

LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant
soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the
goal;
Not mourning for the things that disap-
pear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a
whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travel on with
cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey
will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a
boy,
New friendship, high adventure and a
crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the
best.

—Henry Van Dyke—

Reddy's Fake.

BY W. CALVER MOORE.
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Reddy was not popular. A little wizened, sour-looking runt, who could not shoot and could not or else would not drink, had but a poor chance of being well received in a Western boom town. He had come over the trail from Laramie a few weeks before, "looking for a likely ranch," and that was about all that was known of his past history, but in those days a man seldom brought a reputation with him; he generally acquired it during his stay in any particular place. His fery head and florid features and little brown eyes made him the butt of some not very friendly or gentle chaffing. He was sworn at, pushed around, almost walked over, but no one could draw him into a fight. These things were all against him, but Reddy had one redeeming feature, he was a gambler, and what pleased better, an unlucky one. When there was a tarantula fight Reddy was sure to bet on the wrong spider; if he sat down to a game of draw, some other player was sure to have a better hand, and Reddy suffered accordingly. He took it all coolly and made a good loser, but the boys did not like him, and so he was a marked man.

Another stranger had come to town; a big rough man, who was ready to drink, gamble or quarrel with any one, and who joined the others in annoying Reddy till it looked as if the little fellow would have shot him if he had dared.

It was pay day and the cowboys were coming in from all the nearby ranches to buy whiskey and gamble; that meant drunken revelry, shooting affrays, and last but not least—races, and the right material for a good race seemed to have come into their midst that morning. Reddy's chief tormenter was the central figure of a group around a mare whose owner had just arrived riding on a mustang and carefully leading her with a larlat.

She was as sleek and nice a little beast as the boys had seen in years. Her owner had stepped into the store for a drink, leaving her tethered to a post. Reddy's tormenter was fondling her and she nosed around him and rubbed against him just as if they were old friends, but it was noticeable that she seemed to be less affectionately inclined toward her other admirers.

"Looks like she might know you," said a short, dark man who was known as Good Graham.

"Know me? Course she does," answered the big fellow, "why I saw this here little girl break the crowd last week over in Big Medicine."

"What?" shouted Good Graham, "Is this the animal you were telling us about yesterday? The one that beat Sharp's big grey for a cold hundred?"

"Yes, and done it neat, too. She's a beaut, boys." Here he lowered his voice so that only those nearest could hear him, "if he lets her run here, you know how to bet your dust."

"What's your expert opinion, Reddy?" asked one.

"What's the 'perfesser' got to say about her?" asked another.

"Not much," answered Reddy.



"Can you talk to that?"
"Say, give me a tip, pard. Do you think she can run?" This with mock solemnity from Good Graham.
"Run? That critter? Don't believe she can run worth a cuss."
"Glad you gave me the pointer. See anything around here that can beat her?"
"Yes, I'll take that there boss of Jones's and beat her down to No. 40 and back, if you can find a jockey for the critter."

The big stranger who had been extolling the virtues of the mare, seemed to lose control of himself with excitement. He pulled a roll of money out of his pocket and shook it in Reddy's face while he shouted:

"What do you think about it now, hey? Can you talk to that?" tapping Reddy squarely on the nose with his money. Reddy appeared to hesitate.

"Give you two to one on the mare," shouted the big fellow. "Now what do you think about her?"

"Guess I'll take a hundred of that," said Reddy, coolly producing a roll of bills that made the other's look small by contrast. The betting was rapid and reckless as soon as it was seen



"I guess I'll cash in." that Reddy had thrown caution to the winds and was going to give them a chance to win all his money.

The storekeeper was asked to hold the stakes and he had a large amount of money when the bets had all been made. Reddy had staked several hundred dollars, but as he was getting the odds the others were risking twice as much on the speed of the mare. The race was to be held just before sundown so as to allow time for the horses to be fed and watered and put into as fresh a condition as possible.

Good Graham had backed the mare heavily and on account of his light weight had been chosen to ride her. He picked out the lightest saddle he could find among the crowd, took off his heavy boots and even put his belt and revolvers in the hands of the storekeeper.

As five o'clock approached the saloon was deserted and the cowboys collected in a group around the two horses clamoring for the race to begin. Good Graham smiled confidently as he swung himself lightly into the saddle and asked if "Reddy was ready." During the laughter which followed this sally of wit, Reddy fumbled nervously at the saddle girth, tightened his own belt, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and finally crawled into the saddle as if each foot weighed a ton; he looked like a very unlikely jockey. The horses were walked up to the line, a big six-shooter barked—they were off.

The mare seemed to be living up to the reputation the big stranger had given her. The regular rise and fall of her rider was evidence of a clean, long stride, the kind that wins—sometimes Reddy and the mustang thundered beside her until a sudden glimpse of scenery showed that the mare was leading by at least a length.

But something seemed to be wrong; the mare was getting "choppy," her long stride had given place to a nervous gait which showed painful effort. It was the mustang that was taking things coolly now, and, yes, actually leading. A shout of warning to Good Graham, he rained blows with the squirt on his mount. She put forth her remaining strength in a desperate spurt which gave her the lead for an instant, but Reddy and the mustang shot ahead again and the outcome of the race was no longer a matter of uncertainty.

Reddy dashed over the line a winner by fifty yards, reined up with a jerk and bounded to the ground. He had ridden well, a creditable thing among such men; he had won a great deal of money. He would have been treated like a hero, but all eyes were turned from the victor to the vanquished. The mare had stumbled, throwing her rider and falling on him, and in a cloud of dust Good Graham and his mount could be seen struggling and kicking with equal desperation and frenzy.

The storekeeper, who knew better than to leave his whiskey unguarded, and so had remained standing in the doorway while the race was being run, turned round to get some of the liquor for Graham, when he was sud-

denly confronted by Reddy, who said in a quiet but determined tone:

"I guess I'll cash in."
"Will you take it now or wait till—"
The rest of the question was cut off sharply at the sight of a big revolver which was drawn from some portion of Reddy's clothing.

"Better listen to the man with the gun; accidents with firearms are mighty frequent," said the big stranger stepping into view. This reinforcement of his enemy from so unexpected a quarter decided the thoroughly frightened storekeeper, who pulled the money from a box and laid it on the end of a barrel.

The moon was just rising over the tree tops and sending her pale rays through the dusk when three tired mustangs were brought to a halt by their respective riders near a clump of trees on the prairie.

One of them was a big rough-looking man who towered above a little fellow with red hair and face and brown eyes. The third bore a striking resemblance to a certain owner of a certain mare which was led to a certain boom town in Idaho that morning, and was last seen trying to extricate herself from a tangle of loose saddle and fallen rider. The little red-headed one was fingering a bunch of stuff which almost matched the young leaves in color, but seemed to possess some strong attraction for three men, who did not look like botanical students.

"What's the haul, Reddy?"

"About eleven hundred."
"Well, it wasn't a bad day's work, but it was a darn shame to leave Lizzy behind, worth her weight in gold, she was."

"Yes, you could depend on her wind giving out if she run hard about a mile; had to push that mustang for all that was in him though; she was feeling pretty good and came near spoiling the fun. Lucky she took a fall and gave us time to slide; wouldn't want to be around when they find out her tricks."

DIDN'T BUY AN AUTO.

Admiral Evans Took Disinterested Advice of a Cabby.

A story is told of how Admiral (then captain) Evans was cured of his desire for an automobile. He was riding in one of these machines with a friend in New York. After the spin through Central park had become most invigorating the captain became talkative with the chauffeur.

"You are the man I want to talk to," he remarked. "I have been thinking for some time of buying one of these flying machines for myself and I want some expert advice as to what brand of wings to purchase."

"I've driven every kind of machine that there is," returned the affable engineer, "steam, gasoline, electric, and all, and I guess I know 'em all from A to Izzard."

"Well, now, my man" returned the captain, warming up to the gentlemanly steerer, "if you were going to buy a machine for your own self what kind would you select?"

"Well, sir," replied cabby, "if I was to buy one, I'd save up my money and buy a hoss."

The admiral is still without an auto.

Yankee Drummers in Orient.

The experience of two young Americans who recently spent six months traveling through Japan, China and the Philippines for the purpose of soliciting trade affords good evidence that there is much commerce to be secured by Americans if it is properly sought. These young men studied the Chinese language in San Francisco and acquired a sufficient knowledge of it to make themselves understood. They had, therefore, the great advantage of being able to do business directly with their Chinese customers. As it was their first trip to the Orient they did not bring a large variety of samples, but the results have been so encouraging that they propose to return equipped with an enlarged outfit. The method pursued by these young men is worthy the attention of our manufacturers. If two young Americans can learn the language in San Francisco sufficiently to enable them to deal with the Chinese in their own country, others can do the same.

How the Stairs Ran.

Judge Martin J. Keogh of the supreme court, Winchester county, New York, while presiding at the trial of a landlord in failing to keep a certain stairway in proper repair, took occasion to question one of the defendant's witnesses for the purpose of obtaining an accurate description of the location of the stairs. Judge Keogh asked the witness, who in this instance was the janitress of the house:

"Madame, kindly explain to the jury how the stairs run."

The janitress answered, in a loud voice: "Well, yer Honor, whin yer up stairs they run down, and whin yer down stairs they run up."

He Changed His Mind.

"I'm going away," he said, "to make my fortune."

This seemed to him the romantic thing to do, and he was loaded up with romance.

"In a year," he went on, "I will come back to claim you, but in the meantime you—"

"Yes," she said inquiringly.

"You will be left to pine alone."

"Oh, no, I won't," she retorted.

"You won't?"

"Not any. Do you think you're the only twig on the tree?"

"You won't be here alone?"

"Well, hardly."

"Then I'll be darned if I'll go."

Young Texas Girl Saved From Rattlesnake's Fangs

Was the strange disguise of a rattlesnake assumed by Cupid? Maybe it wasn't Cupid himself, and let's hope it wasn't for the rattlesnake was killed. So it's more likely Cupid, in search of novel means of accomplishing his purposes, merely made the rattlesnake an end towards the union of two hearts.

It is certain that the killing of a monster rattlesnake a few days ago in Burlison county, Tex., wrought a pleasing change in the affairs of an ardent lover who was eagerly seeking to make a favorable impression upon the father of a pretty girl whose heart he had already won.

It is a thrilling story, and one that presents a feature that will doubtless interest scientists. Those who witnessed the whole affair are now pretty well convinced that reptiles possess some mysterious power that enables them under certain conditions to paralyze the will power of human beings as easily as they charm birds and small animals. In this instance the monster seems to have had complete control of its victim, and there is no telling what would have happened if help had not arrived at an opportune moment. The rattler is the largest of its species ever killed in Texas. A portion of its tail and probably several rattles were destroyed.

Before the father had ceased speaking the young man had thrown his rifle to his face and touched the trigger. The crack of the gun was followed by a scream which caused the anxious observers to fear that the overconfident lover had wounded his sweetheart.

Through the smoke they could see the girl throwing her arms about wildly as she sprang to her feet. The bullet had gone straight to the mark, and the reptile's head was mangled. Col. Hightower was first to reach his daughter's side, and, while supporting her trembling body with one arm, he rained blows with his cane upon the squirming monster that had attacked his daughter and caused him so much agony.

Several moments passed before Miss Nellie regained her self-possession, and, although she was perfectly rational, she acted during the remainder of the day as if her mind was clouded.

Fortunately for those who feel an interest in the often disputed mysterious power of reptiles, the victim of the attack is a well educated, sensible young woman, and she is able to recall every feature and describe the peculiar sensations that she experienced while the repulsive reptile

repose and yet shuddering with horror. All I could do was to sit and die by inches and pray for my friends to come to my rescue. I heard them coming, but I could neither move nor shout. A mountain of horror was upon me, and the tongue and breath of Satan were in my face. The crack of that rifle was the sweetest music that ever fell upon my ears."

Miss Nellie is one of the reigning belles of the lower Brazos, and, being the only daughter of a rich cotton planter, it is perfectly natural that there should be many suitors for her hand. It had been suspected by the pretty girl's friends that the handsome young athlete had a warm place in her affections, but no one ever dreamed that she would ever overcome her own and her father's prejudices against a young man without any fortune until Dick demonstrated that he possessed the presence of mind and the nerve to act with promptness and take desperate chances in an emergency of extreme peril.

"You came none too soon, papa," said the young girl when the battle was over, and her friends had collected about her in camp.

"None too soon, my daughter," was the reply, "but I deserve no credit. You owe your life to a young



man whom I shall forever hold in high esteem."

The skin of the big rattler has been sent to the state museum, where the custodian will always have a story to tell that will please lovers.

Influence of Early Training.

In a suit relating to brewery property an eminent and very dignified counsellor was one day reading to the court some manuscript affidavits which were not over-legible, and by mistake read the word "wash" as "was." Counsel on the other side, who was small of stature and polite in manner, but keen in intellect and frequently sarcastic, was immediately on his feet, and with a somewhat irritating deference of manner, begging his opponent's pardon, etc., asked liberty to suggest that the word which the eminent counsellor read "wash" was really "wash." Somewhat nettled, the counsellor thus corrected thanked him for the information, and added that he was not himself very familiar with terms used in the brewery business, as he had never spent much of his time in a place of that kind. "Are we to understand, then," said his opponent in his suavest manner, "that the eminent counsellor wishes us to infer that his early days were spent in a laundry?"

How Water Freezes.

It used to puzzle all thinking people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact, namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees Fahrenheit, that is, eight degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night, as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom; therefore, the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze.

At last, it is all cooled to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat. Therefore, it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a great coat, and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness.—Marine Journal.

was gaining control of her mind and paralyzing the movement of her limbs.

"I have certainly been charmed or hypnotized by a snake," says Miss Hightower, "and although I was surely in a semi-conscious state of mind during at least a portion of the horrible ordeal, I could not move hand or foot, or command my voice. I could plainly see the hideous monster, and feel the rays from its glittering black eyes, burning into my brain, and I knew it was drawing nearer and nearer my face every movement, but I sat as one under the spell of some horrible nightmare. I could hear my heart beat and feel the hot blood running through my veins, and often I tried with all my power to scream, but my voice died in my throat."

According to this young girl's story, she must have endured one of the most horrible tortures that any mortal ever survived. She says that she had lingered behind a small party of boys and girls with whom she had strayed from camp, and that, finding a shady nook near a pretty pool, she sat down on a ledge of rock for the purpose of trying to catch a trout. She remembers that she noticed two little eyes peeping from under a great bowlder only a short distance away. Supposing that they belonged to some harmless little animal, she gave the matter only a passing thought. She afterwards recalled that she was strangely fascinated by the steady gaze of the glittering little orbs. Though the angling was interesting, she found herself constantly turning her head to look at the little eyes. A restful, soothing feeling seemed to possess her when she looked into those two little living beads. Again and again she turned her head away and drew her hands across her eyes to break the hypnotic spell.

The fatal moment came when she looked once too often and lingered a moment too long. She was powerless to break the charm of those glittering black eyes. Slowly the monster reptile began to crawl toward its victim, gliding over the rocks as noiselessly as if it were moving across velvet.

"I was both asleep and awake," says Miss Nellie. "I was inclined to

Fortunately, Dick Tarne is an accomplished athlete, and one of the