

notice, showing its white spot on the bark of a giant fir: "Claim's been

dumped by one A. Burrows." He leaned his ax against the foot of the tree, pushed his dingy old white belt and again read the notice. There afore this."

feeling of possession.

good. Now, if only it were a mining snarl was untangled.

forest of monstrous trees in which he cartridges were defective.

effert, gave a home greeting. Even in | flicking" through the tree tops. into the eyes that sought his.

ever since I dragged you out from un- point where he could catch a sight of his enemies had "beat him to it," and but it should be merely a truce, and out. der a street car, way down in Seattle, and we've most always had some kind of a home since then; but now they're goin' to try to take this one away from us and make us hit the trail again."

Dick seemed to understand, although he said nothing. He was not a talkative deg, his strong point being symmathy. He felt the gravity of the situation, and hobbled after his master into the cabin.

"Thar you go again," Sandy reproachfully said as he entered, this time addressing his remarks to a mischievous wood-mouse who calmly sat on a shelf and looked at him while washing off with his diminutive forepaws the unmistakable signs of flourdust from his whiskers.

"Here I lugs a sack of flour 20 miles into the woods, and you jest won't let it alone, even when I makes friends with you and feeds you till you're fat." The mouse showed no sign of fear, and with twinkling eyes continued his toilet, as Sandy, with arms akimbo, stood in front of him and delivered his scolding. "Well, you little cuss," he concluded, "you ain't like men, you don't know no better." He laid a coaxing hand on the edge of the shelf, and the mouse accepted the truce by scampering up Sandy's arm to his shoulder.

Sandy prepared his homely woodsman's meal, finished it with a woodsman's appetite and seated himself with lighted pipe on a bench in front of his cabin. But this night there were no interludes of whistling or singing; his trouble was upon him. It seemed strange that through all the years. stretching away back to those of the desert sands, when he had been alternately packer, cow-puncher, miner, or woodsman, he who loved peace and quiet should be compelled always to fight, and fight, and fight. Now he was facing another fight. "Old Miss Trouble must have been my godmother," he said aloud, as he prepared for his night's rest. "I hanker after the peaceful life, but I'm goin' to kill any damn man that tries to git this claim, an' the man might as well be A. Burrows as B., otherwise known as Sandy,

It had been many months since the heavy Colt's was taken down from its peg upon the cabin wall, but when Sandy started into the woods on the following morning, it was grimly strapped around his hip, and his belt was filled with carridges. And this was not the last day when the gun sagged against his thigh, as he traversed his little domain, patiently waiting for the appearance of "A. Bur-

When the time came, it was almost as a surprise. It was one bright forenoon when the air was redolent with the fragrance of bloom, and the dew lay heavily in the hollows of the tangled blackberry and rhododendron bushes, that the storm burst. Sandy had grown somewhat older in these days of waiting. His quick ear caught the unusual sound of voices and, by the tree where the first location-notice had been posted, he waited.

Through the woods, with axes It failed to attract attention. Plainly gleaming across the packs on their his opponents were enemies of no danger, with curiosity at highest pitch. before his late adversaries came upon backs, with rifles in hand, and steady mean caliber. An old trick could be his composure startled by this won- them. tread, came four woodmen.

Sandy wasted no time in civilities. all. He must either retreat or use sound-a woman's voice-stretched around. Sandy glared at them uncom-"Lookin' fur this?" he queried, point new tactics. The first alternative was his head over his rear breastwork and ing at the white claim-notice which untenable, because he "never had run yelled "Hello!" stared at them unwinkingly.

"Ef that's the Burrows location, we noiter. Sandy made his way around too high, and a rifle ball went whiz- blood. Dimly the woman realized that shore are," came the reply from the the thicket, and by the aid of another | zing through the top of his hat. Sandy | she had interrupted a tragedy. man who was evidently the leader of fallen log gained an angle, from which ducked down, while from out in front

"Well, that's it, and ye kin save yer | would practice on that. eyesight," said Sandy grimly. "But it owns this claim, and I reckon I'm ered oaths told that the shot had been there-you damn fool!" goin' to keep on ownin' it " well aimed. Sandy smiled. The joy

"The hell you are! We been sent of battle was on him. He felt that and it is doubtful if he even heard it. up here to put a cabin on it, and I exultation which comes from deadly because all his attention was attracted reckon we're goin' to keep on and do strife. He wanted to yell. It would toward the great unusual, the feminine it," came the retort. "Ef there's any have helped him, he felt sure. He side. dispute about it, it's up to you to go caught sight of a head and fired, but to the cote and fix it. We're goin' to evidently missed. That bothered him called. "Ugh! There was a great big and acquiesced. They stood awkward- pack. Again he glowered at them and a great sigh of contentment.

was sandy's comment as he laboriously spelled out the regulation claims. The definition of the bandaged ones. He clumped into the cabin and took down the moldering pack-straps from their peg, drew them tightly around his canvas.

By ROY NORTON

was not a new thing to him, but here him up in the air. Here was a kind of next time I see him.

method of its fighting would be new. faster. The four struck at him, and ricade and, peep as he would, he could her. He sat down on a small log and kicked him, and endeavored to bring catch no sight of an enemy. Well, "But why don't you come at once? looked at the staring white sign, as if him to the ground. He felt himself they being the strongest, it was "up the voice insisted. difficulty. He might tear the notice hand to the butt of his revolver. It would wait. off the tree, but that wouldn't do any spoke with one quick snap, and the Bees hummed busily through the it wa'n't for that, I'd come now."

His path led through timber such as weapons. Sandy tried to wing one of a woodpecker's hammer recommenced before coming to her aid. but few men know; it was a Titanic them, and found that his remaining a tapping into the bark. In the dis- | "Hey, you!" came a masculine voice blow.

Around one of these obstructions cover and put in fresh ones. He forward and, on each side, the comthe troubled Sandy came in sight of jumped, with long leaps, toward one of batants waited for the next move. his cabin, where it nestled in a little the barriers of fallen trees and sought | Sandy was getting restless and had alclearing, with all its evidences of shelter. As he dropped down behind most resolved to take a chance on we call it quits till we talk to her." habitation. From the doorway a his logs, two rifle bullets sang danger- creeping in a wide detour around his Sandy's gun went back into his hol- Yes-his ground! Ground that he had three-legged dog arese and, with much ously past his head, and went "flick- men, and by this flanking movement ster with a muffled snip. So this voice paid for with money and labored ef-

ter stopped long enough to pet the feverish energy threw out the cart- footsteps, padding across the needles, rob Sandy of all he had in the world! home that he had built and loved with waiting head and take a kindly look ridges which had failed him in his He threw himself at length upon the It made no difference, she was a wom- a tenderness that came of years of need, and inserted fresh ones from his ground and wriggled his way to a an and in distress. The fight could longing for it. Anyway, thinking took "Dick," he said, "we've been pards belt. Then he clambered along to a place where no shot might reach. So wait. He would accept the truce; time, and he must find the right way

hat back on his shock of brick-red build and, what's more, we hev a little. Misses were not in his line. | bear here a minute ago, and I have | ly, while she looked from one to the hair, hitched up his trousers by the bumped into squatters a heap o' times It must be the fault of the cartridges fallen off a log into the bushes, and I other in vague questioning. again. was no mistaking it. There was a The arrivals had slipped off their Once more he emptied his pistol and herds of bears down here in the dark, off-and-and, well, I got scratched

in the almost impenetrable wilderness leader. Sandy had held his temper placed it in its chamber. "Too bad," me?" of the Olympics, where for more than well, but now "Miss Trouble" was he mused, "to lose that last shot! Fel-

tance the cooing of a wild pigeon lent | from out in front. This wouldn't do. He must take to a melanchely note. The time crept to gain a shot or two.

the stress of his trouble the tall mas- Sandy stood behind a log, with From back of him came a sound of Burrows, the man who was trying to law's technicalities. "His home!" The

can't get up, and there may be whole

"Jest keep yer shirt on a minute." a year he had abided with the proud here. He lashed out with his knotted lers that sell no-account cartridges Sandy called reassuringly, "and I'll get right fist, caught the foreman a ham- like these ought ter have the law on around and help you. I'm a trifle busy Claim-jumping, in a mining way, merlike blow on the chin and doubled 'em. Goin' ter smash that feller one, out in front just now." Then he tried to make the wait easier by assuring and the foreman brought relief by before them. "Don't think I'm leavin' in the big woods it seemed a little out squatter that hadn't been met before. Then the battle became slow, Sandy her that the "b'ar had hiked, and there suggesting that it was time to make because there's four of you. I'm goin'

in front first," Sandy apologized. "Ef

air, seeking the blossoms of the wood- The voice was silent for a moment, claim, the procedure would be simple. One man seized a useless shoulder, land for the gathering of their spoil, as the woman evidently tried to think

"Yep," responded Sandy. "Woman back thar?"

"You see, I fell, and my rifle went rival claimant for this patch of timber packs and were clustered around their carefully inspected each load as he for all I can see. Why don't you help jest a leetle mite," said the man with the shattered elbow, and Sandy loved him for the lie.

chimed in the foreman.

They looked from one to the other. of place. It was bewildering, and the A whirlwind couldn't have worked couldn't work farther around his bar- wa'n't nothin' down there to hurt camp. One man began the opening of their packs, while the wounded were cared for. Sandy took grim satisfaction from the thought that the shot trying to read from it a solution of the being overpowered, and worked his to" them to come and hunt him. He Got to kill a few fellers out here that caught the elbow had been a good one. But there was the woman.

"So you are 'A. Burrows'?" he said. "Yes. You see, my full name is Anna, but I have been writing it with namely, take a gun and fill the "jump- through which the bullet had torn its The birds returned and began their over a situation that made it neces- the initial so long, since my husband way, and the others sprang for their twittering, and from off in the forest sary for a man to "kill a few fellers" died, that it comes natural now.' And her laughter smote upon him as a

> Here was his enemy-a woman. And it was her men whom he had fought, and it was her claim-notice that threatened him, and she a widow, "Must be Missus Burrows. S'pose who had paid money to professional locators to put her upon his ground. was Mrs. Burrows, the wife of A. fort, and by following the maze of the

So Sandy told Mrs. Burrows that he had a good cabin below there, and that she must be his guest that night at least, and until her men got a camp established. He urged his hospitality, and the foreman added his insistence,

valleys that stretched away in the dis- away frum me." big man's heart, was as a knife-thrust, door wherein stood the woman.

yond words. Could be have spoken be legs." would have said: "Dick, Dick, they want our home."

blankets beneath the stars, having farewell of desolation.

than those which had been paid to the ant, and no niche wherein he might ocators ("timber sharks," and her son a home which would render them independent when the lummills to turn the giant trees into gold. The wait would not be long, especially as this claim was one of the most desirable in the region. Two or three years at the most, and Mrs. Burrows would be surrounded by farms instead of by forests, and she would be bevond want for life. But Sandy had seen that and more, too. For in this cabin which rested on the hill back of him was that consummation of his years of dreams-a "home." Every log in the humble pile had been squared with infinite care and sentiment; every shelf and homely convenience within it had carried a portion of his heart; and every "shake" in the roof had been to him but one step more toward a permanent shel-

What should he do? What could he do? To contest the claim was, of course, to win, because his title was his battlefield, and took a survey. Not | were rounding him up? Woe be to | no more. They couldn't have his clear and unimpeachable. But to do so would end the dreams of a woman, "It's a go," he called to the enemy. a creature of the weaker sex, a por-"Woof," came a snort from the and then, trusting to the chivalry of tion of mankind that was to be fought ing to draw his enemies' fire. It was rear. Sandy recognized the sound as the frontier, paid no more attention for instead of against, that was to be effective and the old hat went sailing being the satisfied grunt of a brown to them and devoted himself to the treated tenderly and with reverence. that was unable to fight its own bat-Down in a cleft, between two great | tles

'squatter," one of those shiftless, ig- it for you." The red-headed one, forgetful of her from the thicket out into the open nominous tramps of the wilderness,

well as by Sandy Smith. Dick came and, with a cold muzzle, friends. You're worth knowing." tried to explain that he was surprised at his own sleeplessness, and was in down the trail. sympathy with his master's. And from the dog Sandy took comfort.

hired these men to come and build my and thank the Lord that you got your ing and welcoming. cabin-and now-and now two of tail left. There's a heap o' satisfaction in bein' able to wag along."

She turned toward them as Sandy sternly motioned to them to keep si- door in the morning, they found it hands over the little pine table, while children, 2,966,171 have one child, lence. They saw from his attitude that open, the morning meal out of the his body was snaken with sobs. And 2,661,978 have two children, 1,643,425 something inexplicable had happened, way, and Sandy busily making up a at his feet a crippled dog nestled with have three, 987,392 have four, 566,768

covered blankets in which were wrapped his bacon, beans, flour and tea: he added the frying pan, coffee pot and ax to the outer lashings. Then he swung the pack to his back and settled his shoulders into the arm-straps. He picked up the rifle at his feet, and stood in the cabin door.

"Missus Burrows," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you kin have this cabin and all that's in it. It's on your land, you know, because I ain't nothin' but a squatter. Hope

you like the place." Before she could reply, he was gone "Yes, jest an accident," glibly out to where her men squatted on a

"Damn you!" he snarled as he stood



"What Did You Do It For?"

As they walked down the trail and on off out into the west, somewhere came in sight of its homely comfort, where there ain't no stakes, to take a she went into ecstasies over its trim- new claim. An' unless it's a woman ness and picturesqueness, and over who jumps it, there ain't men enough the great, majestic view of peaks and in the Olympics to take the new claim He often took in \$200 in a day, and if

tance from the brow of the hill. But | The thrusting of Dick's nese into every word of praise, that but a few his unoccupied hand aroused other days ago would have gladdened the thoughts. He turned back to the open

searching out and opening up to him "I'd be much obliged if you'd take those things which he had always seen | good care of Dick fur me," he said, and felt, but could not have put into "because he cain't travel much. I had to lug him on my back most of the For once Dick got no word of greet- way up here, an' I've got a long ways ing. Two big, rough hands held the to go-maybe the trail won't never head up where the eyes could be end. Be good to him. He's a good looked into, but his master was be- fellow, even if he ain't got but three

Then, with a final scowl at the men, he swung out and into the darkness of It wasn't a very reassuring tale that the woods, while behind him a crap-Sandy listened to that night, and when | pled dog threw his head into the air he went out to roll himself into his and howled mournfully. It was the

surrendered his rooftree to his guest. Weeks of weary quest passed over sleep failed to close his eyelids. He Sandy's tired head. Go as he would, was fighting a battle which must be there was no spot open to him, no place which could be considered de-The widow had no other means sirable, that welcomed him as a claim-Sandy si- with security rebuild his home. Time lently called them), and had come into and again he had faced starvation these solitudes to make for herself and always hardship and fatigue had been his only companions. It was useless. He had decided, with a weary ber companies came with the big heart, to make his way back out of this country where everything worth having had been taken, go to Seattle and turn his face to the far north. His route led him near the old home. He hungered for a sight of Dick and for the companionship of his great sympathetic eyes and caressing nose.

The trees took on a familiar look as D. Rockefeller was his son. he neared his old border-line, and he thought bitterly of his relinquishment old man went twice a year to Cleveof all that life had held for him there. | land and stayed a week or two. He He came suddenly on a new clearing | told me he went there to look after and a new cabin, and stopped in his money invested with John D. amazement.

A sunny-faced woman stepped to the wonderful stories of John D.'s shrewdopen door, and a dog sprang past her ness and great wealth. awkwardly, making his way with Dr. Johnston showed several letters, mouthings of welcome to Sandy's side, postmarked Cleveland, O., and signed The man knelt on the ground and took | William Levingston, M. D. the big, kindly beast's head in his hands, and held it against his face. Levingston was Dr. Rockefeller when Here at last was a friend.

rows asked. "The locators came the die. He and I went to North Dakota day after you left, and said that there | together in 1881, and took up adjoinhad been a mistake, and that my claim ing homestead claims where the town was the one adjoining yours. They of Park River is. We were building said that you clearly owned the one a shed for a cattle shelter and in lift. which you lived on; and then I heard ing a heavy log he strained himself. all about the fight. We tried to find He was an old man then, and he you, but you had gone, no one knew | thought he had ruptured an intestine. where. After they had built this for The pain was great and he thought he In the cabin, yonder, she slept, me, I took care of your place, too, be- was dying. I asked him if I should dreaming even more beautiful dreams cause both Dick and I knew you would send for his wife, Mrs. Levingston, if truded from behind any of the forest snort from the bear, a woman's meshed in blackberry bushes, with than Sandy had ever known, of a come back some time. Why did you he should die, and he said: "No; notihome to be. And, worst of all, she ever give it up? Go back to it. It's fy John D. Rockefeller, but be very probably thought the real owner was a yours, and we have all been keeping careful and let no one else know it.

> despised by all "homesteaders" as said a man with a bandaged arm who father. At first he denied it and then came up, "and we want to be your he said it was true. He told me that

planted flowers in front of the cabin, cense. He might be arrested any time "You old rascal," he said, patting and other marked evidences of im- and he did not wish to disgrace the the head which had been laid trusting provement and attention, stood name of Rockefeller because of his ly beside his, "you're worth a dozen "home." In the fading light of the children. He stuck to the name later, he peered. An elbow was in sight, He a man's voice broke into curses direct- looked at the men. Then, turning to timber sharks, an' you don't suffer as west, where the dying sun lighted up he said, because it was then too late ed at the one who had fired the shot. Sandy, she continued: "You see, these much as lots of men. Your game their snow-clad peaks and left in honorably to take his right name." "Can't you see," the voice expostu- men work for me. I bought a claim ain't been an easy one, either, what shadow their somber forests, stood the ain't goin' to do ye no good, because I elbow lurched violently, and smoth- lated, "that maybe she's in range over from a locator down in Seattle, and with losin' your leg. Jest go to sleep hills-his hills-unchanged and wait-

A weary man entered the silent

thought to myself: "Here's the place teen and finally 45 families have eigh-

NEW TALE OF DUAL LIFE OF ROCKEFELLER PERE.

Chicagoan, with Dr. William Levingston for Twelve Years, Says Man Admitted He Was Parent of Famous John D.

New York.-Many additional facts about the dual life led by Dr. William Avery Rockefeller, father of John D. Rockefeller, are supplied by Dr. Charles H. Johnston, his assistant and business partner for 12 years. In those years Dr. Rockefeller went under the name of Dr. William Levingston, but to his partner, Dr. Johnston, so the latter declares, he revealed the secret of his life-that he was Rockefeller and that John D. Rockefeller was his son.

Dr. Johnston is president of the College of Medicine and Surgery in Chi-

cago. He explains:

"It was in 1874 that I hald him \$1,000 and became his student and assistant. He was living then in Freeport, III., as Dr. William Levingston, and he never posed under any other name thereafter. His wife, Mrs. Margaret Allen Levingston, living yet in Freeport, was one of the sweetest women I ever knew. I did not know until years afterward that he had two wives, one the mother of John D. Rockefeller. She lives in Cleveland, O.

"Dr. Levingston and I traveled over all the west, through Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas. It is not true that he sold medicines in the street. He had a fine team of horses, the best that money could buy, and a fine carriage in which we drove from town to town. He would have a string of eight or ten towns at once. He would drive into a town, scatter handbills, in which the great Dr. Levingston asserted that he could cure all diseases, and we would have a suite of rooms at the best hotel, and to the doctor there would come the sick and the halt and the lame. In all cases of common ailments he could detect the cause almost at a glance.

he took only \$100 he thought it a poor

"I knew from the first that there was some deep mystery in his life, but it was several years before I suspected that he was Rockefeller, and it was several years more before he acknowledged to me that his name was



William A. Rockefeller and that John

"In all the years I was with him the Rockefeller, and he would tell me

"I first learned positively that Dr he was injured on a ranch in North "What did you do it for?" Mrs. Bur- Dakota and thought he was going to

"When he got well I told him I "Two of us is workin' for her now," knew he was John D. Rockefeller's the reason he kept it secret was that Sandy, overjoyed and dazed, walked he found it necessary in his younger days to assume a name because he There before him, with freshly was practicing medicine without li-

Makeup of French Families.

The number of French families, that is to say households with or without cabin where everything stood as of children, is estimated at 11,315,000. Of When her men reported at the cabin old, and bowed his head upon his this total 1,804,720 families have no bave five, 327,241 have, six, 182,998 have seven, 94,729 have eight, 44,728 have nine, 20,639 have ten, 8,305 have teen or more.-Republique Francaise

> Punishmen: for Luxemburg Tramps. The Luxemburg government is treating incorrigible vagabonds to bread and water for the first four days of their imprisonment, and to the lowest scale of ordinary diet twice a week afterward. The prisons are said to be

Hold Fortunes in Jewels to safeguard the jewels in their vaults. Besides having a secret-service man constantly on watch each guest is pro-

New York Hotels.

to her. "I'll wager," he continued, in the vault. The old way of signing Immense Amounts Placed in Safes of "that there is close to \$2,000,000 worth your name to a slip of paper and rein that safe," pointing to a big vault ceiving your valuables has fallen into behind the desk. It is widely known disuse. "When a key to the vault is "You would be surprised to know that many women now making their lost," said the clerk, "we have to send the number of jewels stored in this homes at the big hotels have costly for a locksmith belonging to the comhotel every night," remarked the clerk jewels. When not worn these jewels pany that made the safe. In this way package in the safe given to him by their hotel. The management of fash- to be opened without the consent of every time I attempt this taking a as a train came along and sent a way steps to clean my lungs after this, one of the maids, and returned the key ionable places take every precaution the owner.

to safeguard the jewels in their vaults. constantly on watch each guest is provided with a key to his compartment

SHE WAS SOBBING AS HE CAME TO HER.

to the ground behind him. He rushed bear who, in fancied security, had rescue of the feminine voice,

in sight. Not even a rifle barrel pro | More footsteps, and then a louder | had sought rest on the ground, en-

giants, who calmly furnished shelter. scream, and the noise of tearing thick- torn garments and disheveled hair, he

Sandy recovered the hat, and from ets as the animal plunged through the found her. She was sobbing as he

In his excitement he raised his head

Sandy paid no heed to this remark,

"Help! Help!" the woman's voice

a target was in sight. He worked his the first one who came in sight! What claim.

to a point of observation and took an- made his way to a thicket of blackber-

other look, but nowhere was an enemy ries. But what was that other sound?

played upon them once, but that was derful occurrence of that unusual

way back, cut a stick, and shoved his was the fool doing, anyway?

a new point of vantage tried his ruse. underbrush in flight.

hat upward to the top of the log, try-

vit," and the second meant a recon-

"Whang" went his pistol, and the

Taking a Long Breath agreeable air up the stairs. That is what I inhaled that time. When I got down to the City Hall station I

Place for Lung Cleaning.

trees that had given up their lives and

came. He reassured her and had led

They grouped themselves silently

promisingly. Two of them had rudely

bandaged arms, and one had the hag-

gard look of a man who has lost much

"Oh, you are hurt!" she said, as she

them are hurt."

long deep breath' game that every one whirlwind of heated and none too you can bet."-New York Press.

advises me to try in the winter time, to try the game again and get some New York Subway Steps Not the I run into something that certainly good, pure atmosphere into these trou can't be good for my lungs. Now, to- blesome lungs of mine. Before I could day I thought of the tip just as I of smoke from a furnace where they was about to go down into the subway at Forty-second street. I took a long at Forty-second street. I took a long ularly stupid about the matter," re- at Forty-second street. I took a long tion of the bridge approach. I'm going of a New York hotel, as he locked a are put in the safety deposit vaults of it is impossible for the compartment marked the absent-minded man, "but breath at the head of the stairs just to pick some other place than the sub-