

Down Falvy Way

By WILL T. AMES

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"Ho, sheriff, this is Barton. You're needed down Falvy way. They been trying to get you on the 'phone, but the dummed line's busted or something. Come down and I'll tell you about it."

"All right; be there in a minute." And the head of Deputy Sheriff Cal Nestor disappeared from the moonlit upstairs window. Three minutes later he opened the side door.

"Come in, Bart," said the sheriff. "What's broke loose at Falvy?"

"Oh, that half-baked Dubreecce boy, the second oldest of the tribe, you know—works in the pulp board mill, when he works at all—"

"I know him," cut in Nestor.

"Well, he's suffering from a mixture of hard cider and Wild Bill nickel novels, and he's got an ingrown notion that it's up to him to be a bad man like he's been reading about. He had some sort of a jangle with an inoffensive little cuss from Peterboro—something about taking his job away from him—and this afternoon he brought the Peterboro fellow a swipe with a light crowbar that almighty near done his business for him. Then he run home and got together a regular darned arsenal he owns—a thirty-three rifle and a repeater shotgun and a revolver and a joblot of shells and set out for the woods. Stopped some kids and told 'em to go serve notice on the world for him that he was right dangerous and not to be took alive."

"Then he sild into the thickets up back of where he lives—and the whole town has been out after him ever since six o'clock. There ain't any head to the chase, though, and the two constables over to Falvy, if you ask me, is scared of the cuss. I was driving through from West Liberty and stopped to see the doings. The con-

and all-apparent calmness, to earn her own living. After a week Cal Nestor would have given his right hand to have her back again. In his stiff-necked pride he would have given the left one rather than let her know it. But tonight he wondered whether, in Falvy, he might not see her.

Nestor found the mill hamlet of Falvy wide-awake and all its able-bodied males afield, man-hunting. The sheriff, taking command, deployed his forces for a drive, fan-wise, through the half-mile of thicket in which Dubreecce presumably was hiding—leaving unguarded all rear approach to his home.

"By this time he'll be hungry and losing some of his spunk and want some of that stone-fence cider; we'll let him sneak home, and then get him," Nestor told Phillips, the constable.

Even so. At 5:30 in the morning came running one of the youths set to watch the Dubreecce house. "He just snook in over the pasture fence, sheriff," reported the excited lad.

"All right; I'll go have a talk with him."

"By hookey, sheriff, you'd better be careful. He's a darned bad egg," advised Phillips. But Nestor laughed.

In the broad light of the summer morning, Sheriff Nestor unlatched the rickety Dubreecce gate in a most casual way and started up the dirt path to the side door. He had taken not more than four steps when the door flew open and young Dubreecce, white, shaking, wild-eyed, victim of a very panic of desperation, stood on the sill with a shotgun at the "ready."

"By goshamighty, Cal Nestor, don't you dast to step a foot nearer or I'll send you to hell a-kinin'," he squeaked, his voice quavering with excitement.

"Oh, I guess you wouldn't do anything as foolish as that, Dubreecce," Nestor's reply was so easy as to be scarcely argumentative. Without show of arms, without the faintest sign of fear, he continued his approach. It should have worked; with any normal man it would have worked. But Dubreecce was not a normal man. The gun roared—both barrels. And big, rugged Cal Nestor, without a sound, crumpled into a heap on the ground.

"Anyone else! Come on, the hull god-dummed world 'n git yours!" yelled the lunatic, ramming home two more shells. "Come inside that gate and go to hell a-flyin'!"

Of ten men of the posse in the roadway not one moved—toward the gate. But from across the way, where, sheltered by some alder growth, she had been watching in fear and trembling, a woman rushed, brushing away restraining hands. As she tore open the gate the madman threw the gun to his shoulder, but, heedless of him as of the others, she sped up the path and threw herself on her knees beside the fallen man. Then she gathered him in her arms, and with the strength of two men, carried him away to safety.

At the end of a feverish half-hour, May Nestor had beaten fate. When Doctor Holt, back from a country call, arrived at last, he said no one but a thoroughly trained and resourceful nurse could have saved the sheriff's life.

What happened then? Goodness me! What a question! What could happen? Did you ever—ever in this world—know of a woman saving her husband's life at the imminent hazard of her own—and then going away and leaving him, or having occasion to? Indeed, no.

MADE IT PERCENTAGE JOB

Old Mose Was Working Along New Lines Which Were Entirely Satisfactory to Him.

The old-time negro who used to take off his hat and say "massa," is learning modern methods. In the old days, Mose used to do chores and if he received a dollar or a sack of potatoes, he was tickled to death.

Nowadays it's different. Mose works on schedule. The other day Mrs. Brown hired him to clean off a few pieces of furniture. It was a job that would have taken a white man an hour or so, but Mose spent three days at it, coming and going as he pleased. Finally he declared the job done, and presented a bill for \$3.50.

"Why Mose," cried Mrs. Brown. "Isn't this a little high? The job really wasn't worth even a dollar."

"No, ma'am," said Mose. "It ain't high. Ise working on percentage now, like a white man."

"Percentage? What do you mean?" "Well, ma'am, I figures this way: Yoah library's worth about \$350. Ise charged only one percentage for handling it. In the newspapers it says white men handles furniture for 5 and 10 per cent, so I reckon Ise dirt cheap."

Hawaiian Republic.

Hawaii was proclaimed a republic July 4, 1894. More than a year before Queen Liliuokalani had been deposed by a committee of public safety because of her attempt. It was asserted, to obtain more absolute power. A provisional government was set up, which lasted till the islands were proclaimed a republic. Sanford B. Dole, former head of the provisional government, became president. Unsuccessful attempts had been made to conclude a treaty of annexation with the United States. The islands were finally annexed July 7, 1898, as a war measure, the United States being then at war with Spain. They were organized a territory June 14, 1900. Ex-President Dole was appointed governor by President McKinley.

Rare Privilege.
He is a lucky father who succeeds in remaining the mandatory for his son in college.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Time was we heard the call of the road
When we were young and gay,
I and my Love from our own abode
Out to the King's Highway.

We smelt the smell of the hay in bloom
And the miles of the scented hay
When the greensward broke into flush
and foam
Out on the King's Highway.

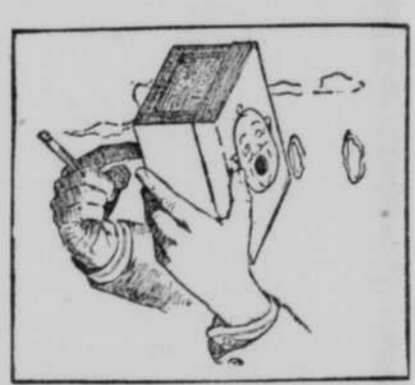
We heard the sound of the feeding kine
When dew was silver and gray,
The sweets of the night were better than
wine
Out on the King's Highway.

Now he has taken the road alone
And I have no heart to stay;
I would that I with my Love were gone
Out on the King's Highway.
—Katharine Tynan, in "The King's Highway."

MAKE PERFECT SMOKE RINGS

An Amusing Experiment With Use of Pasteboard Box and Cigarette or Pipe Smoke.

Take a small pasteboard box, seal the cover tight and draw a funny face upon its cover. Cut an opening for the mouth and fill the box with smoke. Then, with quick, light taps, strike the bottom of the box and a series of perfect smoke rings will issue from the hole. A hundred or more rings can be thrown out of the box



Smoke Rings Issuing From Box.

with only one filling of smoke. This is an easy way to study the seeming mystery of smoke rings. As the smoke is forced out it strikes the still air outside and immediately breaks in the middle, forming a "doughnut" ring, which turns very rapidly on an axis lying in the center of the rim of smoke.—Dale R. Van Horn in Popular Science Monthly.

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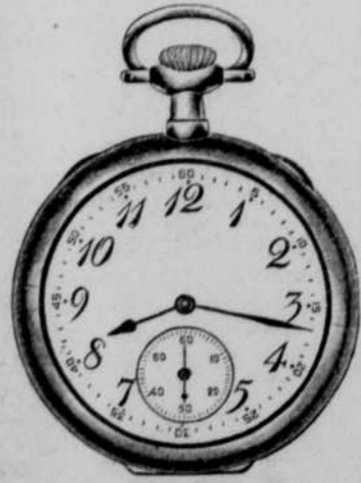
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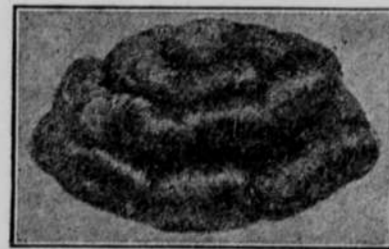
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