

SHORT STORIES.

STARTED AN AVALANCHE.

Is it true that the sound of the human voice may start a snowslide? Jas. Perchard, clerk of the state court of appeals, is inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. He has for 20 years past been almost of the belief that a word of farewell which he shouted in one of the mountain canyons cost the lives of two persons.

"I never think of the event without a shudder," said Mr. Perchard. "I was mining at the time in the region above Georgetown. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth that winter, and miners moving from one cabin to another were warned to look out for slides. I stopped in one of my trips at cabin of an acquaintance and took dinner with him, but I felt nervous and impatient for some reason, and declined as politely as possible the kind invitation. I arose from the table, and, without delay, stared on my journey. Crossing the canyon I turned to wave a farewell to the friends who had entertained me. The man and his wife were standing at the door of the cabin and a third person was in the house. The air was perfectly still. Not the slightest intimation was given of the awful disaster which was about to happen. I waved my hand and shouted, 'Goodby.'

"Hardly had the echoes of my voice died away before a muffled sound struck the ear—a noise like the boom of a cannon—and the whole side of the mountain seemed to be in motion. The snow, ice, trees and rocks started toward the bottom of the gulch, and within five seconds the cabin was overwhelmed and the spot on which I had stood one or two minutes before was buried under fifty feet of snow. I summoned assistance as quickly as it could be done, and we frantically dug out two dead bodies. The third person afterward recovered, but I have never entirely forgiven myself for the word which I shouted on that never-to-be-forgotten day."

BREAKING IN A BOOK AGENT.

"I am afraid that I once spelt a good book agent," said the head member of a book agency to a reporter.

"We had gotten out an expensive religious book and had advertised for agents to handle it.

"Among the numerous applicants was a tall, lanky youth. I asked him if he thought he could sell books, and he said that he reckoned he could.

"Very well," said I, "I'll see what you can do. Take this book and consider that I am your intended victim. The price of the book runs from \$2 to \$4, but you must always endeavor to sell the highest priced book, although it is no disgrace if you only succeed in selling the cheaper kind. If you succeed in selling me a book I will hire you. Now go ahead."

"He took the book, fumbled it awkwardly, and then stammered:

"Ye dont want buy a book, do ye, mister?"

"Better buy one," said he; "I'll sell it to yet pretty cheap."

"Get out of here!" I yelled, pretending to be mad. "Don't you see that sign, 'Book Agents Not Wanted'?"

"I'll let ye hev one for \$4, mister, sezin' it's ye," said he, taking off his coat and throwing it on the floor.

"I'm afraid I began.

"Four dollars, mister, an' cheap at the price," he added, as he rolled up his shirt sleeves.

"I didn't like the looks of all these warlike preparations and declared the test off. But he refused, and gave me three minutes to 'dig up' the price of the book.

"While I was trying to make the fellow understand that the joke had gone far enough he jumped at me.

"I didn't stand the ghost of a show with the husky youth, and I soon found myself on the floor, with the would-be book agent sitting upon me, saying something about a book he would sell me 'powerful cheap.'

"To save my life I reluctantly consented to take one of the \$2 kind. He said he was sorry, but he only sold the \$4 kind.

"He allowed me to get one hand loose, and I produced \$4, whereupon he released me, and wanted to know how soon he could go to work.

"I kept my word, and hired him, sent him as far west as I could, and then discharged him by wire."

ROMANCE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

"No; I don't know anything worth telling," said James Hotelling of Oklahoma City, either about Indian Territory or myself. But I can tell you of a good story that got by you not long ago. This was Mr. Hotelling's reply to a request for an interview for the Sunday Inter-Ocean. Being told to go ahead, he said:

"You boys missed a mighty interesting couple one day not long ago, though I guess, come to think of it, you wouldn't have got much out of them, even if you had run across them. The man was 'Pet' Wolf, a Chickasaw Indian. The woman was a second lieutenant in troop M of the rough riders, and I don't suppose there was a warmer baby in the whole bunch. I don't say he was patriotic, but what he went to Cuba for was to get into a mix-up. A scrimmage is simply meat and drink to 'Pet.' I might add, confidentially, that Teddy Roosevelt didn't have to give him any great amount of instruction in the use of firearms. Well, this Indian was after fight, and he got it good and plenty, right off the reel. He hadn't been in the first mix-up at Las Quasimas more'n ten minutes before a Mauser came along and chipped off a part of his ear. That pleased 'Pet' so that you could have heard his war

whoop clear back to the transports. Pretty soon along came another Mauser and raised a blister just about the size of a lead-pencil clear across his chest. I understand they heard 'Pet's' whoop in Santiago about that time. Then along came a third one of those 'lead messengers' and this time it catches 'Pet' in the side. Of course, this Indian goes over like he'd stepped on a live wire. But he comes to pretty quick and he patches the hole up with one of those fancy bandages and gets up on the firing line. But Teddy gets on to him, through seeing him bowled over, and orders him to the hospital. 'Pet' says 'Yes, sir,' as meek as Moses, drops back a little, and then makes a quick sneak for the firing line. But pretty soon he gets warmed up like and takes to whoopin' again, and Teddy gets on to him again, and this time Teddy sees that he does so to the rear.

"A couple of days later Teddy is lookin' over his men, and he finds 'Pet' in his usual place in troop M. 'What're ye doin' here, Lieutenant Wolf?' says Teddy, tryin' to look fierce. 'Discharged from the hospital as cured, sir,' says 'Pet,' salutin'. An' Teddy says, 'That's good, an' grins and goes on. So 'Pet' gets a chance to join in the mix-up at San Juan, and, hole in his side an' all, he gets up on that there hill just about the same time that the buck niggers are cuttin' a pigeon wing a little farther along the ridge. He don't get any medal or anything like that, but he does get a chance to go in with the troops when they raise Old Glory over Santiago.

"An' on the way to the governor's palace he meets his fate. A girl looks out of a window to see them go by. Some way their eyes get mixed up, and that settles it. It ain't any big job to find a girl when the girl is dead willin' to be found, an' the two soon get together. She was Aneta Calleja. She was Spanish, and her father had been one of the rich men of Santiago. He had lost his fortune, but he was as proud as ever, and he took on savage when he found his daughter listenin' to an Indian. But this didn't bother the young people much; they were too far gone. When the rough riders were ordered north 'Pet' went with them, of course. But the girl had his promise to come back. And back he went the minute he was mustered out.

"When 'Pet' arrived and demanded the girl the old man refused flatfooted. Pretty soon after that he died suddenly. There were those who said he died with his boots on. There were also those who said harsh things about his daughter in this connection. All this did not bother 'Pet.' He had been there himself. He and the girl borrowed a name apiece, and got to New York all right. There they were married. They missed a train or something in Chicago, and had to stay there over night. That's where you missed a good story, my boy. They went straight to the Chickasaw nation, and they are living there now on a ranch. They stick pretty close to home. I guess the only place of any size they've been to is Oklahoma City, and they've only been there once. And I hear they're happy as two clams in high water."

THIS MISSOURIAN WAS THE FIRST.

Tilden Dawson, son of Prof. A. J. Dawson of Vinita, L. T., was the first soldier killed in the Spanish-American war. Young Dawson was a member of troop L of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He was killed at La Quasimas, Cuba, June 22, 1898, the first soldier victim of the conflict waged between the two countries.

The dead hero's remains were brought on the Roumania, now the Crook, to New York. The body was buried at Nevada, Mo.

Young Dawson was reared in Nevada and lived there the greater part of his life. The Deepwood Cemetery association of Nevada donated a beautiful lot as an expression of their esteem for the memory of the young soldier. The body was interred with military honors. Captain Day, who commanded troop L, and Captain White, who raised the company, attended, with six pallbearers, members of troop L, besides a number of comrades and friends of the dead hero.

Tilden Dawson joined troop L at Vinita, L. T., at the first call to arms. It had been said that Hamilton Fish was the first Rough Rider slain, but Joe Kline, a Rough Rider of Vinita, says he saw Fish alive after he had seen Tilden fall. A bullet struck him in the head, passing through his hat band and killing him instantly.

Tom Isbell, another Rough Rider and comrade of Tilden, brought home a testament which the dead boy's mother had given him. It was in the pocket of his blouse at the time he was killed. Another comrade, named Taylor, brought back a cartridge from his belt after the soldier had fallen. He gave it to a Nevada lady with whom Tilden was well acquainted.

Another member of troop L informed Prof. Dawson that his son had a premonition of his impending fate that morning as they started into the fight, which finally got well. He is now over Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Isbell and Tilden were of the same age.

SLEW HIS ASSOCIATES.

Stouff Falls, S. D., April 14.—Among the gallant United States soldiers now at Manila who have performed deeds which will win for them the coveted medal of honor is Thomas Smith, a private of Company E, South Dakota volunteers. To him was also accorded

the honor of being personally congratulated by General Otis.

In an encounter with two Filipinos, who sought to assassinate him while on picket duty, Smith, after being badly wounded, shot and instantly killed one of his assailants and wounded the other so severely that he died a short time later.

Sergeant Ricker, Corporal Wheeler and three privates, among them Private Smith, were assigned to outpost duty at Blockhouse No. 2, north of Manila. At half-past 6 in the evening Private Smith went on picket duty. His beat was one of the most dangerous patrolled by American soldiers, passing along a narrow road thickly fringed with trees and bamboo thickets.

Shortly after 7 o'clock, the sun having set, Private Smith discerned two Filipinos approaching him, apparently on their way to Manila. They were dressed in white and walked in single file, one about six feet behind the other. He challenged them and they answered promptly, the first greeting him with the words, "Buena noche, amigo" ("Good evening, friend.") The second repeated the greeting and accompanied it with a military salute. Smith replied in English, and, shouldering his Springfield rifle, turned to resume his beat.

Just as they passed him he carelessly turned his head to look after them. This fortunate circumstance saved his life, for immediately after passing him the second Filipino drew a machete, sprang at the sentry and aimed a terrific blow at his head.

With the blood pouring forth in a stream he whirled to face the natives, who instantly took to their heels in the effort to escape. Smith raised his rifle and shot one of the fleeing natives through the heart before he had gone twenty feet. By this time he was so weak from pain and loss of blood that he was forced to drop to his knees, and, while in this position, he reloaded his rifle and fired a shot at the other Filipino, who was just disappearing in the edge of the thicket at the side of the road.

This shot also took effect, for the dead body of the native was found next morning in the thicket, he having evidently crawled as far as possible before expiring, for the body was discovered some distance from the point where he disappeared in the underbrush as Smith fired at him.

Comrades, attracted by the firing, rushed to the aid of the brave soldier, and, procuring a horse, placed him upon the animal and conveyed him three miles to the company's quarters, where his wound was dressed by the surgeons. Smith bled so profusely that in going the three miles to the company quarters his clothing became saturated, his shoes full and the horse covered with blood. He was afterward taken to the hospital.

That a man after being so severely wounded should have the pluck not only to face his foes and fight, but to kill one of his assailants on the spot and mortally wound the other, excited the admiration of all the soldiers at Manila. He was congratulated on his plucky fight by practically the whole army, even General Otis calling upon him while in the hospital and shaking hands with him and commending him for his bravery.

CHINESE GIRL TEACHERS.

Elein Tang and Nannei Shi are two blossoms from the Flowery Kingdom transplanted to bloom for a while on American soil. They are now in Minneapolis, Minn., at the home of Bishop Joyce, and the former is a pupil of the Emerson school. She is studying to be a kindergarten teacher.

To establish kindergarten schools in China has long been the ambition of mission boards, that system lending itself as no other does, to the enlightenment of the heathen. But kindergarten teachers are expensive and cannot be afforded by the struggling missions dependent for support on the mite givers of the Christian world. The difficulty, however, will eventually be removed, if the plan of Miss Howe, superintendent of Methodist Missions in Central China, is successful. Miss Howe's plan is to send native girls to America to become educated in the kindergarten system, after which they will return to their native land to establish the much desired schools.

And this is why Elein Tang, aged 18, and her friend Nannei Shi, a half year her senior, left the province of Kul Kang, in Central China, last July, and in company with a party of missionaries came to Minneapolis.

Elein Tang is a diminutive body, pretty according to the standards of her race. Her skin is dark, but as smooth as velvet; black eyes, almond-shaped to be sure, but radiant with intelligence, but her particular charm is a soft, sweet voice, which slips trippingly enough through the monosyllables of her mother tongue, if it hesitates a trifle over the unwieldy English, which she uses almost exclusively since her residence in America.

In everything but language she is true to the manners and customs of her country, and the dress peculiar to Chinese women of the better class, which consists of a purple tunic of woolen stuff falling unconfined over a black underdress of the same material, is the costume habitually worn by her.

Aside from her school work, Elein is studying music and plays the piano with grace and artistic intelligence.

Nannei Shi is attending Hamline college and after two years' preparatory study she will enter the medical course and hopes to graduate in four years. Her native name has been Anglicized and she is now known as Anna Stone. Her sister, Mary Stone, graduated from Ann Arbor medical college in 1894 and is now practicing her profession with success in her native country.

GIRL CAPTIVES.

Novel Occupation in the West For the New Woman.

Two women are in jail in western states on a charge of being bandits. One of them made a desperate resistance to the posse sent to arrest her, and killed a deputy sheriff before she was shot down herself and captured in a badly wounded condition. The other prisoner was secured in more prosaic manner, but her record is none the less tragic and interesting.

Emma Hendrickson, a girl of 18 years, is confined in prison in Stoddard county, Missouri, suffering from a severe rifle wound in her breast. Her story, according to the reports made by the law officers, is almost equal to that of Jesse James. She isn't pretty. She was born on a cattle ranch. Book learning she has none. But she's at home in the saddle and handy with a gun. She never misses her mark, and when she shoots at a man she shoots to kill. She killed Deputy Sheriff Booth of Stoddard county, Missouri, two weeks ago.

A year ago, in Franklin county, Missouri, she and her father are accused of having organized a counterfeiting gang. It had twenty members, each with a price on his head. The girl of 18 was the leader; her father was her chief lieutenant. At first they operated in Franklin county. They stole horses and cattle, looted country stores, held up travelers, rifled postoffices, and finally, in one of their many pitched battles, killed three men.

Then the gang separated into squads and met later in a designated place in Stoddard county. The new scene of operations was well chosen. The country was rich. The bandits, however, became so reckless that the county authorities easily located them.

A week ago the sheriff, at the head of a score of armed men, rode out of Bloomfield, the county seat, to storm the outlaws in their camp. He located them in an isolated house a few miles from Dexter. The sheriff and his men did not ride out into the open in making their attack. They knew the character of the outlaws too well for that. Instead, they scattered and surrounded the house. As they did so rifles began to bark from the windows and loopholes in the house. They were answered from behind trees and a rail fence that zigzagged round the clearing. The fusillade kept up for two hours.

There were nine desperadoes in the house attacked by a determined posse of twenty men. The outlaws had little ammunition left. The fight was getting more uneven every minute. Then the daring of the bandit queen asserted itself.

Placing herself at the head of her men, she dashed out of the door, rifle in hand, the gang at her heels. She dropped on one knee, her rifle went to her shoulder, and one of the posse fell. All then began a rush of 200 yards across an open space to the posse's cover. They fired as they ran, answering flashes coming from behind the fence.

Half the distance was covered when old man Hendrickson fell, shot through the head. He died instantly. That terrified the gang, and they scattered and ran—all except Emma. She knelt beside her father's body, raised her rifle and fired again and again. Bullets fell all about her; she only shot the faster. Aain her rifle counted, and Deputy Sheriff Booth fell. That was her last shot. A bullet pierced her breast and she was captured beside the dead body of her father.

Mollie Mathes, under arrest at Wichita, Kan., on a charge of outlawry, was betrayed by a member of her alleged gang. Miss Mathes is described as masculine in her bravery, feminine in her love forinery. She rides horses like a cowboy and shoots a rifle like a veteran bear hunter. She can handle a pistol better than the best duelist in Europe and she has ideas about firearms which few women would ever have entertained.

She prefers a pistol of blue steel to one of nickel plate because the brighter revolver cannot be used at night without giving a flash of warning. She likes a pistol of single action because there is no change for a man to slip his finger behind the trigger guard and render the weapon powerless.

One of the men she led, who is now serving time for horse stealing, confessed to the crimes of his associates. The officers expect to prove that the gang, ten members of which are now under arrest, committed six murders in the past two years. They expect to show that each was deliberately planned and executed by order of Mollie Mathes.

Besides stealing cattle and robbing banks and stores, the gang were counterfeiters, and it is asserted Mollie Mathes distributed the spurious money. She was so shrewd that she escaped detection for eight years.

In person this bandit queen is tall and stately. She is proud of her long black hair and of her strong, supple limbs and small hands and feet. She is vain of her power over men.

When King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands visited Shanghai he occupied a suite of rooms up one flight of stairs at the Astor House. Two American gentlemen called to pay their respects one morning, and, meeting the proprietor, inquired if the king was in. "I will see," replied the landlord, and shouting to a Chinese servant at the head of the stairs asked, "Boyl that piecey king top side, hab got?"

"Hab got," laconically asked the servant.

"Gentlemen, His majesty is in. Pray, walk up," said the landlord.

There are in the world about ninety establishments devoted to spinning silk waste.

CHAPEL IN A COAL MINE.

An Odd Place of Worship Located Below Ground.

Few places of worship in the country are more interesting than the Mine's sanctuary in the Mynydd Newydd (New Mountain) colliery, near Swansea. Situated 750 feet below the surface of the earth, with four long rows of pitwood to sustain the roof, a rude desk on a large lump of coal for a pulpit, and series of rough hewn planks for pews, it is indeed the strangest of the many strange Bethels in wild Wales.

Every Monday morning, without a break for fifty-four years, the colliers have crowded into the novel apartment to ask the blessing of providence upon the weeks work.

To the eldest miner present the conduct of the service is customarily intrusted, but properly ordained divines have not infrequently descended into the mine before the Monday's "turn" has commenced, and the whitewashed walls of the little chapel have resounded with that Celtic fervor which Welshmen speak of as the hwyll (which no irreverent Saxon should pronounce as howl).

One motto there is painted near the pulpit: "Os nos heb ddim ser nnd nos heb Dduw deyrusa lau wadnaw Mynydd Curlog." Freely interpreted, that is, "If it is night without stars it is not night without God, for he reigneth under the foundations of the mountains."

Whether it be ascribed to good luck, to good management or to the responsive protection of providence, it is a fact that for the last half century Mynydd Newydd colliery has been singularly free from serious accidents.

The colliery is owned by Messrs. Vivian & Sons, and the late Lord Swansea did much to encourage the devotional exercise in the pit—London Leader.

Clara Stood the Test.

His arm, that had been resting on the back of the little settee on which they sat in the gloaming, slipped down and encircled her slender waist.

"Clara," he whispered, "we shall be very happy, shan't we?"

A soft sigh was her only audible response, but she nestled closer to him, and he appeared satisfied.

The mellow haze of the golden October day still hung over the darkening landscape. The voice of a tree toad somewhere in the neighborhood lifted itself up and called insistently for rain. A faint odor of fried ham from some kitchen to the windward of them pervaded the air.

A thought seemed to strike the young man.

"Clara," he said, "we ought to have the clearest understanding about everything that affects our future, ought we not?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Clara," he said again, after a long pause, "can you cook?"

There was another long pause.

Then she straightened herself up, looked him squarely in the eye, and proudly answered:

"Reginald, I can cook potatoes in fifteen different ways."

Then she put her head down where it was before, and into her pink, shell-like ear he warbled incoherent outpourings of joy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Saved Lots of Trouble.

Families living next door to a vacant house are often asked for information by prospective tenants. The Rochester Herald tells of such a family in Rochester that is protecting itself from the annoyance by displaying the following placard on the front door:

"We haven't the keys to the house next door, nor do we get the first week's rent."

"Haven't the slightest idea why the last family moved out."

"There are nine rooms, and the rent is \$6 a week."

"The place may be full of bedbugs for all we know."

"There is a place to hang out washing on the roof."

"We don't know anything about the moral character of the people next door, but can furnish references ourselves."

"For further particulars please do not ring our door bell."

SPECIAL RATES SOUTH

via PORT ARTHUR ROUTE.

Half fare round trip (plus \$2.00) on first and third Tuesdays of each month. Quickest and best line to St. Louis, the East and South, via Omaha & St. Louis and Wabash. Fast mail leaves Omaha 4:50 p. m., Council Bluffs 5:30 p. m., arrives St. Louis 7:30 p. m., returning leave St. Louis 8:35 a. m. daily. All information at Port Arthur Route Office, 1415 Farnam street (Paxton hotel block) or write Harry E. Moore, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS SOUTH

via the WABASH RAILROAD.

Half fare tickets south with \$2 added good returning 21 days, will be sold on April 18, May 2 and 16. Remember the Wabash is the Short Line and quickest route South. The best line East. For rates East or South call on or write G. N. Clayton, room 302 Karbach bldg., Omaha, Neb.

COUNTRY PUBLISHERS' COMPANY

OMAHA, - NO. 17-1899.

Half Sick Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this impure blood. And the remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctor.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

WHAT TEMPERATURE? JUST RIGHT--96°

The water GREAT PLUNGE in the Hot Springs, South Dakota is just right for bathing at any time of the year, without shock to the bathers and without application of artificial heat.

If sick, you can be cured. If crippled with rheumatism, you can be cured. If tired, you need rest, and the place to go is

HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA,

Low rate tickets on sale every day. Much cheaper than to other resorts. Climate, water, scenery and hotels are unexcelled.

Any agent "NORTH - WESTERN LINE" or J. H. GABLE, Traveling Passenger Agent, Des Moines, Ia., can tell you more about it.

J. R. BUCHANAN,

General Passenger Agent, OMAHA, NEB.

THE MILWAUKEE LINE

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. for Chicago and the East. Short time between Omaha and Chicago. Electric lighted, steam heated, solid vestibuled trains depart daily from Union Depot, Omaha. Dining cars operated "a la carte" plan—pay a reasonable price for what you order only.

F. A. NASH, General Western Agent, 1504 Farnam St., Omaha.

PAINT YOUR WALLS AND CEILINGS.

MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS. Purchase a package of MURALO from your grocer or paint dealer and do your own decorating. This material is a WATER FINISH to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Mixed in twenty-four hour water. Mailed in twenty-four hour water.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealer let us know and we will get you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

Labor circles of the northwest are much agitated over reports, which are received with general credence, that hundreds of Japanese contract laborers are being brought into Puget Sound cities. Every month from 500 to 1,000 Japanese are said to be landed at Tacoma, Vancouver and Portland. Practically all pass inspection, the requirements of which are sound body and 100 in cash. It is said that hundreds of these men are finding employment on various railroad lines.

The planters in Hawaii realize that the contract system is at an end and are now trying the experiment of profit sharing with the laborers.

COUNTRY PUBLISHERS' COMPANY

OMAHA, - NO. 17-1899.