body, which lay in the back store of the man they usually dealt with. And the funeral was next day. Walker did not pay for it, for Jeff sent him

"He looked tolerable wicked," said the nan, who took it to the slayer. "Did he?" sneered Walker. ell hinr to keep out of my way. Bee?" Walker felt an injured man,

"Good God!" mid Walker; "shall I have But Jeff went back to his place on Double dountain creek, and the memories of men offerson Dexter was a thing forgotten in week. But the young one didn't forget. and perhaps Walker did not, for the prids the room. But Bill Davies moved further boy has rode back to his ranch. of a man who kills and is not tried, or who

men said to themselves that Windy Walker would not die in bed. But the trouble is that quiet men do not kill unless they are obliged to, and some men who looked Walker in the eyes with a savage challenge

found him loth to take offense. "I put up with a mighty lot now," said Walker; "a man with my record should,

want peace." He still held his own at the America; ouse, where the trouble with old Dexter had begun, and he lost a few dellars regularly to the gamblers who ran the fare and keno tables. They sneered at him, but found him a paying streak in bad times. If he gassed a little they let him gas, And on dry land. And Walker pulled down of the citizens of the city endured him. There were some (quiet men who did not talk) who wendered when his end would come, For Bill Davies said a thing or two to

"The boy hes a right to kill him," said Bill, "and the right to get the drop un-

seen. He's a boy!" Jeff sometimes came into town, but he came ir mostly by night, and no one knew of his being there at all. He used to tie up the eld pinto outside the town and come tomato cans. But the blinds were usually drawn. In such a "city," even though law and order were gradually and with great difficulty establishing themselves, there were many who had a deeply-rooted risible to those who are in darkness, There was never any knowing who might

be outside. And very often Jeff was outside. Sometimes he heard the voices of men he knew. Bill Davies was in there at least once a week. He heard Simon Kents, to whose store his father's body had been taken; for Simon, though a respectable storekeeper by day, had a passion for faro which blosmed after sundown. And sometimes he heard Walker. But the window was shut and the blind was down.

That year, as it happened, September opened with a blaze of heat that the most hardened old-timer felt. The aky was brass, the wind that came up out of the gulf, growing hotter on the fat farm lands of lower Texas, might have come from the pit. The high plateaux across which the Texas & Pacific railroad runs were burning; stock died of drouth, the prairie was fired by the cinders of locomotives. In the city, sunk beneath sand hills, the heat was intense and the nerves of men gave way. They only came out at night, and then the saloons filled.

"By gosh, it's hot!" said Davies, who had been taking three days in town. "By goah, it's hot! Sam, don't you recken it might be a triffs cooler if that window was open?"

The bartender, down whose face the cisture ran in streams, admitted that the experiment might be worth trying. "Though whether it's better here or out-

aide or in heil I cayn't say," he answered. "Who's afraid of hell in this weather?" saked Windy Walker, crossly. "Open the window, Sam, and let me have a John Collins. I've a thirst on me as if a prairie fire was ragin' down my throat. I dunno what foolishness brought me to Texas."

fism went to the window and pulled up the blind. By a curious instinct, for it was hardly conscious, Walker and two or three others moved out of the direct line between it and the big lamp that lighted the bartender. than any one. Then Sam opened the win- and as simp waterd Jeff held Bill Dayles' "Es that you. Jeff?" he asked. \_\_\_\_\_\_ is tried and acquisted, is something strange dow, top and nottom, and pulled the blind hand and trempled violently.
"Why, certainly, Bill familie," said Jeff. to see, lie signific in his strength and in down again. But it had been up long "Mr. Keafe I'd like to give Bill my dog

"That's better," said Walker; and he went to the fare table and laid down a dollar. "I don't get between him and the window," said Davies; "not much I don't Three times this month I've seen young Jeff ridin' along to town at sundown, and If he gives Walker a chance he's a fool. If I was a boy and had the same against

Walker I'd say, 'Look out, Windy!' when But the room was crowded and the play vent on. Davies didn't play; his nerves were on the stretch. Something seemed to tell him that Walker's time was coming he felt as some do when thunder is browing

in a great and heavy calm. And suddenly he went curiously white. "That blind's higher than it was," he said. But no one else saw it. They faced the tables; the talk of the fare dealer went on; a lucky man oried "Keno;" they swore and cursed and drank. And then Davies saw fingers at the blind cord-only fingers The blind went up three inches. He drew back still further, and stood against the wall with an extinguished cigar between his teeth, and his cow hat over his eyes.

He looked at Walker, who was in a crowd "Darn my luck," said Walker; "that's five dollars." He made a motion to get out of those who stood with him, and Bill Daviesal-

most called out to him. "It's not my funeral," he said grimly, as he restrained himself. And he looked again at the window. On the will close to the corner he saw something move a little. "That lets me out." said Walker, cursing as he stepped back clear of his companions. And as he did so there was objection to standing in a bright light deafening report. Bill saw flame leap from the musgle of a gun, and Walker threw up his hands and gasped horribly. Then he pitched upon the floor and lay there.

dozen men had their "guns" in their hands "By God," said one of them, "that was from the winder."

One man, quicker that the rest, put up his hand and pulled the string of the lamp and the room was in darkness. Gill Davies jumped to the window and through it, and came upon Jeff Dexter with his shot gun in his hands. The boy was orying dreadfully. Before they could speak other men followed Davies and some came round the house from the front.

"It's Jeff Dexter hus done it," said Bill There was a curious gasp of those who stood by him and Jeff. Simon Kents was the first to speak. "Boys, he had a right to." he said. Walker killed his dad, and he's a boy, He had no call to speak to Windy first, ut der no circumstances." But Jeff still sobbed.

"What'll we do, boys?" asked Bill Da-"We'll save the boy trouble, said Keats

'It's allowed young Jeff sin't done so harm killing Windyt "That's so," said the bystenders,

"Then send him back to Virginia to his sister." said Keats. "There's the eastbound express due in less'n twenty minutes. Will you go bud?" "Of course he'll go," said Davies. "Hey you any money. Jeff?"

offered him bills and silver. 'And I'll buy you out, stock and all, Jeff.' aid old Keats, "at a price that all here will may is fair."

"Hear, hear," said the crowd. "And what's more, I'll go with you to Fort Worth," said Keafs. onny, there's no time to lose." They walked towards the railroad depot.

One of us'll so to the city marshaf and say Windy's gone up the flums," said Sem, "And we'll drop a bint the

"To be sure," said Bill "The pinto's tied to a mesquite t'other side of Wolf erick," said 'feff. "He's a nighty good pony for slow work." "I'll not hustle him," said Bill: And they reached the depot just as the east-bound

express came in. "Buck up," said Bill, "you done right,

"Did 12" anked Jeff. "Sure nuff," said Bill. "Windy's dead." SOME KITCHEN HINTS.

When weighing molasses sprinkle the scale well with flour and then it will slip off again quite easily without sticking. A plain brown or green wall paper makes an ideal background for pictures, and the absence of pattern on walls adds immensely to the apparent size of the room.

When tomatoes and milk are to be put together, as in a cream houp, have the tomato juice and milk of the same tempera-ture, then heat vigorously, as the tomato is added, little by little. A good general rule always to remember in the use of gelatins is to soften the gel-atin in cold water, then to dissolve in boiling water. Neglect of either part of the process will cause trouble in making

## No Extortion

Liberal Accommodations at Moderate Bates Assured by the Adminintration.

The management of the St. Louis World's Fair is determined that visitors to the great exposition shall enjoy ample accommodations at reasonable rates, hence under its auspices an enormous hotel, called The Inside Inn, has been erected inside the grounds of the exposition.

This splendid hostelry is three stories high, 400 feet wide and 800 feet long. It contains spacious parlors, reading rooms and reception rooms. Its dining room and restaurant seats 2,000 people at a time and it contains 3,257 sleeping spartments All visitors to this hotel enjoy the same service and the same excellent table, the range of prices being determined simply by the location of the rooms. The hotel is run on both the European and American plans and rates vary from \$1.50 to \$6.60 per day, Buropean, and from \$3.00 to \$7.00, American,

including admission.

The Inside Inn is under the personal supervision and management of Mr. E. M. Statler, the well known restauranteur of Buffalo, which fact alone guarantees the high quality of the culeine and service.

The comfort and convenience thus afforded visitors in not having to go outside the grounds or of incurring the trouble and crushing of street cars and suburban raffway service cannot be overestimated. Once a visitor is registered at The Inside Inn no further admission fee to the exposttion is charged, and after a tiring morning br afternoon one can readily return to their room, wash and rest up, refresh themselves with a first-class meal and then turn out and enjoy the pleasures of the evening in the exposition grounds.

The enormous capacity of The Inside Inn assures good accommodations for all, no matter when or in what numbers they come -but those who prefer to receive their rooms in advance can do se now.

Full details of safes and reservations can be had by sending a postal card to The Inside Inn, care of Administration Bidge, World's Fair Grounds, ile