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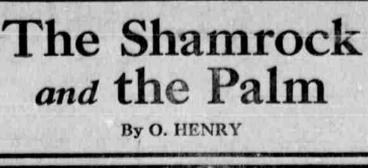
DAKOTA CITY, . . NEBRASKA

THE BUSYBODY.

We shun them at every opportunity. those busybodies who pose as our friends when really they are quite the contrary, and who seem to think they are endowed by a special act of Providence with regulating the affairs of their peighbors as well as of those who would rather not be their neighbors. It is easy to comprehend how such persons earn their characterization and easier still for us to apply such a description to all those who in any way display what we may regard as an undue interest in our affairs, says the Christian News and Courier. It is possible, however, that the cap which we place so unhesitatingly upon the heads of certain persons would prove a better fit for us if we could persuade ourselves to "try it OB." Unquestionably the mere sug-

gestion to some of us that we could ever overstep the limit of our friendly interest in others is distastefui, and in many cases probably unwarranted, yet it is true that one of the distinctive characteristics of the present age, with its freedom of living and its consequent sacrifice of many of those refining and restraining influences that were so vital a part of another and more distant day, is the readiness with which we indulge our curiosity. Not satisfied nowadays with the bestowal of a confidence which is sufficient, perhaps, to pique our interest it is not unusual for some persons to solicit further details and In other ways to evince a too cager concern in the affairs of others.

Gustav Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas" reminds one of "David Copperfield" in its long deliberative unwinding of a life history up to middle age. and a little, too, in its general plan, with its unhappy love marriage followed by a more satisfactory union, says the London Times. But Frenssen plows deep in the field of moral and social problems, and his plot is convincing-we are not obliged to take the facts on the honor of the narrator. The hero is a peasant's son-a piece of tough, proud, full-blooded North German humanity. In one moment of bitter disillusionment he asks himself what his too great teachers, School and Church, had done for him except infilend him. They had given him fables, impossible idealisms, "two gospels, the gospel of the Savior and the gospel of Schiller, but of true, genuine knowledge of life not a vestige." How he gets this knowledge is the theme of the book; a fine and moving story which flows on in a brond stream of incident and character that gives a singularly powerful impression of the massiveness and variety of life.



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North Rampart | the General De Vega that he shall to Street, one day, I met his country bring those success and Clancy, whom I had glory! It is hard-oh, so hard to find not seen in months. good mans to help in the work." "'Monseer,' says I, leanin' over the Clancy is an American table and graspin' his hand, 'I don't with an Irish diathesis and cosmopolitan pro- know where your country is, but me clivities. Many busiheart bleeds for it. The heart of a nesses have claimed Clancy was never deaf to the sight of him, but none for long. an oppressed people. The family is The roadster's blood fillbusterers by birth, and foreigners by trade. If you can use James Clancy's arm and his blood in denudin

your shores of the tyrant's yoke they're yours to command.' "General De Vega was overcome with joy to confiscate my condolence formal and the egregious, he can be of his conspiracies and predicaments. persuaded to oral construction. Now He tried to embrace me across the I thought I saw in him symptoms of table, but his fatness, and the wine that was not in the bottles, prevented voyed him to a little cafe nearby. Thus was I welcomed into the ranks of filibusiery. Then the general man torrid sultriness of the New Orleans told me his country had the name of Guatemala, and was the greatest na-"Tis very near the tropics, this

tion laved by any ocean whatever, anyweather today," said Clancy-apropos where. He looked at me with tears -I thought-of the season. But, it in his eyes, and from time to time he appeared, it had more to do with his would emit the remark, 'Ah! big, story. I nodded confirmatorily. strong, brave mans! That is what my

"'Tis elegant weather." continued country need." Clancy, "for fillbusterin'. 'Tis what I've "General De Vega, as was the name been doin' for two months past, strugby which he denounced himself glin' to liberate a foreign people from brought out a document for me to a tyrant's clutch. 'Twas hard work. sign, which I did, makin' a fine flour-'Tis strainin' to the back and grows ish and curlycue with the tail of the corns on your hands."

"So," I said, "you've turned soldier "'Your passage-money,' says the of fortune in earnest. I hope you made It pay. To what country did you lend pay be deduct. your aid?"

"Where's Kamchatka?" asked Clancy, irrelevantly, I thought. "Why, off Siberia, up in the Arctic

regions, I believe," I answered, somewhat doubtfully. "I thought that was the cold one."

Guatemala, then-the hot one-I've been filibusterin' with. Ye'li find that country on the map. 'Tis in the district known as the tropics. By the foresight of Providence, it lies on the coast so the geography man could run the names of the towns off into the water. They're an inch long, small type, composed of Spanish dialects. and, 'tis my opinion of the same system of syntax that blew up the Maine. Yes. 'twas that country I sailed against, single-handed, and endeavored to liberate it from a tyrannical government with a single-barreled pickax. forty miles in seven hours, and the unloaded at that. Ye don't undertrain stopped. stand, of course. 'Tis a statement de-

"They unloaded the boxes from the train and begun to knock the tops off. to a squad of morbid, sore-toed sol-

lutions? Did I speak of r-r-revolutions | "So I had to leave Halloran. I | papers. I looked again, and saw it | Not one word. I say, big, strong mans | dressed quiet, and slipped out of the | was my general man-De Vega, the is need in Guatemala. So. The mis- tent we were in. When the guard great revolutionist, mule-rider and take is of you. You have looked in came along I knocked him over, like pick-ax importer. When he saw me the scandalous exterior bestowed upon those one box containing those gun a ninepin, with a green cocoanut I the general hesitated with his mouth me by the tropics, I backed him into for the guard. You think all boxes is had, and made for the railroad. I got filled with banana and his eyes the contain gun? No, no. There is not on that handcar and made it fly. 'Twas size of cocoanuts. war in Guatemala. But, work? Yes, yet awhile before daybreak when I saw Good. T'irty dollar in the month. You the lights of Port Barrios about a mile shall shoulder one pickax, senor, and away. I stopped the handcar there dig for the liberty and prosperity of and walked to the town. Guatemala. Off to your work.. The "I was wonderin' how I was goin' to

guard walts for you." "'Little fat, poodle dog of a brown

go.

man,' says I, quiet, but full of indignabor, with the smoke emergin' from her tions and discomforts, 'things shall stacks. I turned down a little grassy happen to you. Maybe not right away. street that run down to the water. but as soon as J. Clancy can formulate On the beach I found a little brown somethin' in the way of repartee." "The boss of the gang orders us to nigger-man just about to shove off in

work. I tramps off with the Guineas, a skiff. "'Hold on, Sambo,' says I, 'savvy and I hears the distinguished patriot English? and kidnaper laughin', hearty, as we

'Heap plenty, yes,' says he, with "'Tis a sorrowful fact, for eight pleasant grin. weeks I built railroads for that misbe-"'What steamer is that?" I asks

him, 'and where is it going? And havin' country. I filibustered twelve what's the news, and the good word, hours a day with a heavy pick and a spade, choppin' away the luxurious and the time of day?"

landscape that grew upon the right of "'That steamer the Conchita,' said the brown man, affable and easy, way. We worked in swamps that smelled like there was a leak in the rollin' a cigarette. 'Him come from gas mains, trampin' down a fine as-New Orleans for load banana, Him got sortment of the most expensive hotload last night. I think him sail in house plants and vegetables one two hour. Verree nice day we shall be goin' have. You hear some "One old man named Halloran-a talkee 'bout big battle, maybe so? You man of Hibernian entitlements and discretions, explained it to me. He had think catchee General De Vega, senor? been workin' on the road a year. Most Yes? No?"

"'How's that, Sambo?' says I, 'Big of them died in less than six months. He was dried up to gristle and bone. battle? What battle? Who wants and shook with chills every third calchee General De Vega? I've been up at my gold mines in the interior night.

"'When you first come,' says he, for a couple of months and haven't 'ye think ye'll leave right away. But heard any news.'

they hold out your first month's pay "'Oh, says the nigger-man, proud to for your passage over, and by that speak the English, 'verree great revotime the tropics has its grip on ye. lution in Guatemala one week ago Ye're surrounded by a ragin' forest General De Vega, him try be presidnt. full of disreputable beasts-lions and Him raise armee-one-five-ten thou baboons and anacondas-waitin' to de- | sand mans for fight at the government. your ye. The sun strikes ye hard, and Those government send five-fortymelts the marrow in your bones. Ye one hundred thousand soldier to sup get similar to the lettuce-caters the press revolution. They fight big batpoetry book speaks about. Ye forget the yesterday at Lomagrande-that the elevated sintiments of life, such as about nineteen or fifty mile in the patriotism, revenge, disturbances of mountain. That government soldier see any mans on board, so I climb one the peace and the dacint love of a wheep General De Vega-oh, most bad. clane shirt. Ye do your work, and Five hundred-nine hundred-two ye swallow the kerosene ile and rub- thousand of his mans is kill. That ber pipestems dished up to ye by the revolution is smash suppress-bust-Dago cook for food. Ye light your very quick. General De Vega, him, pipeful, and say to yoursilf "Nixt week r-r-run away fast on one big mule,

"'Hist!' I says. 'Not a word, or they'll put us off and make us walk. "Veev la Liberty.'" I adds, copperin' the sentiment by shovin' a banana into

the source of it. I was certain the move away from them tropics without general wouldn't recognize me. The bein' hired again. Dark as it was, I nefarious work of the tropics had left could see a steamer ridin' in the har- me lookin' different. There was half an inch of roan whiskers coverin' my face, and my costume was a pair of blue overalls and a red shirt.

"'How you come in the ship, senor?" asked the general as soon as he could speak.

"'By the back door-whist!' says L 'Twas a glorious blow for liberty we struck,' I continues: 'but we was overpowered by numbers. Let us accept our defeat like brave men and eat an-

other banana.' "'Were you in the cause of liberty fightin', senor?' says the general, sheddin' tears on the cargo.

"To the last,' says I. ' Twas I led the last desperate charge against the minions of the tyrant. But it made them mad, and we was forced to retreat. 'Twas I, general, procured the mule upon which you escaped. Could you give that ripe bunch a little boost this way, general? It's a bit out of my

reach. Thanks.' "Say you so, brave patriot?" said the general, again weepin'. 'Ah, Dios! And I have not of the means to reward your devotion. Barely did I my life bring away. Carrambos! what a dev-

il's animal was that mule senor! Like ships in one storm was I dashed about. The skin of myself was ripped away, with the thorns and vines. Upon the bark of a hundred trees did that beast of the infernal bump, and cause outrage to the legs of mine In the night to Port Barrios I came. I dispossess myself of that mountain of mule and hasten along the water shore. I find a little boat to be tied. I launch myself and row to the steamer. I cannot

rope which hang at the side. I then myself hide in the bananas. Surely, I say, if the ship captains view me, they shall throw me again to those Guatemala, Those things are not good. Guatemala will shoot General De Vega. Therefore I am hide and remain silent.

Life itself is giorious. Liberty, it is pretty good; but so good as life I do not think." "That General De Vega was a man

inhabited by an engorgement of words and sentences. He added to the monotony of the voyage by divestin' himself of conversation. He believed I was a revolutionist of his own party, there bein', as he told me, a good many Americans and other foreigners in its ranks. 'Twas a braggart and a conceited little gabbler it was, though be considered himself a hero. "Twas

on himself he wasted all his regrets at the failin' of his plot. Not a word did the little balloon have to say about the other misbehavin' idiots that had been shot, or run themselves to death in his revolution. "The second day out he was feelin

pretty braggy and uppish for a stowedaway conspirator that owed his existence to a mule and stolen bananas. le was tellin' me about the great rall and think what would become of Cu road he had been buildin', and he renid if it wasn't for its friend the jewlates what he calls a comic incident about a fool Irishman he invelgled from New Orleans to sling a pick on his little morgue of a narrow-gauge line. 'Twas sorrowful to hear the little, dirty general tell the opprobrious story of how he put salt upon the tail of that reckless and silly bird, Clancy. Laugh, he did, hearty and long. He shook with laughin', the black-faced rebel and outcast, standin' neck-deep in bananas, without friends or country. 'Ah, senor,' he snickers, 'to the death would you have laughed at that drollest Irish. I say to him: "Strong, big mans is need very much in Guatemala." "I will blows strike for your down-pressed country," he say. "That shall you do," I tell him. Ah! it was an Irish so comic. He see one box break upon the wharf that contain for the guard a few gun. He think there is gun in all the box. But that is all pickax. Yes. Ah, senor, could you the face of that Irish have seen "'Saints grant it!' says I. ''Twould when they set him to the work!' be the judgment of Providence for set-"Twas thus the ex-boss of the emtin' the warlike talent of a Clancy to ploymont bureau contributed to the tedium of the trip with merry jests and anecdote. But now and then he

"'Don't ye know Jimmy ClancyT says I. 'Ye pink-gilled monster!' Sc. when O'Hara recognized me beneath a doorway and told him what I wanted, and why I wanted it. 'All right,

Jimmy,' says O'Hara, 'Go back and hold the bench. I'll be along in ten minutes.

"In that time O'Hara strolled through Lafayette Square and spied two Weary Willies disgracin' one of the benches. In ten minutes more J. Clancy and General De Vega, late candidate for the presidency of Guatomala, was in the station house. The general is badly frightened, and calls upon me to proclaim his distinguishments and rank.

"'The man,' says I to the police, used to be a railroad man. He's on the bum, now. 'Tis a little bughouse he is, on account of losin' his job.'

"'Carrambos!' says the general, fizzin' like a little soda-water fountain, you fought, senor, with my forces in my native country. Why do you say the lies? You shall say I am the Geperal De Vega, one soldier, one caballero-

'Railroader,' says I, again. 'On the hog. No good. Been livin' for three days on stolen banana . Look at him. Ain't that enough?'

"Twenty-five dollars or sixty days, was what the recorder gave the general. He didn't have a cent, so he took the time. They let me go, as I knew they would, for I had money to show, and O'Hara knew me. Sixty days. 'Twas just so long 1 slung a pick for the great country of Kam-of Guatemala."

Clancy paused. There was a look of happy content on his deeply sunburned face.

"Would you just step around the corner a minute with me?" he asked. 'If ye don't mind, I'll walk with ye there, and show ye Exhibit A. I go around there myself, every ten minutes, to look at it, and the time's about up now."

I walked with him to the corner of Ursulines and down the street a little way. A gang of men, under guard from the parish prison was at work cleaning the very rubbishy street, thus vorking out the fines they were unable to pay otherwise.

Clancy stopped me on the sidewalk opposite a little, rotund, dark-featured man of foreign aspect, who was struggling feverishly with a heavy iron rake. The heat was almost tropical, and the little man showed vast areas of dampness through his tattered clothes.

"Hey, monseer!" called Clancy, sharply. The little man looked up and scowled darkly. "Fat, strong mans," shouted Clancy, cheerily, "is needed in New Orleans. Yes. To carry on the good work. Carrambos! Erin go bragh!"



Very Close Connection Between the Two is Shown by a Little Reflection.

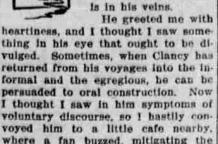
Have you ever stopped to think what would become of the jewelry business if it wasn't for its friend Cupid? It might also be well to stop



general, businesslike, 'shall from your "' 'Twill not,' says I, haughty. 'Th pay my own passage.' A hundred and eighty dollars I had in my inside pocket, and 'twas no common filibuster I was goin' to be, filibusterin' for me board and clothes. "Well, then, in three days we sailed said Clancy, with a nod. "I'm always alongside that Guatervala. 'Twas a gettin' the two names mixed. 'Twas

blue country, and not yellow, as 'tis mis-colored on the map. We landed at a town on the coast where a train of cars was waitin' for a dinky little railroad. The boxes on the steamer were brought ashore and loaded on the cars. The gang of Dagoes got aboard, too, the general and me in the front car. Yes, me and General De Vega headed the revolution, as it pulled out of the seaport town. That train traveled about as fast as a policeman goin' to a riot. It penetrated the most conspicuous lot of fuzzy scenery\_ever seen outside a geography. We run some

From the first one that was opened I saw General De Vega take the Winchester rifles and pass them around



N

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summer.

lew York is protesting against a new danger in the reckless driving of automobiles by boys and girls through the streets, and legal means are to be sought to prevent the lives of citisens being put in danger by children. The automobile, in some way, seems to be associated with disregard of the rights of pedestrians to an extent which has rendered it a menace of civilization, as well as one of its luxuries. But as far as children are concerned, they should be legally restrained from being allowed in charge of any vehicle. They are too fond of any kind of power and too irresponsible in its use-an exceedingly dangerous combination.

Now it is discovered that the fa mous pirate, Captain Kidd, who, according to the old song, "much wickeducas he did as he salled," was really no pirate at all, but an honest and good-tempered old sailor. But there are some cherished illusions to which the mind will always cling, and it will require more authority than is given to induce the popular imagination to accept a romantic and picturesque pirate as an uninteresting and commonplace good honest man.

Another rich American girl is to marry an English nobleman. The next generation of the British peerage will be as much American as English, if these international marriages keep on, and with such an infusion of Americanism, even the famous British conservatism and love of tradition may give way to a startling extent. But the nation seems not to care for this American danger as long as it can assimilate so much of the American coin.

A dreadnaught is a formidable obtect, but it affords a shining mark for a little aeroplane fitting hither and yon among the clouds. In a few years, perhaps, somebody will build an aeroplane destroyer.

From Honey Creek, Ia., comes the story that a bolt of lightning dug a well and found water after a farmer had tried in vain for years. Evidently Honey Creek is trying to compete with Winsted, Conn.

A Pennsylvania pastor, getting \$30 a month salary, has been ordered to pay his wife \$8 monthly alimony. How true it is that "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not even that which he hath shall be taken away."

One railroad is to teach politeness to its employes. It will be great to get the soft answer which turneth away wrath when one has just missed the 7:19 train.

about ready to sail. The funnels of it were throwin' out smoke, and a gang of rousiabouts were carryin' aboard a pile of boxes that was stacked up on the wharf. The boxes were about two feet square, and somethin' like four feet long, and they seemed to be pretty heavy.

mandin' elucidation and apologies.

"'Twas one morning about the first

of June; I was standin' down on the

wharf, lookin' about at the ships in

the river. There was a little steamer

"I walked over, careless, to the stack of boxes. I saw one of them had ben broken in handlin'. 'Twas curiosity made me pull up the loose top and look inside. The box was packed full of Winchester rifles. 'So, so,' says I to myself; 'somebody's gettin' a twist on the neutrality laws. Somebody's aidin' with munitions of war. I wonder where the popguns are goin'.' "I heard somebody cough, and

turned around. There stood a little, round, fat man with a brown face and white clothes, a first-class-looking little man, with a four-karat diamoad on his finger and his eye full of interrogations and respects. I judged he was a kind of foreigner-maybe from Russia or Japan or the archipelagoes.

"'Hist!' says the round man, full of concealments and confidences, 'Will the senor respect the discoveryments he has made, that the mans on the ship shall not be acquaint? The senor will be a gentleman that shall not expose one thing that by accident occur. "'Monseer,' says 1-for 1 judged him to be a kind of Frenchman, that as-

sortment of foreigners being doomed by nature to politeness and dialects-'receive my most exasperated assurnnces that your secret is safe with James Clancy. Furthermore, I will go so far as to remark, Veev la Libertyveev it good and strong. Whenever you hear of a Clancy obstructin' the abolishment of existin' governments you may notify me by return mail.'

"The senor is good,' says the dark, fat man, smillin' under his black mustache. 'Wish you to come aboard my ship and drink of wine a glass?'

"Bein' a Clancy, in two minutes me and the foreign man were seated at a and gazin' upon the scene with satistable in the cabin of the steamer with a bottle between us. I could hear the heavy boxes bein' dumped into the hold. I judged that cargo must consist of at least 2,000 Winchesters.

"'You goin' to stir things up in your country, ain't you, monseer?' says I, those railroad in the capital very with a wink to let him know I was

"'Yes, yes,' says the little man pounding his fist on the table. 'A change of the greatest will occur. Too long have the people been oppressed with the promises and the never-tohappen things to become. The great work it shall be carry on. Yes. Our forces shall in the capital city strike of the soonest. Carrambos!'

"'Carrambos is the word,' says I, beginning to invest myself with enthusiasms and more wine, 'likewise, veeva, as I said before. May the shamrock of old-I mean the banana-vine or the chain-gangs of your vile and grovelin' pie-plant, or whatever the imperial emblem may be of your down-trodden

country, wave forever.' "'A thousand thank-yous,' says the round man, 'for your emission of amic- Clancy, stood and waited. able utterances. What our cause needs of the very most is mans who will the work do, to lift it along. Oh, for one Yes; it is hard to find the brave,

diery. The other boxes was opened next, and, believe me or not, divil another gun was to be seen. Every other box in the lot was full of-pickaxes and spades. "And then-sorrow be upon them

tropics-the proud Clancy and the dishonored Dagoes, each one of them, had to shoulder a pick or a spade, and march away to work on that dirty little railroad Yes; 'twas that the Dagoes shipped for, and 'twas that the fillbusterin' Clancy signed for, though unbeknownst to himself at the time In after days I found out about it It seems 'twas hard to get hands to work on that road. The intelligent natives of the country was too lazy to work. Indeed, the saints know 'twas unnecessary. By stretchin' out one hand, they could seize the most delicate and costly fruits of the earth. and, by stretchin' out the other, they could sleep for days at a time without hearin' a seven-o'clock whistle or the footsteps of the rent man upon the

stairs. So, regular, the steamers traveled to the United States to seduce labor. Usually the imported spadeslinger died in two or three months from eatin' the over-ripe water and breathin' the violent tropical scenery. Wherefore, they made them sign contracts for a year when they hired them, and put an armed guard over the poor devils to keep them from run-

nin' away. "Twas thus I was double-crossed by the tropics through a family failin' of goin' cut of the way to hunt disterbances.

"They gave me a pick, and I took it, meditatin' an insurrection on the spot: but there was the guards bandlin' the Winchesters careless, and I come to the conclusion that discretion was the hest part of filibusterin'. There was about a hundred of us in the gang startin' out to work, and the word was given to move. I steps out of the ranks and goes up to that General De Vega man, who was smokin' a cigar factions and glory. He smiles at me polite and devilish. 'Plenty work,' says he, 'for big, strong mans in Guatemala. Yes. T'irty dollars in the month. Good pay. Ah, yes. You

strong, brave man. Bimeby we push quick. They want you go work now, Adlos, strong mans.' "'Monseer,' says I, lingerin', 'will you tell a poor little Irishman this:

When I set foot on your cockroachy steamer, and breathed liberal and revolutionary sentiments into your sour wine, did you think I was conspirin' to sling a pick on your contemptuous little railroad? And when you answered me with patriotic recitations, humping up the star-spangled cause of liberty, did you have meditations of reducin' me to the ranks of the stump-grubbin' Dagoes in the

country?' "The general man expanded his rotundity and laughed considerable. Yes, he laughed very long and loud, and I, "'Comical mans!' he shouts, at last.

'So, you will kill me from the laughing. thousands strong, good mans to aid strong mans to aid my country. Revo. I'm sleepr.'

KNOCKED HIM OVER, LIKE A NINEPIN, WITH A GREEN COCOANUT

I'll break away," and ye go to sleep | Yes, carrambos; The general, him and call yersilf a liar, for ye know r-r-run away, and his armee is kill. That government soldier, they try find ye'll never do it.' General De Vega verree much. They "'Who is this general man,' asks

I, 'that calls himself De Vega?' want catchee him for shoot. You "''Tis the man,' says Halloran, 'who think they catchee that general, is tryin' to complete the finishin' of senor?'

the railroad. "Twas the project of a private corporation, but it busted, and then the government took it up. De Vegy is a big politician, and wants to gradin' the tropics with a pick and shovel. But, 'tis not so much a quesbe prisident. The people want the railroad completed, as they're taxed tion of insurrections, now, me little man, as 'tis of the hired-man problem. mighty on account of it. The De Vegy 'Tis anxious I am to resign a situation man is pushin' it along as a campaign move.'

"" "Tis not my way,' says I, 'to make threats against any man, but there's an account to be settled between the railroad man and James O'Dowd Clancy.

"Twas that way I thought, meallf, at first,' Hallorau says, with a big sigh 'until I got to be a lettuce-eater. The fault's wid these tropics. They rejuices a man's system. "Tis a land, as the poet says: "Where it always seems to be after dinner." I does me work and smokes me pipe and sleep. There's little also in life, anyway. Ye'll get that way yerself, mighty soon. Don't be harborin' any sintimints at all, Clancy."

"'I can't help it,' says I. 'I'm full of 'em. I enlisted in the revolutionary army of this dark country in good faith to fight for its liberty, honors and silver candlesticks; instead of which I am set to amputatin' its scenery and grubbin' its roots. 'Tis the general man will have to pay for it.'

"Two months I worked on that railroad before I found a chance to get away. One day a gang of us was sent back to the end of the completed line to fetch some picks that had been sent down to Port Barrios to be sharpened. They were brought on a handcar, and f noticed, when we started away, that the car was left there on the track. "That night, about twelve, I woke up Halloran and told him my scheme.

told you, Clancy, I've eat the lettuce. ment. I creeped out of the hole I'd Fve lost my grip. 'Tis the tropics Forsaken are our friends that we

have left behind; in the hollow lettuceland we will live and lay reclined." You better go on, Clauncy. I'll stay, ragged and disgraceful of aspect. Yes, guess. It's too early and cold and

would weep upon the bananas and make oration about the lost cause of liberty and the mule. "'Twas a pleasant sound when the

'Is 5046 workin' yet, Danny?' says

''Overtime,' says O'Hara, lookin'

over me suspicious. 'Want some of

of responsibility and trust with the white wings department of your great steamer bumped against the pier in and degraded country. Row me in New Orleans. Pretty soon we heard your little boat out to that steamer, the pat-a-pat of hundreds of bare fect, and I'll give ye five dollars-sinker and the Dago gang that unloads the pacers-sinker pacers,' says I, reducin' fruit jumped on the deck and down the offer to the language and denomiinto the hold. Me and the general worked a while at passin' up the

nation of the tropic dialects. "'Cinco pesos,' repeats the little bunches, and they thought we were part of the gang. After about half an man. 'Five dollee, you give?"

"'Twas not such a bad little man. He had hesitations at first, sayin' that er onto the wharf. passengers leavin' the country had to i of an obscure Clancy, havin' the enhave papers and passports, but at last tertainment of the representative of he took me out alongside the steamer. "Day was just breakin' as we struck her, and there wasn't a soul to be seen first bought for the general and myself many loss drinks and things to on board. The water was very still, eat that were not bananas. The genand the nigger-man gave me a lift eral man trotted along at my side, from the boat, and I climbed onto the steamer where her side was sliced to leavin' all the arrangements to me the deck for loading fruit. The hatches set him on a bench in the little park. was open, and I looked down and saw the cargo of bananas that filled the hold to within six feet of the top. I he humped himself down on the seat thinks to myself. 'Clancy, you better like a little, fat, contented hobo. I look him over as he sets there, and go as a stowaway. It's safer. The steamer men might hand you back to what I see pleases me. Brown by nature and instinct, he is now brinthe employment bureau. The tropics dled with dirt and dust. Praise 'll get you, Clancy, if you don't watch

to the mule, his clothes is mostly out." "So I jumps down easy among the strings and flaps. Yes, the looks of bananas, and digs out a hole to hide the general man is agreeable to in, among the bunches. In an hour or Clancy. so I could hear the engines goin', and "I told him not to move from the feel the steamer rockin', and I knew bench, and then I went up to the corwe were off to sea. They left the ner of Poydras and Carondelet. Along hatches open for ventilation, and pretthere is O'Hara's beat. In five min-"'Run away?' says Halloran. 'Good ty soon it was light enough in the hold utes along comes O'Hara, a blg, fine Lord, Clancy, do ye mean it? Why, I to see fairly well. I got to feelin' a man, red-faced, with shinin' buttons, ain't got the nerve. It's too chilly, and bit hungry, and thought I'd have a swingin' his club. I ain't slept enough. Run away? I light, fruit lunch, by way of refresh-, walkin' up to him.

made and stood up straight. Just then that's done it. 'Tis like the poet says: I saw another man crawl up about ten feet away and reach out and skin a it ?: banana and stuff it into his mouth.

'Twas a dirty man, black-faced and the man was a ringer for the pictures succeed in concealin' their of the fat Weary Willie in the funny | crimes from the police.

eler. There is a closer business relationship between these two than many may imagine. A young man falls in love, proposes and is accepted, thanks to Cupid. Then there is an engagement ring to buy and Cupid gets more thanks, this time from the jeweler. The friends of the engaged couple hear of the approaching wedding and off they

go to the jeweler to buy suitable wedding presents. Then there are silver and golden wedding presents to buy also suitable gifts to provide for christenings and birthdays.

Under the circumstances it is easy to understand why jeweiers and their assistants aid Cupid somewhat by never neglecting any possible opportunity to introduce eligible young men of their acquaintance to suitable young women. The rest is simple. Introductions are often followed by engagements. The jeweler, to whom the young couple feel indebted for their new found happiness, is patronized when the engagement and wedding rings are bought. And as weddings mean wedding presents they are all very good for the jewelry business.

PASSING ON THE "REMEDY"

Afflicted One, "Cured," Was Willing Others Should Have Benefit of His Experience.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, at a luncheon at the Mohonk Peace Congress, said with a laugh:

"There is a type of man who dehour we managed to slip off the steamclares that it will never be possible for mankind to get along without war. Twas a great honor on the hands This type of man, whom nothing can convince, reminds me in his blind, stupid obstinacy of a chap who once a great foreign filibusterin' power. I consulted a famous Philadelphia physican about his dyypepsia.

"The patient was very deaf. The dialogue between the physician and him ran like this:

"'What do you usually breakfast I led him up to Lafayetto Square, and on?

"'Oh, no! At least two miles in the Cigarettes 1 had bought for him, and morning, and a motor ride after lunch.'

> "'How many hours do you sleep?" "'Well, doctor, I was 59 my last birthday.'

"'Are you married?'

" 'Thirst.'

"With a gesture of impatience the physician turned and wrote out a simple remedy for dyspepsia. The patient, as he departed, shouted in the loud, harsh tones of the very deaf:

" 'Doctor, can cure deafness?' "The other shook his head in the negative.

"'Well,' said the patient, 'you've been very kind, and therefore I'm going to make you a present of this prescription.' He took a folded paper from his pocket. 'It cured me.'

Logical Desire.

She-Why are you so insistent about "Fifty-forty-six is the celebrated city having me put up this jam? ordinance authorizin' arrest, convic-He-You ought to know, my dear, tion and imprisonment of persons that that a jam is something of a pressing other matter.