

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

(Copyright, 1997, by Cutoliffe Hyne,) companionway, and dropped listlessly into a deck chair. He was dressed in slop-chest palamas of a vivid pattern and had a read.

Skipper," said Cortolvin, "I needn't tell

"Well," said Captain Kettle, as he shoved servant. nearer getting under way?"

countenance.

past," said the tall man with a laugh, "and the chief had a good deal to say. I gathered his soul for struts and backstays if he rge of those engines ought to die a cruel and lingering death."

"It's a sore point with McTodd when she breaks down. But did he say how long it would be before he could give her steam again? I'm a bit anxious. The glass is tumbling, hand over fist, and what with that and this heat, there's small doubt but what we'll have a tornado clattering about our ears directly. There's the shore close aboard, as you can see for yourself, and if the wind comes away anywhere from the east ard it'll blow this old steamboat half way into the blow this old steamboat half way into the middle of Africa before we can look around It's a bad season just now for tor-

The clattering of iron boot plates made ready to begin to tow. tiself heard on the brass-bound steps of the do to tow with wire, captain, through what's to answer for himself," said Cortolyin.

Mr. Neil Angus McTodd always advertised

his calling in the attire of his outward man, and the eye of an expert could tell with sureness at any given moment whether Mr. Mc Todd was in employment or not, and if so what type of steamboat he was on, what was his official position, what was his pay, and what was the last bit of work on which he had been employed. The present was the fourth occasion on which the Saigon's machinery had chosen to break down during Captain Kettle's two months of command and after his herculean efforts in making repairs with insufficient staff and materials . McTodd was unpleasant both to look upon and associate with. He was attired in moist black boots, gray flanner cajuma trousers stuffed into his socks, a welrd garment of flannel upon his upper man, a clout round his neck, and a peaked cap upon his grizzled red hair anointed with years of scraying oil. His elbows and his forehead shone like dull mirrors of steel, and he carried one of his thumbs wrapped up in a grimy crimson rag His conversation was full of unnecessary adjectives, and he was inclined to take a cantankerous view of the universe. "They'd dis-grace the scrap-heap of any decent yard, would the things they miscall engines on this rotten tub," said he by way of preface.

"They are holy engines, and that's a fact," said Kettle. "How long can you guarantee them for this time?" The engineer mopped his neck with a wad of cotton waste. "Ten revolutions, if ye wish me to be certain. It's a varra dry ship,

no anxious to perjure myself, captain, but they might run on for a full minute, or they might run on for a day. There's a capreciousness about the rattle-traps that might amuse some people, but it does not appeal to me. I'm in fear of my life every minute I stand on the pole plate."

temperature of you engine room varies be-tween 120 and 130 degrees of the Fahrenhelt. "I should have thought you'd been long in the black bottle, captain?"

"Take a peg. Mac." "I'll just have a sma' three fingers now ye mention it." He laid the thickest part of his knotty knuckles against the side of the tumbler and poured out some half gill of spirits. "Weel," said he, "may we get as good whisky where we're going to," and engood whisky where we're going to," and enspirits. "Aye, aye," said the mate, and stepped into yellowed that deep with a device of the spirits and should and roared, and the backward drift was a thing which could be "My lugs are a bit muzzy with the aver with the average with "I'll just have a sma' three fingers now ye mention it." He laid the thickest part of his knotty knuckles against the side of the tumbler and poured out some half gill of spirits. "Weel," said he, "may we get as good whisky where we're going to," and enveloped the dose with a dexterous turn of the wrist. After which ambiguous toast he wilked briskly to the center of the upper himself off again to the baking regions below, and presently a dull rumbling and a good was once more under way.

That is drawn while this steambeat stays on the wheel grating. "By James!" said Kettle, "so you hear the was a ting which could be bridge and laid a hand on the telegraph. He gave crisp orders to the lascar at the wheel tremor of her fabric announced that the Saigon was once more under way.

The tumbler and poured out some half gill of spirits, "Weel," said he, "may we get as the water top."

After which ambiguous toast he was a ting which could be walked briskly to the center of the upper bridge and laid a hand on the telegraph. He gave crisp orders to the lascar at the wheel tremor of her fabric announced that the Saigon moved in the great slate-colored liner.

The tornado raged and boomed and roared, and the was a ting which could be measured with the eye.

The the of a manual machinery. The tornado raged and boomed and roared, and the was a ting which could be measured with the eye.

Then the old mate heaved himself up the bridge and laid a hand on the telegraph. He gave crisp orders to the lascar at the wheel. It's a sad, immorths, and I have not seen him for so many months, and lis mother is longing to hear the water top."

The tornado raged and boome at his pipe, and the was a ting bone." His hand the was a ting which could be measured with the eye.

Then the old muck ago, "An manual faction," and the was a ting which could be me?"

Then the old muck are do the wheel simply as a bing which could be me?"

Then the old muck are do the was a ting pipe, and the was a ting which could be me?"

Then the old swived on the camp stoel and regard and the with a puzzled with the eye.

Then the darries and the was a ting with cutter to a spatial can be an

that he had taken a fancy to the little ruf-

'Cheerful toast, that of McTodd's," said Those engines are enough to discourage

any man," said Kettle, "and the heat down there would sour the temper of an arch-

haven't seen her before because of the hazer." He examined her carefully through the bridge binoculars and gave his observations with heavy deliberation. "She's aquare rigged forard, and has a black funnel with shipmaster raved and explained and reasoned a red band—no, two red bands. Seems to me like one of the German mail boats, and I should say she was broke down." Captain Kettle rose springily from his steamer.

deck chair and swung himself into the upper bridge. Cortolvin followed. "Dose bassengers vos nervous," said he, "because dey thought dere might be some

A mist of heat shut out the sea into a narrow ring. Overhead was a heavy purple darkness, impenetrable as a ceiling of hrick. The only light that crept in came from the mysterious unseen plain of the horizon. From every point of the compass unessy thunder gave forth now and then a stiffed bellow; and though the lightning splashes never showed, sudden thinnings of the gloom would hint at their nearness. The air shimmered and danced with the baking heat, and though lurid grays and plaks predominated, the glow which filled it was constantly changing in hue.

"because dey thought dere might be some leefle rain squall; so I ask you how mooch to uid you take my rope und tow me to Aden or Perim?"

Aden or Perim?"

"Phew" said Kettle. "Aden! That's wrong way for me, captain. Red Sea's where I come from, and my owner cabled me hurry and get to Zanzibar."

"Vell, how mooch?"

"Well, say fl00 000, as your passengers so anxious.

"Hundred thousand teufels! Herr Gott, I haf not Rhodes on der sheep!"

"Well, captain, take the offer or leave it, I'm not a towbost, and I'm in a hurry to in tow yonder, and I'd rather die than set it

mered and danced with the backing fleat, and thought hurit grays and phiks predoublish and the content of the probability of th

(Copyright, 1997, by Cutcliffe Hyne.)

Cortolvin came out under the bridge deck the sea and be living politely on 1200 a year awning, up through the baking heat of the well invested, within a formight. It's the

pajamas of a vivid pattern, and had a newly you how pleased I'll be if you come into a shaven chin, which stood out refreshingly competence over this business. In the meanwhite against the rest of his sun-darkened | while, if there's anything I can do, from coal trimming upward, I'm your most obedient

"I thank you, sir," said Kettle. "And if across the box of cheroois, "are we any you'd go and carry the news to the chief I'll earer getting under way?"

"I looked in at the engine room as I came can't hold out. Tell him they must. Tell It was his idea that the fellow who last had thinks it'll keep them ruoning. It's the one chance of my life, Mr. Cortlovin, and the

to the old mate. "Mr. Murgatroyd," said he, "get a dozen hands to rouse up that new manila out of the store. I take you from 11mm the foredeck and give you the afterdeck to yourself. I'll have the bargain with that of rational thought. The little steamer fell fellow over there before we do anything, and away before the blast like a shaving in a there'll be little enough time left after dry street; the tonnage of the ternado heeled we've fixed upon price. So have everything her till her lee scuppers spouted green water, ready to begin to tow. We'll use their wire." and she might well have been overturned



"HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?" SAID HE

oming. There's no give in wire. A wire 'And how many more? We shall want hawser would ferk the guts out of her in Kettie tightened his lips, "Mr. Mur-gatroyd," said he, "I am not a blame for Neither do I want dictation from my officers. I told you to rouse up the manila. You will back the wire with a double bridle of that." "Aye, aye," grunted the mate, "but waat am I to make fast to? Them bollards af:

The little steamer had coaled at Perim island in the southern mouth of the Red sea, had come out into the Indian ocean through the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, had rounded Cape Guardaful and was rounded Cape Guardaful and was were three officers in sun-helmets and trim on her way down to Zanzibar in response to the cabled orders of her Parsee owners in Bombay. Cortolvin was

response to the capture of the saign curved up from astern; stopped her engines, and then with reversed that he wanted to inspect the taland and the wanted taland and the wanted taland and taland the wanted taland and taland the wanted taland the wanted taland the wanted taland the wanted taland taland the city of Zanzibar before returning to Eng-land and respectability; his real reason was done, and (as Kettle had intended) the Ger fin of a skipper and wished to see more of mans noticed it, and commented. Then began the barter of words.

"Howdy, captain!" said Kettle. "I hope it's not a funeral you've brought up for This heat's been very great. Has it knocked over one of your passengers?" A large, bearded man made reply: "We

Cortolvin loosened a couple of buttons of his pajamas and bared his chest. "It's hard to breathe even here, and I thought I'd learned what heat was in those Arabid deserts. There's the control of the c hard to breathe even here, and I thought I'd learned what heat was in those Arabian deserts. There's a tornado coming on, that's certain."

"It will clear the sir." said Kettle. "But the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get it will be a sneezer when we get it. Mr. your steamboat under command again by Murgatrovd," he called.

Murgatrovd," he called.

The old grizzle-heated mate thrust down a purple face from the head of the upper bridge ladder, "Aye, aye?"

"Get all the awnings off her." the shipmaster ordered, "put extra grips on the boats and see everything lashed fost that a steam crane could move. We're in for a bad breeze directly."

"Ave. aye?"

"Ave. aye?"

"The old grizzle-heated mate thrust down all have a big loss of life. If you get on the beach it will surprise me if you don't drown all hands."

Captain Kettle put a hand on the telegraph as though to ring on his engines again, but the bearded German, after a preliminary stamp of passion, held up his hand for further parley. But for the moment the opportunity of speech was taken from him. The passing is were alther Findlish or for the moment. a steam crane could move. We're in for a bad breeze directly."

"Aye, "aye," rumbled the mate, and sengers were either English or, for the most clapped a leaden whistle to his mouth and blew it shrilly. A minute later he reported:

"A big steamer lying to just a point or two off the starboard bow, captain. I haven't seen her before because of the haze." He examined her carefully through the bridge bineculars and save his observed. for fully a dozen moments before he quelled it. Then, panting, he came once more to the end of his bridge and addressed the other

"because dey thought dere might be some leetle rain squall; so I ask you how mooch

and see we aren't robbed of what is put before us. Show him where the siller comes in, sir, and then stand by and you'll see Mr. McTodd work miracles."

Cortolvin went below and Kettle turned cortolvin went below and Kettle turned stand it as though whips had isshed them. like a solid avalanche and the spindrift in it cut the faces of the men who tried to with-The coolle quartermaster clung on to the

Salgon's wheel spokes, a mere whisp of limp humanity, incapable of steering or of doing anything else that required a modicum "Aye, aye," said the mate. "But it won't at the very outset. But Kettle beat the hel less lascar from his hold, and spoked the wheel bird up, and the engines working strongly, brought her round again in a walowing circle to face the torrent of hurricane. She took five minutes to make that recovry, and when she was steaming on again, head to the thunderous gusts, the tale of what she had endured was written in easy lettering. On both fore and main decks casks, gangplanks and so on that a small trader carrier in view to the sky had departed beyond the ken of man, and indeed these lower decks were scoured clean to the sky had departed by the scoured clean to the sky had departed by the sky had dep

> being bidden relieved at the lee spokes of the The Saigon had no steam steering gear, and

> too, was limited. No human eye could look into the wind, and even to let it strike the face was a torture. The sea did not get up. The crest of any wave which tried to rise was cut off remorselessly by the knives of beach with perilous speed.

he could understand with clearness their "You'll be the tornad exact position. Close astern was the plung- I'm thinking,' said he. tween 120 and 130 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale, and it's destroying to the nerves. All the aqueous vapor leaves the system and I'm the approach that every steambeat that trades has a branches before the content of the property of the p new Harland & Wilf?"

"Well," said the mate sullenly, "I'm walt-tains of whiteness, where the tortured ocean McTodd, and get them running again. You

Ahead of him, the great slate-colored liner like the bristles of a broom. He clawed his your work you'll regret it!"

lously.

Captain Kettle glared, but made no articutel tell.

The little Saigon curved up from astern; late reply. If he could have spared a hand me."

water. The wind may come away any mo- calculations. He had been brought up in a water. The wind may come away any moment now."

Captain Kettle was changing into another man. All the inconciance had gone from him. He gave his orders with crispness and decision and the mates and the lascars jumped to obey them. The herrible danger that was to come lay as an open siverlisement, and they knew that their only way to pass safely through it—and even then the chances were slim—was to obey the man who commanded them to the uttermost.

Captain Kettle was changing into another and savory a thing that it is set much as tore on. The passengers were part of the ship, just as much as were her engines, and the builton which he hoped she carried. The company which owned her was responsely through it—and even then the chances were slim—was to obey the man who commanded them to the uttermost.

for hurry.

The air thickened and grew for the moment if anything more hot and the tornado raced down upon them as a black wall stretching far across the sea, with white water gleaming and churning at its foot. It his the steamers like a solid avalanche and the spindrift in it. clumsy mate had swallowed rough words done. They wanted to know how near death once, but he preferred drowning to living they'd been, and I telled 'em, and there was on and hearing Captain Kettle address him the old man said all the brass-edged officers as coward.

The shore lay steep-to, but the backwash creamed far out into the sea. Already the stern of the German liner was plunging in the whitened water and destruction seemed a question of seconds. Then a strange thing happened. It seemed as though the finger of God had touched the wind; it shated by visible graduations and the drift of the steamers grew more slow; it eased to a mere gale, and they held their place on the lip of the boiling surf; and then with a gast it sank into quietude, and a great oily swell rose up as if by magic from the bowels of the deep, and the little Saigon forged ahead and drew the helpless passenger ship away from the perilous beach. Those tropical hurricanes of the eastern seas progress

thankfulness, but the shipmaster rejoiced suggestively; and Cortolvin, to keep the aloud.

ing this moment that they'll always have full Certolvin fought his way up on to the bellies from now onwards, and good clothes, apper bridge, step by step, against the and no more cheap lodgings, but a decent trantic beating of the wind, and without house semi-detached and money to plank down on the plate when they go to chapel on Captain Kettle nodded his thanks. Sundays. The skipper of that Dutchman will be ruined over this last half hour's job, but In some of the heavier squalls the wheel I can't help that. It's myself I have to think threatened to take charge and pitch the little of first, one has to in this world, or no one

mentarily gone mad, and then a bumping and a banging which jarred every plats of the the nurricane, and spread as a stinging mist only by the thin, distant scream of a hurr throughout the wind. It was hard, indeed, to tell where ocean ceased and air began.

The white sea was spread in a blue of missing the state of the man. Presently the boom of steam broke out from the escape pipe beside the state of the man. his way leisurely up onto the bridge agely at the Saigon's tail, and the pair of was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, and them were moving coastwards with speed, another gash showed red among the grime on Left to herself and steaming full speed his stubbly cheek. He was shredding tointo the gale, the little Saigon would have bacco with a claspknife as he walked and been able to maintain her position, neither seemed from his manner to be a man quite losing ground nor gaining any. With the divorced from all responsible occupations. heavy tow in charge, she was being driven. He halted a minute at the head of the bridge toward, the roaring surf of the African ladder, replaced the tobacco cake in the might be stepped in putty for all the use they are. They'd not towa rowboat through "I'm not that as a usual thing, but the "I'm not that as a usual thing, but the "I'm not that as a usual thing. I believe they'd draw if a deliver they'd a deliver they are they'd as the transfer to the usual thing. I believe they'd draw if a way from the stinging blast of the tornado, it and surveyed the available universe. pocket of his raiment and then rolled up the shreddings in the palms of his crackled it and surveyed the available universe. "Yon'll be the tornado, 'way ahead there,

"Are those blame engines broke down

may smoke when we bring up the Aden."

McTodd puffed twice more at his pipe, and

"Either that, or else all the blades have

shim—was to obey the man who commanded them to the uttermost.

The connection between the steamers had been made, the snaky steel wire hawser had been hauled in through a stern fair lead by the Satgon's winch, and the old mate stood roady with the shackie which would link it on to the manifa.

The heavers yielded up an overture like the echo of a Titan's groan. "Hurry, there, you slow-footed dogs!" came Kettle's voice from the bridge.

The lascars brought up the eye of the hawser and Murgatroyd threaded it on the pin of the shackle. Then he cried, "All fast," and picked up a spike and screwed home the pin in its socket. Already the engines were on the move again and the Saigon was steaming shead on the tow line. It was a time for hurry.

The air thickened and grew for the moment

naked rusted from. The port lifeboat hung, "How's that, umpire?" said he. "By stove from bent davits, and three of the James, wasn't it worth hanging on for? I've coolie crew had been swept from life into the got a wife, sir, and kids, and I'm remember-

Amid the bellowing roar of the tornado, speech, of course, was impossible, and vision, Thanks to McTodd—" From below there came a sudden whirr of machinery, as though the engines had mo-

"My great James!" said Kettle, "you don't



MR. M'TODD SWAYED ON THE STOOL AND REGARDED HIM WITH A PUZZLED EYE,

This time Captain Kettle yelled back a reply. "You thing!" he cried. "You putty man, get back to your post! If you want to live keep those niggers' fingers off the shackle. By James if that tow is east off I'll turn the Salgon for the beach, and drown

"I know it, sir, as well as you do. I know it as well as they do. But I've got a fortune in tow yonder, and I'd rather die than set it adrift. It isn't one fortune either; it's a dozen fortunest and I have just got to grab

my footplates ye'd have kenned it fine. When They say they're going to cast off the it went, those puir engines raced like an auld hawser."

Cab horse tryin' to gallop, and they just got this time Captain Kettle yelled back a tied in knots, and tumbled down, and sprawled fifteen ways at once. I was on the platform oiling when they jumped, and that nigger second of mine tried to get at the throttle to close her down."
"Well, get on, man; get on."
"Weel, he didn't, that's all; he's lying in

"Weel, he didn't, that's all; he's lying in the low pressure crank pit this minute, and the top of his skull'll be to seek somewhere by the ash lift. Mon, I tell ye, yon second o' mine's an uncanny sight. So I had to do his work for him, and then I blew off my boilers and came up here. It would have been vara comforting to my professional conscience if I could have steamed her into Aden. But I'm no as sorres I might be Aden. But I'm no as sorry as I might be for what's happened. I have it in mind that yon Parsee owner of ours in Bombay'll lose siller over this breakdown, and I want that beggar punished for all the work he's given

them, and in the meanwhile it was a time for

philosophy.
Captain Kettle did not grumble; his fortune was once more adrift and beyond his grasp; the Parsec in Bombay would for a certainty dismiss him from employment, and Mrs. Kettle and her family must continue to drag along on such scanty doles as he could contrive to sand them. All these were dis-tressing thoughts, but they were things not to be remedied, and he took down the accordeon thrilling of the yellow-backed novels. The and made sweet music, which spread far over end was in keeping with the life, relates the

to the rolling German liner. It was mid-night when he returned, affluent in pocket and rather deep in figuor. He went into the chart house, without invitation, smiled be-friend from Bisbee. They were caught in nignly and took a camp-stool.

They thought they would get me down the messroom over yonder," said he, and I'll no deny it was a temptation. I could have telled these Dutch engineers a thing or two. But I'm a' for business first when there is siller ahead. So I went aft to the saloon. They were at dinner and there were puir appetites among them. But someone spied me standing by the door and lugged me into a seat and gave me meat and drink pagne, no less-and set me on to talk. Lord! once I got my tongue wagging you should have seen them. There was no more eating giving the yarn away. But a (hie) fat lot I cared. I set on the music and they sent round the hat. Losh! There was £24 English when they handed it over to me. Skipper, ye should go and try it for your-

"Mr. McTodd," said the little sailor, "I am not a dashed mendleant ' The engineer stared with a boiled eye and swayed on his campatool. He had not quite grasped the remark "I'm Scotch mysel'," said he at length.

"Same thing," said Kettle, "I'm neither, 'm a common low-down Englishman, with the pride of the prince of Wales, and a darned ugly torque, and don't you forget it." Captain Kettle's fingers began to twitch

"Oh, come along to bed," said Cortolvin.

"Bide a wee, mannie," said the man in the blue serge solemnly. "There's a thought come to me that I've a message to give. Do you ken anybody called Calver!"

on appeal. So the defendant sent up to Tombstone for Attorney Mark Smith, now delegate to congress from Arizona. Smith came down at once and heard Schwariz's tale of woe. It was a clear case of murder, "Pay the money you ass" the line of the papers.

"Archie Calvert by any chance?"
"'Erchie' was the name he gave. He said he kenned ve weel." were at Cambridge together."

Free Kirk meenister of Ballindrochater-'Yes, but about Calvert?" "Ou ay Calvert, Erchie Calvert, as ye Weel, I said we'd you aboard, and Calvert—Er;hie Calvert—said he'd

you down to your bunk." it got in the papers she was killed, but it the train just came and went at the very mo-seems a shaking was all the earned. And ment when he was engaged at his mid-day talking of horses now, when I was a bairn prayer. And so the days and the weeks in Ballindrochater—" passed, and the old man, between his de-

"Aren't I telling you?" Cortolvin rasued a hand wearily over bis the Irish foreman, whose name was Flynn. eyes. "And a minute ago," he whispered. "Ah, my friend, you do not know how sore "I thought I was going home." His hand my heart is." dropped limply to his side, his head slid to "Well, baba (father), what is the matter

moral world, skipper. Vera sad. Skipper, I something about him."
say. Here's Mr. Cortolvin been—O, Lord, and he isn't listening, either."
see him?" said the pra

Captain Kettle had gone out of the chart-The thud of a propeller had fallen upon his cor and be leaned over the Salgon's am at prayers rall and sadly watched a triangle of lights not see him." draw up through the cool purple night. A And so the time continued to pass, the old cargo steamer, freighted with ralls for the man telling Flynn how his heart was weary Beira railway, was coming gleefully toward to see his son. It happened one day that, them from out of the north to pick up the rich gleanings which the occan offered.

A Valuable Prescription. Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind., Sun, writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters and I can cheerfully recommend it for Constipation and Sick Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her health and renewed her strength. Prices 50c and \$1.00. Get a bottle at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Manners Then and Now.

A London exchange depiores the bad man-

sure about." "A polke! That's my form.
We'll fire right into the brown of 'em and have a glass of the boy afterward, eh?" "It's a bet," says the lady. "Done. So long," says the gentleman. He strolls off, humming family of tunners, who have six establisha popular air.

JIM BURNETT OF TOMBSTONE. County Cut Down His Bill and He Ran

A stormy life it was that ended last month, when old Jim Burnett was killed in Tombstone by William Greene a life full of experiences of the border kind that would But Mr. McTodd had visions of more immediate profit. He washed with soap until his face was brilliant, put on a full suit of slouchiest serge, took a boat and rowed over enemy, Greene. Below at the time, probably unknown to Burnett, were two young girls, were drowned. The father learned of the presence of his foe, saddled his horse, rode over to Tombstone, found Burnett and the main street and shot him down. The town stood behind Greene in his deed. He has been admitted to light ball and will be ac-

quitted 4' ever brought to trial.

Since Burnett's death many are the toles being raked up about him. His was a singular personality. Strong-willed and violent in temper, he especially shone in a frontier camp. It was, therefore, quite ap-propriate that he should have been elected justice of the peace in 1881 at Charleston, on the San Pedro, where the rich ores of Tombstone were at that time milled.

Charleston was then a howling camp, full of freighters, miners and the wooliest of cowboys. The whisky sold wasn't of the mildest brand, and, consequently, tribula-tion sate within the community and the justice's court was always open. Burnett did a rushing business. At the end of three months he duly reported, as by law required, to the county supervisors, sending in his bill for the amount due him from the county. The county fathers cut the bill down one-half. Burnett swore vigorously when he got the returns but held no further communications with the county seat. Another three months elapsing the county treasurer wrote Burnett to furnish his quarterly statement. The reply came promptly. It was: "The blazes with you; this court after this will be self-sustaining."

self-sustaining."

And so it was, in great shape. Every time a cowboy would get exhilarated and shoot up the town the judge would fine him several hundred dollars and would pocket what remained after paying his constables for the arrest did treatment with the self-sustained after paying his constables did treatment with the self-sustained after paying his constables did treatment with the self-sustained after paying his constables did treatment with the self-sustained are self-sustained as a company of the self-sustained are self-sustained as a company of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained are self-sustained as a company of the self-sustained are self-sustained as a company of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained and been produced by any combination of the self-sustained and the

"I thank ye," said the engineer. "It's the climate. I have malaria in the system, and it stays there in spite of all that drugs can do, and affects the perambulatory muscles of the lower extramities.

I the arrest.

One day old man Schwartz got excited and killed a man. After the justice, as ex-officing coroner, had finished the inquest he had Schwartz hauled before the bar, found him guilty of the crime and fined him a thought of the crime and the cr latory muscles of the lower extremities. sand dollars. Schwartz wanted to appeal weak ness. Speakin' of which, ye'll na doot have seen the case, but Burnett would issue no papers for yoursel'—" on appeal. So the defendant sent up to cures sperma.

"Pay the money, you ass," the lawyer fairly shouted, "and then go bury yourself somewhere down in Mexico.

Schwartz paid and skipped, and the case was never again heard of in court. But the county never received any of that "Cambridge, were ye? Weel, I should have been a D. D. of A-berdeen mysel' if said that Burnett came out \$22,000 ahead on I'd done as my father wished. He was his office in two years.

TURK'S PRAYER UNBROKEN.

and How a Practical Celt Relieved a Fol-Among the Turks employed on the line of news for you about your wife."

Among the Turks employed on the line of the first Turkish rallway was an old man deid, I know, peor woman. Let me help who had a son who was a soldier in one of "Dinna be so offensive, man, and bide a the regiments in the garrison at Ruetchuk, when the sq offensive, man, and bide a whom he had not seen for a good many after all—widower that is. Your guid wife didna dee as ye think. She'd a fall from a horse, which'il probably teach her to leave horse riding alone to men in the future; and to run up to Rustchuk to see his son, for Cortelvin shook him savagely by the arm.
"My God." he cried, "do you mean to say she's not dead?"

passed, and the old man, between his devotion to his religious duties and his love for his son, was left lamenting the inconvenient arrangement.

see him?" said the practical Irishman. "How can I?" replied the old man. "Doesn't the train come in and go while I am at prayers? Allah wills it that I should

And so the time continued to pass, the old man was engaged at his devotions on his prayer-carpet close to the line, an empty truck with the door run back had stopped just opposite where he was on his knees and his forehead to the ground, and the Irish man came along. Seized by a sudden in spiration, he caught up the old truck, prayercarpet and all, and landed him in the truck just as the train moved off. Two days after the old man come back by the down train

who put it into your heart to throw me into the train. May he reward you for it!"

Most Costly Leather in the Market. ners of the dancing people of today. The gentleman of the old style asks: "May I have the exquisite delignt of being your ladyship's humble cavalier in the coming country dance?" "Oh, sir, you are vastly peculiarly pungent and lasting oder but country dance?" "Oh, sir, you are vastly polite, and I am overwhelmed by your request," says the lady. "Then I do not make too bold?" "Oh, sir, I would not have you miscenstrue my words." "I then reckon the covering of plano keys. A peculiar thing miscenstrue my words." "I then reckon upon your treading the measure with your devoted servant?" "I may not say you nay, sir," curtseying. "Madam, you are too condescending. I will not fell to claim your hand," retiring with courteous humility. The gentleman of the new style easys: "Ah. Lady Florence, got an entry left, or is your book full?" "Well, here's a quadrille running loose," says the lady, looking at her card, "Oh, hang the quadrilles. I'm not out for walking exercises. Not on the square; twiggey vous?" says the gentleman. "You funny old cripple! licre's a polka! The motout for says about." "A polka! That's my form.

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