

THE HILLS OF GOD.

We journeyed through the lowland shades... Through the dull, dull mist and rain; Oh, chilling the tops of the marshes...

A CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

When Silas Ryan, the proprietor and manager of Ryan's ranch, set his employees at work, fencing in a large body of the best Government land in southern Kansas...

Near Ryan's ranch there was a little town known as Prairie City. It was an insignificant place, with less than 200 population...

In Prairie City's halcyon days, however, it boasted of a newspaper, the Prairie City Eagle. It was not much of a paper, being small and poorly printed...

The Eagle, as a matter of course, stood by the town people and the settlers, and when Ryan set his men to fencing in the public lands for grazing purposes...

"It is the duty of the homesteaders," it went on, "to protect themselves against the encroachments of this greedy corporation, who, for the sake of adding to his ill-gotten wealth, would starve even the innocent, unconscious, helpless babe in its mother's arms."

"You don't mean that you are running this paper all by yourself?" "Yes, sir, except for the help of a boy, who manages the press for me."

"Well, if that don't stump me. A woman running a paper all alone with no men folks to help her! Gee, but it must be lots of hard work!"

"It is, but I don't mind that. I'd be willing to work night and day if I could just manage some way to keep the paper going."

"You're not figuring on stopping it, are you?" "Yes, I'll have to stop it. I can't get enough money to buy any more paper. My mother is sick and I have to buy medicine and things for her. Poor mother! I don't know how I shall provide for her now."

"The girl's voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears. The cowboy looked on a moment, then paced rapidly two or three times across the room. Finally he said: 'You wait here for me. I'll be back in a few minutes.'"

through with it that they've got into the hottest and most unhealthy job they ever tackled. 'Then you boys will stand by me?' Ryan questioned. 'Of course we will,' one of them answered. 'We're paid to work for you, and we've not got any love for settlers. We'll see that your fence is not out and that your cattle are not bothered.'

"That's all right," Ryan said, "but there is something else I want you to do." "What is it?" "I want this paper squelched."

"Well, squelch it." "I want you to ride over to Prairie City to-night and clean the thing out root and branch. Burn the office, smash up the old press and chase the editor out of the country."

Just after supper that night the cowboys loaded their pistols carefully and buckled them about their waists. Then they brought out their horses, saddled and mounted them, and rode away in the direction of Prairie City at a mad gallop. Just before they reached the town they came to a halt. One of them said: "Now, boys, we don't want to take any reckless chances in this business, so we had better be a little cautious. I guess that editor is a spindly-shanked, goggle-eyed old rooster from the East who'd drop dead at the sight of a pistol, but still he may be a varmint of a different color. For all we know he may turn loose and go to pumping lead into us at the rate of about sixty bullets a minute. It will be safest to kind of slip up on him and take him unaware."

The others agreed to this proposition, and accordingly they rode quietly into town, dismounted and tied their horses, and noiselessly approached the Eagle office. A light was shining through a window of the little one-story brick building, and by one common impulse the cowboys stole cautiously forward to this window with a view to peeping into the room to see how the land lay.

On one side of the room they saw a rickety old typewriter containing a half dozen cases of type. On the other side stood an old press, while in the center there was a zinc-covered goods box which answered in the place of an imposing stove. Up at the end of the room was a small table at which was seated a woman.

The woman's elbows rested on the table and her face lay between her hands. She was sitting directly in front of the window, apparently looking straight at it, so the cowboys had a good, square view of her features. They saw that she was young and pretty, not much more than a child and very sad. There was a deeply troubled expression on her face, and once they saw her brush tears from her eyes.

"The editor's wife or daughter, I reckon," one of the cowboys whispered. "Guess so," one of the others replied; "and like as not the old whelp's been abusing her."

"I'm going in and talk to her," the first speaker announced. "You chaps wait outside till I come back."

"A good idea," another agreed. "We want to see a little more into this business before we do anything rash."

The cowboy walked around to the door and entered the office. He passed across the floor and stopped just before the little table at which the woman was sitting. He took off his hat, made an awkward bow and said: "Good evening, lady. I hope I find you well."

A shudder of fear passed over the woman's face and a startled look came to her eyes when she saw the man's huge pistols and noted his cowboy attire. Still, she answered calmly and bravely enough: "I am quite well, thank you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, I don't know. I reckon maybe I'd like to see the editor of this paper."

"I am the editor." "Well, but I want to see the man—your father or husband, or whoever he is."

"There is no man here. I am all alone." "You don't mean that you are running this paper all by yourself?"

"Yes, sir, except for the help of a boy, who manages the press for me." The cowboy whistled, then stood staring at the woman in amazement. At last he ejaculated: "Well, if that don't stump me. A woman running a paper all alone with no men folks to help her! Gee, but it must be lots of hard work!"

"It is, but I don't mind that. I'd be willing to work night and day if I could just manage some way to keep the paper going." "You're not figuring on stopping it, are you?" "Yes, I'll have to stop it. I can't get enough money to buy any more paper. My mother is sick and I have to buy medicine and things for her. Poor mother! I don't know how I shall provide for her now."

ought to pile onto a man and squelch him, but it's a different thing when it comes to a poor lone woman struggling bravely to support her sick mother."

"The paper is going to quit, anyhow," some one remarked, "so it's all right to let it alone. It can't do any more damage."

The man who had come from the room was silent and thoughtful for a moment, then he said: "I reckon the paper's not going to quit, either. I've got money enough to tide it over a few weeks, and—"

"I've got enough to tide it over a few more weeks," another said, and he was promptly followed by the others with like propositions. The upshot of the matter was that a minute later a roll of money was put into the girl's hands, and before she had recovered from her astonishment the cowboys were on their way back to the ranch.

"Wonder what Ryan will think?" one of them remarked as they rode along. "Don't matter what he thinks," another replied. "We didn't care to him to make war on women."

Thanks to the aid given by the cowboys the Eagle lived; and when Prairie City moved to the new town the Eagle went with it, and there it grew and prospered and in time became a prominent paper. But the editor never knew the true object of the night's visit that was paid her by the cowboys of Ryan's ranch. Whether she would have thought any the less of them if she had known is a matter of doubt.

Naturally Ryan was displeased with the action of his employees, the more especially since the Eagle kept up its fight on him. But there was nothing he could do to save himself, since he had contracted with his employees for a year, and he could not discharge them for refusing to do an unlawful act. He was entirely helpless and when the settlers cut his fence and took up claim on his ranch he had to quietly give way to them and seek grazing lands elsewhere.—Utica Globe.

While among my hearers and readers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life and the shadows are lengthening and the sky crimson with the glow of the setting sun, a large number of them are in early life, and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, glowing and gleaming, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes. Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns as clerks and bookkeepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the busy war horse. Others are in the mechanical arts, to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Some are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you—say, some of you already have buckled on the armor. But, whatever your age and calling, the subject of gambling, about which I speak to-day, is pertinent.

A Worldwide Evil. Some years ago when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No; I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no worse affected by the evil. At very times my son, who was his partner in business, was one of the hottest players in a famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only \$4,000, was losing from \$50 to \$100 per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying, 'That society is paid for the defense of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil'—not knowing that at that very time two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing of cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up, while on the other hand gambling may be carried on without cards or dice or billiards or a top or a dog.

Mrs. Fitch, of Denver, Colo., drives an ostrich, behind which she rides in a light wagon. She is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden, and manages it herself. The animal isn't guided by the reins, but by a long whip, with which the driver hits it on the flappers.

Certainly a Title of "Distinction." Not long ago an Indian general, who had returned home on the expiry of a term of service, was invited to "dine and sleep" at Windsor. He took advantage of his proximity to Eton to walk over to the famous public school. He there called on the house master of a young Indian prince, the son of a Rajah who had thought it well to send his son over to England to be educated. The general informed the house master that he had, before leaving India, promised the Rajah to deliver a message to his son's master. It was that the Rajah desired that his son should receive no exceptional treatment in the school on account of his exalted birth, and that his fellow students should not be encouraged to show him any special deference. The house master hastened to reassure the Rajah's messenger.

"Pray tell the Rajah that there is no reason to be alarmed that his son will receive too great deference. You may assure his highness that in this school his son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and among his intimates he is commonly called 'Coal-Scuttle.'"

He Loved and Won. Tom—that friend you introduced at the club last night seems to be a melancholy sort of fellow. What's the matter with him?

Jack—Disappointed in love, I believe. Tom—Too bad; got the mitten, I suppose?

Jack—Oh, no; he got the girl.

The long-headed clergyman preaches the shortest sermon.

Talk is cheap, but somehow gamblers always gains currency.

TALWAGE'S SERMON



THE spirit of hazard in this sermon is arraigned by Dr. Talwage, and the downward path of the gambler is plainly pointed out; text, Acts 1, 19. 'Accidama—that is to say, the field of blood.'

The money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syrian tongue Accidama, meaning "the field of blood." Well, there is one word I want to write to-day over every race course where wagers are staked and every poolroom and every gambling saloon and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnated with the life of innumerable victims—Accidama.

The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages, towns and cities are now suffering.

While among my hearers and readers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life and the shadows are lengthening and the sky crimson with the glow of the setting sun, a large number of them are in early life, and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, glowing and gleaming, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes.

Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns as clerks and bookkeepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the busy war horse. Others are in the mechanical arts, to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Some are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you—say, some of you already have buckled on the armor. But, whatever your age and calling, the subject of gambling, about which I speak to-day, is pertinent.

A Worldwide Evil. Some years ago when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No; I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no worse affected by the evil. At very times my son, who was his partner in business, was one of the hottest players in a famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only \$4,000, was losing from \$50 to \$100 per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying, 'That society is paid for the defense of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil'—not knowing that at that very time two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing of cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up, while on the other hand gambling may be carried on without cards or dice or billiards or a top or a dog.

Mrs. Fitch, of Denver, Colo., drives an ostrich, behind which she rides in a light wagon. She is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden, and manages it herself. The animal isn't guided by the reins, but by a long whip, with which the driver hits it on the flappers.

Certainly a Title of "Distinction." Not long ago an Indian general, who had returned home on the expiry of a term of service, was invited to "dine and sleep" at Windsor. He took advantage of his proximity to Eton to walk over to the famous public school. He there called on the house master of a young Indian prince, the son of a Rajah who had thought it well to send his son over to England to be educated. The general informed the house master that he had, before leaving India, promised the Rajah to deliver a message to his son's master. It was that the Rajah desired that his son should receive no exceptional treatment in the school on account of his exalted birth, and that his fellow students should not be encouraged to show him any special deference. The house master hastened to reassure the Rajah's messenger.

"Pray tell the Rajah that there is no reason to be alarmed that his son will receive too great deference. You may assure his highness that in this school his son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and among his intimates he is commonly called 'Coal-Scuttle.'"

He Loved and Won. Tom—that friend you introduced at the club last night seems to be a melancholy sort of fellow. What's the matter with him?

Jack—Disappointed in love, I believe. Tom—Too bad; got the mitten, I suppose?

Jack—Oh, no; he got the girl.

The long-headed clergyman preaches the shortest sermon.

Talk is cheap, but somehow gamblers always gains currency.

In some of those cities every third or fourth house in many of the streets is a gaming place, and it may be truthfully asserted that each of our cities is cursed with this evil.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity not only in the underground oyster cellar or at the table back of the curtain, covered with green baize, or in the strowboard smoking cabin, where the blotted wretch with dimes in his ears deals out his pack and winks in the unsuspecting traveler, providing free drinks all around, but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings. This sin works ruin first by providing an unhealthy stimulant. Ricketiness is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and later and wretched, looks out for the agonizing that like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument. God never made a man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement.

The Road to Ruin. A young man having suddenly inherited a large property sits at a gaming table and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime's sweat and shakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes his victim, kicking him out, a sniveling fool, into the ditch or sending him, with the drunkard's brougham, staggering on the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to ruin, and no preacher's voice or startling warning or wife's entreaty can make him stay for a moment his headlong career.

The infernal spell is on him, a giant is around within, and though you hand him with cables they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times around with chains they would snap like casted wire, and though you piled up in his path heaven high Bibles, tracts and sermons and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a lion over the rocks on his way to perdition. "Accidama, the field of blood!"

Something for Nothing. Any trade or occupation that is of use is something. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat paws for the fragments it eats by taking the house of vermin. The fly that takes the sweetness from the drops of the cup compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. A gambler that is disgrace to the man that he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children and eternal wailing away to his soul. He pays in tears and blood and agony and darkness and woe.

What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer's harvest! Who will want to sell tapes and measure handkerchiefs and cut garments and weigh sugar when in a night's game he makes and loses and makes again and loses again the profits of a season?

John Borack was sent as a mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers instructed that all was not right. He was a defaulter for \$87,000. It was found that he had lost in Lombard street, London, \$20,000; in Fulton street, New York, \$10,000; and in New Orleans \$3,000. He was imprisoned, at afterward escaped and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statements before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly \$25,000,000 francs.

Source of Dishonesty. Furthermore, this sin is the source of dishonesty. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftentimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamblers have their accomplices, and one will mark the cards. The boy has been found loaded with playing cards that distribute come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers and observed by the honest men who have come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that 35 out of 100 who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, hungry wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit in the dooryard of the house that they once owned.

In a gaming house in San Francisco a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the sea and won \$22,000. But the tide turns. In ten minutes comes upon the countenance of all. Slowly the cards were dealt. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul! Foul!" by the losers, at the tables produce their cards, and the upshot is staid, and the bank has won \$95,000. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless power through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons given up to the same infamous practices or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How drearily the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter and something to win and something to lose, an excitement to drive the heart faster, fill the blood and fire the imagination. No home, how ever bright, can keep back the gambler. The sweet call of love bonds back from his iron soul, and all endearments are con-

sumed in the fire of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "Here goes—one more game, my boy! On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven!"

Destroyer of Youth. A young man in London on coming of age received a fortune of \$120,000, and through gambling in three years was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to New Orleans. He was rich, intellectual and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him, they lured him to the gaming table and let him win almost every time for a good while and patted him on the back and said, "First rate player." But, fully in their grasp, they fleeced him, and his \$20,000 was lost. Last of all, he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home, and of his old father and mother, and wrote thus: "My beloved parents, you will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts, when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen down, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will anticipate my destroyer but, oh, my God, avenge the wrongs and impositions practiced upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him! This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you will have received this from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot—no, I will not—suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first, but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. "Accidama, the field of blood!"

When things go wrong at a gaming table, they shout "Foul! Foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! Foul! Infinitely foul!"

Gambling in Churches. "Gift stores" are abundant throughout the country. With a book or knife or sewing machine or coat or carriage there goes a prize. At these stores people get something thrown in with their purchase. It may be a gold watch or a set of silver, a ring or a farm. Sharp wily to get off unsalable goods. It has filled the land with fictitious articles and covered up our population with brass finger rings and despoiled the moral sense of the community, and is fast making us a nation of gamblers.

The church of God has not seemed willing to allow the world to have all the advantage of these games of chance. A church bazaar opens, and toward the close it is found that some of the more valuable articles are unsalable. Forthwith the conductors of the enterprise conclude that they will raffle for some of the valuable articles, and under pretense of anxiety to make their minister a present or please some popular member of the church fascinating persons are dispatched through the room, pencil in hand, to "solicit shares," or perhaps each draws for an open advantage, and scores of people go home with their pockets bulging, thinking that it is all right, for Christians did the raffle, and the proceeds went toward a new communion set. But you may depend on it that as far as morality is concerned you might as well have won by the crack of the billiard ball or the turn of the dice box. Do you wonder that churches built, lighted or upholstered by such processes as that come to great financial and spiritual decrepitude? The devil says, "I helped to build that house of worship, and I have as much right there as you have," and for once the devil is right. We do not read that they had a lottery for building the church at Corinth or at Antioch or for getting up an embroidered surplice for St. Paul. All this style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who is destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

A Pernicious Custom. The gambling spirit has not stopped for and indecency. There transpired in Maryland a lottery in which people drew for lots in a burying ground. The modern habit of betting about everything is productive of immense mischief. The most beautiful and innocent amusements of youth and baseball playing have been the occasion of putting up excited and extravagant wagers. That which to many has been advantageous to body and mind has been to others the means of financial and moral loss. The custom is pernicious in the extreme where scores of men in respectable life give themselves up to betting, now on this point, now on that; now on this ball, now on that. Betting that once was chiefly the accompaniment of the race course is fast becoming a national habit, and in some circles any opinion advanced on finance or politics is accented with the interrogation, "How much will you bet on that, sir?"

This custom may make no appeal to slow, lethargic temperaments, but there are in the country tens of thousands of quick, nervous, sanguine, excitable temperaments, ready to be acted upon, and their feet will soon take hold on death. For some months, and perhaps for years, they will linger in the more polite and elegant circle of gamblers, but after awhile their pathway will come to the fatal plunge.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Splash hulks strewn the beach, everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary craft into the Hell Gate.

Copyright, 1898.

Servant Girls.—God bless the servant girls of America, whose years are nothing but hard, bitter, hopeless drudgeries. Born in an unknown home, to be buried in an unknown grave.—Rev. F. Dewitt Talwage, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

Man's Evils.—Never fan any man's evils so that they shall consume him, but inflame every man's goods until they shall master him.—Rev. W. L. Demorest, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.



"GOOD MORNING, LADY."



A young whale weighing about 2400 pounds was captured the other day off Biddeford Pool, Me.

Some sheep were frightened by dogs at Grenoble, France, and 212 blindly "followed their leader" over a precipice 150 feet high.

A remarkable eel has been discovered in the Fiji Islands. It has a peculiar formation in its throat, which causes it to whistle when in an excited state. The eel is fifteen feet long, and several inches in girth.

In the markets of Brazil one often sees five snakes—a species of boa—from ten to fifteen feet long. They are employed in many houses to hunt rats at night, being otherwise perfectly harmless. They become attached to a house like a cat or a dog.

Mrs. Fitch, of Denver, Colo., drives an ostrich, behind which she rides in a light wagon. She is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden, and manages it herself. The animal isn't guided by the reins, but by a long whip, with which the driver hits it on the flappers.

Certainly a Title of "Distinction." Not long ago an Indian general, who had returned home on the expiry of a term of service, was invited to "dine and sleep" at Windsor. He took advantage of his proximity to Eton to walk over to the famous public school. He there called on the house master of a young Indian prince, the son of a Rajah who had thought it well to send his son over to England to be educated. The general informed the house master that he had, before leaving India, promised the Rajah to deliver a message to his son's master. It was that the Rajah desired that his son should receive no exceptional treatment in the school on account of his exalted birth, and that his fellow students should not be encouraged to show him any special deference. The house master hastened to reassure the Rajah's messenger.

"Pray tell the Rajah that there is no reason to be alarmed that his son will receive too great deference. You may assure his highness that in this school his son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and among his intimates he is commonly called 'Coal-Scuttle.'"

He Loved and Won. Tom—that friend you introduced at the club last night seems to be a melancholy sort of fellow. What's the matter with him?

Jack—Disappointed in love, I believe. Tom—Too bad; got the mitten, I suppose?

Jack—Oh, no; he got the girl.

The long-headed clergyman preaches the shortest sermon.

Talk is cheap, but somehow gamblers always gains currency.



HE READ THE ARTICLE TO HIS EMPLOYEES.

ustarder's cattle and give him to understand that if the Government won't protect you, you can and will protect yourselves."

A copy of the paper containing this editorial fell into Ryan's hands. He read it and boiled over with wrath and indignation. He was forced to admit that there was much truth in the article, but it was none the more palatable to him for that. He swore vengeance against the Eagle and its editor, and vowed that not another issue of the paper should be published.

At dinner time he read the article to his employees as they sat at the table. They were six in number, recently emigrated from a ranch down in Texas, and had a reputation for being the hardest and most reckless dare-devils that ever rode the range. When Ryan had finished reading he said: "What do you think of that?"

"I think it's blamed big crowing from a mighty little rooster," one of the cowboys replied. "If the settlers want to take that editor's advice and try it on about cutting down the fence," another said, "just let me find before they get