

laughter. "I lay anything, Mollie, Kendall doesn't run, next time a woman tells him to halt."

"That's all right, Tom Harlan, and it was easy enough, then, but I can shut my eyes, any hour of the day, and see that fellow throw up his hands and jump. I laid awake last night and saw him."

"Well, we won't have no more trusties for awhile. Levi's time is out in a week, and we won't need no more extra help just now. So long."

Just as "Mollie" was awaking to realization of the fact that she had been guilty of the unwifely negligence of letting her husband bolt his breakfast in seven minutes, Tom's beard thrust itself inside the door.

"Believe I'd fix up something hot for the Kid. Take Andrew up with you, if you go."

And the sheriff drove away with his new bronchoes leaving his wife to return to her omelet, with a queer little smile on her face.

"I wish I could let those fellows alone," she said to Tom at night. "Now you know this boy swears he was never inside a jail before, and I don't believe he's lying."

"He isn't," said the sheriff shortly. "We didn't want him. We were onto his gang, a long time ago, and only for running onto him, perched on his gate post, would have run 'em all in. It was coarse work, lettin' 'em give us the slip."

"He won't give any name," pursued the sheriff's wife.

"We are after two of the gang at Boone. We may have 'em here, yet."

"Then let's keep 'em away from this boy."

"We will. How is he?"

"Tom, if I wasn't getting to be a cynical old woman, I'd say the youngster cried last night,—just sobbed till he was all choked up, and his cold took him by the throat."

"You aint crying, Mollie?"

"No," lied Mollie, manfully, "but some mother would be, if she knew, and,—I want the Kid to help me in the garden, Tom."

The Kid sat on the mattress of the woman's cell, stupidly watching the roaches travel around the one window. The walls, once kalsomined a sickly green, were discolored by damps. They seemed to cast a mottled and livid hue upon the iron bed. Two very limp shoes stood on the small pillow. As a matter of fact, they were no more dejected in droop than they had been, two nights ago, but now, as the boy lifted them, one by one, and shied them, half mournfully, at the longest oily crawler in sight, he wished chiefly that he might fling them quite away.

"They're beastly wobbly," he had remarked to the "trusty" who brought his supper.

"It's the prevailin' fashion, here," the little black-moustached Jew had answered, with a gesture so meaning that the lad scarcely waited to swallow his black coffee before investigating.

When he took the sole in his hands, there was a metallic sound, as of broken steel edges scraped together.

"I didn't know there was anything but ehce leather there," he muttered, and then the shame of being kennelled and muzzled like a cur, came over him more sharply even than when he first saw the thick walls ready to close upon him.

There was but one time when it could have been done. So that was what they were about, while he lay for the first time on the hideous prison bed,—when the dark faced, firm-voiced woman soothed his broken head. He struck it angrily, and then, a giddiness seizing him, fell back on the little pillow, and tossed all night, seeing processions of monsters, smooth, oily, slow-crawling, coming nearer and nearer, and stopping to turn livid eyes on him as he woke.

BRIEF CHAPTERS.

BY FLOEA BULLOCK.
For The Courier

The Robicund Philosopher avers that he got so mad at the weather the other day, his soul was so hurt by the uncanny fusion of March, April and November, that he shut up shop and went to bed at seven o'clock.

He thus avoided the plebeian alternative of scolding his wife and setting the children squalling. (He did not tell me this.)

Elbert Hubbard has written another "Message to Garcia." This time he calls it "Chicago Tongue," really just for smartness. Why didn't he call it "East Aurora Tongue," or "Pure Roycraft Brand," so that it might draw a little more attention to the Magnet of the world? Inasmuch as it is a calamitous sort of the "little member" that he expends his wisdom upon, it would not do to locate the species in the New York Arcady. But the suspicion grows that unless Fra Elbertus had lived with that kind of tongue right in his own blissful seat, he would not have written so feelingly about it. Chicago is slandered enough. Just because, Isaac Zangwill muttered an enigmatical witticism, the East Aurora prophet must seize upon it as a title for an essay that might otherwise be printed on railroad folders for the enlightenment of multitudes.

The wisdom of the screed is Solomonic. Let the Fra lay claim to the mantle if he wishes; he may at least have a piece of it. If he should practice what he preaches, however, he would be too lonesome in the world. For there are tongues and tongues and tongues, Chicago and New York tongues; but there's a harpoon pen at East Aurora that beats them all. The same Philistine that preaches kindness, charity, clam mouthed attention to No. 1, and absolute neutrality towards every fellow sinner, holds the statesman of Oyster Bay on a frying spit in no very charitable manner. I am pagan enough to like this roasting very well, and how can one doubt that Mr. Hubbard prefers that himself? Take away the porridge! Let us have something seasoned with condiments!

The philosophy of "Chicago Tongue" would make the world have, as the little girl said of a class day play that fizzled, "too much quiet in it." The lying, palavering tongues, the mean tongues, the wily, sneering tongues—Fra Elbertus may cut them all off with his gallant quill. But save, I pray you, the tongue that tells what is true. We can not spare such, even if the truth hurts. We do not want a world full of sycophants. Just as we can not abide unless we meet here and there a clear, honest face, an unflinching eye, so we need always the tongue that spits things out. That is why, in spite of everything, I can not get along without the Philistine. Occasionally it spits things out.


"Dress up," says His Imperial Majesty. "This is no republic." Pardon me, Mr. —, I have forgotten your last name, and have not your family tree by me at present,—but I would suggest that you and your fellow citizens would do well to examine the papers and secure the expense account of the late display down in Washington, U. S. A. We feel very comfortable ourselves in every day clothes, but we can "dress up." Am sorry to say we have no big circus wagon for our monarch to ride in. But we could get one if we thought we wanted it.

"Now, Pa, what do you think about the garden?"

Aunt Sylvia had laid down her book,

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taken off her silver bowed spectacles, and placed them carelessly on the table. Then she drew her red shawl about her shoulders and moved closer to the fire. There was a half despairing and yet insistent note in her voice, and she looked rather sternly at the gray haired figure near the table. He did not lay down his paper, nor draw near the fire, and only muttered, "Humph!"

That was the sixth time within three days that she had broached the subject, and always she had met the same response. But now she pursued the subject. "Well, I must say, Pa, I think it's getting harder every year to get you started to make the garden. It's been this way ever since we came to town, and I do believe you'd like to let that good back lot here grow up to weeds and sunflowers. It ain't a hundred-acre field like out on the farm, I know, but it's big enough for all the garden sase we need and enough for Betty and the children besides. It ought to be spaded tomorrow."

Aunt Sylvia stopped; she was not much at speech-making. To her a garden took the place of the children who had grown up and gone, so that even in town she must have her pet acre. She knew that to a man who had plowed great corn fields and sowed and reaped miles of wheat fields, any agriculture in town in a small back lot that might be used as a dumping place for lumber and old things was petty, woman's work. She had, indeed, spaded every foot of the garden herself, sometimes. But now the rheumatism was too much with her, and she felt too old. Yet the gar-

den she must have. "And I must have some of the old flowers along the front walk, too," she always pleaded.

The gray haired figure did not answer her remarks nor even seemed to hear, but at length he put up his paper and rubbed his eyes and stretched his arms.

"Well, guess it's bed time. Tomorrow's another day," he said.

"Pa, you're just mean. You act just like you did forty years ago when we were married. You'd have teased the life out of me if you could. You don't care whether there's a garden or not, just because I want it."

It was too bad he had such a heavily bearded face, for a suggestive smile must have lurked there then.

When she awoke at five o'clock the next morning she found that he was, strange to say, up before her, and was out in the kitchen making the fire.

"Why, Pa, what on earth has gotten into you?" she cried as she stepped into the kitchen.

Looking out of the window she saw the large square of upturned earth that her heart longed for!

So it was a merry breakfast party, they had that morning, the only unhappy note being her solicitous, "You must have got your feet wet out in that damp ground, and I'm afraid it will give you the rheumatism."

Hewitt—Are you a good judge of women's ages?

Jewett—No; I can't guess a woman's age any nearer than she can herself.