いうと非常いしの非非常のでしゃ非しいの AARON IN THE WILD WOODS The Story of a Southern Swamp. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. のとう非常しうの非非常のしう非常しうの

Mr.

(Copyright, 1897, by Joel Chandler Harris.) IX. THE UPSETTING OF MR. GOSSETT.

If Aaron had known it was Mr. Gossett's clonel, taking into account all the circum-stances and things?" inquired Mr. Simmons, with his irritating drawt. "I didn't say I was going to catch him, did It" replied Mr. Gossett. "I didn't say he probability is that he would have taken to his heels; and yet it is impossible to say with certainty. The Son of Ben All was such a certainty. The Son of Ben All was such a certainty. The Son of Hen All was such a curious compound that his actions depended entirely on the mood he chanced to be in. "And so you didn't catch him, and your and yet no stranger to humility. His whole nature resented the idea of serving as a mons, on the other side of the door.) slave, yet he would have asked nothing better than to be Little Crotchett's slave, and he was glad to call Mr. Abercromble master. So that, after all, it may be that he would

river, and there lost it, Mr. Gossett remarked that he was glad he did not go on a fool's errand, and he made various statements about Mr. Simmons and his dogs that were not at all polite. Later in the day, however (though the hour was still early), when Mr. Gossetr was making the customary round of his plantation, he fell in with a negro who had been huiting for some stray sheep. The negro, after giving an account of his movements, made this further remark: "I sholy "spected you'd be over yander wid

Mr. Jim Simmons, marster. His dogs done struck a track leadin' inter de swamp, an' dey sho went a callyhootin'."

"When was that?" Mr. Gossett inquired. "Not mo' dan two hours ago, ef dat," r re sponded the negro. "I lis'n at um, I did, an dey went right spang tor'ds de swamp. I know'd de dogs, kaze I done hear um soon dis mornin'."

Giving the negro some instructions that would keep him busy the rest of the day if he carried them out, Mr. Gossett turned his horse's head in the direction of the swamp. and rode slowly thither. The Blue Falcor soared high in the air and paid no attention to Mr. Gossett. For various reasons that the swamp knew about the Turkey Buzzard was not in sight. The swamp itself was full of the reposeful silence that daylight usually brought to it. Mr. Gossett rode about and listened, but, if all the dogs in the world had auddenly disappeared, the region round about could not have been freer of their barking and baying than it was at that moment.

All that Mr. Gossett could do was to turn about and ride back home. But he was very much puzzled. If Mr. Simmons had tralled a runaway into the swamp and caught him, or if he had made two failures in one morning, Mr. Gossett would like very much to know it In point of fact, he was such a practical busi-ness man that he felt it was Mr. Simmons duty to make some sort of report to him. In matters of this king Mr. Gossett was very precise.

But after dinner he felt in a more jocular He informed his son George that he thought he would go over and worry Mr. Simmons a little over his failure to catch Aaron, and he had his horse put to the buggy, and rode six or seven miles to Mr. Simmons home, smiling grimly as he went along. Mr. Simmons was at home, but was no

feeling very well, as his wife informed Mr. Gossett. Mrs. Simmons herself was in no very amiable mood, as Mr. Gossett very soor observed. But she asked him in politely enough and said she'd go and tell Jimmy

(Copyright, 1897, by Joel Chandler Harris.) IX. THE UPSETTING OF MR. GO3SETT. If Aaron had known it was Mr. Gossett's Colonel, taking into account all the circum-

He was full of courage, and yet was terribly fine dogs are finer now than they ever were?" Mr. Gossett remarked.

Well, colonel, it's just like I tell you.' Simmons would have said something else but just then the door opened and Mrs. Sim-

So that, after all, it may be that he would have stood his ground, knowing that the voice and hand were Mr. Gossett's, when his ears told him, as they now did, that the horse, made furious by the cruel stroke of the whip, was running away, coming down the hill at breakneck speed. Mr. Gossett had been on a fruitless errand. When his son George reached home that morning and told him that Mr. Jim Sim-mons' dogs had followed the trail to the fiver how men elad he did not some a fruit.



can be

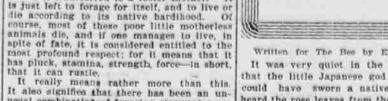
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THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1897.

and there he'd take the other road that led by the Alken plantation. This was a drive of about ten miles, and by that time the ef-fects of the dram would be worn off. Mr. Gosseti carried out this program faith-fully, and that was why the buggy was coming over the hill as Aaron was going along the road on his way to the swamp. Contrary to Mr. Gossett's expectations, the dram did not exhaust itself. He still felt its influences, but he was no longer good-humored. Instead, he was nervous and itri-table. He began to brood over the unex-pected tongue-lashing that Mrs. Simmons table. He began to brood over the unex-pocted tongue-lashing that Mrs. Simmons had given him, and succeeded in working

himself into a very ugly frame of mind. When his horse came to the top of the hill, mething the animal saw-a stray pig, or maybe a cow, lying in the fence cornermaybe a ccw, lying in the fence corner-caused it to swerve to one side. This was entirely too much for Mr. Gossett's un-strung nerves. He seized the whip and brought it down upon the animal's back with all his might. Maddened by the sudden and undeserved blow, the horse made a terrific lunge forward, causing Mr. Gossett to drop the relax and nearly thereafted his from the the reins and nearly throwing him from the buggy. Finding itself free, the excited horse plunged along the road. The grade of the hill was so heavy that the animal could not up at top speed, but made long jumps, flirt-

ing the buggy about as though it had been made of cork. The swinging and lurching of the buggy added to the animal's excitement, and the climax of its terror was reached when Aaron loomed up in the dark before it. The horse



usual combination of favoring circumstances. That tender young grass has existed some-where in the region round about, and that the climate has been at least fairly mild. themselves safely through childbood-or per-baps I should any calfbood-they make the very finest sort of cattle. The amusing thing about it is, that their beginning to eat grass about it is, that their beginning to eat grass young, tremendously fat, and gives them al-together a most curious appearance. Their little bodies being so stuffy and poldy makes their legs seem kingularly short, while their hair grows very jong. Then their struggle for existence events fo impart a very serious expression to their faces. Altogether their whole bearings whole bearing is that of the most comical self-importance. You can tell one of them as far as you can see it, and their coming is usually greeted with shouts of laughter. Herds of cattle always drift before a storm. In Texas, when a good "norther" comes up, they have been known to drift southward for

miles and miles, the largest and sturdiest being always found in the front ranks. It is no uncommon sight to find, bringing up the rear, a number of these little dogies, bending their heads to the storm and trudging along as bravely and untiringly as their grown-up companions. Cowboya consider it a very good omen to

meet a little dogy that has strayed from its herd, and if several of them are together they dismount from their ponies, throw the grotesque little beast down, and pick aside the long hairs to find out whether or not it is a maverick-an expression used for un-branded cattle, and if it is they cast lote for it, and the lucky one immediately heats his skillet or other instrument and brands it

with his employer's mark. A BOY HERO.

With Wooden Legs He Travels Far and Fast to Save Lives.

Not far away from the Virginia state line lives a two-thirds youth, for, unfortunately, both of his lower limbs are artificial, who has to his credit an act of herolsm which should make him a loved lad as long as the memory of these who know him lasts. It is little crippled "Tim" Olin, whose home is away up in the mountains, thirty-five miles from everywhere, as a book agent once said of that part of the country.

This bit of boy about three weeks ago heard that forest fires were sweeping every-thing that would burn before them along the Virginia side of the mountains. One afternoon he climbed through the snow to the top of the mountain, one of the steepest of the Cumberland, and took a view of the fire swept country below him. He was surprised to find the fire so flerce, and as he watched Tim saw that the red tongues were creeping on toward a little log cabin in which lived two old and help less women, the Ober sisters, and their blind and crippled brother, who is one of the oldest men over on the other side. The lad realized that the house was a long ways from any other farm house, and knew that the people in the humble cot would find themselves powerless if they were left in the cabin until the fire got to their home.

Without thinking of how much suffering it meant to his poor aching limbs. Tim started down the rugged hillside on his perilous journey of heroism. He had a race with the fire, and twice fell from exhaust-ion, and almost despaired of saving the old folks. But his indomitable courage never flagged, and he kept going. He reached the old homestead just, as the prairie fire was attacking the old frame crib. He hurried into the house and informed

the old and thoroughly frightened people of their danger. It only took him a few minutes to hitch the horse to the sled, and the old man was helped on to this. The four



listen. Another leaf fell, saw its beauty in the whole story, although it seemed hard enough shining depth of the table and curled up in for him to tell it. It seemed that for shining depth of the table and curied up in admiration of its own loveliness and the lit-he and Marie would eventually be married

Admiration of its own loverness and the itre tie god winked at the china shepherdess who was a great friend of his. A clock somewhere spoke in a mellow, multivated voice, very different from the ably sure that Marie would never be troubbarsh metallic tones of its ancient progeniled with a surplus of lovers. She had been in such constant ill health that it left tors, told off twelve hours, and then the her flance unusually a free lance, and, as he said in extenuation, she would even urge him to go and enjoy himself, proving the unselfishness of the other one, which is to be silence fell deeper than before. It was a very pretty fin-de-siecle drawing room. Long lace window hangings under oriental dam-ask permitted stender lines of moonlight to sift in upon the Louis XVI chairs and regretted, as it complicates one's sympathy to sift in upon the Louis XVI chairs and divans. A grand plano stood mutely eloquent, in the end. It is better to be all on one side or the other in a case like this." statues gleamed against velvet background and over everything the dying sweetness of flowers hung softly. The china shepherdess, smoothing down her pink and white draperles, spoke first.

draperies, spoke first. "I suppose it is all at an end now! Poor young man, I don't believe he will ever get over it, so handsome as he is too, and, of course, she feels dreadfully, though, to be sure, she didn't show it so much. I remember once I had an experience very like it, 1-

Several ornaments greaned audibly, they had heard her story often and often; pink and white shepherdesses the world over are apt to attach undue importance to their own little love tales. She was about to prowhere was it they first met, here in this

very room, if I make no mistake?" "Quite right." assented the Mandarin, who had a wonderful memory for dates, "here, just a year ago this very night. It was at her coming out function. I believe that is what they call it now; only a year ago, not a very long time in which to ascend the scale of human hope and descend the minors of life, yet that is just what poor Miss Mildred thinks she has done. Shakes-

"Mildred has had plenty of lovers always; she need never play Lazarus at another woman's door; but, this man except for some hitch in the original plan, seemed to me in-tended for her, but it is not to be. Heaven alone knows to what he trusted to have things righted, but whatever it was, it failed him. Yesterday the other one was taken very ill—had a hemorrhage. I believe—and the doctors order an immediate removal to some softer clime. Her mother is some-what of an invalid and her father a busy man of large affairs, so what more natural peare hit it off pretty well when he sized these mortals up." The Mandarin in his assumed disgust, wiggled his head so vigorously that his curious looking hat slid over an one side, which gave him such an altogether ludicrous appearance that the lace Scarf laughed hystorically. The Mandarin knitted his brows in protest; he wasn't so foolish as he looked, and had a suspicion that the Scarfs man of large affairs, so what more natural than the suggestion that her fiance become one and all made game of him on occasions, they hadn't the least use for things of they her husband at once and take her away as the most likely means for her recovery?" "O, no wonder the happy light went out of Mildred's eyes! Do you remember she sat in that the people not quite up to date, and it made him so indignant, for, as he often told the Dresden Teapot, they hadn't much room to

make fun of any one, such a slimpsy outfit as they were, not a sound constitution among them. However, the real interest every one seemed to feel in the shattered romance that had begun and ended in their very presence was so great that little per onal grievances were thrust aside and the Mandarin encouraged to proceed with hi story. "Yes, Miss Mildred had her coming out

party and her 21st birthday at the same time. She was a beauty that night and no mistake; none of your book muslin and pink roses style, either; had all the bearing of a woman of the world. Wore ivory satin, untrimmed, no ornaments except diamond star on her neck. Gad! she knew she didn't need flummery to set her off: no bangles or dangles or strubly-headed flowers were necessary to hide defects for

With mis arm at the end of the mantel, and he did not take his eyes off her; he breathed hard, deep, catchy breaths, and once 1 thought he would have sobbed." "What did Mildred say when he told her everything?" sighed one of the Dresdens, "I wish 1 had been near enough to hear." "Neither of them said anything for a long time, and then he spoke: 'Mildred, there is absolutely nothing in life for me away from you. If you will give me the hope I want. I will break every tie that holds me back: I am not afraid to tell the truth now, the whole truth, nothing matters in the least but you and your love.' "She sat very quiet for a moment or two. Since the first man shielded himself behind the first woman, men have laid the burden of their love on women, and when the The Mandarin nodded wisely, as one hav-ing a right to criticise. He claimed to have ing a right to criticise. He claimed to have seen the beauty of two continents; in fact some of the bric-a-brac suspicioned he had hed a career which would lock badly in print.



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came, and then Miss Mildred learned the

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femple Court Building, New York City

A Handsome Complexion is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. Pozzoni's Complexion Powden



sat in that three-cornered chair, and her

gown looked a different color every time she

"He stood quite near me," continued the Mandarin, not heeding the interruption, "with his arm at the end of the mantel, and

to did not take his eyes off her; he breathed

ess, "I wonder why it is these lovely

nen who have made an evening call.

the golden voiced contraito of that name

who ranked among the world's greatest

people who were favored with alm

Bohemian broke the stillness:

Up or Down

To find out you must read The Bee Market Reports

"Jimmy! O, Jimmy! That old buzzard of a Gossett is in the house. Come see what he wants. And do put on your coat before you come in the house. And wash your took the ropes off 'em." Mr. Simmons cleared his throat, as if to hands. They're dirtier than sin. And hit

say something, but his wife anticipated that shock of yours one lick with the comb and brush. Come right on now. If I have "O, hush up, Jimmy!" she cried. "You

to sit in there and talk to the old rases know I'm telling nothing but the truth. There ain't a living soul in this country long I'll have a fit. Ain't you coming? I'll run back before he ransacks the whole that don't know a Gossett nigger as far as they can see him." "What are the ear marks, ma'am?" in

Mr. Simmons came sauntering in after a while, and his wife made that the excuse for quired Mr. Goesett, trying hard to be jocular. In a moment he was heartily sorry he had disappearing, though she went no further than the other side of the door, where she asked the question. listened with all her ears, being filled with "Ear marks? Ear marks? Hide marks a consuming curiosity to know what busi-ness brought Mr. Gossett to that house. She you better say. Why, they've been abused and half fed till they are ashamed to look folks in the face, and I don't blame 'em. had not long to wait, for the visitor plunged

into the subject at once. "You may know I was anxious about you, They go sneaking and shambling along and look meaner than sin. And tain't their own meanness that shows in 'em. No. Not by Simmons, or I wouldn't be here." ("The old Not by remarked Mr. Simmons on the a long sight. I'll say that much for the poor other side of the door.) "You didn't come by when your hunt ended, and I allowed maybe creeturs.' There was something of a pause here, and

that you had caught the nigger and either killed or crippled him, and-ahem-felt a sort Mr. Gossett promptly took advantage of it. He rose, bowed to Mrs. Simmons, who turned her back on him, and started for the door, of backwardness in telling me about it. So I thought I would come over and see you, if only to say that whether you caught the saying: "Well, Simmons, f just called to see what

nigger or killed him, he's responsible for it luck you'd had this morning. My time's up. and not you." must be going." Mr. Simmons followed him to the door and

"No, colonel, I'm not in the practice of killing niggers nor crippling them. I've caught a out to the gate. Before Mr. Goszett got in many of 'em, but I've never hurt one yet. his buggy he turned and looked toward the many of 'em, but I've never hurt one yet. But, colonel! If you'd 'a' gone through with But, colonel! If you'd a' gone through with what I've been this day, you'd 'a' done ex-actly what I done. You'd 'a' went right straight home without stopping to ast ques-tions or to answer em-much less tell tales. Thereupon Mr. Simmons told a tale of his adventure in the swamp, varnishing up

his adventure in the swamp, yarnishing up of pride. 'But, colonel, before you get clean the facts as he thought he knew them, and away, let's have a kind of understanding adding some details calculated to make the about this matter. of view. It will be remembered that Mr. episode much more interesting from his point

Simmons was in total ignorance of what really happened in the swamp. He had get in. "About this talk of Jenny's," said Mr. Simmons, nodding his head toward the house, "I'll go this far-I'll say that I'm mighty conceived the theory that his dogs had hit upon the trail of a wildcat going from the river to its den in the swamp, and that when the dogs followed it there they had been at-tacked, not by one wildcat, but by the whole 'caboodle" of wildcats, to use Mr. Simmons'

bear in mind, colonel, that I hold myself both personally and individually responsible for everything Jenny has said today, and Having conceived this story Mr. Simmons not only stuck to it, but added various inci-dents that did credit to his imagination. For instance, he made this statement in reply to a question from Mr. Goesett.

What did I think when I heard all the "What did I think when I heard all the racket and saw Sound come out mangled? Well, I'll tell you, colonel, I didn't know what to think. I never heard such a terrible racket in all my born days. I says to myself: "I'll just ride in and see what the trouble is, and if there ain't but one wildcat I'll soon put an end to him." So I spurred my hoss up, and started in, but before we went any. up, and started in, but before we went anyways hardly the hose give a snort and tried to whirl around and run out."

"It made me mad at the time," Mr. Simmons went on, his inventive faculty rising to the emergency. "but, colonel, it's a mighty good thing that hoss had more sense than I did, because if he hadn't I'd 'a' never been here telling you about it. I tried to make the hoss stand, but he wouldn't, and, just then, what should I see but two great big wildcats trying to sneak up on me? And all the time, colonel, the racket in the swamp was getting louder and louder. Pluto was in there somewheres, and I know'd he was attending to his business, so I just give the hoss the reins and he went like he was shot

hoas the reins and he went like he was shot out of a gun. "I pulled him in and turned him around, and then I saw Plute trying to come out. Now, colonel, you may know if it was too hot for him it was lots too warm for mo. Plute tried to come, and he was a -fighting like fury, but it was no go. The two cats that had been sneaking up on me lit on him. So that when he started home, which and right then and there they tore him all to that had been sneaking up on me lit on him and right then and there they tore him all to finders! Colonel, they didn't leave a piece of that dog's hide big enough to make a woman's glove if it had been tanned. And as if that wouldn't do 'em, they made an-other sally and come at me, tush and claw. And I just clapped spurs to the hoss and cleaned up from there. Do you blame me, colonel?" the bottle

gleam in the starlight. It was Mr. Gossett's pistol, which had fallen from his pocket as he fell. Aaron picked up the weapon handling it very gingerly, for he was unused to fire-arms, and placed it under the buggy seat.

Then he returned with an easier mind and gave his attention to Mr. Gossett. "Hurt much?" he asked curtly, shaking the prostrate man by the shoulder.

"More scared than hurt, I reckon," replied Mr. Gossett. "What was that dog barking at just now?" "He ain't used to seeing white folks in the

lirt," Aaron explained. "Who are you?" Mr. Gossett inquired.

"One," answered Aaron. "Well, if I'd seen you a half hour ago I'd sworn you were Two." Mr. Gossett made this joke at his own expense, but Aaron did not understand it, and therefore could not

preciate it. So he said nothing. "Put your hand under my shoulder here appreciate it. and help me to sit up. I want to see if any bones are broken."

Aided by Aaron, Mr. Gossett assumed a sitting posture. While he was feeling of him-self, searching for wounds and broken bones

he heard his horse snort. This reminded him, for he was still somewhat dazed, that he had started out with a horse and buggy. "That's your horse, I reckon. Mine's bome by this time with two buggy shaft swinging to him. Lord, what a fool a man

"That's your horse," said Aaron. Who stopped him?" Aaron answered.

"Mine? "Me." "You? Why, as near as I can remembe he was coming down this hill like the dogs

were after him. Who are you, anyhow? "On "Well, you are worth a dozen common men

Give me your hand." Mr. Gossett slowly raised himself to his

feet, shook first one leg and then the other, and appeared to be much relieved to find that his body and all of its members were intact. He walked about a little, and then wen close to Aaron and peered in his face. "Blamed if I don't believe you are my runaway nigger!" Mr. Gossett exclaimed. "I smell whisky," said Aaron.

"I smell whisky," said Aaron. "Confound the stuff! I never will get rid

Mr. Gossett put his hands in his pockets and walked around again. "Your name is Aaron." he suggested. Re-ceiving no reply, he said: "If your name is

everything she may say hereafter." Mr. Gossett lowered his eyebrows and looked through them at Mr. Simmons. ceiving no reply, he said: "If your name is Aaron you belong to me; if you belong to me get in the buggy and let's go home. You've get in been in the woods long enough. "Too long," replied Aaron. "That's a fact," Mr. Gossett sssented. "Come on and go home with me. If your'e afeared of me you can put that idea out of your mind. I swear you shan't be hit a lick. You are the only nigger I ever had

husband returned to the house.

corry it wasn't somebody else that done the talking, and in somebody else's house. Bu

sence it was Jenny, it can't be holp. If what she said makes you feel tired-sort of weary like-when you begin to think about it, jest

"Jimmy, you didn't go and apologize to that old buzzard for what I said, did you?" any respect for, and I'll be blamed if I know how I came to have any for you after the Mr. Simmons laughed heartily at the idea, and when he repeated what he had said to Mr. Gossett his wife jumped at him and way you've treated me. But if you'll promise not to run off any more I'll treat you right You're a good hand and a good man kiesed him, and then ran into the next room and cried a little. It's the one way that all Mr. Gossett paused and felt in his pocket, evidently searching for something. "Have women have of "cooling down," as Mr. Simyou seen a pistol lying loose anywhere around here?" he asked.

mons would have expressed it. But it need not be supposed that Mr. Gos "H's all safe." replied Aaron. sett was in a good humor. He felt that Mrs 'You've got it. Very well, I was just going to pull it out and hand it to you. Come Simmons, in speaking as she did, was merely the moutipiece of public opinion, and the idea galled him. He called on a neighbor on his way back home to discuss a business ing to pull it out and hand it to you. Come on: it's getting late." Seeing that Aaron made no movement, Mr. Gossett tried an-other scheme. "Well, if you won't go home." he said, "and I think I can promise that you'll be sorry if you don't, get in the buggy and drive part of the way for me. I'm afraid of that horse, after his caper tonight." "Well. I'll do that," remarked Aaron. He buged Mr. Gosvet! in the buggy untied matter, and he was in such a bad humor,

He halped Mr. Gosrett in the buggy, untied the lines, took his seat by his owner, and the two were on their way home. (To be continued.)

THE DOGY.

A Queer but Lucky Little Beast Com-mon in Texns. Probably not one boy in 1,000 east of the Mississippi or north of Texas knows in the least what s dogy is; but to the cowboy a plucky little dogy constitutes at the same time the pride and butt of life. It is noth-"As I understand it, Simmons," remarked Mr. Gossett, after pulling his beard and re-facting a while, "you didn't catch the nig-ger." ("The nasty old buzzard!" remarked Mrs. is to be done? A very bril-int idea struck Mr. Gossett. He would not drive straight home; that would never do in the world. He'd go up the road that is forced to sat grass iong before nature in-

drove on to shelter at the nearest neighbor's, leaving the fire to do its worst. The home of the old people was partly burned during the night, but the boy had gotten some of the neighbors to go and fight the fire, and they were able to save most of the contents of the house.

The modest-looking lad has never recov-ered from the injurics he sustained in making the awful trip, but he is very proud of the deed. The old people will never cease to love and contribute to the boy's support out of their limited means.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

A teacher in a Detroit free kindergarten had in her care a number of tiny tots, none of whom was more than 4 years of age. One day a ragged little midget of but 334 years, left his tiny chair and came the teacher's side for a moment. While

she stood there some one came along and carried off the little one's chair. Discovring her loss, the little one said with quivring lip and tearful eye: "Thum one hath thwiped me chair

na'am.'

"George, have you and Jimmie been fightng again?" "Well, Jim bit me."

"I didn't nuther. He hlt me first." "No such a thing. He hit me before itted him." "He's telling you a big story, mamma."

"Didn't you bit me first?" "No, I didn't; you dodged."

A teacher was once telling some children the story of the loss of the White Ship, and finished up by telling them that, after hearing of his son's death. King Henry never

miled again One little girl in the class, on hearing this, said:

"Please teacher, what did he do when they lekled him!

"Papa, I wish you would let me have half-dollar. I need a new pocketbook." "All right. Here it is."

(Next day)-"Papa, can you let me have lollar?

"What for, child?" "I want to have some money to carry in my new nocketbook.

Tradesman-You want a pair of slippers your mother, ch? Do you know what size

lippers she wears? Boy-Smallest ye got, boss. She wears 'em out on me.

Gladys-What are "the silent watches of the night," Ethel? Ethel-I don't know, un-less it's those they've forgotten to wind up.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

The sun went down in a blood-red cloud, The wind breathed a low, barsh sigh. And a strange, welrd well, like a somber

Through Bead Man's guich, by the haunted

mill. That stands like a spectre white. With its broken arms so gaunt and still A footman passed that night. He trudged along till from without The shadows stood a man; But the footman did not faint nor shout, He neither turned nor ran.

Don't go to Europe to get your Cham-pagne when you can get Cook's Imperial Extra Dry-a better wine-at home.

Ided a career which would lock badly in print. But what of that, a reformed Mandarin might surely become a perfectly safe and respectable member of society. "Was be there that night?" inquired one of the Dresdens timidly.

ment her bark hesitated, then set brave sail for the desert shore.

all to remember that, for he had the other one with him. There always is another one, price; I do not want a joy that must draw you know, who makes all the trouble; in back and atone.' Then I knew that heaven fact, except for the other one there would often be no story. Well, he had her here and introduced her to Mildred as his cougin. had been generous to Mildred's soul, and it She was small and pale and kept trying

to suppress a cough. It's queer what an impression little things will make on one sometimes. I remember once they two stood quite near me, and I heard him ask her if he should get her some cough drops that were in his top coat pocket. Then the look she gave him when she signified her wishes! I remember distinctly I thought to myself that somebody would officiate as

undertaker at the burial of love, unless the cough got in its work faster than I believed it would. I don't account for the feeling; it was simply one of those presenti-

ments I often have. "What had the lady with the cough to do with him especially?" asked the youngest

Scarf "Well, not much," answered ironically the worldly Mandarin, "except he had the misfortune to be engaged to her."

"Why; the very idea," broke Shepherdess, "I supposed from all I have seen the last year he was in love with Mildred; I am certain he sent her the flowers on the table over there."

The virtuous indignation of the pink and white lady from Arcady seemed to amuse the Mandarin, but he only shrugged his shoulders; she wasn't worth an argument,

the silly little thing. "I wonder if Mildred knew he was gaged?" ventured a Bohemian Vese, who had hitherto looked deep, but said nothing. "I do not think she did at first, but would have made no difference if she had, suppose. Society plays some siry games,

makes pretty moves and thinks no harm until some one is worsted, a heart is broken and some player disappears with only a ripin detail, decorative art and interior finish ple on the surface of roses to show where he may break without a tear."

"Pray don't give us so much personal philosophy, my triend; if there is a story, 1 go on with it." The aristocratic little clock in the distance chimed six vibratory times, then the billosophy, my friend; if there is a story, to on with it." silence fell again. The red gold of the The Bohemian was much admired for his The Bobenian was much admired for his intrepidity. No one else would dare have called time on the Mandarin but he, for the Mandarin was really a terrible little old man, who knew a great deal about the world—the big world outside—which the rest knew only through the habitues of the mod-ern drawing room. "I suppose Miss Mildred must have had some suspicion of the real condition of things. No doubt the moth, which is finally burned to death, is to some extent conscious of his danger as he circles pear the flame. "I suppose little outside a some suspicion of the source of the moth is finally burned to death, is to some extent conscious of his danger as he circles near the flame.

curious laugh, "Laws, ain't he ugly? locks like he knowed a heap, though, if he could of his danger as he circles near the flame. However, I never knew a moth, a man or

a woman to profit by the pains of those who had suffered before them. It was clear to me before they ever seemed to realize it, that the joy of all bis life lay in her smile, her eyes. Beautiful black lashed gray eyes they are. I tell you the real sea gray eyes they are. I tell you the real sea gray eyes do more mischlef than black ones put together." more mischief than all your blue and

The Cliffaa Shepherdeza, who had blue eyes, shrugged her tinted shoulders disdain-fully, which amused the Mandarin, he had

This pretty by-play went on for some time. He found he had quite a capacity for loving; it seemed to surprise him. Gen-tlemen who are pledged to invalid relatives are apt to be surprised at their capacit for feeling when they unexpectedly fai fall under the influence of the starry-eyed god-

This awful little old man chuckled so wickedly that the Scarfs whispered to each other that he either had been fearfully disappointed in love or else didn't have a speck of heart. Neither of which suppositions was just. The Mandarin looked grave, even sad.

has captured San Francisco's unwilling pub-ile, who pitied "poor old Scalchi" found Nordica's voice "thin and hard," and give "He loved her from the first in spite of "He leved her from the arst in spite of fate; why, the way he wrapped her operal cloak about her told the tale; it was as if heaven permitted him to fold a cloud about a star; but it came to an end. The other one asserted herself, they always do, it only by going on living, when it would simplify mat-ters for every one if they would dis. Yes; In tone production, breath management.

No other paper west of Chicago quotes you each day as complete and reliable market reports as

shone beautiful as her face." Oh, dear me," walled the little Shepherd-Dail and Sunday, by mail, 3 months., \$2.00 reap most of the unhappiness in life. I won-Daily and Sunday anywhere in the city, der after all if it is worth while?" Out of the mouth of foolishness came the per week 15a

The Bee.

riddle which has puzzled the ages and the Mandarin with all his worldly wisdom could find no answer. For a little time the dainty group seemed articulation and finish she is a model for other singers to build on. Her rendering of too saddened for further questions, then the the difficult polacea from "Mignon" was the best that has been given in this city, but Bonemian proke the stillness: "Was he very desperate at the last; did he threaten to take his life or hers?" "My good friend," snapped the Mandarin, "evidently your connection with the best soperhaps her greatest success was in the Grieg ballads, her enunciation being as true as if she had been born English instead of French. The only excuse for criticism might clety is recent; I am even haunted by the be in a possible lack of temperament. Tresuspicion that you may be only a clever imitation. No, he did not rush at, or franbelli has one of these easy and jovial natures that look on life as a huge joke. Speaking imitation. No, he did not rush at, or fran-tically clasp her; he did not press a long kiss of farewell on her perfect fips, he would not have dared. She had risen, as if to end a useless and painful visit and was gently breaking the thorns from a rose she held. 'Mildred,' he said softly. 'Mildred, just so easily could you break down the barriers between us if you would.' She smilled sady of some of her most pleasant memories, she said. "Moscow is the most delightful city in the world. There is the "Hermitage," a restaurant of world-wide fame, where you spend 40 rubles (\$20) for a dinner. You can choose your cook as well as your viands, select your dinner service, your waiter, and between us if you would.' She smiled sadly, held up a finger stained with a tiny drop of blood, 'Just so easily might my heart bleed if I willed—I cannot want it so.' He took go into the kitchen if you choose to keep an eye on the cooking, and the orchestra will play whatever you command. Ab, that if I willed-I cannot want it be his leave after the manner of society genwas a dream," and she sighed. I read in Mademoiselle's eyes the soul of the bon themen who have made an evening call. He held her hand for a moment, in another he had gone, carrying the rose she had held, and as if he left a funeral. I fancy many a man has left a funeral with a lighter heart than he had then. It is not much of a story after all; tragedies do not abound in detail decorative art and interior finish vivant, and knew that her heart WEG with the flesh pols. I doubted that Mademoiselle could be tragic, and I doubt it still, but in interpretation of arch and sunny mood she is entirely successful. and sunny mood she is entirely successful. In chatting of other places she had vla-ited. Trebelli gave some rather interesting data of South Africa. "It is a caradise of the singer," she said; "there are fine concert halls and theaters and everyone goes. The population being made up from the old world, musical taste is advanced. Even the Zulus like music, and we could hear them imitating our trills and runs next day. They all have deto bass voices, by the way. The properly belong to comedy. Great hearts all have deep bass voices, by the way. The scenery was exactly like the colored plates in the bible, and one expected to meet Abraham and all the Hebrews. Many of the towns are beautiful, with hedges of wild reses, little brooks running by the waysids. The climate is trying at first. At noon you melt, toward evening you shiver and at night you pile furs on your bed, as in Russia. It is a fine farming country, with abundance of cattle, goats and ostriches, and some kinds of labor are remunerative. In Johannes-hurge to made at the hotel got 15 a month

burg the maids at the hotel get f15 a month and the waiters f20. ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN STAR. A Chat with Mile. Trebelli, a Soprano of Great Promise. SAN FRANCISCO, March 25.—(Corre-spondence to The Bee.)—Another soprano who. If not actually great. narrowly misses greatness, has dawned on America via Aus-tralia. This is Mile. Trebelli, daughter of the golden voiced contraito of that name,

ized blacks, have beautiful theories and a high code of morality. A man who wrongs a girl is summarily dealt with. He is killed on the spot." MINNIE R. WINN. singers a few chort years ago, and whose voice must yet be remembered by Omaha

Something to Depend On.

last notes. The daughter has steadfastly held out against all sorts of temping offers Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wite was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the sur-prise of all she began to get better from the first dose, and half a dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store to appear in opera and is modestly fouring in concert. She will include Omaha in her itinerary at the suggestion of your corre spondent, who represented Omaha's metropolis as something more than the way station that Pacific coasters designate anything this side of New York. The young singer

Nixon Waterman. And a strange, wend that sky sky. Hung down from the murky sky. The does loud bayed at the angry moon As it shed a dim, sad light. And the crickets chirsed a doleful tune To the ghosts abroad that night.

It was such a night as brave men hate— When the darkness scems to hide
But dimit the shapes that congregate, Or through the shadows glide;
No star to point the traveler home, No light on land or sen;
A night when genest and witch and gnome Hold fiendish revery.