

# WHY PAY-DAY WAS LATE

By IRVING WILLIAMS

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

"I was a fool to try it," the man muttered as he dragged himself to his feet, glanced over his dripping clothes, and then grimly at the whirling torrent from which he had escaped.

Suddenly, with nervous fingers, he fumbled about his waist. An expression of relief followed the inspection, and he began to walk rapidly down the stream, keeping as close as possible to the banks which confined the yellow turmoil, and pushing his way through the brush and undergrowth with a sturdy disregard for scratches.

The man stationed himself at the spot where the landing would be made, and soon his companion in peril, a strong bay mare, splashed wearily ashore and joined her master with a little "whicker" of recognition and sympathy.

Wet and mud-stained, the pair made their way through the undergrowth until they reached more open ground, when the man vaulted into the saddle and a brisk canter brought them to the road by which they had been traveling until they reached the flood-swollen creek and their overthrow.

Accepting the impracticability of continuing his journey, the man turned his horse's head on the back track. Although darkness closed in rapidly the horse jogged along with the surety of a thorough knowledge of the way. The man sat easily in the saddle. Miles had passed without change in the nature of the surroundings nor a word of command to the horse when, without warning, the animal gave a fierce snort of fright and sprang far to the side of the road. The man, almost unseated, recovered his balance immediately and without further ado threw himself flat against the horse's



The Animal Gave a Fierce Snort and Sprang Far to the Side of the Road.

neck and dug in the spurs. At a bound the steed regained the road and took the course at full speed.

Two riders emerged from the forest into the road. Each carried a rifle and as they came into the half-light of the path's clearing one threw his piece to his shoulder, aiming at the fast disappearing rider.

"Don't shoot, you fool!" growled the other. "It may be someone else."

"What's the difference?" snapped the man, with his cheek to the gunstock, but he lowered the weapon as he spoke.

After a brief conference they turned their horses to follow the single rider at a leisurely pace.

At a late hour a hatless and bedraggled horseman guided a winded mount as quietly as possible through the muddy streets of a straggling Arkansas railroad village. There was caution in his every movement. When he reached a certain stable door he opened it slowly to keep the hinges from complaining. When he emerged a few moments later, having cared for his horse, he was as regardful of the hinges. He tiptoed as noiselessly as heavy, water-soaked boots would permit, across the back porch of the house that occupied the same lot with the barn. With the same caution he unlocked the door and let himself into the house. He passed through the rooms, peering about intently, seemingly to make sure that he was the only person under that roof.

Completing his careful inspection, he set his lamp on a little cupboard washstand in the only bedroom the

house afforded and began to prepare for bed.

"I'd give a pretty penny to know for sure what it was Dolly shied at. Must have been a hog," he soliloquized. "If it had been any of the Reed gang they'd 'a' sure shot."

"Just so nobody knows I was driven back I'm safe enough here for the night, but I'd hate to be caught in this corner without a gun." He put his hand mechanically to his hip pocket as he had done a hundred times since his escape from the stream; but the "gun" was gone beyond all chance of doubt.

His preparations for bed were brief, consisting of throwing off his coat and pulling off his boots, socks and trousers. Setting the lamp, with flame turned low, so that the light would not show on the window curtains, he turned in without removing his underclothing, though it was still wet. Before retiring, however, he again fumbled about his waist with the same nervous anxiety he had exhibited on the brink of the flood and readjusted some bulky object that showed its outline under his shirt, completely encircling his body.

He had slept for some time when, his senses alert to every suspicious sound, he was wide awake and listening.

Unmistakably the creak of cautious footsteps could be heard in the room below. He listened, tense and staring. His caller made slow progress. Certain progress, though, it was, and toward the stairway leading to the hall into which his room opened. Following any unusually insistent complaint on the part of the flooring, all sound would cease for a minute or more. Then, reassured, it would begin again.

The man, half sitting in the bed, stared wildly before him, but without seeing. His whole sense was hearing. Perspiration stood beaded on his face and hands. He was filled with fear natural to the defenseless and cornered quarry.

But waiting was not to be tolerated by a man of his disposition to action. He cautiously crawled from the bed and stood looking about the dimly lighted room, selecting the most promising weapon of defense. There was not much to choose from—a light, cane-seated chair, a water pitcher and wash bowl, the washstand and his boots, besides the lamp. These appeared to be all that was available—not very effective against firearms.

Wait! Besides these there was one more object, but so insignificant—a small bottle of red ink. This last, however, caught his eye and, with almost a trace of amusement in expres-

sion, he quickly pulled a fat money belt from about his waist beneath his shirt, rumbled up the bed clothing and thrust the belt under the mattress.

He next made his way carefully and quietly to the stand and secured the ink bottle, on the way noiselessly turning the chair on its side and pulling the curtain back as he passed the window, exposing the half-open sash. A broken pane of glass luckily added to the general appearance of disarray he plainly desired to produce. After placing the wash bowl upturned on the floor, taking the pitcher from the stand, disarranging the towel that had been spread neatly across it, he took one further satisfied glance about the room.

Carefully then he stretched himself in the middle of the floor, opened the bottle of ink and poured some of its crimson contents on his breast and throat and across his forehead just below the hair. The rest he poured on the floor near his head and neck and then tucked the bottle under his shirt where it would not be seen. He rumbled his underclothing to make it appear to have been pulled aside by the tearing away of the money belt, and finally lay with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the ceiling, and waited. It was a bold bit of acting. Would it work?

He did not have long to wait, for, although he had made his preparations as rapidly as possible, consistent with silence, he had hardly completed the tableau setting before he heard muffled whispers at the door. There was, then, more than one caller. They were deciding on the mode of entrance. The door was a light one, offering but slight obstruction to a strong man. Though aware of this they apparently hesitated before taking so noisy a method. Carefully the knob was turned, but only to confirm what they must have expected—that the door was locked.

Another interval of silence and then, yielding to a quick pressure from a broad shoulder, the lock snapped with a sharp report and a man sprang into the room, holding a revolver. He did not stop until his feet almost touched the prostrate body on the floor. In the dim light he made it out and shrank back to the door with an oath.

"What is it, Al?" came in a whisper from the dark of the hall.

"Someone has been here before us," was the answer, as another man joined him in the doorway. For a moment the two stood staring in disappointed rage at the red-splashed object on the floor. They took in the signs of struggle and the open window through which a murderer and robber might have entered and made his escape.

"Ain't that hell?" and the other assented that it was.

"We've got no business hanging around here, and the quicker we cut out the better. The other fellow got the ten thousand, but we stand a good chance to get the rope."

This was sound reasoning, and a few moments later the callers were riding away more hurriedly than they had come.

And that is how pay-day with Landers' Milling Company happened to be one day late in the month of March, 1903.

## FRUGAL MR. GIGGS

### GIVES HIS WIFE A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

But a Ruined Tree and Much Discomfort Result from His Efforts to Save a Few Dollars.

The rustling of an evening newspaper as it was folded hastily and laid aside came from the head of the table. Mr. Giggs turned hastily in his chair and peered at Mrs. Giggs over his glasses.

"What's that?" he asked sharply. "I was saying," Mrs. Giggs answered, as she poured the coffee, "I was saying that those trees in the front of the house need pruning. They're just too ragged for anything. Now to-morrow you call—"

"That's it. That's it. Call up a tree trimmer, eh? More expense. I won't do it." Mr. Giggs' tone was spiteful.

"But John—"

"Don't John me, don't do it. Every time you look at me it's more expense. Don't you know anything but the art of spending money?"

Mrs. Giggs' answer was apologetic. "I just thought I'd mention it," she said.

"Yes," Mr. Giggs replied, "that's the way you always do. Now if those trees must be pruned, I guess it'll have to be done. But I'm not going to spend \$9.68 for some wild-eyed freak to jab at those trees with a hack saw and then look wise as he takes the money. If any idiot's going to fool with those trees, I'll do it myself. Got a saw?"

"Nothing but that rip saw you got the other night."

"Nothing but a—; say what do you want, a whole carpenter shop? Now, gimme that saw; I'm going to fix those trees."

An admiring group of neighborhood children gathered on the front steps to watch Mr. Giggs as he came from behind the house, saw in hand.

"Now," Mr. Giggs said, "the way to trim a tree is to trim it. Guess I'll climb the tree."

For about ten minutes Giggs was busy with his pocket knife cutting off small twigs and branches. Then he decided that the top of the tree needed attention.

"Takes up too much sky," he yelled to his wife from among the branches. "I'll just climb up and top off that top limb."

"O-o-h-h, John, do be careful."

"Huh." And the answer of Mr. Giggs was sarcastic. "Any old time father don't know what he's doing—well, just call the hearse."

From limb to limb he clambered until finally he came within reach of the top branch.

"Hold below where you're sawing," Mrs. Giggs urged from the porch, "if you don't, you'll—"

"Shut up," Giggs answered testily. "Who's doing this, anyway?" Deeper went the saw into the wood. Suddenly, there was a crackling. The limb leaned far to one side and Mr. Giggs, horticulturist, went with it. But he didn't stop. Still clinging to the saw with one hand he went downward, through the branches of the tree, to fall, saw and all, upon the pavement. Slowly he picked himself up and limped to the house.

"Mrs. Giggs," he began painfully, "Mrs. Giggs, I—"

A feminine shriek interrupted him. "John McAnany Giggs, you've gone and killed yourself—all because of that mean, hateful, parsimonious old nature of—and just look at that tree. Ruined. Every limb broken."

"Well, look at me," Giggs said plaintively, as he inspected a bleeding finger.

"Serves you right. That's just what it does. Yes, sir, it serves—well, Mr. Giggs, I'll tend to the spending of the money after this. Do you hear? Answer me—do you hear?"

But Mr. Giggs was silent.

Strange Coincidence.

"Waiter!" called Jones, in such tones of suppressed triumph that we all looked up as he majestically summoned Robert. Long had Jones entertained his own opinions as to the economical practices of our restaurant. Were those skeptical opinions confirmed? "Waiter," he said, with crushing impressiveness, "just look here, if you please. Do you see that button, waiter, in this cabinet pudding? That is mine. I hid it yesterday in the end of my roll—in the end of my roll, waiter."

And Jones' glance proudly gathered in—so to speak—the admiration our looks expressed at such a successful exposure of mean conduct. But Robert was equal to the occasion. Perfectly unabashed, he replied:

"Yessir; very singular, indeed, sir. To think, now, you should just happen to get that very button again, after all sir!"—Tit-Bits.

Does It Ever Happen?

A girl generally loses confidence in herself if she fails to make a fool of a man after she has met him the third time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

### Tortured by Sharp Twinges, Shooting Pains and Dizziness.

Hiram Center, 518 South Oak street, Lake City, Minn., says: "I

was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not straighten up after stooping without sharp pains shooting through my back. I had dizzy spells, was nervous and my eyesight affected. The kidney secretions were irregular and too frequent. I was in a terrible condition, but Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me and I have enjoyed perfect health since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



## FREE SHAVE.



Kind Gentleman—My poor man, of all the bad scrapes you've had, which was the worst?

Rambling Rupert—De worse scrape I ever had, sir, was when I got shaved in a barber college.

## CUTICURA CURED FOUR

### Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of tetter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

## But It Was All Right.

The poor but proud duke decided to play a safe game, so instead of bearding the dear girl's father in his lair he wrote as follows: "I want your daughter—the flower of your family."

By return mail came the old man's reply: "Your orthography seems to have a flat wheel. What you want is doubtless the flour in connection with my dough and if my girl wants you I suppose I'll have to give up."

## Your Druggist Will Tell You

That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes. Makes Weak Eyes Strong. Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

There is at least one woman in the world for every man in the world to think the world of.

ITS, St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by too often speaking of them.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The fear of death is never strong in him who has learned how to live.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle

A two-faced woman is more dangerous than a bare-faced lie.

# Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ PER BOTTLE

## PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. Unique and recent photograph of the president and his wife taken at the White House.