

THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be;
In my boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes
Through tear mists behold them beneath the old-time skies,
'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them; and heartsick with longing is my soul,
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bow;
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;
To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide lulled on its heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

—Criterion.

TAMING A "BAD MAN."

TOWARD noon of a June day seventeen years ago, there came riding into the little town of Blank, in Southern Colorado, a stranger, sombreroed, red-kerchiefed, blue-shirted, high-booted, and wearing at each hip, in the holsters of a well-filled cartridge-belt, a heavy six-shooter. He halted before the principal saloon, threw reins over his horse's head, dismounted, and stalking in roughly, proclaimed himself to be "Wildcat Pete" and a "bad man," and ordered drinks. Having imbibed considerable liquor, he proceeded to cavort up and down the street, threatening and bullying, and in the recognized border way "shooting up the town."

Although still without the civilizing influence of a railroad, Blank was not and never had been lawless, free for all; that is to say "wide open," in the



"WILL YOU JES' REPEAT THAT?"

measure of many a typical Western town and mining camp. Blank had begun quietly, and had continued along its peaceful way, with singular immunity from any disturbing, all-regardless element. Consequently the advent of "Wildcat Pete" was an unwelcome surprise.

But while the presence of the desperado was looked upon by the citizens of Blank with disfavor, still he stayed and did about as he pleased. To tell the truth, the marshal was afraid of him, and the public generally found it necessary to take time to consider. Therefore "Wildcat Pete" remained, a thorn in the flesh of Blank's prosperity.

He was a blustering, domineering, loud-voiced individual; and although this is not the distinguishing trait of the real "bad man," to back it up he proved himself mighty quick with a gun.

On a Saturday morning the proprietor of the general store of Blank was returning to it, after a rather late breakfast. As he walked up Main street, he noted that ahead of him the thoroughfare seemed oddly deserted. Pedestrians and horsemen and teamsters were showing a strange partiality for the side streets. One might have thought that a portion of the street was plague-stricken. It was.

As the merchant, wondering, advanced, presently he beheld the figure of a man squatting tailor-fashion in the middle of the road. It was "Wildcat Pete." There he was sitting calmly, arms folded, but with a six-shooter in each hand; and whenever anybody walking or riding drew near he dignifiedly waved them back. They went. He owned the street. They sought another. It was just a "bad man's" fancy, but it had to be respected.

However, the merchant frowned. He was annoyed. Pete had stationed him-

self exactly in front of the store, which possessed the only piece of sidewalk in town. When one has gone to the expense of a sidewalk in the community, he does not relish having its attractive force rendered null and void so that some freakish wight may pose as a real estate czar.

The merchant was amiably suffered to enter his store; but if he was prepared to greet customers, he was prepared in vain. Custom was emphatically at low ebb. Several prospective buyers hove in sight, as the merchant knew; but Pete grandly waved them to another street, whereupon they retired precipitately.

The merchant followed by his anxious clerk, went out to where the desperado was sitting, cross-legged and cross-armed, vigilantly guarding his self-selected limits.

"You're 'Wildcat Pete,' are you?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, sir, I'm 'Wildcat Pete,'" replied the other, not deigning to look up at him.

The merchant was a new-comer from the East, and Pete considered him a minus quantity.

"Well, Pete," said the merchant, briskly, "I'm paying good rent for this property, and I've built a sidewalk, and gone to other expense for improvements, and I can't afford having my customers driven off, like you're doing. Now, go over on the other side of the street, and sit in front of that vacant lot; or there's a splendid place in front of the blacksmith shop. It's shady there. Don't sit here."

"I reckon I'll sit here just as long as I please," declared Pete, unaffected.

The merchant's color rose. He was a tenderfoot, but he had spirit. "You will, will you," he retorted. Then he turned to his clerk, and said, in an undertone: "George, go in and get the gun."

The "gun" was a 45-90 repeater, heavy enough for bear.

The clerk brought it out.

"Now, Pete," addressed the merchant, more briskly, "I want you to move—and move quick."

For the first time the desperado looked up, and it was into the muzzle of the rifle.

"I reckon I won't," he announced, obstinately.

"I reckon you will," announced the merchant with equal obstinacy. "I'll give you just one minute to get out, or I'll blow you out!"

"I reckon you won't," persisted Pete, apparently callous.

George, hold the watch on us," bade the merchant.

George held the watch. The desperado fidgeted, and seemed inclined to rise. He moved circumspectly, knowing that the merchant had the drop on him.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll go and sit on the other side of the street, by the vacant lot. But I'll see you later," he added, meaningly.

"No, you won't!" snapped the merchant. "If you want to see me, you can see me right now."

"I reckon I'll sit awhile in front of the blacksmith shop," drawled Pete; and with an injured air he slouched off toward the site proposed, and there established headquarters, much to the disgust of the blacksmith.

The merchant re-entered the store, and received the congratulations of his customers.

Meanwhile, at the blacksmith shop, "Wildcat Pete" was voicing dire threats, all of which conveyed the same meaning; that he was going to kill the merchant on sight. The merchant heard. He was advised by friends right and left to arm himself

and be prepared to shoot first; but he sturdily refused. He simply sent word:

"Tell that fellow Pete that I don't carry a gun, and that I shall continue to go back and forth along the street just as usual. I'm not afraid of him. Only, if he tries to interfere with my personal rights, or with my business, he's likely to get in trouble. He may talk all he wants to, but he must leave me alone."

However, the desperado's bluster began to prove irksome. It distressed the merchant's wife exceedingly, and kept her constantly wrought up lest her husband should be murdered. It had effect upon the merchant himself, naturally making him watchful and nervous, and enforcing upon him precautions, if not for his own sake, then for the sake of his family. He stayed in the back part of the store, and at home was careful not to expose himself at a window.

Finally the strain became unendurable. The merchant decided to put an end to it.

It was just a week after the encounter whereby "Wildcat Pete" had been made to move on. He was sitting, moodily tilted back in a chair, outside the doorway of the saloon which he frequented, when the merchant, carrying a pasteboard shoebox walked directly up to where he sat.

Behind the merchant followed the marshal and several other citizens. "Wildcat Pete" straightened up in his chair, and his hand suggestively jerked his cartridge belt into a more convenient position.

"I understand that you've said you were going to kill me," spoke the merchant.

"I sure am, as soon as I get good an' ready," growled the desperado.

"Well, I've got tired of waiting," declared the merchant. "We'll settle our little difficulty right here." He took the cover from the box. "Now in this box I've brought two pistols; one is loaded with ball, and the other is a blank. See this handkerchief?" and he unfolded a large bandana. "You choose which pistol you want; I'll take the other. Then we'll catch hold of opposite corners of this handkerchief and back away, and the minute that the cloth is tight we'll pop and find out which gun has the bullet in it."

"Will you jes' please repeat that? I didn't quite savvy," stammered the desperado uncertainly.

The merchant repeated.

"You mean I'm to take one gun, and you the other an' go it blind; and then shoot at each other across the handkerchief?" inquired Pete, dazed.

"Exactly," affirmed the merchant.

Pete stared at the pistols. They were the old-fashioned, powder-and-ball variety, single shot and loading at the muzzle. Whence the merchant had resurrected them none but himself knew; however, they were perfect for the purpose, for their contents could not be ascertained by the eye.

The desperado rose to the occasion. "All right," he said, "I'm game. But somebody's sure goin' to be hurt."

He weighed the pistols carefully in his hand, and selected one. The merchant took the other.

"Somebody sure is," he replied grimly.

Noting the interview, a crowd had collected.

The merchant extended a corner of the bandana to the desperado. "Here," he said, "take hold!"

With the fingers of a rather shaky left hand "Wildcat Pete" grasped the handkerchief. The merchant cocked his pistol. "Wildcat Pete" cocked his.

"When the handkerchief draws tight, we shoot, remember," warned the merchant.

The crowd fell away from behind each of the duelists. The merchant and the desperado slowly, gingerly, backed apart; the handkerchief, held at arm's length, was just ceasing to sag, when "Bang!" went the pistol of "Wildcat Pete." An exclamation leaped from the peering crowd; but the merchant stood up, smiling sarcastically, unharmed. Evidently the desperado's pistol was the blank; he had fired ahead of time, and he had fired in vain.

Seeing the result, with an oath he dropped the handkerchief and whipped his hand to the six-shooter at his right hip.

"None of that!" cried a stern voice in his ear and wisely refraining he glanced behind, to find the marshal, at last emboldened, exactly covering him. "Hands up!"

"I reckon Mr. Merchant there is about entitled to a shot," suggested the marshal, coolly. "Go ahead, Mr. Merchant," he said to him.

"Pete," said the merchant decisively, "you aren't going to kill me, after all. Turn around!"

Pete turned.

"Now march!" commanded the merchant. "You'll find your horse straight ahead. Get on him and keep going, and don't come back."

"Wildcat Pete" obeyed.

"But wasn't that rather risky?" I inquired of the merchant—now no longer merchant, but capitalist. "Supposing Pete had picked the pistol having the bullet?"

"Well," said the former storekeeper,

"I figured first that Pete would balk at the contest, which he didn't; and second, that he would fire ahead of time, which he did. Either would give me the advantage over him." He laughed. "And to tell the truth, in justice to myself and family, neither pistol held a bullet. Bloodshed was eliminated."—Montreal Family Herald.

ONLY WORKERS WANTED.

Too Many Drones in South Now, Without Inviting Worthless Ones.

Desirable as the right sort of immigration to the South may be, it is well for everybody interested in the permanent welfare of that section not to permit enthusiasm in the cause of filling up its waste places to outrun discretion in the selection of material, says the Southern Farm Magazine. Just at present it looks as though special interests of one kind or another were taking advantage of the South's desire for immigrants and the public discussion of that question to work an imposition or to make mistakes in judgment. For example, a recent dispatch from New York said that a steamer of one of the coast lines had sailed for Norfolk crowded to its full capacity with immigrants from the south of Europe who would settle along the rich truck farms of the Chesapeake and that daily shiploads would follow. The dispatch further stated that this was but a feature of the most remarkable movement in immigration that has developed in years. A telegram to the president of the steamship company brought the information that while there was considerable immigration business going South and West, there was nothing unusual about it for this time of the year, and that the destinations of immigrants were generally beyond Virginia.

The telegram pricks a sensation at the right time. Opportunities for immigrants are unsurpassed, to be sure and it is undoubted that the persistent work of many years is now having the desired effect. The wish for general results, however, must not be permitted to be marred by sensationalism in furthering the cause of immigration or by heedlessness in sending to the South undesirable classes. The South has already too many drones and is seeking means either of turning them into productive agents or to be rid of them. The most effective means is to bring in industrious men, working men, thrifty men, men who propose to live in and for the community and not off the community, men prepared to make their permanent home in the South and to develop with it. It is possible to obtain such men even from among the horde of immigrants now pouring into New York and other centers without misleading statements and without the aid of yellow journalism.

EASIEST THING TO FIND.

We Are Only Too Quick to See Our Neighbors' Faults.

The only thing that can easily be found where it does not exist is fault, says the Atlanta Journal. That is, you can easily find it in others. But in yourself, though you be blackened with it, you can't see it so easily.

If the other fellow has a fault—and sometimes if he hasn't—you are quick to perceive it.

You incessantly find fault with the weather. It is either too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry, too sunny or too cloudy, and you have a good deal to say about it.

And the times never suit you. It's either hard times or else some other people are making too much money by the methods you don't know anything about and so don't approve. Deep in your subconsciousness you are quite sure that money-making which you can't comprehend and can't imitate can't be honest.

And the government is all wrong, too, in your opinion. As a matter of fact, you may confess to yourself that you are unable to vote with real discrimination for county sheriff, but you do think you know all about running the national government and settling all international differences.

You may be loudly preaching for world-wide peace, when you can't get along amicably with your own wife. You may not be able successfully to run a little corner grocery, but you think you know all about regulating the big trusts. You don't know what are the elements of failure in your own business affairs, but you think you know just exactly what are the faults of the great railroads.

The trouble with you is easily diagnosed. It is one of the most common disorders under the sun. You are "farsighted" in your mental vision. You see only the things that are beyond the reach of your hands and are blind to those that lie about you. You see the faults of the other fellow, but not your own.

World Goss Around.

Yeast—Do you believe that the world moves?

Crimsonbeak—I certainly do. Why, I can't find the keyhole in the same place two nights in succession.—Yonkers Statesman.

The firecrackers don't cost much for celebrating our glorious freedom, but the doctors afterward swell the bill.

PERSONALITY OF NOGI.

His Remarkable Spirit When He Lost Sons in Battle.

Consider Nogi's career. He was commissioned by the Emperor to retake Port Arthur, the "impregnable" fortress which he had taken by storm from the Chinese ten years before, says the New York Tribune. He went thither, to work and to fight, largely unobserved by the world, for the limelight of publicity was turned upon the fleets and upon Kuroki and Kuropatkin in their desperate duel at the north, rather than upon him and his sappers and miners and forlorn hopes. He went into the campaign with his two sons and his nephews—the only men in the world who could inherit his name and title. One son was killed at Nanshan. The other died at High Hill. In a third conflict the nephew was killed. They say that Nogi smiled when he heard the news and, instead of lamenting his own loss, congratulated his soldiers upon the victories they had won.

"God took my sons," he said to a friend one day, "in order that I might be better able to sympathize with my countrymen who are likewise bereft.



GEN. BARON NOGI.

and so that I may the better answer to the souls of the many brave men whom I am sending to their graves." But now and then, when he supposed he was entirely unobserved, the white-haired veteran would bow his head and sob as if from a broken heart.

The Emperor meant to pay him the beautiful compliment of making him the guardian of the prince imperial's three little sons. But first there was other work to do. So with his war-worn veterans Nogi was hurried from Port Arthur up to Mukden, where we are told he hurled himself like a thunderbolt upon the Russians. Beyond question it was he and his men, with their cry of "Make way for us! We are from Port Arthur!" that more than any others staggered and shattered the Russian legions.

The world has heard a great deal of late about the Japanese spirit. Exploiters of the "yellow peril" have rung the changes upon the "essential barbarism" of that amazing people. It may be so. But there are those who will say that if such men as Nogi are exemplars of barbarism, that is the sort of barbarism we want. To most his career looks like that of a hero who would be an adornment and an honor to any race, and of whom the world may learn much in both tenderness and ferocity; as it may also learn great lessons from the whole Japanese establishment in military sanitation and in the art of scientific war.

Enriching Experience.

Why has art so large a place in the lives of the Japanese? Perhaps because they begin to teach art early in life.

In a recent trip round the world the eminent English surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, spent considerable time in Japan. On the occasion of his visit to a famous temple the only living creature met with in the temple grounds was an old woman carrying a golden-faced baby—her grandson.

"Why have you come to a place so solitary?" Sir Frederick asked.

"I thought it would do the baby good to see the plum blossom," the old woman replied, with the soft urbanity of her race.

Matters Easily Arranged.

"The lady ain't got the money now," said Bridget, "but ye kin l'ave the ice an' she'll pay on Saturday."

"But," protested the new Iceman, "s'posin' she ain't got the money then?"

"Well, if she ain't ye kin take yer ice back."—Philadelphia Press.

Explaining It.

Maude—And why do the jockeys wear those funny little caps?

Claude—Why—er—those are the handkerchiefs, y' know.—Cleveland Leader.

When a man has a picture taken for the first five weeks afterward he spends a great deal of time in taking surreptitious looks at it, and wondering if every one else sees the good points in it so plain to his eyes.