

BAREFOOTHOOD.

How the mornings used to rise
Just like music in the skies!
How the first breath of the day
Smelled like paradise in May.

Not a trouble nor a care
In the whole world anywhere!
Just as light and gay and froo
As a bird that tops a tree.

Simple joys, and yet how sweet!
Just the pools that laved your feet;
Just the mud between your toes;
Just the wild fruit where it grows;

Oh, the soft, cool morning dew,
Ere the days of sock or shoe!
Oh, the showering, as you pass,
Of the sparkling spears of grass!



Signal Butte, by Captain Charles King

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED

Another thrill to the chorus of excitement that had throbbled the long night through, and yet not the last. There were still left a few minutes to darkness, and the devil of mischief seemed afloat in the very air.

Two killed outright." cried Mrs. Foster, "and one of them our Rafferty, and now where is Leon?"

chances. My first duty is to save these people to the west." Already the sentry's cry had summoned the corporal. The guard was springing to ranks at the tidings that the beacon was blazing on Signal Butte.

And as the sun climbed higher and blazed slanting down upon the meads and the soaring dust cloud faded out of sight, men, and women, too, gathered on that westward bluff to watch for further sign of weal or woe.

Alas! who could say? Leaving Raymond, his weeping women and angering men, let us spur on after Turner and the sorrel troop, by this time nearly half way to the Sandy. Even on fleetest of American horses we cannot



"TWO KILLED OUTRIGHT."

hope to overtake them until they are almost within pistol range of the willows in the bottom, and when we do the first platoon is dispersed in wide skirmish line, the men riding five yards apart.

behind the shoulder bluff that shrugs to the very brink of the Sandy. "Queer," says Thornton. "Not a sign, yet they must have seen us coming. Look out for every clump of trees or bush ahead there, Turner.

Some one—they can't discover who—is waving a shawl or blanket from Kelly's doorway. Some one else can be dimly seen lunging out from behind the ranch and fiercely gesticulating and pointing toward the range to the north.

"Never mind him. I hope the Apaches have got him. You are sure Leon never got back."

CHAPTER V. It will be remembered that Muncey with a fleet horse had probably an

hour's start of his pursuers, possibly more, that he had dropped in at the old post long enough to give them warning, and then he's ridden away for Kelly's.

"Well, he never stopped to ask me," said Mr. Crane, which was very true. "But I can't understand how you



THORNTON TURNED AND RODE HARD TO THE RANCH.

missed each other if you kept the road. However, go ahead and warn Kelly, and then come back here and we'll talk about Leon."

And Muncey had gone on to Kelly's, but that was the last seen of him, despite the fact that he gave Kelly to understand that he must hurry over to Crane again at once.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

Description of One That Convulsed the City of Mexico.

Writing from the City of Mexico to the Boston Herald, Mr. F. E. Guernsey describes some of the queer sensations associated with the severe earthquake that disturbed that city: There is nothing enjoyable in an earthquake; the sensation of a wobbling earth-crust is destructive to one's notions of what a well-made and orderly planet ought to be.

To cap the climax, the electric lights were extinguished, owing to the dynamo getting out of gear with the force of the shock, so that the crowds kneeling in the streets felt a pall of thick darkness enshrouding them, and redoubled their entreaties to heaven.

It was the night of El Dia de los Muertos—All Souls' day, when people go out to the cemeteries to light candles at the graves of their dead and renew sad memories.

A SILVER ADDRESS.

The Chairman of the National Party Publishes an Appeal.

Mr. Mott Thinks Americans Should Lay Aside Party Obligations and Vote to Have the White Metal Restored to Its Old Ratio.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—J. J. Mott, chairman of the national committee of the silver party, has issued an address to the people, the principal points in which are as follows:

As the necessity of money as a medium of exchange became revealed to the minds of men, the two metals finally accepted as the most suitable for money were silver and gold.

From this condition of regular order and contentment, contributing to the gradual elevation of all classes of society, the extension of civilization and the general betterment of the human race, this country and the world has been ruthlessly torn. It has been done by the rejection of one of the precious metals in the interests of greed, and by this act the money changers have been enthroned and the narrowing of the scope of monetization begun.

Long patience and dispassionate reflection has convinced me that an independent American financial system is absolutely necessary to the restoration of national prosperity and the establishment of commercial conditions in this country that will give the common people—the agricultural and laboring classes—an equal show with capital and concentrated wealth.

The first step—the essential preliminary to the correction of present abuses, the re-establishment of national prosperity and the maintenance of our national credit—is the election of a president whose Andrew Jackson courage and inflexible integrity will defy the influences that prostitute presidents and cabinets and make the administration of the government a subject of humiliation and reproach.

The one hope of the people, I am convinced, is in the election of a president pledged, unconditionally and unreservedly to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold, the same as from the foundation of our government until 1873. And also unconditionally pledged in favor of a national currency, without the intervention of banks of issue, and against the issuance of interest-bearing bonds in time of peace for any purpose whatever.

I appeal to them to lay aside party feelings, ignore party obligations on this social question, disregard party appeals, forget party contention and spurn the offer of place and emolument.

The peril that menaces the people in the election of a president whose administration of the government means a perpetuation of the present financial system can only be averted by the people themselves. It may be too late four years hence. Present abnormal conditions do not warrant belief in the peaceful submission of the people to further oppression and impoverishment.

Let us have this metal money restored and in the proportions found in nature's storehouse and as it existed in Washington's time, when the flag and the constitution were fresh and God seemed to speak to the people from an open book.

The men who blazed the way to the silver conference did well. The people see the citadel of their liberties and are ready for the battle. The Philistines are at our doors. To your tents, O Israel.

SAW FOUR HUNDRED SHOT.

A Kansas Lawyer Tells of an Exciting Experience While in Cuba.

EMPHORIA, Kan., Feb. 17.—Charles Christy, a young lawyer of Waverly, Coffey county, has just returned from Cuba, where he and 16 other Americans, captured in battle by Spaniards, were saved by the American consul.

M'KINLEY FAR AHEAD.

The New York Herald's Forecast of the Strength of Republican Candidates.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—The Herald prints a forecast of the result in the republican national convention from returns received of delegates elected and an estimate on those to be chosen. It summarizes: "McKinley at present is far in the lead. He is almost certain to receive at least 269 votes on the first ballot. Reed will come next, with 182. Allison will have 139 and Morton 121."