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ish alone cost over 500. For an incident of the cost of the cost over 1 the co

"As mean as ever!" exclaimed Caleb.

INSOMNIA.

Thu are the night skirts left behind By daybreak hours that onward creep. And thin, alas! the shred of sleep That wavers with the spirits' wind; But in half dreams that shift and roll And still remember and forget, My soul this hour has drawn your sou! A little nearer yet.

lowed after the old skinfiint today.'

rushed up the ravine toward home.

and the big wagon rolled away.

After going a mile, Jake halted before

that had often attracted the eye of Caleb

The surrounding country was a swell-

ing prairie of great fertility, all of which was a part of the cattle king's posses-

"Why do you stop here?" said Caleb as old Jake leaped to the ground.

"I reckon it's all right," returned the

At this moment a man came out of the

"Hey, Caleb, did you bring the panther

skin?" cried Gudgeon in a pleasant voice.

"No, I didn't," returned the lad resent-

"Mrs. Rawson, I wish you'd read

what's here before you'n Caleb go any

made out to read through a blinding

mist a title deed to 300 acres of the best

land in the cattle king's domain, on

Her Fateful Words.

He was in love with her, and, as be-

girl he loved, and he knew the name of

He did not tell her so, however, but

beat about the bush, as they do on the

At the time when this story opens they

"Oh, George," she said, "what is the

"You know well enough," he replied

"I assure you I do not," she insisted.

"But you do, and you do nothing to

were having an emotional tussle.

"Caleb saved an evil man's life. That

which stood the house before him.

A note inclosed read:

house and stood by the wagon.

It was Silas Gudgeon.

on account of its beauty.

man, with a grin.

fully.

no cause.

matter?

bitterly.

They never do.

Our lives, most dear, are never near. Our thoughts are never far apart. Though all that draws us heart to heart Seems fainter now, and now more clear. Tonight love claims his full control. And with desire and with regret
My soul this hour has drawn your soul A little nearer yet.

Is there a home where heavy earth
Melts to bright air that breathes no pain.
Where water leaves no thirst again.
And springing fire is love's new birth?
If faith long bound to one true goal
May there at length its hope beget,
My soul that hour shall draw your soul that hour sum.
Forever near yet.
-D. G. Rossetti.

A LIGHTNING SHOT.

"You must move on. I have dillydal- tunes lied on your motion long enough. I must have this land for a sheep pasture. You the door of a handsome dwelling-one

Yes, Caleb Rawson and his mother una derstood.

It was hard to be driven from the home they had occupied several years and was which Nathan Rawson had believed his sions. when he died but a few months before. His last words were, "I am thankful

that I leave you a comfortable home.

Mary, you and Caleb."

He had passed into the beyond with this belief, and now the rich cattle king. Silas Gudgeon, whose vast estate joined theirs on the west, had found a flaw in Rawson's title and had secured the land and ordered the widow and her son to

get off the place. , "I want no more fooling, Mrs. Raw-son," declared the cattle king as he turned to leave the room. "If you and this impudent boy of yours aren't outside of here inside of 24 hours, my men he walked hurriedly away.

With these words Gudgeon placed a folded paper in the widow's hand. Then he walked hurriedly away. turned to leave the room. "If you and farther."

from the room, leaving the widow in tears, and Caleb white with righteous Caleb looked over her shoulder and soon "The mean old skinflint!" exclaimed

the boy. "I-I could kill him!" "Hush, my son," uttered the mother

in a shocked voice, "you must not feel like that. It is as bad as murder." "I can't help it," rejoined the boy. "This is our home, that we have enjoyed act opened the wicked man's eyes, and he hopes this deed to Mrs. Rawson will enfor three years. Over there father lies. title him to forgiveness for the past, if and—and"—

True Flag.

The lad's emotions overcame him, and he rushed from the room.

In the next apartment he snatched a rifle from the hooks and went forth into though heaven knows the girl gave him the sunlight, an awful whiteness on his

"Yes, I could kill him for robbing my mother. He is rich and has no right to fore stated, this man was jealous of the covet our little home. Mother, I will save you if I die for it?" and the rethe man whom he feared. vengeful boy hurried in pursuit of the cattle king.

In the meantime the object of so much bitter feeling made his way along a wagon road that led through a ravine toward his own home a mile distant.

The cattle king had long coveted the rich quarter section on which the elder Rawson had squatted, and soon after the settler's death Gudgeon began plotting to secure the land. By the aid of a conscienceless lawyer the rich man make our life sweeter." discovered a flaw in the Rawson papers, and in a little while had secured a title for, though she might be frisky with to the land.

Gudgeon was chuckling to himself over the situation when he was brought to a sudden halt by a peculiar sound.

"It's the panther," exclaimed the cattle king, recoiling as he caught sight of a pair of glittering eyes fixed upon him from above his position in the narrow

On a jutting rock, almost hidden by a dense growth of vines and bushes, not 10 feet from his position, crouched that terror of the west-a mountain panther. of her mouth. One growl from the ferocious beast was enough to halt the land king.

He realized that he had gone too far to Truly death stared him in the face. The animal was crouched ready for a

spring. Gudgeon had no weapon, for the savage who worshiped an anchor teeth of the forest monster. His face fear of this sort prevails most among

and he felt that he was dying. Only one brief second! Then the panther dashed upon his

Even as the animal gathered itself for rang out. The next instant man and beast rolled on the ground.

The panther rolled from his intended

victim in dying agonies.

A bullet had pierced its heart. hand, ran swiftly down the ravine and tervention of a ghostly element, and thus gave the panther a second shot, which working upon the imagination it assumed

quieted its struggles. who still lay upon the ground, insensible

and bleeding. Going to a spring near at hand, the lad, using his hat for a basin, brought at a distance from him while talking, water and dashed it into the insensible and many of his callers had a habit of man's face. This had the desired effect, gradually moving their chair nearer to and Mr. Gudgeon, who had fainted from him during a conversation. So one day, fright, was able to stand on his feet once having been very much annoyed in that

"The panther!" gasped the cattle king. gazing shudderingly about him.

the dead animal. "Dead?" "Dead as he can be, sir," answered Ca-

eb Rawson. Noticing the gun in the hand of the boy, Mr. Gudgeon understood how his life had been saved. Putting out his

hand he said: "You saved my life, Caleb Rawson. I thank you. I'll give \$10 for the panther's floor.—Cor. Cincinnati Tribune. hide if you will bring it to me at the

And then the great cattle king [strode Tears of indignation and anger filled

and blinded the eyes of the young home-

George, she did not want to lose her grip independent policy is too well known on him entirely. "Oh, George, George, why are you not

frank with me?" she pleaded again. George's face became ashen gray at her fateful words.

"That's it," he hissed, the infernal fire of jealousy blazing in his eyes. "That's it, Miss Smithkins, if I were Frank with you instead of George, you'd be all right." The girl would have replied, but she and The Call is, as usual, at the head could not. Her tongue clave to the roof

The other fellow's name was Frank.-Detroit Free Press.

The Dog and the Savage.

The conduct of a dog which is struck with a stick corresponds to that of which he cursed himself at this moment. which had been cast ashore, and on For one terrible second Silas Gudgeon | which he had hurt himself when he first watched the flaming eyes and glittering came in contact with it. Superstitious blanched, his knees knocked together, men of the lowest order of intelligence, or in that stage of society in which human beings are physically least removed from beasts. In proportion as they rise in the scale of existence and unfold their mental faculties the more they free spring the whiplike crack of a rifle themselves from the tyranny of the supernatural.

The terror of the dog hurt by the stick was out of all proportion to the pain inflicted, and arose solely from the fact that it was produced by a mysterious A boy, bearing a smoking rifle in his cause. It was fear intensified by the inthe nature of religious awe.-Professor Then the boy turned to Mr. Gudgeon, E. P. Evans in Popular Science Monthly.

> Cushing's Chair For Visitors. Caleb Cushing desired people to keep way, he sent for a carpenter and made him fasten two pieces of board to the

legs of the chair and then screw it to "There he is," said the lad, pointing to the floor at the place where he wanted people to sit. When it was done, he contemplated it with a smile and remarked: "I guess I have got them now. They can't blow their bad breath in my face any more.'

That chair raised a laugh on many a visitor, who, after several ineffectual attempts to move it forward, would, on looking closer, find it fastened to the

A Wise Precaution.

"Oi niver see Mamie goin to school without her rubbers on, Mrs. Flannigan." "No; she has to cross the electric rail-way thrack, and her father thinks it would be the safest for her to wear insulathors."—Harper's Bazar.



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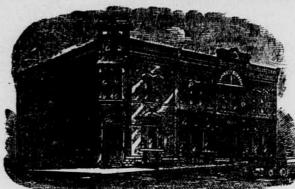
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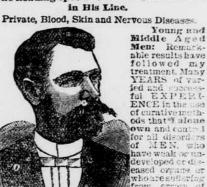
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