

"WHERE MY HAT HANGS."

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

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"No." "Where's your home?" "Where my hat hangs." He moved away toward the barn, and the woman returned to the house.

The hot last of July sun poured down upon the dusty road along the narrow coulee which led back among the bluffs and up to the prairie stretching away to the west.



HE LOOKED ROUGH EVEN IN THAT WILD NEIGHBORHOOD.

He looked rough even in that wild neighborhood and impressed the beholder at first sight as being middle aged, though closer inspection gave the idea of fewer years. He carried a dilapidated black satchel, evidently nearly empty, slung over his shoulder on a bit of pine slab, apparently a piece of driftwood, but still fresh from some up river sawmill.

By and by a woman, thin and perhaps 50 years of age, came to the door with a dish pan in her hands. She started slightly as she saw the figure before her, but only slightly, for figures of the character were too common.

"Well, what do you want?" she said rather sharply. He looked up and for a moment seemed to be pulling his wits together. Then he said simply, "Work."

"You don't pear as if you could today." She looked at him a moment as he sat with his head bowed. Then she added, "Have you been drinking?" He looked up quickly and for the first time gazed squarely in her eyes.

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"Brown, tomorrow I'm going to take you both back. Haven't told the boy's folks yet, because I want to surprise them. I'll be up about 10 o'clock."

When the next morning, the doctor drove up the coulee, he noticed how bare the trees were becoming. Only the few cedars and spruces and the little red oaks, far up on the bluff sides, relieved the nakedness of the scene.

"Bad day to bring my patient down," he muttered, "but it's time he was at home. Guess the family will give him a warm reception—and Brown too."

He turned off the main road to follow the path to the cabin. Standing in the shelter of a rock was Brown.

"I was just waiting for you, doc," said the man. "Reckon I'll go along with you."



"TELL THE FOLKS GOODBY."

down to the Landing. I s'pose it's been long enough, so that if I was going to have that there smallpox I would have it, ain't it?"

"Yes; but you said you had had it anyhow. Didn't you?"

Brown scratched a match on the rock deliberately and lit his pipe.

"I've been thinking it over, doc," he said slowly, "and I've come to the conclusion that it was something else I had—yellow fever, I believe. Tell the folks goodby." And he started down the road.

"But where are you going?" called the doctor.

"Where? Oh, anywhere. Just going—going home."

"But where's that?"

"Home? Oh—where my hat hangs?"

When Rogers reached the Landing three hours later, determined to find him and carry him home, he was told that the man he sought had taken passage on a down river steambot.

This information came first hand—from the man who had helped him up the gang-plank.

Overindulgence in Coffee. Coffee is a powerful irritant of the cerebro spinal nervous system.

Recent tests have shown that it increases mental and bodily waste rather than retards it, as has been claimed. Coffee poisoning is sometimes mistaken for the troubles engendered by the use of alcohol.

In both cases the stomach and nervous system are the sufferers. Caffeine and alcoholic gastritis are nearly identical as to their symptoms.

The use of coffee by children has in several cases caused an arrest of development. Cases have been reported of delirium tremens brought on by the excessive use of coffee. It is related in a foreign medical journal that a man, in the absence of his wife, undertook to make his own coffee.

Not knowing the correct proportions for use, he took about one-quarter of a pound of fresh roasted coffee for two cups. Two hours afterward he complained of vertigo, headache and, at first, trembling of the legs only, which soon became general, followed by several other distressing symptoms, some of which continued a day or two longer.

By a busy physician it is stated that at least two-thirds of his practice comes from the excessive use of coffee. The excessive use of tea and coffee, as well as the use of alcoholic liquors, often almost wholly obliterates the sense of taste.—Health Culture.

The Hat and the Title. There is an amusing English definition of "gentleman." It is "A man who wears a silk hat, and if he has no other title insists upon having 'Esq.' added to his name when letters are addressed to him."

The west end Londoner of social pretensions accepts this definition in practice. Summer and winter, in rain or shine, he wears a high silk hat in the streets of London and carries it into the drawing room when he pays an afternoon call. It is only when he takes a train for the provinces or for the continent that he ventures to use more comfortable headgear.

He also expects to have the distinction of "esquire" when a letter is addressed to him and is highly offended if he finds on the envelope the prefix "Mr." As a matter of fact the number of English gentlemen who are legally entitled to the medieval honors of "esquire" is insignificant. It is a self assumed title which signifies nothing that is substantial in rank or privilege.

In common use in London "esquire" simply means that the person so addressed does not choose to be associated with tradesmen and ordinary working people and that he is a "gentleman" who invariably wears a silk hat.—Youth's Companion.

Dreadful Uncertainty. The Wife—Don't you think our daughter's voice improves? The Husband—I don't know. It may be that as we grow older our hearing becomes less acute.—Philadelphia North American.

DOES HE OWN THE FISH?

We are asked if a farmer has not a better right to the fish in the river which runs through his farm than the man who lives down the river in some town. This will have to be answered from a legal and not from an ethical standpoint.

The law of the country holds that he has only an equal right to the fish in the stream with his town brother down the river. The law broadly recognizes the rights of the general public in all streams of running water and meandered lakes.

Though the fish may be in the river, the bed of which he owns, he still does not own the water or the fish in it and is just as strictly bound by the laws governing the season and method of taking the fish as though he lived somewhere else.

He has a common right, with all others living tributary to the stream, to the use of the water, and must neither divert its flow or injure its quality to the detriment of his neighbors down stream.

A pond which is formed by the spring overflow of a river and which at all other times is entirely isolated from the stream is in the same category as the flowing river, and though such pond be full of fish left there by the overflow, the owner of the pond possesses no exclusive right to or ownership in such fish.

If a man should sink a flowing well and thereby create a fish pond which he stocked up with fish, he then becomes the absolute owner of such pond and all that it may contain, and the public acquires no rights whatever thereto.

Owning such pond and its fish, he may further catch them and kill them whenever he wants to, regardless of close or open seasons. The right to enter upon a man's land in pursuit of fish in a stream varies in different states. In some states where a man has stocked the stream he can bar out the public, but he cannot dam or obstruct the stream so as to prevent the run of such fish to other portions of the stream not controlled by him.

In most states the right to walk up a stream or run a boat thereon and catch the fish therein is allowed, the common law of trespass not applying.

ECONOMIC PROGRESS. Eastern farmers develop an agricultural virtue from sheer force of circumstances which, could it find a foothold among those of the west, would do much to add to the prosperity of the western man.

We refer to the practice of economizing in the matter of little things—the looking after the small economies of the farm and the avoidance of minor wastes.

An eastern farmer once said that the wastes of a western farm would easily constitute the profits of an eastern one. Wheat land is cheap and labor high, much of this western waste is absolutely unavoidable.

Then the soil was so rich and productive that the very excess of crops naturally fostered a wasteful method of caring for them. Thus the straw was burned in the field and the cornstalks left to rot, while hay was put up in poor, leaky ricks with a go devil, because this way required but a minimum of hand labor.

Fifteen and 20 cent corn makes men careless in the matter of feeding it when one man and team will raise 1,500 bushels of it with 45 days' work.

But as the value of the western farm increases the eastern virtue of saving can be applied to the management of the western farm with much advantage.

In fact, it must be so applied if even the good western farm is to be made profitable. We notice a marked improvement along this line during the past few years. There is but little machinery now left to winter in the field, barns are taking the place of old sheds for stock and the storage of the crops, wet spots are being drained and waste corners of the farms being utilized, more of the products of the farm are being converted into finished products on the farm, and year by year western wastes become less and less noticeable.

DOES THE RAINFALL CHANGE? We are asked whether, with the removal of the timber of the country and the cultivation of the soil, the average rainfall of a given territory shrinks. No, it does not. The rainfall will, of course, vary from year to year, as it has always done, but the average precipitation will remain the same. It is true that with the removal of the timber and the cultivation of the soil drought periods probably become more marked, this being caused by the more rapid removal of the water from the surface into the artificial ditches and waterways and also by the greater amount evaporated from the soil and growing crops. These two agencies account for the drying out of the large areas of wet lands all through the west. The rainfall of the Mississippi valley comes not from moisture evaporated from the soil of the valley itself, but almost wholly from the water pumped up by the sun from the gulf of Mexico. This being the case, it follows that so long as the gulf remains and the sun keeps at work there can be no visible change in the rainfall of the valley itself. The lesson which needs to be learned under the changed conditions is how best to conserve the rainfall, for that undergoes no change.

It has always been that laws passed by the several states for the protection of game and other birds have been held in general contempt. No laws have been so difficult of enforcement and none so little regarded. It is of special interest, then, to note that the general government is about to take a hand in this good work and that at last our game and song birds will be under the protection of national laws, which will be executed by United States marshals and federal courts—an authority which the people hold in profound respect. Congressman Lacey of Iowa is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of bird life for his efforts in securing this legislation.

Mistakes in Christening.

At Rimsbury Manor, England, there once resided a poulterer's family of the name of Duck. The third son was to be christened, and the mother wanted the name to be William. Just before starting for church the nurse ran up stairs to the father, who was laid up with gout, to tell him they were off.

"What be going to call on, nurse?" "Missus says it's to be William," was the reply. "William be blowed!" said the invalid. "Call on plain Bill!" In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plain-bill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly.

In an even funnier way is the queer Christian name of Mr. Otto Tichener of Peckham accounted for. When his parents and sponsors arrived at the church, his name had not been settled upon, and when the clergyman said, "Name this child," one of the friends said "John," and another said "Oh, no!" meaning not John, and as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that was to be his name and baptized him Otto. The full account of the baptism is contained in Black's "History of Chamberwell."

A clergyman's son vouches for the following: "My father was baptizing a boy of 6 years of age. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After the ceremony he said to the boy, 'You have two very good names, and you ought to be a good boy. How did you come by them?' 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'we was twins, and the other died!'"

Easy For Him. "You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror.

"Let me have your idea of it, if you please."

"I understand it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, anybody can understand that."

"I would like to have your definition of it."

"I know what it is, all right. When I tell you I know what a thing is, I know it. That's all there is about that."

"Well, what was the question I asked you?"

"You ought to know that was. If you've forgot your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you."

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of talk," interposed the court. "Answer the questions addressed to you by the counsel."

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I knew what it was, and I said I did."

"Are you sure you understand what is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Of course I am, judge."

"Well, let us hear your idea of it."

"It's evidence previously pondered."—Chicago Tribune.

No Time to Waste. "I'm a business man," he said brusquely, "and I've no time to waste. I want to marry your daughter. Can I have her?"

The merchant gasped.

"You seem to be in a good deal of a hurry," he suggested.

"I am," replied the suitor. "As I told you, I am a business man. I made up my mind that I wanted a wife, and I started out to get one. I've secured the refusal of two girls this morning, but my option expires in 24 hours, and if I can't have your daughter I want to close with one of them before it's too late. Do I get her?"

"No."

"Good. There's nothing like having a clear understanding. One of the others lives in the next block, and the other is half a mile away. I'll take the nearest, save a good ten minutes of valuable time and get back to my desk in time to look over the late mail. There's no use letting the minor affairs of life encroach on one's business. Good day, sir."—Chicago Post.

Yucatan Ruins. "Apropos of the wonderful ancient ruins in Yucatan," said a New Orleans college professor, "there is one very fortunate circumstance which has protected them almost entirely from spoliation by the Indians. It is currently believed by the natives all through that part of the country that the ruins are haunted and that devils will carry away anybody who attempts to molest them. This superstition has been encouraged by explorers and is a better safeguard than a picket of soldiers."

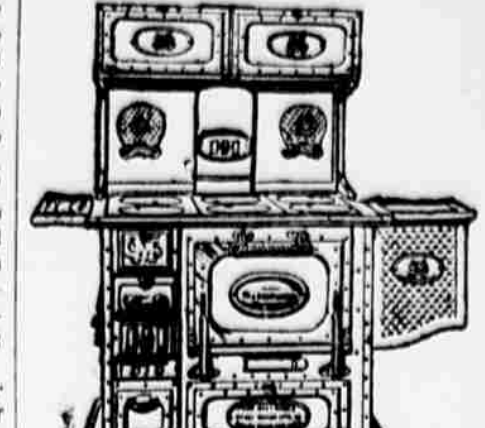
A Gem of London Humor. "Well, goodbye, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

"I was delighted to come, Miss Brown, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"My dear Mr. Green, don't let that trouble you. Father's ideal listener is an absolute idiot, with no conversation whatever, and I know he has enjoyed himself tremendously tonight!"—London Punch.

Didn't Know Dore. In discussing the want of comprehension of one branch of art for another Mr. Sutherland Edwards says that when Gustave Dore began to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson did not even know him by name.

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else approached it. He brought back the report that the boy was having a severe attack, but that Brown was proving himself a good nurse. He had cleared away the underbrush about the cabin, so that the boy's mother could see it from an up stairs window, and he hung out one flag when the patient was better and two when he was worse, or was supposed to be, though he never got out the second flag.

At last the crisis was past, and the boy began slowly to improve. But it took a long while, and it was many days before the doctor was justified in making arrangements to remove the two in quarantine. One day he said: