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Loopholes in the Law.

British statesmen are again striving to amend the law so as to permit persons convicted of crime to appeal to a higher court. The need of some change in the law has long been admitted, for although a man against whom a verdict of a hundred pounds has been found in a civil court may appeal, one who has been convicted of murder must submit to the sentence with no effective appeal save to the clemency of the home office.

One from the Capital.

In Washington they are whispering a story concerning a very distinguished statesman who attended the birthday party in honor of Speaker Cannon. He and some thirsty friends devoted themselves with less wisdom than assiduity to the bountiful supply of refreshments available on that occasion.

Don't Forget the Women.

Almost the last of those who are accorded honor for their heroism at San Francisco are the women, and especially the trained nurses. It is agreed that no others showed such coolness, such unflinching courage as they.

A new "Mark Twain" story is going the rounds. The humorist takes long rides in the country in his auto and one day the mud was so deep that the machine stuck in it. On a railroad near by an Irishman was seen bossing a gang of Italians.

Lloyd's Weekly News of London has this to say in an article on the San Francisco earthquake: "Seismic disturbances are still recorded and renewed earthquake shocks are reported in various parts of the American continent, even as far away as Cleveland, O., which is on the Atlantic seaboard."

James B. Bledsoe has been elected superintendent of the Maryland school for the blind. He has written a fine thesis entitled "The Education of the Blind in the United States."

BUYING PAINT.

Springtime—after the weather has become well settled—is painting time. There is no dust flying, no insects are in the air at that time ready to commit suicide by suffocation in the coat of fresh paint.

It should be a habit with every property owner every spring to look over his buildings, etc., and see if they need repainting; not merely to see if they "will go another year," but whether the time has not come for putting in the proverbial "stitch in time" which shall eventually "save nine."

Paint lets go because linseed oil, which is the "cement" that holds all good paint together, gradually decays or oxidizes, just as iron exposed to air and dampness will slowly decay or oxidize. The water and oxygen in the air are the cause of the trouble in both cases, and the only reason, outside of its beautifying effect, that we apply paint to wood or iron is because we want to keep water and air away from them.

This explains why it is better economy to repaint a little before it becomes absolutely necessary than a little after. When the paint is once dead the fresh coat will pull the whole coating off.

In the days when repainting meant a general turning of things upside down, a two-weeks' "cluttering up" of the place with kegs, cans and pails, a lot of inflammable and ill-smelling materials standing around, etc., the dread of painting time was natural. So was the dread of soap-making time, of shirt-making time, of candle-moulding time and the like.

When it comes to picking out the paint it is not necessary that one should be a paint chemist, any more than one should be an oil chemist when buying kerosene, or a department store buyer when selecting shirts, or a soap chemist when buying soap. All that is necessary to insure a fair show is some knowledge of the character of our paint dealer and the reputation and standing of the maker of the paint offered.

But paints sold in responsible stores under the brands of reputable manufacturers are all good products, differing from one another in the less important matter of the solid pigments contained, but practically alike in having their liquid portions composed essentially of pure linseed oil. The competition of the better class of paints has driven inferior goods practically out of the market, and no manufacturer of standing now puts out a poor paint, under his own name at least.

As to guarantees on paint, they can be taken for what they are worth. Any reputable manufacturer will make good any defect actually traceable to the paint itself and not to improper use or treatment of it. The really important guarantee which the paint buyer should exact from his dealer is that the paint is made by a manufacturer that knows his business and that the paint itself has a record. If he secures this guarantee he can afford to chance the rest of it—the paint will undoubtedly give good service if properly applied according to directions.

Skiddoo!

The young man was trying to think of something else to say when the young woman suddenly spoke up.

"By the way, Mr. Lingerlong," she said. "I tried to call you up by telephone this morning, but I didn't get any response."

"You tried to call me up by telephone?"

"Yes; I wanted to ask you a question."

"Why, I haven't any telephone number."

"O, yes you have. Double six four seven."

The young man made a rapid mental calculation.

"Twenty-three!" he gasped, reaching for his hat.—Chicago Tribune.



If anything were lacking to prove that love is the strongest passion in the human breast, and that under its influence men and women will do and venture where no other power or motive could move them, the thrilling story that a valiant young Texan has to tell would relieve ordinary mortals of further doubt.

Jack Hondorn recently returned to his old home on the Colorado, in western Texas, accompanied by a pretty Spanish bride, whose heart he gained and whose hand he possessed down in old Mexico after a series of adventures and narrow escapes that would make the fortune of a skilled writer of romance. Old neighbors extended a warm welcome to Mr. Hondorn and his handsome young wife.

About two years ago young Hondorn left his old home in Texas to seek his fortune in Mexico. After knocking about over the sister republic for some time, learning a little Spanish, admiring new scenes, and occasionally falling in love with a dark-eyed beauty of the sunlands, he finally found employment on a big cattle ranch belonging to old Don St. Louis Rivera, one of the richest men in all Mexico.

Love at First Sight.

More than 100 people were employed on this one ranch. There was a palatial residence on a picturesque summit overlooking hundreds of acres of the old don's vast possessions. Here the great rancher's family invariably spent the summer months of the year.

Cupid must have taken a hand in Jack's affairs from the moment he set his feet inside of the gates of the Rancho Grande de Rivera. On that same day arrived the senora and her daughter Madeline, from the City of Mexico. They had only recently returned from Spain, and they were glad to reach their old home, where they well knew that comfort and luxurious repose awaited them. The smiling blue eyes of the young adventurer of the land of the Lone Star and the dark eyes of the daughter of the south looked into each other's depths at the gate of the hacienda, and the fate of these two was forever sealed.

Fear'd Father's Anger.

"I love you, Jack. Yes, the good God knows I love you, and I am ready at any moment to go with you to the end of the world," said the warm-hearted girl; "but, oh, my love, papa is terrible. Why, Jack, he would kill you if he knew you even dared to speak to me."

"Never fear, little sweetheart," Jack would say, "one of these fine nights we will gallop away from the Rancho Grande, and beyond the Rio Grande we will be beyond the reach of the old don's anger and his bullets."

"I am ready, Jack. But think—it is not poor little me you are getting—not an extra ribbon, a doubloon or a centavo. And the danger, Jack—for I warn you papa is a man of blood—he has fought duels. He would set the peons to tearing you to pieces."

"With your pretty cheek against mine, sweetheart, dangers are not to be counted," said Jack. "To-morrow night we will ride."

The lovers planned well, but an Indian woman betrayed them. It was a fine night for an affair where hearts play an important part. A glorious full moon was rising above the summit of an eastern range of mountains. The warm sea breeze was laden with the perfume of the flowers of the plain, and the silence was only broken by the songs of the nightingale and the barely perceptible swish of the swaying strands of moss.

Overpowered and Captured.

Slowly and cautiously the venturesome lovers approached the edge of a grove of trees not far from the gates of the hacienda. He was mounted on

a magnificent Comanche racer, and by his side walked another horse of fine form and great fangs for speed and endurance. As the Texan slid from his saddle, caressing his pony, he whispered: "Give us a little start and there is not a horse in all Mexico able to catch us."

"Sweetheart mine, not all the treasures of the world, steel, or any power less than God shall ever separate us."

"Soft, mio caballero. Dios mio! que contento estoy."

"And the joy of all the world is crowded into my bosom," whispered Jack. He was just in the act of lifting her into the saddle, when it looked as if a dozen big hands rose from the earth and his arms were seized.

Marvelous Escape from Death.

Don St. Louis appeared, foaming with rage. Tearing his daughter from the side of the struggling youth, he passed her to an attendant, saying: "Lock her up." Then turning to one who appeared to be in command, he said: "It is the Americano ingrate, cursed gringo. I do not care to soil my hands. Juan, tie a rock to his neck and throw him into the river."

Jack knew that the peons were only too glad to obey orders, and strongly suspecting that he had a rival in the bunch, he realized that all hope for mercy was lost. They dragged him to the bank of a stream not far away, and while some were busy hunting a big rock others were preparing strings. It required the united strength of the bunch to overpower the fighting Texan, and when they were ready to push him over the bank Jack dexterously threw out one hand and dragged the leader of the gang into the water with him. The peon had a knife, and when he struck to cut Jack's throat he missed his aim and severed the cord that held the big rock.

Back to the Ranch.

One would imagine that this narrow escape would have cooled the passion of the most ardent lover. Not so with the incorrigible Texan. Ten days had hardly elapsed before he appeared at the Rancho Rivera disguised as an Indian, seeking employment. He was given a job herding sheep.

When the indomitable Texan found an opportunity to shed his disguise and open his arms, Madeline ran and threw herself upon his bosom with joy and confidence.

This time fortune again played the lovers false. They encountered a locked and barred pasture gate, with a fence of nine barbed wires on either side. Madeline had been so closely watched that her absence had been noted almost instantly. The alarm was no sooner raised than the whole force of the Rancho Grande was set to scouring the country in every direction. The unfortunate lovers were encountered while riding hard to reach a distant gate. A desperate battle ensued, and Jack caught a couple of hot balls that stunned him for the moment, though neither made more than slight wounds. Again numbers triumphed, and the lovers were torn apart for the second time.

"Never fear, sweetheart! Better luck next time!" shouted Jack.

"There will be no next time," roared one of the peons. "Bring the Colorado diablo caballo."

Tied to Back of Wild Horse.

The wounded Texan was dragged over the ground and firmly lashed to the back of the red devil of a horse. And then while the inhuman devils howled and roared with laughter, the

mad red horse plunged over the plains with Madeline's faithful lover lashed to his back. Poor girl! She closed her eyes, and her cries of terror were drowned by the yells of her cruel tormentors.

On sped the wild red horse over hill and dale, impelled by fright and terrorized by the struggling burden on his back, the foaming animal soon passed beyond the reach of his pursuers. He had been stolen from the Quaymal Indians by Don Rivera's peons, and when he found himself free he at once set out to rejoin his old herd. The bold lover declares that he was never surer of winning his bride than when the foam from the red chops of the wolves were buried into his face. It was at that moment that he registered an oath to possess Madeline in spite of Don Rivera and his army of peons.

Don Rivera had made bitter enemies of the Quaymals. He had taken their fields away from them and forced the poor Indians to move their village to a mountain valley.

They gave the wounded man shelter, aid and comfort, and when they heard his story they believed him. Soon they all loved the handsome young Texan.

Lovers Finally United.

They said: "We hate old Don Rivera. He has stolen our lands, our horses and cattle. He has coined the tears of our women and children. We will help you to drive a pain into his heart. Only tell us how."

Jack told them how, and they did help him. He had hardly recovered from his wounds when an Indian maiden bounded into his apartment one evening with streams of words of joy flowing from her red lips.

"She is here—we have brought her to you," she exclaimed, clapping her hands.

"Who? What do you mean?" said Jack.

"Madeline, of course."

It was true. In a few moments the astounded lover was rejoiced to find that his devoted friends had succeeded in stealing his sweetheart and bringing her to their village.

Joyous to the verge of insanity over being united, and fearing capture, the lovers were eager to fly towards Texas, but the Quaymal chief protested. He wanted to "drive many pains home to the old don's hard heart," he said. He insisted that the lovers should be married by the padre in the Quaymal temple, and that the affair should be celebrated by a great feast. "The superstitious old don will not dare to come here," he said.

Offered to Buy Daughter.

It was true. Don Rivera had many superstitions. He was afraid of the shadow of a Quaymal. Foaming with rage when he heard that Madeline was with the Texan in the Indian village, he said to his wife: "It is all witchcraft. That man Jack is a ghost. After the peons threw him in the river, with a rock about his neck, and he was drowned, I saw him again. Why, I saw him walking amongst the sheep sowing rot—saw him plainly. It is useless to try to get our daughter back. The devil has got her. We might tempt him with gold."

They did tempt him with gold. The old don sent his favorite padre to the Quaymal village with a burro loaded with gold. "Tell the devil of a gringo," he said, "that I know my daughter's weight, and that I will give him her weight in coined gold if he will return her to me."

"Tell Don Rivera that Texans do not sell their sweethearts or wives," said Jack Hondorn. "His gold is coined tears, and the sweat and blood of the poor and the brave. If he were to pile it to the skies it would count nothing against my love for Madeline."

Only Wanted a Square Deal. "Prisoner," said the judge, "stand up. Have you anything to say why judgment of the court should not be pronounced against you?" "I'd like to say, your honor," answered the prisoner, "that I hope you will not allow your mind to be prejudiced against me by the poor defense my lawyer put up for me. I'll take it as a great favor if your honor will just give me the sentence I'd have got if I had pleaded guilty in the first place."—Chicago Tribune.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in 8-ounce packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

SCINTILLATIONS.

Double dealing ends in divided dividends.

Our seeking always secures His sending.

As soon as a nation becomes heartless its case is hopeless.

Codfish culture is never complete until conscience is killed.

Every time you put out any new life some old leaves drop off.

Slander is bad breath; its evidence applies only to its source.—Ram's Horn.

When a fellow is refused by a girl, and takes to drink, it is sometimes difficult to determine whether he is drowning his sorrow or celebrating.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Willing to Oblige.

"Give me the city hall, please," said the lady to the conductor of the street car.

"I should be glad to do so, madam," replied the conductor, who was a new man and had been greatly impressed by the rules of the company, which insisted upon employes being courteous and obliging. "I should, indeed, be glad to do so, but the lady over there with the green feather in her hat asked for the city hall before you got on the car. Is there any other building that would suit you just as well?"—Detroit Free Press.

Pointer for Percy.

Neil—Percy Vere was telling me that he still hopes to have the luck to win you.

Belle—Well, Percy will find that it takes more than luck to win me. I'm no raffle.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I see the San Franciscans made a brave fight to save their mint." "Yes, sah; yes, sah," responded the gentleman from the south; "the julep season approaches, sah."—Cleveland Leader.

Particulars Wanted.

"Ah, dearest," sighed young Brokeleigh. "I can not live without you." "Why not?" queried the girl with the obese bank balance. "Did you lose your job?"—Columbus Dispatch.

Experience Makes Us Wise. Teacher—Can anyone tell me what a palimpsest is?

"I know, teacher. It's a woman who uses her hand instead of a slipper."—Judy.

KNIFED.

Coffee Knifed an Old Soldier.

An old soldier, released from coffee at 72, recovered his health and tells about it as follows:

"I stuck to coffee for years, although it knifed me again and again.

"About eight years ago (as a result of coffee drinking which congested my liver), I was taken with a very severe attack of malarial fever.

"I would apparently recover and start about my usual work only to suffer a relapse. After this had been repeated several times during the year I was again taken violently ill.

"The Doctor said he had carefully studied my case, and it was either 'quit coffee or die,' advising me to take Postum in its place. I had always thought coffee one of my dearest friends, and especially when sick, and I was very much taken back by the Doctor's decision, for I hadn't suspected the coffee I drank could possibly cause my trouble.

"I thought it over for a few minutes, and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions; well, I liked it and stuck to it, and since then I have been a new man. The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work, and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading the wagon. That's what Postum in the place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee.

"I have known people who did not care for Postum at first, but after having learned to make it properly according to directions they have come to like it as well as coffee. I never miss a chance to praise it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.