



So It Must Be.

Yet while leading a strained life, while overfeeding Like the rest, his wit was reading— No small profit that man earns. Who, through all he meets can steer him, Can reject what cannot cheer him, Cling to what can truly cheer him; Who, each day, most surely learns That an impulse from the distance Of his deepest, best existence, To the words "Hope, Light, Persistence," Strongly sets and truly burns. —Matthew Arnold.

Western Chivalry

It was dinner time when Jumbo Sam rode up to the Hat Six ranch. Hospitality is the first law of the cattle country, and Jumbo Sam, who had eaten breakfast seven hours before, was in no mood to transgress it. His saddle creaked as it was relieved of his 200 pounds, and the jaded cow pony shook himself with satisfaction. "Dinner is now ready in the dinnin' rar," sang out the cook. "Come an' git it while it's hot."

In response to the welcome call the crowd of cow punchers filed into the dining room.

"Come on, Jumbo," said Rufe Thompson, foreman of the Hat Six. "Better hit the grub trail right now, if you don't want the cook to work overtime. Them cow hands is liable to clean off that table as quick as a heaver workin' in a patch o' fresh willows. They ain't got no more manners than one o' yer bears when it sets down on an antelope carcass."

Jumbo Sam was a bear hunter by occupation, and the simile was not lost on him. He made a hasty pretense of scrubbing his bearded face in the water trough at the side of the kitchen, and followed Thompson into the dining room.

"Set yere, Jumbo, right across from Peg Simmons. You know Peg. At least if you don't you'd orter."

Other than an involuntary start, Jumbo Sam gave no sign that he recognized Simmons. He took the seat, however, and bent his head so low over his plate that Jack Fulmer, his nearest table companion, said afterward that he thought the hunter was about to ask a blessing.

This expectation was not realized, for Jumbo Sam, with head still lowered, swept the table with sidelong glances and helped himself liberally to beefsteak, biscuits and potatoes as the food was passed to him. As he had a reputation for conversation of that personal variety known as brag-taloo, his silence was noticeable. His close attention to the business in hand, however, seemed to remove any mysterious cause, or this lack of loquacity. Not once did he refuse to help himself to the contents of the meat platter or pan of biscuits. Had it not been for his peculiar manner during the meal his reticence might have been passed by without comment. Not once did he raise his eyes to Peg Simmons. The strange twist of his thick neck suggested rheumatism, spinal trouble, carache, almost any ill, in fact, which could be contracted by a man who sometimes tracked a grizzly in fresh snow for two or three days with stopping until he found his game.

Peg Simmons on the other hand seldom looked at his plate. His small blue eyes rested almost constantly on the bowed head across the table. He

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"Say, Peg," cried Thompson, "what- ever made Jumbo act so queer at dinner? Kept his neck bowed like he'd swallowed a dog's hind leg."

"Not knowin' I kain't say," replied Peg, with a mysterious twinkle in his blue eyes, and he went out to the corral.

"I can tell you about it, Rufe," said Jack Fulmer. "You knowed when Peg was hurt? Yes? Well, they took him down to Rock Creek and the doc what worked on him must have been a green hand from a Tongue River sawmill, fer he had to do the job over. Peg—he wa'n't afore that—come mighty nigh goin' over the range. He would, I guess, if it hadn't been fer that gal down to the Mansion House, Cross-Eyed Nell, that waited on table."

"Nell, she heard Sim was about to croak, an' she give up her job at the hotel to nuss him. She tended him night an' day an' Sim pulls through. When she seen he was out of danger she goes back to the hotel. Jumbo comes into Rock Creek one day with a couple o' bear pelts, an' after he sells 'em goes over to the Last Chance saloon an' begins to throw in coffin paint good an' plenty. The barkeep, jest to be a-chinnin', speaks about how Nell nussed Sim. Jumbo is feelin' poorly brash, and he ups an' lows that Nell ain't no better'n she'd orter be, an' reckons as how she don't deserve no heap o' credit."

"After Jumbo's gone the barkeep he ups an' tells Sim, who by this time is stumplin' around on a saw-log fastened to his knee. Sim, he didn't say nothin', but the boys was fixin' fer a funeral, fer they knowed Sim wa'n't in the habit o' layin' down his hand as long as he had a white chip. "When Jumbo comes to town Sim meets him in the Last Chance. "Heard you been shootin' off yer yawp about Nell," he says. "Seemed to think it was a brace game she worked while she was nussin' me, did you?" "What if I did?" says Jumbo, all bristlin' up like a turkey gobbler in a barnyard. "Jest this," says Sim, yankin' out his six. "You're goin' to git down on yer marrer bones an' beg her pardon. I'll learn you how to savvy a real lady when you see her. March, an' don't make no false motions or I'll turn you over to the coroner. "It was worth a month's pay to see 'em. Jumbo is as meek as a pinto pony that's been through the fall round-up, an' he tramps off toward the Mansion House. Little Sam follows on behind, stump-stump-stump with that peg leg, all the time holdin' his gun on

in a few weeks Simmons had won the nickname of "Peg," and the reputation of being one of the best cow punchers in the Big Horn basin in spite of his misfortune. No man in the outfit was his superior in roping a steer, nor—according to common report—in handling a six-shooter.

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Jumbo. When they gits to the hotel they finds Cross-Eyed Nell.

"Git down on yer knees," says Sim. "Jumbo don't croak his legs fast enough, an' Sim give him a wallop with the butt of his gun that lays him on the floor. Then he gits on his knees fast enough.

"Now beg her pardon," says Sim. "I don't know what to say," whines Jumbo.

"Say somethin' durned quick, you ornery hoss thief," hollers Sim. "If you don't I'll rope you an' hog tie you so tight that yer blood won't cirklate fer a month.

"Then Jumbo mumbles out that he's sorry he every said anything an' won't never say anything no more. The Sim lets him up.

"Now," says Sim, "you've settled with her, but you hain't with me. You git out o' town. If you ever speak to me, if I ever ketch ya lookin' at me out of the corner o' yer eyes, you'll take six pills so quick you won't know you swallowed 'em."

"That's why Jumbo didn't look at Sim to-day. He knowed he hadn't better, for Sim allers keeps his word.—C. T. Revere in New York Press.

WOMEN WHO DRINK LIQUOR.

New York Minister Says the Vice is Becoming Universal.

The Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks, rector of Grace Methodist Episcopal church, at One Hundred and Fourth street, near Columbus avenue, told members of the New York conference in Poughkeepsie Sunday that drunkenness is alarmingly on the increase among the better class of women of our larger cities.

"Some of these days I will give more startling facts," he said yesterday. "If the habit of drinking among women of the better and middle classes continues to increase I mean to make public names. I will say that every minister in New York knows women—good women—who drink. I have heard what the society women do in Newport and Washington, but I know what they do in New York in the way of drinking.

"Drinking among women has come to be a matter of indifference nowadays. It is prevalent among our more respectable classes. It has progressed so far that we read every day of our rich women recuperating at sanitariums. Their poorer sisters must have recourse to alcoholic wards in public hospitals. These records show it. Cocktails, of whisky, are lowering the respectable level of the women of the middle class. They take the place of the champagne and hot wines among the rich.

"Twenty years ago nothing passed the lips but light wines and ales, and then seldom except at christenings or feasts. Now the women can be seen any day in the week, and Sunday, after and before church, at their hotel and restaurant meals drinking cocktails, glass for glass, with their men companions. They show indifference to opinion, lack of modesty and of conscience.

"They want to be up to date and think that is one way. Therefore we have none of the good old-time temperance."—New York World.

NOT DESERVING OF SYMPATHY.

Bereaved Man's Frightful Pun Alienated the Neighbors.

Now, when the daughter of the house ran away with a strolling musician, the neighbors were full of tender sympathy with the family.

They called in a body to express this fact. All would have gone well if the old man had not cherished the idea that he was a natural born wit and that the flashes of his genius in that line could illuminate the darkest abyss of gloom that ever was heard of.

"Yes," he said, "I am deeply touched by this evidence of feeling on the part of you, my neighbors. Not that I objected to my daughter getting married. I expected her to do that some day. But I think all of you will bear witness that I have ever cautioned her not to piccolo man."

At this the neighbors retired to the roadway and stoned the house, then sent a joint message of congratulation to the runaway daughter.—Chicago Tribune.

Seedtime and Harvest.

It may not be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened field, Nor ours to hear on summer eves The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought In union with God's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And whatsoever is willed is done! —John Greenleaf Whittier.

Salicylic Acid.

The effect of salicylic acid as a food preservative has been exhaustively studied by Drs. MacAllister and Bradshaw of Liverpool. Their conclusions are positive that salicylic acid, in the ways in which it is used in the preparation of food products, is not only not harmful but is a preservation to health, inasmuch as the process of decomposition which it prevents would be far more dangerous. They show by their experiments that digestion is scarcely perceptibly hindered by saturated solutions of salicylic acid, and that the effects of small quantities on the living subjects are practically negligible.

Evils of Present-Day Printing.

George M. Gould, an eminent oculist of Philadelphia, in Biographical Clinics, proves, to his own satisfaction, apparently, that De Quincy's opium habit, Carlyle's poignant complaint and Browning's vertigo were due to eye strain from slight squint. The doctor advises that printing on black paper with white ink and the doing away with gilt picture frames,

CHANCE TO REFORM

HOW WORRIED FATHER COMFORTED HIS HEART.

His Scapegrace Son, by Enlisting in the Marine Corps, Was at Least Safe from Misadventure for Four Years—May Yet Make His Mark.

He is regarded as the scapegrace of the family, and both parents long since despaired of him. Having despaired of him, the mother clung all the closer to him, demanding suspension of judgment. The father gave him till 35 to come to his normal senses and achieve fame, fortune and family. After doing the United States thoroughly, he spent two months in Cuba, half a year in Yucatan, a fortnight in Panama, a month in Nicaragua, a week in Sombrero, three weeks in Labrador, a year in Cape Nome and seven weeks with the army of Castro in Venezuela. In all these trials and tribulations he managed to keep out of jail.

One cold day he surprised his parents with the announcement that he was to sail for Scotland on the following morning to make his fortune.

"Scotland?" gasped both in a breath.

"Scotland," he said solemnly. He named the ship he was to sail on, and the parental blessing was conferred. No one thought of seeing him off.

Two days later the father, looking over the list of arrivals of outgoing steamships, saw the name of the very one that the scapegrace had sailed on. It was called from Glasgow.

"What! Glasgow in two days," he exclaimed, doing a war shuffle on the parlor carpet. "Something wrong. Surely that ship did not go by wireless telegraphy."

The mother said: "Never mind; what my boy said will turn out all right. He may have taken one of the turbine steamers."

The father did not disturb her fond imaginings.

Next day Cardinal Gibbons came on from Baltimore to attend some festivities at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and our doubting father, having known the grand old man from infancy, hastened to join him in the yard. In tow of the Admiral they went out to see the review of sailors and marines. A company of the latter wheeled into position before the party, and the doubting father's heart stood still. There in the ranks stood the scapegrace, with a grin on his face a yard wide.

"My son—a private—in the—Marine Corps!" he gurgled.

The Cardinal inquired if he was ill.

"Yes, father. Look—look there; my boy!"

The Cardinal, who had been acquainted with the boy from the time when mother's little ray of sunshine wore swaddling clothes, remarked sotto voce: "Let him alone! Best place for him."

Not long afterward the boy went aboard ship with his company and was next heard from when the cruiser weathered the storm off the Azores.

"Dear Papa," he wrote. "It has been the fearfulest time of my life. We have been on our beam ends for three days, and during that period I have been doing stunts with God. Your affectionate son," etc.

"Well, it nearly broke my heart at first," says the father, "but my boy is out of devilment for at least four years, the term of enlistment. Maybe he'll settle down after that and be a prop for my old age."

The youth is six feet two and a quarter inches, straight as a pine and good looking. He may make his mark and no doubt will. The best blood of old Virginia is in his veins.—New York Press.

The Rich Man.

He had a gem of wondrous light Whose ray would pierce the darkest night, "Experience" his jewel.

He purchased it with blood and tears, The sacrifice of wasted years, And with privations cruel.

Before his mortal race was run He tried to give it to his son; "Twas scornfully rejected; He tried to give it to the world, But every lip derisive curled, And none the gift respected.

He had some gold—its cost was small, A market's footing rise or fall, A cheaply bought concession; The harpies gathered round his bed, Before his final breath had sped, And fought to gain possession. —Elaine McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

One of the Gang.

Stranger—"Are you the superintendent of the X. Y. & Z. railroad?"

Official—"Yes. What can I do for you?"

Stranger—"I would like a pass for myself and wife."

Official—"We only grant passes to employees of the company."

Stranger—"Well, I'm an employe I'm a member of the state legislature."

Asked and Answered.

"What is a prodigy?" asked the boarding house landlady, as she looked up from a letter she was perusing.

"A prodigy," answered the wise guy at the southeast corner of the table "is something rare. For example, a rare steak would be a prodigy in this hash dispensary."

Cause and Effect.

"You seem to be in a weak and nervous physical condition," said the medical examiner of the insurance company.

"No wonder," replied the victim. "Your sollicitors have made my life a burden during the past six months."

LIFE IN FAR-OFF OREGON.

What Old Friends Had to Relate After a Long Separation.

As a reporter was walking down Alder street yesterday a man, whom he did not at once recognize, accosted him and in a few words showed that he was an old friend who had been absent from the city for a number of years. As they walked along he asked the reporter if he remembered the time Sandy Olds shot Emil Weber. The reporter replied that he remembered the incident.

"Well," said the returned friend, "I happened along at Third and Alder just in time to see the shooting and the sight got onto my nerves and rather badly rattled me. You came along and remarked that I was looking pale and suggested that we go down to the Reception and get a drink to brace me up. We did so," he continued, "and I would like to return the compliment now."

"I had thought that incident was closed," was the reply. "Weber was killed by Olds' shot and Olds after serving a year in the penitentiary and knocking about the coast as a roustabout gambler for years finally died of consumption in Albina something over a year ago. How long is it since that shooting occurred?"

"Oh, twelve to fifteen years."

"Well, that is a long time between drinks, but the Reception has moved and I have quit drinking, so we will excuse the return of the compliment. Your memory of the treat, however, goes to show that there is something of the old saying, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will sometimes return after many days,' though generally in a very soaked condition."

Many old residents will remember the shooting of Weber by Olds, but it is doubtful if many of them have any drink coming to them in connection with the tragedy.—Portland Oregon Jan.

A Toast.

A toast to those who come to grace, This day, our board, And, with the cheer of smiling face, To share our board!

They are our friends, and friends are sent— O plan benign— To be the home's best ornament, Heav'n spare me mine!

And may our larder e'er contain Of meat and drink Enough to forge for friendship's chain Another link!

Youths Turning to Crime.

The startling statement is made in Minneapolis that of the forty-one prisoners in the Hennepin county jail, not one is above twenty-three years of age. The condition that brings about this state of affairs is worth inquiring into. A Hennepin county judge commenting upon the situation says that he believes the increase of crime among young men is due to their being forced out of many sources of employment by girls. The one thing certain is the fact that there are more young men occupying cells in jails and penitentiaries than there were a few years ago, and it behooves those persons who interest themselves in criminology to inquire into the conditions that have brought about this increase in the criminal tendencies of young men.

The War of Corpuscles.

The war between the white corpuscles of the blood and the microbes of disease was first described by the Russian pathologist Metchnikoff. While devoting himself to the study of inflammations he in each case noted the presence of white cells in the blood currents in abnormal numbers. Inside these white cells he invariably found the specific microbe of the disease under consideration—it seemed that the big corpuscles were devouring the poisonous microbes. Sometimes the number taken up by a corpuscle was too great and it died as a result. If this overcoming of the white corpuscles by the microbes was general the patient died.

Bishop Potter's Position.

Bishop Potter was unable to attend the Clara Morris testimonial at the Broadway theater last week and so wrote a letter saying it wasn't because of his lack of appreciation of Miss Morris or of the calling to which she had brought so much honor, but because of pressing engagements elsewhere. "Besides," he wrote on, "I half fear that the audience might feel toward me as once did an old maid parishioner of mine whom I visited in illness. 'I like you in the pulpit,' she said, 'but out of it you are simply odious.'"—New York Times.

A Problem for Scientists.

Prof. Reitter recently introduced to the Society for Internal Medicine in Vienna a woman with a musical heart. For the last four years she has suffered from palpitation, and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar singing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a malformation of the heart valves, which sets up vibration.

Encroachments of the Sea.

Careful calculations made a few years ago show that the thirty-six miles of Yorkshire coast between Flamborough and Spurn Head lost annually two yards and a quarter, or thirty acres a year. Over one mile in breadth has been lost since the Norman conquest and two since the occupation of York by the Romans. Other parts of the English coast also suffer greatly from the encroachments of the ocean.

LOVES THE PRAIRIES.

Miss Anna Gray is Delighted With Her Western Canada Home.

Anna C. Gray is a young lady formerly of Michigan. She is now a resident of Western Canada, and the following, published in the Brown City (Mich.) Banner are extracts from a friendship letter written about March 15 to one of her lady friends in that vicinity. In this letter is given some idea of the climate, social, educational and religious conditions of Alberta, the beautiful land of sunshine and happy homes. Over one hundred thousand Americans have made Western Canada their home within the past five years, and in this year upwards of 50,000 will take up homes there.

Miss Gray took her leave for Didsbury, Alberta, the home of her sister and other relatives and friends on Jan. 10 last, and after a two months' sojourn in her western prairie home, she writes of it as follows: "I know I shall grow to love the prairies. We have a beautiful view of the mountains and it seems wonderful to me to see home after home for miles, and it is becoming thickly settled all around us. With the exception of the last few days which have been cold and stormy, we have had beautiful spring weather ever since I came. The days are beautiful. I call this the 'land of the sun,' as it seems to be always shining; the nights are cold and frosty. On arriving here, I was greatly surprised in every way. Didsbury is quite a business little town. All the people I meet are so pleasant and hospitable. They have four churches in Didsbury—the Baptist, Presbyterian, Evangelical and Menonite. The Evangelicals have just completed a handsome church, very large and finely furnished, costing \$2,500. They have a nice literary society here, meets every two weeks. They have fine musical talent here. Your friend, Anna C. Gray.

Fever is as ornery as prize fighters; It won't break clean.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE, Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue, Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

A long story of a hanging, if well written, is very interesting.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Marriage and divorce are represented by a hitch and a kick.

Iowa Farms 34 per acre Cash, balance 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

Money is pretty tight with the man who has no loose change.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good store stores.

Painter Chartran and Mr. Shaw. An interesting story is told in connection with the new Chartran portrait of Secretary Shaw. Chartran always charges \$5,000 for his pictures, but Mr. Shaw beat him down to \$2,500 while the picture was being painted. When it was nearly completed the artist turned to the secretary and asked him who was to pay the \$2,500, he or the government. The secretary said that the government was. Quick as a flash Chartran said it was worth \$3,000 and swept his brush across one of the eyes of the portrait. Secretary Shaw looked at it aghast. He was winking at himself from the canvass, but he had to pay the \$3,000.

General Bates' Long Service. General John Coalter Bates, who has just taken up his residence in Chicago as commander of the department of the lakes, has of the department since 1861, when he joined the Eleventh Infantry as lieutenant. He served on General Meade's staff until the close of the war and for thirty years was stationed west of the Mississippi river, chiefly in the Indian country. He served in the Philippines.

German Empress an Artist. It is not generally known that the German empress is a sculptor and painter of more than usual ability. In her husband's study at Potsdam there is a most lifelike bust of the emperor in bronze, while several of the young princes have also been reproduced in marble. Many sketches and paintings by the empress adorn the walls of the palace.

A Tight Squeeze. Brazil, Ark., May 11th.—To be snatched from the very brink of the grave is a somewhat thrilling experience and one which Mrs. M. O. Garrett of this place has just passed through.

Mrs. Garrett suffered with a Cerebro-Spinal affection, and had been treated by the best physicians, but without the slightest improvement. For the last twelve months two doctors were in constant attendance, but she could only grow worse and worse, till she could not walk, and did not have any power to move at all.

She was so low that for the greater part of the time she was perfectly unconscious of what was going on about her, and her heart-broken husband and friends were hourly expecting her death.

The doctors had given up all hope and no one thought she could possibly live. In this extremity Mr. Garrett sent for a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was a last hope, but happily it did not fail.

Mrs. Garrett used in all six boxes of the remedy, and is completely cured. She says: "I am doing my own work now and feel as well as ever I did. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved me from death."

Marconi should next proceed to fill a long-felt want by inventing wireless politics.



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standing. He had tried