

Susie: A Character Sketch

By Philip Verrill Nichols

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

Along the path at noon came a stunted man, a barrel-shaped miner, who "blazed" his track with a cut-off shovel used as a cane.

"Paper for Henley," he puffingly remarked as he opened the door of the shed above the shaft. "Paper dressed to 'Franklin Henley,'" and tossing it in by the side of the man who was eating his lunch on a box, he plodded ahead to return to the trail.

"Thank you, Billy," called the other; "much obliged."

He finished a bone, gave his fingers a wipe on the ragged trousers and slit off the wrapper of the "down-east" paper.

Sitting in the door, he read the news of the far-away home eagerly absorbing every line. Of a sudden he paused; a gleam of something wild came flashing in his eyes and the muscles of his hands and arms abruptly stiffened.

"Married, by the Rev. Richard Watson, Feb. 20, Miss Agnes Coles to Frederick Law," was all that he read.

"He is not your husband, makala. Do you say to Mingo, the white chief here is your husband?"

She faltered, staggered and groped a little backward.

"You say it not," he quickly continued. "It is lying. No, the mahala is not the wife at his side. She has broken the Indians' law; she has broken the law of the white man, Mahala, you belong to Mingo, I tell you come."

He moved toward her; she recoiled in dread. Her searching hand came down on the table, fell on the handle of a knife, and she grasped it suddenly.

"Stand far away," she cried, displaying the blade, "you sneaking coyote! You come when women are alone—you, the great hunter! Keep away! Go! Let in the light! Take your bad coyote face to the sage brush, you coward!"

The savage blood of her nature was aflame. The Washoe flinched not at all, neither did he come. He was cunning, more than brave. The dull, banked fires were aglow in his eyes, his body was bent in a menacing attitude, his head thrown malignantly forward. Muttering threats of vengeance he glided backward, and she slammed and bolted the door. Then down on the floor she sank, to lie there breathing like a wounded animal.

On the hill, in the sunshine, Henley was gazing at the deep blue sky, that showed in a patch through a window in the shed above the mine. Along the path, down below, at his back, the squat, little barrel-shaped miner labored wheezingly upward.

"Letter for Henley," he called at the door, and threw in the missive and tramped along the hill.

Not an answering sound did Henley make. "A letter," he mused, not starting at all from his resting position. "Comes a trifle late, I reckon. Life-preserver to a corpse—so far as the world beyond is at all concerned." He gazed another hour at the sky, while the light moved slowly athwart the earthen floor and lay at length, a brilliant finger, across the face of the up-turned envelope.

Turning, he saw the white and placid invitation. His eyes began dissecting its features. Presently the writing, round and straight, made him move by stages involuntarily toward the light.

"Hers," he whispered.

His jaw grew square and firmly set; his eyes grew hard and glistened like flint. Yet he took up the letter and broke it open sullenly.

* * * and my illness increased to such an extent that the doctor said I would have to go to the warm Bermudas. Every one about was quite alarmed—they neglected you, my dearest heart—and for many a week I lay like a shadow on the pillow.

* * * I enclose a notice, the funniest thing, that was printed in the Star.

"Married by the Rev. Richard Watson, Feb. 20, Miss Agnes Coles to Frederick Law."

Isn't it odd?—the oddest thing! Of course it ought to be Kolles; but such a laugh they have had on me, and on Agnes too. But bless her heart, she doesn't mind; she's got her Fred at last, and they are very happy—"

His senses were swimming crazily, the world was whirling wildly in space—he tottered in his walk.

Out he went, clutching his letter—out to the light—out and away up the hill, striding like an engine breathing the breeze, fronting the steep ascent, panting and straining to reach that upper isolation.

"Frank, oh, Frank," cried Susie when he came. "Mingo, the Indian!"

Be brushed her by. He looked at her blankly; his ears failed to focus the sounds of her voice; he merely comprehended that something was uttered.

"No, no," he answered, "no, not now—I'm dizzy—rattled."

She stood with eyes wide open and startled—dumbly appealing. "But Mingo," she said, "Mingo, the Indian, he came to-day—and he threatened—threatened us."

"Mingo—Mingo! He's a coward—I'm tired—never mind him, Susie."

He stretched forth his hand. She leaped to place it on her neck, and kissed it wildly. He stood there truly, but himself was far away.

Pacing and pacing, he wore away the hours in the cabin. All through the night he watched his face with star-

ted eyes, pain, doubt and yearning in her dumb, trusting look.

In the morning he bolted to the hill again; and she, like a doe, followed not anything but one who is master, followed him timidly far behind—followed till he threw himself down in the sage brush. She sank where she was, to wait there in patience.

In the grass-broken sand he lay and sat and lay again, thinking rapidly, incoherently the same things over and over. Under it all ran a current of echoes: "Saved my life—she saved my life—she saved my life."

At length his wandering attention, was caught by a motley procession moving slowly along in the dust-wreathed road below. There were half a dozen Washoe Indians, more perhaps, approaching the town—men and women. They had two horses—jaded, hopeless creatures—that three old men were riding. Near them, walking barefooted, heavily laden, were three or four squaws, with time-furrowed visages. The loads were contained in sacks and in conical baskets, heaped on the shoulders and supported by heavy bands, which went across the foreheads of these camel-females. Forward the burdened ones bent, looking, as if in submission and patience, on the ground, leaning on sticks which they used with either hand. It was only a party returning from the mountains with the gathered supply of bitter acorns and berries from the red manzanita. For fifty miles they had traveled thus. Painfully the wretched caravan crawled around the hill and disappeared.

Henley watched them, strangely intent. "Saved my life," he muttered aloud. "Indian—same as those. Saved me. Yes, she'll wrinkle—be old. Why did I have to have the fever! Saved my life. Wrinkled, fearful old squaws."

Susie saw the squallid show. "Oh," she cried in anguish to herself. "Oh, the women—oh, the Washoe women! Were they young long ago? Were they part of the summer? Did they hear the larks and crickets? Did they love?" She threw herself forward where she sat till her face was buried in her curling arm. "Oh, love! she cried; "there is nothing in the world for me but love!"

The thoughts of Henley finally crystallized in form and sequence. He knew he would leave her, knew he would certainly desert all things Western and go to the far-away East. How to do it gently, what to provide for her comfort, what he should say, how apply a balm with the caustic—these were matters to be planned and planned.

Early the following morning he went to his mine to gather the gold where it lay beneath the pocket. There, alone, he labored hour after hour. The mine was simply a hole in the ground, 50 feet in depth, with branching tunnels down below; and over the mouth a windlass stood, with a rope about it, supporting a bucket that rested on the bottom. Built against one of the perpendicular walls was a wooden ladder, for ingress to and egress from the lower levels.

In the afternoon, from the rocks on the hill, a crouching form came stealthily down through the scrubby brush. It was Mingo, the Washoe Indian. Noiselessly he crept to the shed—after scanning the prospect far and near for any living thing—there to lie full length on a plank at the edge of the shaft. His practiced ear was quick to catch the dull sound of blows that issued from the mine. Long he lay without moving a muscle. He could wait an hour; he could wait a day.

(To be continued.)

Farm Wells.

The location of the well on the farm is one of the greatest importance. In many instances the farmer starts his well near the buildings and yards, and selects the lowest point as a location, with the idea that he will not have to dig as deep as he would upon higher land. This is often a mistake, as we know of several places in a village where the wells near the top of the hill are not as deep and are not as much affected by a drought as those on the lower land at the foot of the hill, though there may be fifty or a hundred feet difference in this elevation. But the chief objection to the well on the low ground is that it receives the surface drainage from the higher land and thus the water soon becomes so contaminated as to be unfit for use, either by the family or the animals, for to be healthy they must have pure water. In these days of driven wells a pipe can be sunk on the highest gravel knoll or sand hill on the farm more cheaply than in the low land, and when water is reached it is pure and will continue so, because the surface water runs away from it and not toward it. If a windmill is erected the wind power is better, and by tank and pipes water can be brought to house, barn and yards, or carried to irrigate the garden and strawberry bed in a way to make it doubly pay for itself, first in savings of daily hard labor at the pump and next in increased crops by having a water supply when needed. We heard a market gardener near Boston say a few years ago, that he put down driven wells, bought a steam engine and pump, built a tank and laid pipes, and the increased value of his crops paid the whole expense for first year, including cost of running the engine. Many a man who thought he could not afford to put in a new well had paid out more cash for doctor's and undertaker's bills than the well would have cost.—American Cultivator.

Miss Gould's Gift to Vassar.

Miss Helen Gould has presented to Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a scholarship of \$10,000 in memory of her mother. This is the third scholarship received from Miss Gould within a few years.

KEARNEY COTTON MILL

Owners Have Decided to Close Up the Manufactory.

HAS BEEN OPERATED AT A LOSS

The Mill to Be Sold as the Future Outlook Is Not Encouraging—Outlook for the Coming State Fair Said to Be Bright—Miscellaneous Nebraska News.

KEARNEY, Neb., June 18.—It has been decided by the owners to close the Kearney cotton mill. For some time past, particularly since the closing of the Asiatic market, occasioned by the Chinese war, the mill has been operated at a loss. The Kearney mill was a direct shipper of special grades of cotton goods to China. The building of nearly 200 mills during the last year, more than three-fourths of them in the south, has overstocked the sheeting market, and it is understood there is now more than a year's supply of manufactured goods in storage in this country. The high price of cotton has made it impossible to manufacture without a loss. Eastern investors hold mortgage bonds for \$90,000, borrowed to use as working capital. The mortgage is in process of foreclosure and a decree is expected within thirty days.

The mill will then be sold. It is improbable that the present owners will buy the property and reorganize, but at this time it is not possible to say whether the mill will be operated again or not. Considering the hard competition and the condition of the cotton goods trade the outlook is not encouraging. There have been various rumors regarding the purchase of the property by other interests and the use of the water power and building for other purposes, but these cannot be traced to a reliable source.

A Series of Popular Concerts.

The Belstedt band, widely and favorably known by reason of engagements at the Trans-Mississippi and Greater America expositions, is giving concerts at Omaha all during the month of June. The opportunity for hearing this celebrated musical organization may never again occur, and those who would enjoy a season of rare entertainment should remember that the engagement closes with the month. Concerts take place twice a day, the afternoon matinees being at reduced rates of admission. On certain days railroads are offering a cut in fares.

Bright Outlook for State Fair.

LINCOLN, June 18.—Secretary Furnas has issued the premium list for the thirty-third annual Nebraska state fair, to be held at Lincoln August 30 to September 6, 1901. The premium list was prepared in advance of securing a place to hold the fair and has been held back awaiting the decision of the board of public lands and buildings on the old fair grounds site at Lincoln. The state fair has an encouraging outlook for one of the best agricultural and live stock shows ever given in the state.

Man Hurled Into the Air.

ASHLAND, Neb., June 19.—While at work at the new stone quarry Roy Dean lighted a match to ignite a fuse, when the match broke and the burning end dropped. He struck another match, not noticing that the first one had dropped so as to light the fuse, and before he knew of it the blast went off, throwing him thirty feet into the air. As he came down he fell on the roof of a shed and the force of the fall was broken. He was badly burned and bruised, although no bones were broken.

The Miles Case.

FALLS CITY, Neb., June 18.—The Miles will case is to be reopened in the district court of Richardson county at Falls City at the next term, the bill in equity for this purpose having been filed. The man who wrote the second will, the one refused probate by the county judge, has been found and has made affidavit bearing out practically all of the contentions of the attorneys for the plaintiffs, which they were unable to prove at the trial held in the spring of 1900.

Knee Deep in Water.

WINSIDE, Neb., June 18.—The heaviest rain ever known fell here. Cellars and all the lowlands are flooded. The damage to the crops will be great, as the ground was already thoroughly soaked by the recent rains, and fields washed badly.

Sentenced for Cattle Stealing.

ST. PAUL, Neb., June 18.—Frank Waynes, who was tried by a jury in the district court here last week and found guilty of cattle stealing, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

Returned for Trial.

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., June 18.—Dr. Wood, who figured last February in a shooting affray here, has been returned for trial. He was located in Sherman county, Kansas.

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Cattle—There was not what might be called a heavy run of cattle here today, but still the market was very slow and lower. The reason seemed to be that packers claim prices did not go down nearly as much here last week as they did at other points and as a result they have to take off here this week. Packers started out bidding 190 lbs lower on all grades of beef steers. Sellers, however, held on and cattle that did change hands were on the average about a dime lower. Some of the choicest bunches were perhaps not over a nickel lower, but to offset that the common grades were in some cases more than a dime lower. The cow market was also very slow and lower. Packers wanted to get their supplies 160 lbs lower, and while sellers held on for better prices, they were unable to get them in the majority of cases. Bulls also took a drop in sympathy with the decline on cows and steers. Stags were also about a dime lower and veal calves were slow and weak. Stockers and feeders were more plentiful today than for some little time past and buyers took advantage of the opportunity to pound the market a little.

Hogs—There was just a fair run of hogs here today and the market opened 2 1/2 to 5c higher. The first hogs sold mostly at \$3.75, with some of the lighter weights at \$3.85. Not many, however, changed hands on that basis, as it soon became evident that packers wanted the hogs and as a result sellers held for better prices. After the first round the market was a good nickel higher, with the bulk of the hogs selling at \$3.75 and \$3.90, with the choice heavy weights going as high as \$5.95. It was a good, active market and values improved as the morning advanced, so that the close was good and strong.

Sheep—There was not a heavy run of sheep and lambs here today and as the demand on the part of packers was in fairly good shape they bought up what was offered at just about steady prices as compared with yesterday. There was a four-lamb bunch of Wyoming grass weathers on the market that sold for \$3.50, which was pronounced a good price, as compared with the way other sheep are selling. The clipped lambs on sale brought from \$4.25 to \$4.50, and spring lambs sold as high as \$5.25. It looked like just about a steady market all around.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—Beef steers, steady to easy; other cattle, steady to 1c lower; choice beef steers, \$4.00 to \$4.50; fair to good, \$3.50 to \$4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.50 to \$4.00; western fed steers, \$4.00 to \$4.50; Texas and Indiana, \$3.50 to \$4.00; Texas grass steers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; cows, \$2.50 to \$3.00; heifers, \$2.50 to \$3.00; canners, \$2.00 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.50 to \$3.00; calves, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Hogs—Market 2 1/2 to 5c higher; top, \$6.00; bulk of sales, \$5.00 to \$5.50; heavy, \$5.00 to \$5.50; mixed packers, \$5.00 to \$5.50; light, \$5.00 to \$5.50; pigs, \$5.00 to \$5.50.

Sheep and Lambs—Spring lambs, 10c lower; western lambs, \$4.25 to \$4.50; western weathers, \$3.90 to \$4.00; western yearlings, \$4.00 to \$4.50; ewes, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Texas grass sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50; Texas lambs, \$3.50 to \$4.00; spring lambs, \$4.25 to \$4.50.

HALF MAST FOR PINGREE.

Flags in Detroit Are Lowered in Honor of Ex-Governor.

DETROIT, Mich., June 20.—All the flags in the city are floating at half mast today out of respect to the memory of ex-Governor Pingree, whose death in London last night is almost the sole topic of conversation on the streets today. As a whole, the city is more deeply moved by Pingree's death than by the loss of any public man in many decades.

The body of Mr. Pingree has been embalmed. It will be removed to a private mortuary tonight, prior to embarkation on Sunday. Mr. Pingree, jr., is the recipient of cable messages of sympathy from all parts of the United States. The officials of the United States embassy have extended him every courtesy and assistance.

Clowry's Yacht Christened.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., June 20.—Chicago society was well represented here this evening at an event highly interesting in yachting circles of Lake Geneva. It was the successful launching of Colonel R. C. Clowry's new steam yacht, which promises to be the fastest pleasure craft on the lake. The honors were gracefully borne by Mr. Clowry's niece, Miss Estabrook, daughter of Henry D. Estabrook, formerly of Omaha, who, breaking a bottle of champagne on the prow of the vessel, christened her the Blanche. An elaborate program was observed during the afternoon and evening, participated in by a large party of invited guests.

James G. Blaine Monument.

PITTSBURG, June 20.—It is stated that Andrew Carnegie will erect a monument to James G. Blaine. A personal friendship of many years and a warm admiration for the great champion of American industries inspire the philanthropist in his undertaking.

Saves Cadets a Trip.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The academic board at the Naval academy has recommended to Secretary Long that the young men designated for naval cadets be examined at or near their homes, instead of at the Naval academy.

Lynchers After Ecker.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 20.—Geo. Ecker, wanted at Big Piney for forgery committed there a year ago, shot and killed Deputy Sheriff C. B. Holden and seriously wounded Fred Rearden, a merchant of Big Piney. The killing occurred in the mountains seventy miles north of Opal, Wyo. Sheriff James of Evanston and a posse are in pursuit of the murderer, but it is feared he will be lynched before officers reach him.

Clergyman on Jonah.

Rev. Dr. Gaston, a Baptist clergyman of Santa Rosa, Cal., has invited a trial for heresy by declaring that Jonah died in the whale's belly instead of being thrown out upon the shore and proceeding upon his missionary expedition, as related in the Bible.

LIGHT STREET COSTUMES.

Comparatively New Fashion, Although Started Some Years Ago.

Wearing light costumes on the street is a comparatively new fashion, although the fad started two or three seasons ago. At present the fashion has been carried to such an extent that the plain dark gowns are conspicuous for contrast. Not only are the smart gowns of this season light in color, but in texture, and gauze veilings and silks that were at one time only considered appropriate for midsummer, and for garden parties then, are now worn for shopping and going about. Foulard gowns, always appropriate, always useful, are extremely fanciful in design and most elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery, and made in the lightest or most brilliant colors. The smartest dressmakers make for their best customers the quietest of gowns to come in town for a day's shopping—the black and white check silk mohair, a light wool, the dark blue, a gray veiling, with a touch of color or with lace collar or revers, no lace on the skirt; mohair gowns trimmed with the same material or taffeta in flat folds or bands, lines of stitching, either white or the color of the gown, and the only attempt at lightening the somewhat severe effect is to be seen in the front of lace. Dark color or black taffeta silks are made also for street wear, but also very plain, with short jacket and skirt trimmed with stitching in tucks and folds. Striped or checked silk gingham, made quite plain, are also smart for street wear in summer or for a day's shopping. These are on the lines of the tailor gowns and are made without lace or embroidery, excepting what is used in trimming the waist.

INSANITY FROM COFFEE.

A St. Paul, Minn., Woman Insane from Its Use.

A Mrs. Lindberg of St. Paul, Minn., was recently adjudged by a probate court to be insane. On investigation she was found at her home in a state of maniacal excitement so great that she could only with difficulty be restrained from tearing off her clothing. According to her husband's statement and the facts which were elicited by the investigation, it appeared that the cause of Mrs. Lindberg's insanity was the use of coffee. Mrs. Lindberg had for some years been accustomed to the free use of coffee for the relief of headache. The headaches had greatly increased in severity, and the amount of coffee was gradually increased. Recently she had been taking thirty or forty cups of coffee daily. Tea produces the same effect as coffee. Numerous other cases have been reported in which a complete breaking down of the nervous system has resulted from the use of tea or coffee. Teatasters and coffee-tasters furnish many illustrations of the deleterious effect of these beverages. Mrs. Lindberg was simply a coffee drunkard, and was as much addicted to her beverage as any teper was ever addicted to liquor. She kept her coffee-pot boiling continually, and devoted her whole attention to the brewing of her favorite beverage.

A Famous Apple Tree.

The American Cultivator says that the original greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Solomon Drowne at Mount Hygeia in North Foster, R. I. The tree was a very old one when the farm was sold in 1801. The seller informed the purchaser that it was a pity the old tree was going to decay, as it produced the best fruit of any tree in the orchard. The purchaser determined to see how long he could keep it alive, and it still survives after almost another century has been added to its venerable years. But it shows signs of final decay, and the parent of all the famous Rhode Island greenings, which has set its graft on the orchards of almost all the world, will soon be but a neighborhood memory. It is doubtful if there is a more famous apple tree to be found in all Pomona's groves from end to end of the earth.

What It Costs to Fight Fire.

The cost of the New York city fire department, the efficiency of which is unchallenged, is \$3,500,000 a year. Chicago, which has suffered more severely from a great conflagration than any other large American city, expends \$1,500,000 a year for the maintenance of its fire department, and Boston, which has suffered severely in the same direction, though very much less populous and a more compact city than Chicago, expends \$1,200,000. Southern cities generally spend little on their fire service, and it has been found generally that the ratio of cost increases as the population becomes more compact.

Will Sell Ex-President's Jewels.

Carlos Ezeta, ex-president of Salvador, who has lived in California ever since he fled from his native country, some time ago negotiated a loan on his own and Mme. Ezeta's jewelry, and, being unable to redeem the valuables, will soon sell the lot in San Francisco. His wife is the daughter of a wealthy Guatemalan, who refuses to give her any financial assistance because she refuses to return to the land of her birth. Senor Ezeta left Salvador because a price had been placed on his head.