BOYS WHO ARE COMING BACK

The boys are coming back, The boys who fought so well! They have given up hardtack For a spell-

Coming home with arms in slings, And with splints upon their legs, And they are going to have things In kegn

They are going to get The best we've got. That's what! Anything they see From a railroad to a pound of tea, Is theirs if they want it-and The fat of the land Is going to be laid beside their cots-

What's The matter with giving them the earth, hey?

They've earned it, anyway! Hooray For the boys who are coming back, The boys who fought so well-Who are giving up hardtack

For a spell!

distance.

-Cleveland Leader.

mitting a crime." A GRIM WAGER.

you let him go, suggested Lelange. "Speshul! spes-shul! Orrible murder

> After a little more discussion the terms were agreed to, and Ferguson was appointed to hold the stakes. The meeting broke up and Peel and I started out on our weary way to Wandsworth.

"What a loathsome noise that is!" said Peel, with a shudder. "There is something positively ghoulish about it." school. On Saturday, however, my "It always gives me the creeps, es- weekly allowance having arrived, I of the war Spain has waged on the islpecially at night. It suggests all sorts of horrible, morbid ideas," joined in Le- country for a few days and make some lange, who was perched on the model studies. Peel couldn't come, as Dora lignant and monstrous, the facts disthrone, smoking innumerable cigar-Kovno, the owner of the studio, said as usual in the morning, I sauntered nothing, but smiled in a rather superior way. He was a person of some-

trayed him in that. We were rather a cosmopolitan crowd Lelange was a merry, light-hearted little Frenchman, clever to the tips of masterpiece he was starting on. his restless fingers, but quite incapable of serious work. Peel and myself unsuccessful, but without half Lelange's versatility. Ferguson was Kovno-the owner of the studio-was a

had been lived in Paris and London. the rest of us. As far as his art was startlingly unpleasant-the head of a dreamer. Usually a reticent man, he would at rare intervals flash out into a flery, animated flood of talk, accompanied by wild gesticulation.

Pole by birth, though much of his life

and enjoying a cigarette during her well earned rest.

"Well, there's only one good thing about a murder," said Ferguson-"it will out! And that, as a rule, ends in

hanging." "Nonsense, my dear chap!" said Kovno. "It's only the clumsy idiots who are found out. Any one who isn't a fool could kill as many people as he pleased and never be even suspectedif you grant him an average amount of

Ferguson shook his head doubtfully. "It takes more than brains to make a successful murderer," said he. "It would require an absolute lack of nerves or imagination, call it what you please. Ugh;"-he went on with a shudder-"if ever I got led into anything of the sort I should never know another peaceful moment as long as I lived."

Lelange had been drumming a sort of "danse Macabre" on the model throne with his heels, and struck a tragic attitude which made Dora laugh.

"I wish you wouldn't all be so horribly gloomy," she said. "I believe this great big barn of a studio is haunted. Do, for goodness' sake, talk about something cheerful!"

undiscovered crime have a great fas-

cination for me." "The possibilities of an undiscovered ruefully, surveying his worldly sposshall have to pad the hoof tonight. Can't afford an omnibus."

Frank Peel and I, it would be well to explain, share a large attic, which we dignify by the name of studio, in

the region of Wandsworth. "I am willing to bet," Kovne continued, without noticing the interruption, "I am willing to bet that I could commit a murder without a possibility of detection." He was getting into one of his excitable moods and gesticulating freely.

"Rubbish," said I, laughing. "Anyone can talk like that. But in the first place it's absurd; and in the second, I don't suppose for a minute that you'd be such

an abject fool as to try." Kovno laughed at that, for by nature he was one of the mildest creatures

imaginable. "No, no. I don't mean to say that I want to harm any one in particular for the mere satisfaction of proving to a parcel of lunatics that I am talking common sense; but still I maintain I

"Well, you prove it to me, and I'll take your bet," said I, jeering. "Will you?" he asked.

this."

"Done with you, then," said Kovno "I'll bet you five pounds to a shilling

I sold a couple of sketches today." "That's all very well," put in Ferguson slowly, "but short of actually murdering the man, and then confessing to us-in which case we should in-Or barrels, if they want them, you bet! evitably trot you off to the nearest police station-how are you going to give us proof of your ability.

Kovno thought for a moment.

"Look here," he said, speaking quickly, "supposing I manage to spirit a man away and cause him to vanish for a week-ten days, if you like-without any inquiries that may be made enabling any one to connect me with the knowledging that it was in my power to kill him, if it so pleased me, will that satisfy you?"

"It's hardly a fair test," grumbled Ferguson, "Still, I suppose you can't manage better-short of actually com-

"You'll have the deuce to pay when

"I shall make his release conditional on no further steps being taken," answered Kovno, "Come, are you satisfied?"

in the Dalton road!" And then again another voice, pitched in a higher key, took up the cry on the farther side of the street-"Speshul! Speshul!"-and the rest was lost in incoherency as the sound of the voices, mingled and intertwined, gradually faded away in the

For the next three days we saw nothing of Kovno or the others, as we were both hard at work at the art made up my mind to go down to the and of Cuba. It is a story of slaughwas sitting to him on Monday. So, while he started off to the art school out to invest in a sketchbook. On my way back I met Kovno, I had clean what unusual taste-his pictures be- forgotten all about the wager, and. having an hour or so to spare, I walked back with him to his studio. He was gathered in the big studio that night. in a conversational mood, and kept chattering on about some wonderful

When we got to the studio-a great big barrack of a place, which had once were English-painstaking, not wholly been used by a sculptor, and stood in a little isolated plot of ground back from the road-he produced some whis-Scotch-serious and argumentative, and ky and glasses, bade me help myself, rolled a cigarette, and started to work. It was a very hot day, and I had been working late at black and white work He was two or three years older than the night before. I leaned back drowsily in a rickety old chair, and watched concerned he was brilliant, original and him rapidly sketching in his picture on a large canvas. I lit my pipe, and took a long pull at my whisky and water. After that I suppose I went to sleep (I found out afterward that the Spanish cunning could suggest. whisky had been doctored). Anyhow, Only one other person was in the the next thing I remember is waking studio-Dora Smith, our model-a pret- up with a horrible shooting pain runty, nervous little person, at present ning through all my limbs. It was as an American, as do most Cubans moment toasting her toes at big stove pitch dark. I tried to move and stretch who have resided for any great length myself. I couldn't budge an inch in any direction. I was securely bound hand and foot. In an instant the truth lured me to the studio. What he had idea. I was at the same time im-

> Hours passed, and the pain of ropes cutting into me was intolerable. I began to get angry-Kovno was carrying the thing too far. I shouted and my bound feet against the wall, to which I had rolled in my struggles. The air was close and stifling, and there was a foetid, earthy smell about it. I began to lose my nerve. I tried to distract my attention; but to no purpose. At last, utterly worn out and exhausted. I lost consciousness again.

taken in.

The next thing I remembered was a faint glimmer of light and Kovno bending over me. He was laughing silently, and his eyes glittered weirdly in the uncertain light. I cursed him "It's not gloomy at all; it's most furiously in no measured terms, but as cheerful," persisted Kovno. "I don't he only continued to chuckle to himmind owning that the possibilities of self in that hateful, silent manner, I got more and more alarmed. I implored him to undo the ropes, I promised to sign any paper he liked, and shilling in my trousers would be more to confess that he had won his bet, attractive to me personally," said Peel, but not a word would he answer. He merely bent down, and holding the light sessions. "Archie"-turning to me-"we nearer to me, gloated over my helpless condition.

His face was all distorted by the dancing shadows, and his eyes gleamed in a perfectly detestable manner. Sudalways of a morbid turn, had been unputting his theories into practice. The and purposes a raving lunatic.

bled at him incoherently, I begged, I response to the question if the reports prayed, I flattered his cunnig, I cursed of Spanish outrages have been exaghim. I laughed at him, all in vain. After gerated in any particular, she said: standing looking at me in silence for "I do not think exaggeration would a short time, and evincing a keen delight in my mental agony, he turned ter the tongue to even tell of, and it and left me without a word. Hunger is the Spanish officer, the gentleman, and thirst soon added to my tortures. Then the earthy smell of the place The common soldiers are poor peasant and the absolute blackness and silence boys, who know nothing of Cuba or must have made me delirious. I re- the Cubans. They are told that we member nothing more distinctly-save are wild beasts, and that we must be one thing, too horrible almost to men- treated as wild beasts, so they kill and tion. In one of my more lucid inter- murder and do even worse, encouraged vals I became aware of Kovno sitting by their officers."

"Of course I will," I replied: "Frank I a little sketching easel, a light bewe'll have a dinner on the strength of side him, calmly and rapidly making sketches of my distorted features, muttering and laughing to himself the while,

> It was only after weeks of delirium that I came to myself, and found Dora sitting beside me in my own attic in Wandsworth, and it was from her that I learned the manner of my escape. My absence, it appears, was not noticed for the first three days, and I was supposed to be in the country.

Then Peel got alarmed, and he and the others held a consultation. Two more days passed, and at last Dora's suspicions were aroused by a strangeness in Kovno's manner-something furtive, but at the same time triumphmatter; and supposing that I obtain a ant. A chance oversetting of a portwritten confession from that man, ac- folio confirmed their suspicions, as among the sketches were those of me as I lay bound in the darkness.

A search was instituted and at last I was found behind a whole pile of lumber and studio refuse in an old cellar under the building in which the sculptor, the original tenant, used to keep his modeling clay.

Poor Kovno became dangerously violent on his return, for he had been absent when the search was made. He was taken to an infirmary, and thence to an asylum. The doctors say that it is only temporary insanity; but then they have never seen his eyes gleaming through the darkness as I saw them in that loathsome hole, and as I sometimes fancy I see them still .- Cecil Hayter in Answers.

Forty Die For Cuba Liberty. Netwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, we still have no adequate conception of the horrors ter conducted on a gigantic scale. Magrace the century.

In the bloody struggle whole families have been literally wiped out of existence. Spain has aimed not alone at subjugation, but at extermination as well. The story of Senora de Latrove Macias, a member of one of the most distinguished families on the island, shows the bitter extremes to which the war of extermination has been carried. Over forty of her relatives have yielded up their lives for "Cuba Libre."

This covers those who died in the last insurrection as well as in the present revolt.

Senora Macias' father, General Jose de Latrove, his brother, Valerio, his uncles, the most celebrated of whom were Felix and Joaquin de Latrove, his cousins, the husbands of his sisters and his nephews, all these and many more have been killed, death having been meted out to them in the myriad forms that only Spanish cruelty and

Senora Macias was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N. Y., and speaks of herself

She is a charming, matronly-looking woman, once a noted beauty in a flashed upon me. Kovno had heard of country famous for the charm and my intended jaunt to the country, had beauty of its women. As a child of 13 she witnessed the commencement of the doen then beyond drugging me, or last war, and as a child she saw her where I was, I had not the faintest father and brother-the latter but little older than herself-hunted like wild mensely relieved to remember that it beasts, and on two occasions her glib was only a joke, annoyed to think of tongue and quick wit saved them from the simple way in which I had been capture and certain death at the hands of the Spaniards. That was to come

One of her cousins, Carlos de Latrove, a mere boy, who had just begun his studies in the Havana medical colyelled till I was hoarse, and stamped lege, was shot as "an example," because of some trivial breach of the peace of which the students had been guilty. With his school fellows he was lined up and as the Spanish officer counted them off each fifth boy stepped count, to reckon the time-anything to from his place in the white-faced and breathless file, to be led away to his death. Carlos was one of those on whom the fatal number fell.

Two of her uncles on her mother's side. Juan and Francisco Modrigal, were confined in one of the Cuban prisons reserved for political offenders until their sufferings drove them mad, when they were liberated to die, for they were harmless and would never plot again.

It is not to be wondered at that Senora Macias' dark eyes blaze when she speaks of the Spaniards and of the wrongs of her countrymen and kindred.

As she tells it her story becomes wonderfully vivid and real, illustrated as it is by gesture and the constant play of expression.

"I do not know who of my family have been killed since I left Cuba, for denly the awful, horrible truth dawned of course it is impossible for me to hear upon me. He had gone mad! His mind, direct from the island. But there cannot be many more to die. When I able to withstand the fascinations of came to the United States those of my relatives who survived were in the hills lust of secret crime had gotten hold with General Gomez, or scattered of him, and the man was to all intents among the different insurgent bands. Fortunately, I with my four daughters As soon as I recognized this my last and my mother were able to quit the vestige of self-control left me. I bab- island soon after the war began." In

> be possible. They do things that bliswho is responsible for these outrages.

Only boy we ever had, Him that went with Teddy. Tough an' husky sort o' lad, Rough an' always ready, Somewhat wildish in his way, Ruther swear, I guess, than pray, But as honest as the day, Always true an' steady,

Didn't like to see him go, Me an' his ol' mother, Both our hearts a packin' woe, We could scurcely smother. Loved our boy almighty dear, And' it knocked us out o' gear When he went an' left us here

'Lone with one another.

Used to set here every night, Me an' my ol' woman, Talkin' 'bout the way he'd fight When he met the foeman. Knowed he'd never flinch a bit, Knowed he wasn't built to quit, Knowed, fur sure, he'd never git Back a inch fur no man.

Of'n 'fore we'd go to bed " I could see her kneelin', An' I knowed it was fur Ned That she was appealin' As fur me, I never learned How to pray, an' in me burned " Kind of an oneasy, durned Guilty sort o' feelin'.

When the Denver paper cum To the ranch a tellin' Bout the fight, I made things hum Dancin' an' a yellin'! Whooped fur Teddy an' the rest With the wildest sort o' zest. While the heart within my breast Was with pride a swellin'.

Keep a readin' on an' on Whooped till mother hinted That I acted like I'd gone Actually demented! Then a cloud came o'er my skies, An' I groaned in pained surprise As I gazed with frozen eyes On some names they'd printed.

Nothin' that the neighbors said Could our sorrows lighten, Every time they'd mention Ned, Seemed the cinch 'd tighten! Only gleam o' sun that shot Through our souls with mis'ry fraught Was the one consolin' thought That he died a fightin'. -Denver Post.

## OVER THE OLD TRAIL.

(By E. E. Bowles.)

"I took a ride in one of them palace cars while I was gone," said "Hank" as he took a seat on a box in the shade of the big mesquite tree in front of the cook house where the boys of the day shift generally congregate after supper to smoke and talk over the incidents of the day.

Sixty-six years ago his parents back in the states had christened him Angus-Angus Brown; sixteen years after he disappeared and came to the surface down in New Orleans; disappeared than ever that times is changin' and again, and the next heard of him he that I am gettin' old, but I pinched I staggered back with the other demiwas with Scott down in the City of myself to see if I was awake. Over on john. Well, sir, in fifteen minutes I Mexico. From there he went to Central America-some say on a filibustering expedition; Hank won't talk about it himself-then through the West Indies and back home. But the "Western" reserve was too far east to please Hank, and he headed toward California. In those days everything west of the Mississippi was vague and indefinite, and beyond the Missouri was almost an unknown land; now we class it here as 'back east" or "back on earth." Brown wanted adventure, and he found it where a man's best claim on life or his reasons for living were steady nerves, quick sight and hair triggers. In a short time he was driving stage out of the Black Hills through the Arapahoe and Cheyenne country, and tenders killed, half roasted and chopped or six of 'em, a-drivin' the hosses across later on through Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Nevada. California, and the southern route through Arizona and the Apache country; in fact, it seems to have been Brown's luck to be driving stage thro the very worst "injun country." He I had to do was to press a little button took out a leader, tied the others up, was personally known to all the old- and a nigger in uniform would fetch me grabbed my Henry off the seat and yelltime army officers in the west, and liquor. Change? Humph! those yet living will recall "Hank press. Often he left his line to follow he owned and operated a livery stable bids fair to amass another fortune.

it for Uncle Ben Halliday a matter of forty years ago. I knowed every valley, crick, foothill and mountain butte: I knowed we was comin' to the head of Devil's Gulch, where Jump-Up Johnny used to live before the 'Rapahoes' got him, and I begin to wonder if they would go down the trail at the gait we was knockin' off then. I sort of grabbed the seat and held on, but sir, they knowed it." He "grabbed the seat," and yet, day after day, down that same six thoroughbreds on a dead run, dragging after them a swaying stage coach, where the fall of a horse or the stip of a wheel would have buried all to destruction.

his nigger, and the express and mail; "'Did you see Price, Hank?" we was a-sailin' along when I noticed "'Yes, sir,' says L

BOY THAT WENT WITH TEDDY | some pony tracks on the trail, and says to Uncle Ben, 'get the gun ready, for we are apt to be jumped by Injuns.' Just then we topped a little rise, and there was a band of 'Rapahoes about 400 yarsd away. 'Take a shot at 'em.' I says; I had a good Henry rifle, and and went back to the stables with two Uncle Ben blazed away, but for some reason missed, and they come for us. Uncle Ben got sorter white about the just 404 pounds. I had 'em put it in mouth, but settled down in the seat, and says, quiet like;

"'I guess we'd better move along,

Hank. " 'All right,' I says, 'hold tight.' There was nothin' but thoroughbreds on Uncle | tlemen; one man's enough on this trip. Ben's lines through the Injun countries; The only trouble that I'm likely to run he wouldn't have a hose that couldn't into that I can't handle myself is at do his mile in less than two minutes on Willow Springs, where there's always them runs, and I'll bet he thanked his a crowd of rustlers. One man may get God for it that day. Maybe we didn't through all right, but if they're lookin' go; you bet I kept my foot off the for trouble or suspicion you fellers brake, and made that 20-foot lash whis- you'd only be an advertisement for tle and snap over them thoroughbreds' trouble.' I had my way, and drove off backs. This, with the Injuns yellin' with the bullion, feed and four gallons and shootin' behind, sent us into the of whisky, and knowed that if I passed Willows ahead of time. I begun to Willow Springs all right I'd make it. blow my horn long before we got to The Springs was the toughest place on the station, and the stock tenders and the road, and whenever there was a guards knowed there was something hold up we could bank on it being by wrong, and come out to meet us; when some of that Willow Springs gang, the Injuns saw them they went the made up as it was of cattle rustlers, other way.

I've had the coach riddled with bullets lookin' for the bullion, and the last and arrows, and once I went into a thing he said was, 'Now, Hank, look station with an arrow in the flank of out for your team and yourself; let the the nigh wheeler. One time, I remem- express go if it comes to a showber, I had an army colonel and his wife down,' and their servants, all bound for Fort "I got to the Springs 'long in the Laramie. We was jumped by Indians night, towards mornin', I was hittin' and piled the mail and cushions about the trail mighty fast, I tell you. I the women and children in the bottom knowed they'd be a gang there, for at of the stage, and started in to make a the last station I passed they told me a runnin' fight. Them officers was dead that the regular had been held up the game, you bet, and for miles and miles mornin' before, so long before I got to we put up the prettiest runnin' fight the station I commenced whoopin' and that a man would want to see. It was yellin' and singin' as loud as I covid touch and go through lots of times, and sure enough when I rolled up therebut as we got close to a station they was about twenty of the toughest lookheard us a-shootin' and come out. At in' fellers you ever saw, all heeled and first the Injuns thought they would didn't look like they had been to bed, had long range rifles, and them Injuns 'em knowed me and the antics I cut. was soon a huntin' for a thick hill a made 'em laugh. I was too drunk tolong ways off. I've forgot them officers' pay any attention to the station keeper names, but I bet if they're a livin' o rthe stocktenders, but I grabbed on they remember me and that day's ride of the demijohns and yellin' for the on the Laramie trail. An army officer's life was no picnic them days.

"I used to throw off the brake, put be jumped by Injins two or three times grain on top was for him, and for him, in one day's drive of seventy-five miles; to have it taken out; then I sang anit was about all the excitement there other drunken song and staggered out was in them days that a feller could to the coach for the other demijohn, really enjoy. We'd drive over our di- I reeled up to the coach where the vision of seventy-five miles in one day station keeper was takin' out the grain, and back the next; generally there was and spoke quick and low: 'I'm runnin' four or five stations with changes of extry to The Dalles with bullion; have horses on the run.

"But as we whooped it along in that palace car I reckon it come to me more that hill is where Ewe-necked Smith and his gang of bullwhackers was corrailed by Cheyennes and lost all their stock and over two-thirds of the men before one of the boys got back from Fort Laramie with the soldiers. I see there's a school house on the hill now. Up that little gulch runnin' off up the valley yonder was where the vigilantes rounded up Wart-nosed Johnson and his crowd and lynched the whole gang. There's a farm house now at the mouth of the gulch and a big crop of corn in the valley below. At a town ing hosses. Now it's a big town with

"It was the same everywhere; up on Brown" of Ben Halliday's line, or as the Walla Walla division the country knowed the country too well to believe shotgun messenger on Well-Fargo ex- is all settled up and changed, but you they was goin' there, so rode to head couldn't fool old Hank on the rivers gold excitements, and has made and and mountains. I drove once alone lost several fortunes. Back in the 50s from Walla Walla to The Dalles, 240 in range. I cut loose and unloaded two miles, in about eighteen hours; then ponies, and the other Injuns cut for in Salt Lake City and his experience river Injuns in that country was bad, shelter and left the hosses. I headed with Mormons in general and Danites too; cowardly cusses, sneakin', crawl- the train hosses back and met the other in particular would make an interest- in', shootin' from bushes; won't give fellers comin' up. I reckon my soul's ing book. Now he is a mine owner out you anything like as fair a fight as all right if them women's blessin's is here in the desert of the Colorado, and the Injuns east of the Rockies. The way any good. I told 'em to hook up and of that drive was this; I had just got pull right out of there, and I didn't "The first morning we was clippin' it off my seventy-five mile run, washed have to tell 'em twice." along through a country that I knowed up, had my supper, dressed and was ever foot of; used to drive a stage over startin' for a dance down in 'The Bottoms' when I met the Wells-Fargo office agent comin' a rushin' up the

"'Hank,' he says, 'I was huntin' you, we're in the edvil of a fix. We've got nearly \$10,000 in gold bullion that due in The Dalles by tomorrow night, at the close of business hours, or one of our best shippers stands to lose a lot of monye already paid on a mine. It dropped over the hill so easy that if ought to have been down yesterday, but I'd a shet my eyes I would not have our down stage throwed a wheel and missed the regular connection for the Dalles. I've been to the stage office, gulch, on a worse "trail" he had sent but Haworth says for me to see you. What can you do?"

"Get the bullion to The Dalles by noon tomorrow."

"But its 240 mile."

"'Nobody knows that better than I "The last time I pulled Uncle Ben do, Mr. Price, but you get your bullion bales, 22; oak, 27; elm, 33; teak, 36; fir, Halliday over that trail we was jumped ready and in half an hour send it by 'Rapahoes. We didn't happen to down to the stage stables in a wagon,' have any outbound passengers that and I went on down the street. The mornin', only me and Uncle Ben and superitnendent was still at the stables. fects in wood."

" 'Can you make it?" "'Sure thing,' I says, "'All right, pick your teams."

"I had the stocktenders hook up six hosses that I picked out, then went to the boardin' house, changed my clothes two-gallon demijohns of whisky. Price was there with the bullion. It weighed the bottom of the stage and throw a lot of sacked feed in on top of it, and then I climbed up to the seat. Three or four shotgun messengers started to foller me and I said, 'Hold up, genhoss thieves, road agents and all 'round "Well, sir, the 'Rapahoes used to run bad men. Haworth had given me a me into the stations time and again; pointer that he thought the gang was a

come come on, but the stock tenders Lord wasn't I drunk! Whoee! Most of boys to come on I staggered into the house. I poured about half a pint of good, strong whisky into each one of the bud to the six-horse team, tie the them fellers, and in my drunken way lines to a seat brace, take my Henry managed to tell 'em that I was takin' and drop on my knees in the front boot the coach down to replace an old one and shoot over the seat; many and on the south end, and had a load of many's the single-handed runnin' fight feed for the way stations. I told the I've put up that way. Sometimes I'd station-keeper that five of the sacks of the tenders change my team for freshest and best you've got, quick, man-Oh, I'm a jolly stage driver-

Stay with it, boys, here s'more,' and wasn't on the floor or the ground outside was a tryin' to fight over the balance of the whisky. I saw my team was hitched up and made a runnin' jump for the front boot, grabbed the lines, and how I did cut loose from there-whoop! Well, I eat my dinner in The Dalles and got mighty well paid for that trip. The Willow Springs gang hel dup the regular that follered me the next day; they was dead on that the bullion was due all right.

"Comin' back I struck a wagon train where we stoped for noon I drove up to of fifteen families, and they was in once alone to find the only house then trouble. The cussed Injuns had made in the town, a stage station, burned a rush and stampeded some of their down, the station keeper and his stock hosses. You could see the Injuns, five up and the stock drove off. I had to the valley two or three miles away. drive to the next station without chang- The women and children in the train was cryin' and yellin', purty nigh scart trolley cars and such and there I was to death. The men was scared too, and kitin' along at forty mile an hour I didn't know how they was goin' to pull reckon, smokin' a two-bit cigar, and all out. I wasn't on schedule time, so I ed for five men to come on. The Injuna was headin' for a mountain, but I 'em off below. My thoroughbred was too fast for the others, and I was soon

> In the English official regulations for 1898 it is stated that the mean extreme range of the Lee-Metford bullet may be taken as about 3,500 yards, although, with a strong wind, 3,760 yards have been observed. The bullets find their way through joints of walls, unless the walls are made very fine and set in cement. About 150 rounds, concentrated on nearly the same spot at 200 yards, will break a nine-inch brick wall. Rammed earth gives less protection than loose. When fired into sand the bullet is found to be always turned aside after it has entered a little way. The following thicknesses of material (in inches) are usually necessary to stop the regulation .303-inch bullet: Shingle between boards, 1; hardened steel plate, 14; good brick work, 9; sack of coal, 12; hard dry mud wall, 14; peat earth, 60; compressed cotton 48; clay, 48.-Washington Star.

"It is possible to produce beautiful ef-

"Yes; some of the lovellest women you see are blockheads."