

LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG.



DUFFY WAS THE property of Caldwell of the Tenth, and was looked upon in the light of an inheritance, having come down to him from Wentworth—of the same—when the latter had been ordered away.

Caldwell went into Wentworth's quarters at once, and found Duffy rubbing up a pair of his ex-master's discarded boots, with a view of using them himself. He liked the man's looks and he liked the condition of the vacated quarters, with their slate-gray painted woodwork, so he took the quarters and agreed to take Duffy at a striker's usual rate of remuneration.

Duffy entered promptly upon his duties, and was entirely satisfactory. He had no incumbrances in the way of family or sweethearts, and he was faithful to a degree that was occasionally exasperating. For six months he served Caldwell in singleness of purpose, having in that time been incapacitated only six days; that is, for forty-eight hours after each of the paymaster's visits; and Caldwell, knowing the ways of strikers, made no objection. Duffy slept uproariously in his room, and Caldwell made his own fires and brushed his own clothes and went with unblackened boots. In the interim, no hour was too early for rising, none too late to sit up and keep logs on the andirons that the rooms might be warm and cheerful for the "leftenant," no duty too arduous, provided it served Caldwell's ends.

Blackstone, seeing the excellence of Duffy, departed from the strict code of honesty in the matter of servants which governs the army, and made overtures to the model striker. Blackstone had no business to do it, and Duffy knew it, and a fine inscrutable grin came upon his Hibernian mouth.

Blackstone had said, with an assumption of offhandness: "Duffy, what do you get?"

Having due regard for his employer's credit in the world, he answered simply: "Twenty dollars, sor."

"Get out!" said Blackstone.

"Yes, sor," replied Duffy.

"I want to know the truth, not lies like that."

"Ye'd best ask the leftenant, sor. I disremember."

"He works you deuced hard."

"Does he, then?"

"My man is no good. Suppose you come to me. You won't have to sit up to all hours for me."

Duffy only smiled, but the smile was not pleasing.

"What do you think of it, Duffy?"

"I niver think, sor. The leftenant says I'm to do as I'm told and not think."

Upon this Blackstone went away, and Duffy saluted him respectfully, in justice to the officer's common sense, it must be said that it was only partial intoxication which could have led him to place himself in such a position toward a soldier.

Duffy did not repeat the conversation to Caldwell, because he knew it would make trouble between the two men, and Caldwell—whose disposition was not of the mildest—had several quarrels on his hands as it was.

The lieutenant fell into the habit of keeping the striker up very late, night after night, so Duffy inspected his pockets several times in succession while Caldwell was sleeping as soundly



HE KICKED BESSIE.

As if justice had been the soporific, and not, as was the case, sutler's whisky, and he judged, from the fact that sometimes there was much loose change and again almost nothing, that his master was playing too much at cards. There was nothing to be done, Duffy did not consider that his duties as striker included the moral guidance of his superior. He reflected that it would be a good thing if Caldwell should get married, only then he, Duffy, would very likely lose his place. So he sat up night after night and it grew monotonous.

Just at this period there came into Duffy's life a yellow and white dog. Exactly why it should have wandered to the door upon one wet and freezing night when Duffy was in a particularly weary frame of mind, and where it came from, he never knew. It was well after midnight, and Duffy was sprawled in a leather chair of the troop sapper's manufacture, dozing with both ears open, when there came a scratching at the door. Duffy thought it was the lieutenant trying to find the knob. It had never been so bad as that yet, nevertheless the striker went and opened the door, to be rewarded by the sight of an extremely small and miserable dog, with piteous eyes.

Now, Duffy was only a soldier, and a soldier loves nothing on earth or in heaven as he does a cur, so Duffy called the dog in and warmed it and fed it and watched it with satisfaction beaming all over his face. It was spotted and dirty and wounded and woefully thin, but Duffy took it to his heart. He

spent three nights before the fire, no longer lonely, contentedly trying to find a name for that dog. At last he determined to call it "Bessie," after the much-admired daughter of the commanding officer, and with a complete disregard for the entire inappropriateness of the name.

After he had settled this to his satisfaction, he tried to discover accomplishments in the creature. "Here, Bessie, old boy. Set up now, set up. Can't you set up? Well, then, give us your paw, here, paw, paw, now. Can't you give us your paw? Well, then, lie down; charge, charge—down, lie down, down. Can't you charge? Well, then, speak, speak, Bessie, sp-e-a-k, speak now. Wow!—speak." But Bessie could only follow him with his bright, curious eyes and come when called. So the solace of many more hours of patient waiting lay in teaching Bessie these and many other tricks, until he was the most accomplished dog in all the garrison and greatly beloved at the barracks. Duffy was a little annoyed about the comment the inappropriate name called forth, but he insisted that it was as good as another, and the incongruity was soon lost in Bessie's popularity.

Caldwell saw the dog only on rare occasions. It stayed in its master's room, and slept on his bed, and waxed fat in retirement. He had spoken to it several times, but otherwise took no notice of its existence, which secretly riled Duffy. But Caldwell was preoccupied, and not quite himself. He came home a good deal the worse for wine one night, and Bessie, being in his way, got a kick that sent him crouching to his master's side. Caldwell might far better have kicked Duffy; however, the striker understood and sympathized with the lieutenant's condition. He himself could never have kicked a dog, even after pay-day, but all men are not alike; so Duffy petted Bessie and shut him up in his own room, and returned to look after the bodily comfort of his master.

This—considering the wine—was pardonable; but the next offense could not be condoned. It occurred in broad daylight and Caldwell was sober. He had been having an explanation with the commanding officer, and that gentleman had made reflection upon some of the lieutenant's fast growing habits that had exasperated the already over-worried junior almost beyond endurance. He strode into his quarters and found Duffy, who was not expecting him, dividing his attention between Bessie's charms and the buckle of his master's belt. Now, Bessie's disposition inclined him to forgive; he ran to Caldwell, looked up to his face with soft, affectionate eyes, and put his little paws, one yellow and one white, upon his knee. Caldwell did not dare to kick the commandant, but he kicked Bessie—and broke the yellow paw. It was the one always held out to Duffy to greet him.

Duffy bandaged the paw, and in time it grew well. But Duffy hated Caldwell with the most dangerous of hatreds—a silent and a waiting one.

Caldwell's habits did not improve. His fondness for whisky, whether good or bad, continued. He had good whisky in his room, and Duffy knew it, for he belonged to the old school of strikers who do not look upon cigars or liquor as private property.

One day, after Bessie's foot was well, Duffy went to get a drink, because his spirits were low. There was very little whisky in the decanter, barely half a glassful, and an idea suddenly flashed into the striker's mind. Caldwell was officer of the day. He never started to make the rounds without taking enough liquor to keep him warm, and Duffy knew it and saw his revenge laid bare.

The striker took Bessie for a walk

over to the hospital, to show the steward the mended paw.

"Say!" said Duffy, "I've got the toothache. I didn't sleep none last night. Hev ye got some—what's that ye give me once? Laudanum, was it? Kin ye let me hev a bit?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," the steward answered, and went into the dispensary to get it.

"Shall I take all that?" inquired the striker with sweet simplicity.

"Lord! no, man. Put some on cotton and stick it in the tooth."

"Oh! And what wud it do to me if I wuz to swallow it? Wud it kill me?"

"No, there ain't enough for that. It would put you pretty fast asleep, though."

"Oh!" said Duffy again.

Then Bessie went through his tricks for the steward, and trotted back home at his master's heels.

That night Caldwell finished the whisky in the decanter, and grumbled that the sutler was selling him vile-tasting stuff, then started off a little while afterward to make his rounds. The next day he was under arrest—for drunkenness on duty.

And Duffy, who had, with well-played reluctance, given some of the most damaging testimony in regard to Caldwell's habits at the court martial, which dismissed the latter, said goodbye to the disgraced man with a sparkle—which was not of tears—in his eyes; and he told Bessie to give the "leftenant the right paw." Which was the yellow one?—San Francisco Argonaut.

Gladstone's Working Hours.

Mr. Gladstone gets to work at 10 in the morning and stops at lunch time. When the lunch gong sounds he lays down his pen. Though Mr. Gladstone does not get to his library until 10, he begins his day's work at 8 o'clock every morning, for he reads in bed while he is taking his breakfast—a luxury which until quite recently he has not allowed those about him to impose upon him. His eyesight is troubling him a great deal nowadays, and he cannot read as constantly as he would like.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LEUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. C. A. Adams, Sixth and Martha Sts., Omaha, Neb., writes: "I had influenza and then malaria, indigestion, a severe headache and blind and dizzy spells. Your Dr. Kay's Renovator has cured me." Sold by druggists at 25cts and 50c.

Cripple Creek.

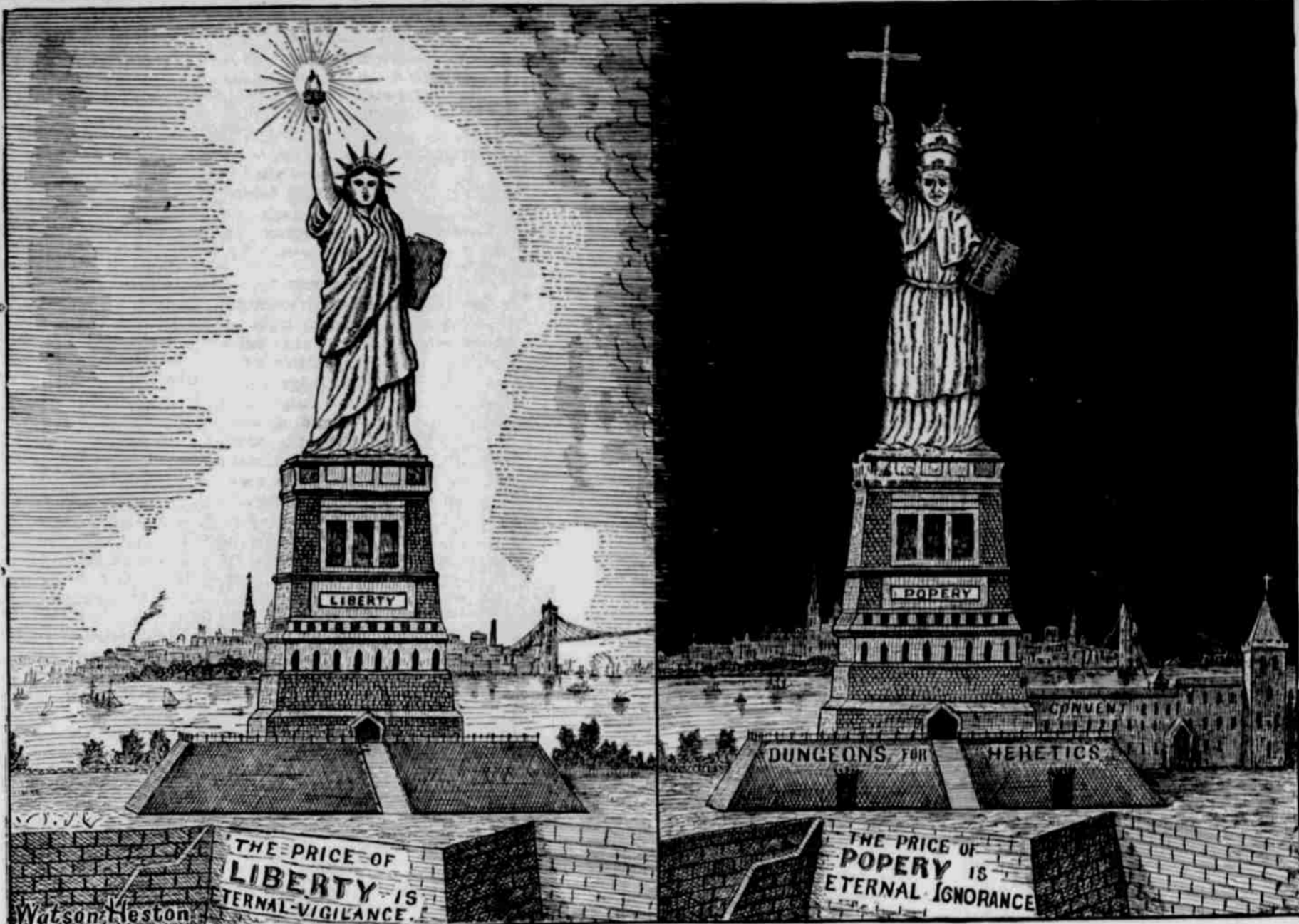
The Denver and Rio Grande R. R. is the shortest and best route between Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo to the now Famous Gold Camp at Cripple Creek.

Tickets on sale from all points east to Cripple Creek. Call on your local agent and be sure that your ticket reads via the Denver and Rio Grande R. R.

We will send this paper to your address until Jan. 1, 1897, for 50c.

Dr. Kay's Renovator It purifies and enriches the blood and is the best NERVE TONIC yet discovered.

KIDNEYKURA A specific for Rheumatism and Kidney Diseases.



WHICH SHALL PREVAIL IN THIS COUNTRY?

50 CENTS 50

PAYS FOR

THE AMERICAN

FROM

Date You Pay to Jan. 1, 1897.

IN ORDER to enable every loyal American in the United States to read a patriotic paper during the most important political and commercial epoch of our Nation's history, we have decided to send an eight-page weekly two-dollar paper from now until January 1, 1897, for the ridiculously low price of 50 cents. Cash must accompany the order. Old subscribers can take advantage of this offer by paying all arrearages to date and paying the sum of 50 cents for the remainder of the year 1896.

Orders must be sent direct to this office.

Add 5 cents for each Paper you receive in 1896 up to time you Remit. NO COMMISSION TO AGENTS.

We Want 500,000 Subscribers Before the Day of Election.

Interest your friends. Talk of it in your Councils. Get up clubs. Let us all work to win this next Presidential election. Now is the time to strike! Subscribers who are now paid into 1896 can take advantage of this offer. Send 50 cents and get THE AMERICAN for the rest of the year. Send your address in at once. The sooner you are in the more numbers you get for your money. No order for back numbers filled for less than 5c per copy. No samples sent except when request is accompanied by money.

Sample Copies to any address in the country at \$1.00 per 100, in one-thousand lots; \$6.50 for five hundred; \$2 for one hundred, and 2c per copy in lots of less than five hundred, post-paid.

Are You with Us!

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.

1615 Howard Street, OMAHA, NEB.

GOING! GOING!! GOING!!!

And still they go like hot cakes. Every day the publishers of the "SINGING PATRIOT" are filling orders for the latest and best patriotic songster on the market. It is now in the tenth edition and twentieth thousand.

ARE YOU WITH US?

Send us 25c. in silver, stamps, post office or express order, and by return mail we will send you a copy of "THE SINGING PATRIOT." All the latest Patriotic Songs with a good sprinkling of the old ones. This is the acknowledged "up-to-date" songster.

KEEP THE BOYS SINGING!

And they'll be happy. Stir up love for NATIVE LAND and the OLD FLAG by getting them once more singing the OLD SONGS. Interest your friends. Want agents. Send 25c. for sample and outfit. The Patriot Company, 308 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE AMERICAN to Jan. 1, 1897, 50c

IN THE CLUTCH OF ROME

BY "GONZALES."

Bound in Paper. Price 25 CENTS. Sent on Receipt of Price.

This Story Was Published in Serial Form in the Omaha American, and had a Very Wide Circulation.

Order From THE AMERICAN.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for The American