

SUNBONNET SUE

By Izola Forrester

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It was in July when Jack Coggins came up the valley. There had been no rain for a month, and the stage driver said there was trouble all along the line from Falling Deer.

"There's a man on the front seat," Jerry Holmes said when the white covered wagon came slowly up Main street. Main street was broad and dusty, and Tom Holmes' yellow dog was sprawled out full length in its center.

"There's something else, too," added Mrs. Holmes, shading her eyes with her apron, "tumbled over in his lap." The wagon drew up five minutes later beside the yellow dog.

"Got any water?" called the stranger. "We've come out from Nebraska." He lifted the tumbled something tenderly in his long, thin arms. A little pink sunbonnet fell in the dust of the road, and Tom's yellow dog strolled over and smelled of it interestedly.

"Land, it's a baby girl!" cried Mrs. Holmes, stretching out her arms hungrily. Coggins lifted his head from the water pail Tom had brought. He had drunk in deep drafts, like a horse.

"I had to leave her mother down yonder," he replied as he bent over the tangle of moist light curls that lay back wearily on his shoulder. "There was another one, too—boy, little bit of a skinny fellow, 'bout two months old. She'd never been just well since he came, but we thought maybe the trip would do her good. So we sold out and came up from West Chipco, and there wasn't any water, and the baby got sick."

He stopped and looked off over the way he had driven. "Then what?" asked Tom bluntly, staring up at the stranger with the frank curiosity of ten years.

"Then one night they both died," returned Coggins gently, "down there near the river, 'bout thirty miles or so. I'd have stayed there, too, if it hadn't been for this one." He twisted a loose curl around his finger thoughtfully. "Name's Sue," he added. "Mother's name too."

So Sue came to Rainbow Valley, and she and her pink sunbonnet were loved more than Tom and his yellow dog.

In ten years the boom struck the valley. Old Jerry Holmes found the vein, and they call him the copper king in New York now. By the time the full news of the discovery reached the country he owned every acre of the claim and was buying town lots on Main street. From end to end the valley filled, and fortunes were easy.

A hotel rose where Holmes' general store had stood, and there came also a railroad and a theater and three churches and a public fountain with red geranium beds around it, splashed in the center of Main street where Tom's yellow dog had sprawled.

But the little Coggins shack on the side of Big Eagle remained the same, and from end to end of the town Sue and her pink sunbonnet were known and loved. It was a larger sunbonnet now and a pinker one, and the face beneath was rosy and round cheeked and dimpled, but there were the same loose blond curls and the brown eyes that had belonged to the tired baby girl who had come up from Nebraska long ago.

Coggins was quiet and nonprogressive as ever. When the electric car was put on between the mines and the foot of Main street, he went to Holmes, got the running of it and was contented.

Every day when the motor car made its noon trip a dot of bright pink flashed out at one window. There was a little stool which stood beside the controller box, and there Sue would perch, watching Coggins as he worked the lever with steady hand while he whistled "Dixie Land," and all the way from the mines to the depot the men would raise their heads to watch for the flash of pink, and they called her Sunbonnet Sue.

The big strike came in the fall of 1899. When 800 workers faced old Holmes with the demands of a distant ring of labor agitators, he laughed and told them they had quit for good, so far as he was concerned. That was after they had tried to fire the mines and had burned the freight sheds along the track. When the rumor spread later that a gang of Swedes and Poles had been wired from the east, the old crowd started for the mines to find Holmes.

When the long line of men passed out of town, Sue stood watching the dark masses fade away into the purple hill distances. Over in a cane seated chair, tipped back lazily against the kitchen wall, sat Coggins, smoking.

"They won't hurt any one, will they, father?" Sue asked anxiously. "Isn't any one there for them to hurt," replied Jack contentedly. "I guess they haven't any dynamite anyway. They'll just walk around and talk."

Sue turned from him thoughtfully. The faces of the men had looked as though they intended doing more than walking around and talking. All at once a shadow fell in front of the kitchen door. It was Mrs. Holmes, bareheaded and white faced, as she had run down from the hotel at the first alarm.

"Where's your father, Sue?" she asked breathlessly. Coggins rose. "Right here, Mrs. Holmes," he said. "What's up?" "Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "Jerry's gone to meet the troops from

Chevenne, but there's Tom and a dozen more up there at the mines. They've got a lot of dynamite, and the boys don't even know they're coming. Jerry told Tom to stand guard until he came with the troops. There is no way but the motor line."

Jack looked beyond her to where Sue stood, alert and eager eyed. "She's only got me," he began, but Sue shook her head at him reproachfully.

"Do you think I'd stay here alone? Of course not." She had her sunbonnet in her hand, untying the tangled strings quickly. "We'll go, father and I, Mrs. Holmes," she added to the latter. "You just watch for the troops and send them on quick, and we'll look out for Tom and the rest. Won't we, father?"

Coggins entered the little house and returned with his hat and coat. "Wonder if any of them are watching the track," Coggins said presently as he swung along the track and up Big Eagle's first incline. Sue sat in her old place beside him.

"There are splendid places to hide all along here," she said. One mile was passed. The car swirled merrily around Black Rock bend. It was straight running from there around the mountain side. Coggins was whistling his favorite, "Dixie Land," and to Sue the ride seemed only the same as those she had taken so often. It was hard to realize that the lives of so many people depended on the speed of the little yellow car crawling like some strange new animal steadily along the south shoulder of Big Eagle, but all at once there came a sharp report, and something struck the woodwork above her head.

"They're up the track," Coggins said. "Lean down low, dearie, away from the window. I saw heads bobbing over those bushes." Another shot buried itself somewhere in the window casing, and a man's voice shouted: "Slow up, there, Coggins! We want that car!"

Jack drew his breath hard and glanced back to see that Sue was safe. Half a mile more to the mines, and perhaps every foot of the way an ambush! He smiled grimly and loosened the lever in his hand, although not a hundred feet away a man stood in the center of the track with a leveled pistol. Coggins recognized him.

"Look out, Steve! I'm going to run her through!" he called, but as the car swept forward with fresh impetus there was another shot, and Sue saw her father fall. Before she fully realized what had happened she had sprung up and taken his place, and when the strikers started to make a rush for the car all they saw was a pink sunbonnet waving from the window. A dozen shots had followed up the one sent by the foreman, but now the sight of that flag of truce stayed many a finger waiting on a trigger, and the angry faces on either side of the track softened as Sue leaned out and waved to them as she had so often done.

"You've shot father!" she cried, and then the car had passed. Not another shot was fired, for the word went from lip to lip, "It's Coggins' Sue."

Five minutes later the car drew up at the mines, and Tom Holmes ran to meet it. Now that all was over and the danger past Sue was kneeling beside her father, crying as if her heart would break.

"He isn't dead, Sue!" Tom exclaimed after he had found the wound in his shoulder and Sue had sobbed out her story. "And never mind the strikers. We'll be ready for them."

When the strikers came up the narrow gulch, they found the entrance to the mines guarded by a sturdy little force of armed men, so as the sunlight faded over the mountains they settled down to a siege.

It seemed an age until there came the sound of the surprise in the gulch as the soldiers came up behind the strikers and drove them back, on and on, through the thick woods. Then at last all was silent, and when the motor car made its homeward trip at dawn with Sue and her father and old Holmes and Tom safe on board the blue clad boys who guarded the track cheered when they saw the face of Coggins' Sue at the window. And up at the mines, when the first shaft of gold shot through the pines, it glistened on something that fluttered far up on a big flagpole outside the entrance, a faded pink sunbonnet hanging there in honor beside the stars and stripes.

**In an Alligator's Month.** The alligator of South America, says a traveler in that region, is the reptile most disliked by the natives. That terrible creature feeds on fish, carrion and animals which it is successful enough to surprise as they come to drink at the water's edge. Man also frequently falls a victim, and for that reason the natives of places where the alligator is common have devised various methods for killing it. There was a pond near where I was once staying, where the wild cattle went in herds to drink, and there hunters used to lay in wait for them. One day one of the hunters, going into the water, came across an alligator, which seized him by the knee.

He began to call for help, but his comrades, instead of going to his rescue, ran away, thinking he had fallen into the hands of the hostile natives. The alligator had not a good hold of his knee, but would not let go while the man struggled. The hunter had presence of mind enough, however, to become still and pretend that he was dead, whereupon the alligator loosened his hold to take a new and securer one. When it did so, the man pulled away his knee and interposed his gun, which the creature at once seized so savagely and firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hands.

GEORGE ELIOT'S FACE.

said to have been a combination of Dante and Savonarola.

A close friend of George Eliot's, writing of her personal appearance, said:

"She was not, as the world in general is aware, a handsome or even a personable woman. Her face was long; the eyes not large or beautiful in color—they were, I think, of a grayish blue; the hair, which she wore in old-fashioned braids, coming low down on either side of her face, of a rather light brown. It was streaked with gray when last I saw her. Her figure was of middle height, large boned and powerful. Lewes often said that she inherited from her peasant ancestors a frame and constitution originally very robust. Her head was finely formed, with a noble and well-balanced arch from brow to crown. The lips and mouth possessed a power of infinitely varied expression.

"George Lewes once said to me, when I made some observation to the effect that she had a sweet face (I meant that the face expressed great sweetness): 'You might say what a sweet hundred faces! I look at her sometimes in amazement. Her countenance is constantly changing.' "The said lips and mouth were distinctly sensuous in form and fullness. She has been compared to the portraits of Savonarola (who was frightful) and of Dante (who, though stern and bitter looking, was handsome). Something there was of both faces in George Eliot's physiognomy.

"Lewes told us in her presence of the exclamation uttered suddenly by some one to whom she was pointed out at a place of public entertainment. 'That,' said a bystander, 'is George Eliot.' The gentleman to whom she was thus indicated gave one swift, searching look and exclaimed, sotto voce, 'Dante's aunt!' Lewes thought this happy, and he recognized the kind of likeness that was meant to the great singer of the Divine Comedy. She herself playfully disclaimed any resemblance to Savonarola. But, although such resemblance was very distant—Savonarola's peculiarly unbalanced countenance being a strong caricature of hers—some likeness there was."

DAIRY NOTES.

Clover is better than timothy for cows.

Regularity in feeding and milking is important.

To get all of the butter the cream must be uniformly ripened.

In milking squeeze the teats just hard enough to get the milk.

Cows that are good producers of rich milk must be good consumers.

In order to secure rich milk start with a rich cow and feed her rich foods.

In small quantities cottonseed meal is a good feed, but in excess it injures the butter.

Kicking a cow that is lying down may make her get up more quickly, but it will not induce her to give any more milk.

If rock salt is kept in the yard where the cows can lick it every day, there is no danger that they will get too much at once.

One of the most important conditions of churning is the temperature of the cream. No guess should be allowed, but a good thermometer used.

Judge Davis' Wit.

The late Noah Davis, justice of the supreme court of New York, was one of many judges and lawyers who make the courtroom the scene of some of our best wit and humor. The New York Commercial Advertiser gives some illustrations.

Once a lawyer objected to a witness, but Judge Davis refused to sustain him. The lawyer cried, "But, your honor, I submit!"—And here he broke off.

"That's right," said the judge quickly; "always submit. Crier, adjourn court!"

In one case over which he presided there were fifty-five distinct offenses and four counts on each offense, 220 in all.

"Well," said Judge Davis, "there are more counts than in a German principality."

Scalloped Bananas.

Bananas are good enough in their ordinary simplicity, but some persons there are who like bananas made into a sort of scallop in this way: Cut half a dozen bananas into half inch slices. Cut some bread into small pieces and place a layer of these in the bottom of a pudding dish. Add a layer of bananas, two tablespoonsful of sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Repeat these layers until all have been used, having bread as the topmost. Put over the top a tablespoonful of melted butter and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake half an hour in a quick oven.

University of Athens.

The University of Athens is very old. It is conducted on the German plan. Most of the professors are graduates of German universities, and the German language is heard about the building more frequently than any other except Greek. The institution has a large amount of property, and several of the chairs have been handsomely endowed by private individuals.

The Poisonous Poppy.

In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field toward him, he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Going the Limit.

A drummer named Peck put up at a hotel in Oklahoma, the landlord of which was the president of the school board. The landlord, who was a jolly, whole souled fellow, suggested that they visit the schools, the president of the board first putting on a long tailed coat, saying:

"She adds dignity, an' then she hides my gun, which are a bad example 'fore them children. I don't approve of anybody under fourteen carryin' a gun."

After returning to the hotel from the visit of inspection the president of the board, now transferred into a landlord, said:

"Peck, you're a good feller. You ain't goin' to let your light be hid under a bushel, Peck?"

"No, I ain't," said Mr. Peck, rather dubious as to the compliment.

"Well, I tell you what I'm goin' to do for you, Behn' as you're a good feller, I'm a goin' to have clean sheets put on your bed, dad me if I ain't!"

Awkward.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Peverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just learned today, to my horror, that 'major' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly, I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan, "only that I've been calling him 'major' every time I've met him for the last six months!"—London Answers.

The "Cry" of Silk.

One of the most peculiar features about manufactured silk is the rustling sound familiar to every woman. In the silk trade they call it the "cry" or sometimes the "scroop." Of all textiles silk is the only material which possesses it.

As everybody knows, the sound is heard especially when silk is subjected to friction. What is not so generally known is that the quality is found in silk yarn before it is woven. A skein of silk, unless it has been so treated as to kill this property in it, will when opened up emit the noise slightly.

When the skein is squeezed in the hand, the sound becomes quite audible. The "cry" is considered a very desirable quality in silk. Dyers try to develop it as much as possible.

Unexpected Applause.

Shortly after Mr. Wilson Barrett joined the theatrical profession he became a member of a company performing at the old Theater Royal, Dublin. His part, naturally, was a small one, and, greatly to his surprise, his first speech was greeted with a round of applause. This unlooked for tribute elated the young actor, and he exerted himself to sustain the good impression he appeared to have made. Just as he was leaving the theater one of the scene shifters grinningly accosted him and said, "Sure, it's got about among the boys that ye're a brother of the man that was hung!" A Fenian named Barrett had that morning paid the extreme penalty of the law.

An Absurd Custom in Vienna.

In Vienna every man's home is his dungeon from 10 p. m. to 6 a. m. Vienna is a city of flats, and at 10 p. m. the common entrance door of each block is closed and bolted. Thereafter persons passing in or out must pay a fine of twopence to the concierge until midnight and fourpence from that hour to 6 a. m. To go out to post a letter costs twopence and the same amount to return. To prolong a visit to a friend after 10 p. m. means twopence more to enter your own. A natural result of this irritating tax is that of all capital cities Vienna is earliest to bed.

Sparring His Feelings.

Hettie—Now that you have broken your engagement with Fred, shall you return to him the diamond ring he gave you?

Minna—Certainly not, Hettie. It would be cruel to give him a thing that would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had missed.—Boston Transcript.

Somnambulism.

Blond persons are more apt to be somnambulists than dark folk, and in cold climates there is more somnambulism than in warm ones. In certain Greenland villages the hut doors are locked from without by a watchman in order that those within may not come forth in their sleep and maybe freeze to death.

The Canalboat.

"The captain was leading the horse and his lieutenant was at the rudder," said a lawyer in an English court recently, describing an incident in the voyage of a canalboat.

"Where was the crew?" inquired the judge.

Badly Mixed Metaphor.

London is laughing at the following recent brilliant exordium on the part of an English politician: "We shall never rest until we see the British lion walking hand in hand with the floodgates of democracy."—St. James Gazette.

If you have diamonds, be thankful, but don't hold them up to the eyes of poverty in a street car.—Schoolmaster.

Advertisement for Patton Paint Co. featuring a painting of a man in the moon and text describing their products and services.

Advertisement for I. M. Macy, stating 'YOU MUST NOT FORGET' and 'Most Artistic Ideas' for cards and photos.

Advertisement for Frisco System, 'THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE KANSAS CITY TO JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA'.

Advertisement for F. A. Werman, 'DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE'.

Advertisement for Johnson Bros. Land Co., 'HOMESEEKER'S EXCURSIONS' to South Dakota.