

THE STRIKE OF BURDOCK.

BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.

"Copyright, 1896, by M. S. McClure Co." "So you've struck your Burdock?"

Tobe Hoar, wiping his greasy fingers on his jeans trousers, already plentifully smeared with grease and batter, stood looking in dismay at the object of his question. This was a huge dog, dirty white, liver-spotted, homely and solemn, who sat bolt upright, gazing into vacancy with a contemptuous demeanor, while behind him on the floor stood a plate containing his breakfast, from which he had turned in scorn.

The man pushed back his battered sombrero and scratched his shock head in a puzzled way. He was a tall, powerful young frontiersman, with keen blue eyes and honest face, known all along the range in southwest Kansas for his honesty, his loyalty to his friends and his unerring aim, among his companions than the last one.

In those days, if a "cow puncher" was a good marksman, deft with his lasso and with the horsemanship required of every expert, he was respected, but if, too, he was honest and loyal he gained the allegiance of the most depraved of his comrades—an allegiance held in secret, perhaps, as the cowboy does not often speak contempt.

"Well, I've stood my own cookin' ever since I left the Cross Ranch, an', though I'm not pretty rocky, I've got along, but maybe it's been growing worse an' I've not noticed it, for if an accomodatin' dog as Burdock turns his back on it, it must be downright awful. I think a mighty sight of that dog, for he's smart, if he ain't pretty, an' I want to take good care of him, but if he won't eat slap jack an' bacon grease, fixed up as good as I know how, what's he goin' to live on? For there ain't no way this side of Cordwood, an' none of them could be hired to come over here since the county seat was fixed."

The dog, with apparent unconsciousness, stared straight ahead with his nose at the wall. His breathing expressed, almost as plainly as speech, the feeling of one who had more than enough for whom the turning point was reached, who had patiently endured innumerable indignities, but who now, solemnly and loftily, declares rebellion.

The man picked up the plate of butter cake and added it to the pile of unwashed stone china on the greasy table, then comprehensively swept his eye over the room.



END OF THE STRIKE.

It was the interior of a hillside dugout, with deep cases, dingy windows, almost breast high, with unplastered walls of rough, brown sandstone, ceiling of unplastered cottonwood planks, between which sifted the dirt from the sod thatch, and the floor of the same boards, greasy and dirty. Opposite the rusty cook stove and dish-laden table was a bed, with straw mattress and rough, brown blankets, while a rule chest, a corked-backed wooden chair and a pine box or two comprised the seating capacity of the room.

"Yes, Burdock," he affirmed, "my cookin' is rocky, but 'so's the rest of our layout. I wouldn't blame you, 'cuz a dog of sense, if you'd null out an' go back to God's country, then you could see a woman now an' then, an' eat her cookin' if there ain't no one in the country 'wud work here I'd surely hire her to come."

Burdock did not change his position, but his straight slender body, as the section limp on the floor, sprang back and forth on the boards, as though in commendation of his speech. This action, patronizing though it was, Tobo accepted as a concession, and, after a moment's thought, continued:

"Tell you what, Burdock, I'm going over to Saddle's today to see about that hay land and I'll try to find some man or boy to cook for us, an' if I can't I'll think up some other plan. I'm not going to let you starve, if I have to sell the ranch an' take you back to New York, to that boardin' house of Delmonicos'."

The sun was slanting far past the meridian when Burdock went to the hay, a half mile from home. An interesting expression blossomed on the dog's face as he followed Tobo to the hay, but never before, when left in charge, did he look so far, and Tobo decided at once that interest in the success of his errand brought the dog from the house.

"It's no use bein' cheerful, Burdock," he said, disconsolately. "I've been all over, lookin' for some woman, man or boy to cook for us, but I ain't found no one, an' I ain't no other plan. I've got to let you starve, if I have to sell the ranch an' take you back to New York, to that boardin' house of Delmonicos'."

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BITS OF FEMININE GOSSIP.

Her appointment is no puzzle, however, when all the story is told. Mrs. Root is prominent in philanthropic work—not as a kit-witted member of a board of lady managers, but as a worker active in rescuing errant human footstep and turning it in the right direction. To forward the good work she had in hand, the appointment to the police force was considered expedient. The mayor made the appointment, and Mrs. Root will be accountable in all the most polite. She thinks, as soon as it is generally known that she has police power, she will be treated with more consideration by the class of people with whom she comes in contact.

In olden times it was the custom for women to give their sweethearts handkerchiefs with their initials embroidered with the fair donor's name, or finger rings or watch chains made from hair. Such fashions have died out, says a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer, but the fashion for embroidering handkerchiefs with hair has been revived. For embroidering purposes the hair is cut in a short and a little longer before using to make it soft and pliable so that it can be threaded in a fine needle and used like silk. One method is to lap down several strands of hair and sew a couple of inches of it on a strip of fabric, and then, with a little practice, is very effective. In figure embroidery it is used for the eyebrows and eyelashes, making the figure much more natural looking.

On the huge boulder that nestles at the foot of Mount Monabook, and almost under its very shadow on the shore of the beautiful Wachusett lake in Princeton, Mass., there has been carried the following inscription: "Upon this rock, July 2, 1870, was made the agreement for the release of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson of Lancaster, between the Indians and John Hoar of Concord. King Philip was with the Indians, but refused his consent."

The rock is about twelve feet high and the inscription being carved into it, it is well authenticated, some of the stinging scenes of the Indian wars being enacted there. The place is known as "Redemption Rock," deriving its name from the fact that on this rock John Hoar, a well known citizen of Concord, concluded negotiations with the Indians for the release of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, who had been taken captive three months before by King Philip.

The famous Indian chief, with 1,500 warriors, had carried terror into the towns of that region by his massacre and depredations. At the destruction of Lancaster a few women were spared by the Indians, among them being Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of the parish minister.

The record of her wanderings and subsequent release were duly written up by her in a book published in 1882 by Samuel Green, in Cambridge. The volume had unusual popularity, going through twenty editions. The early edition, says the Boston Globe, are now exceedingly rare.

Mrs. Rowlandson's release from her captor, Quannop, was purchased by Mr. Hoar for a pint of rum.

Sixteen years ago Mr. George F. Hoar of Worcester, a descendant of John Hoar, purchased the half acre of land on which "Redemption Rock" is located and placed upon it the inscription mentioned above.

Ex-Queen Emma of Samoa is now in Berlin on a visit to the exhibition, accompanied by her husband, who was formerly an officer in the German army. They are said to be an ideally happy couple. Her ex-majesty has dropped her queenly title and travels as a simple German fair.

An old lady in Brussels who recently celebrated her 100th birthday relates that when Napoleon passed through her native village of Puzos in 1810 a peasant having fallen on his knees to ask a favor, the emperor said: "Get up, and never kneel except to God!"

Contrary to what might be imagined, the perquisites and "walk" of domestic servants in royal palaces are very small, the late prince consort having some years ago effected a sweeping reform in connection with the royal household which put a stop to the flagrant abuses which up to that time had cost many thousands of pounds every year to the treasury of the sovereign. Indeed, from a financial point of view, there is no doubt that a groom, a coachman, a footman or a gamekeeper would be infinitely more useful in the service of a nobleman or some rich commoner than in a monarch's household. Certain it is, at any rate, that no servant, either of the queen or of the prince of Wales has ever received so large an income as that footman of the earl of Northbrook, who some time ago testified under oath in a court of law that although his regular wages amounted to but \$200 annually, yet that he received from \$2,000 to \$2,500 more a year in the shape of tips from the earl's guests, whom he was called upon to serve during their stay at Stratton.

Paris newspapers are telling the woes of one of the young women from Cincinnati. This woman was shopping in the usual extravagant style of the American when she effected a purchase in connection with her purse. The thought flashed through her mind that she had left her check at a railway station in her purse, and hastily returning to the station she found the check taken to the depot. Upon her arrival before the baggage master she narrowly escaped arrest for trying to get the same returned. The check was, however, returned to her by the baggage master. Returning to her hotel in no very happy mood—there were several articles in the trunk of sentimental value, to say nothing of the check, which was added to the list of the baggage master's notes from the robbery, in which she was cautioned in the most polite language to be more careful with her things; she was directed to her room by the regular delivery, with everything of value abstracted. It must be said for the pickpocket that he did not keep anything that he could not make use of.

All women of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Michigan have been declared ineligible to vote in the upcoming elections. Twenty-five other dioceses and four missionary jurisdictions of the Episcopal church have for some time allowed women to vote for vestrymen.

WING TO THE SUCCESS OF THE GORHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY MANY IMITATORS HAVE SPRUNG UP, CLAIMING ALSO TO BE "SILVER-SMITHS," WHEREAS WHAT THEY MANUFACTURE IS ONLY SOFT METAL, PLATED, SUCH AS IS ADVERTISED AND SOLD BY DRY GOODS STORES AS "SILVERWARE," TO AVOID MISTAKES THE PURCHASING PUBLIC HAVE ALWAYS AT ANY FIRST-CLASS JEWELER'S, THE

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After giving the experiment a thorough trial, a London dressmaker has discovered that women barbers are not a success. While they are really greater adepts in the shaving than men, they are not so successful with dispart by women with husbands who patronize barbers, and besides the men themselves feel a little safer in having masculine hair cut in the vicinity of their jugular veins. As far as conversational powers are concerned there is no preference between a male and a female barber.

The city of St. Paul, Minn., has the newest dress in the world. It is a foot and she has been appointed to the police force. Decorated with a bright and shining star, she can now arrest a man as well as the policeman on the beat adjoining here.

THE GREAT SILVER DEBATE.

BETWEEN WILLIAM J. BRYAN AND EDWARD ROSEWATER.

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