

"BULL-HEADED" PARKER.

HE WAS A HERO TO THE VERY LAST. By Albert Britt.

Copyrighted by the S. S. McClure Co., 1898. When George Parker made his first appearance on the football field at Cleve-

land, he came unheralded and unknown. The football enthusiasts had been busy for days discussing the merits and qualifications of the various new men who had come up for the first time that year and were trying for positions on the team. Good football material was scarce at Cleve-

land, and the captain and the coach were at their wits' end to construct a winning team with the candidates who had thus far appeared. The very day that Parker made his initial appearance they held a special council in the directors' office at the gymnasium before going on the field for the afternoon practice, and the outlook, as they viewed it at that time, was gloomy indeed.

Candidates for positions behind the line were many and some of them gave promise. The ranks of the scrubs came the substitutes for the first time among the crowd of youths passing and kicking the ball. He was of medium height, rather light but firmly built, resembling the other young men around him in general appearance, except for a rather unusual squareness of jaw and levelness of gaze.

He came to Cleve from an obscure little academy in a distant state, where he had prepared for college. The captain of the scrub eleven had noticed him in chapel in the morning and afterward had hunted him out and having learned by dint of hard questioning that he had played football and at least knew the rudiments of the game, had asked him to come out to the field in the afternoon and have a try at the second eleven.

The second, or scrub eleven, he it known, is composed of the variety who are picked a place on the "variety" and who yet, for the sake of the sport and in the hope that one day promotion may find them out, are willing to work on without glory or reward unless they find them in the hard practice game played daily with the "variety." From the ranks of the scrubs come the substitutes for the "variety" and a good player in the former may well dare hope to be chosen for the "variety" the next year. It is, as one may see, a sort of apprenticeship or training school through which one must pass before he reaches the "variety."

It had been the bane of the scrub captain's life hitherto that he had not been able to find any man in his miscellaneous lot who was able to play a hard enough game against Brice, the "variety" left tackle, either to cause that gentleman any particular inconvenience or to satisfy the demands of Shaw. They had all made the mistake of "bucking" straight into him and being to a man inferior in weight and muscle to Brice, who was a giant in size, if not in intellect, the result may be imagined.

This it happened that his superior Parker was chosen on this, his first night out, to go in against Brice and if possible frighten him into improving his playing. As the two men looked each other over for a moment before the ball was put in play Brice thought to himself rather contemptuously that he would have no trouble with this stripling, but after Parker had broken through two or three times on plays around his end and downed the man with the ball, he began to realize that he had a very tough job ahead of him. He was not only to contend with a man who was just what he thought it would require something very different from his ordinary style of practice game to keep this fellow occupied. After he awoke to this fact Parker's hot force came rather harder and he was forced to contend with an opponent who was just the interference when the runner was slow or the ball was poorly passed.

But the climax came just before the close of the fifteen minutes practice. The "variety" had carried the ball down the field directly in front of about twenty yards from the scrubs' goal. Parker had become somewhat used to the "variety" play by this time, and when he saw the fullback drop back and the halfbacks move out from and back of their regular positions he knew that a goal from the field was to be tried. Here was his last chance to outwit the now fully awakened Brice.

Instead of moving out as he might have been expected to do in order to get a clearer field and open the line, he moved in close and made a feint as though intending to dive between tackle and guard, which was just the sort of a play it was the delight of Brice's heart to stop. He was practically immovable, and was to the unlucky mortal who attempted to "go through" him. Nothing, however, was farther from Parker's mind than the attempting of such a feat. Instead, as the ball was snatched, he wheeled out quickly, caught Brice's arm in his own and, whirling upon him as on a pivot, thrust the fullback just in time to block a well-directed try for goal.

The men on the side-line cheered lustily for the plucky scrub tackle and the coach gladdened his heart with a few words of commendation, while the discomfited Brice had a bad five minutes explaining to the captain how it all happened.

After that Parker played was carefully watched by both Shaw and Arnold, and Brice was warned that unless he looked sharp and worked hard he might yet lose the position which he had begun to look upon as necessarily his own. Under this stimulus he improved wonderfully and the hopes of the rooters rose again as they saw the line grow stronger and faster day by day.

The great game of the season for which all the others were but a preparation, was the one with Hanover college, and was to be

played this year at Cleve. For three years the yellow and blue of Hanover had waved triumphant and their team was regarded to be in better condition than ever. At the last great day arrived and the morning train brought with it the Hanover team and a great crowd of students already boasting of the victory that was sure to be theirs. Odds were offered freely, but the Cleve boys, mindful of the lessons of former defeats, were slow to bet, and much Hanover money went begging.

The day was an ideal one for football, crisp and cool, with that suspicion of frost in the air that puts every player on his mettle and makes every nerve tingle with pure human joy of living. On such a day even a disordered liver loses its ascendancy over the mind, and the blood races through the veins in an exhilarating flood. In spite of the lateness of the season, the floss clipped hair was green and soft as velvet, and the field, lined on either side with bleachers filled with gaily dressed, ribbon-bedecked crowds was an inspiring sight. Every eye in the little town, without regard to age, sex or present condition of servitude, had turned out to witness what proved to be a battle royal.

Hanover, with their usual good fortune,



HE WHIRLED HIS HUSKY OPPONENT HALF ROUND AND RUSHED AT THE FULL-BACK LIKE A TIGER.

won the toss and chose the north goal, with the wind at their backs. Burrows, the Cleve fullback, swung his toe into the pigskin and sent it whirling well down into the enemy's country, with the ends close after it, and the battle was on. Hanover sent their backs around the Cleve ends for a few short gains and then lost the ball on a fumble. Cleve then for a few plays and lost it, and so the battle raged back and forth, in the center of the field, they fought. Occasionally a long kick by the fullback would drive the ball down the field, and one goal or the other would be temporarily endangered, but soon the ball would be carried back to the center and the struggle would be begun again. The teams were so evenly matched that neither was able to gain more than a temporary advantage over the other, and the first half closed without either having scored.

For the first five minutes of the second half it was the same story over again, but after one of Hanover's fierce rushes into the line a figure was seen stretched on the ground, and a thrill of apprehension ran along the side lines. "Who is it?" Is he Hanover or Cleve?" "What subs have we?" were some of the questions anxiously asked. To the dismay of the Cleve contingent, it was discovered in a moment that it was Brice, the big left tackle, whose lame ankle had been injured by a severe wrench. For him to continue longer in the game was out of the question, but who was there to take his place? The only man who had practiced in that position was Parker, and when the "rooters" saw him strip off his sweater and trot across the field against the captain's summons their hearts sank within them. What chance would such a green stripling as he have against such a heavy experienced player as the Hanover tackle, but the captain remembered Parker's play against Brice and held his place.

IV.

The first play demonstrated that whatever else might be Parker was a coward. Whenever there was a rush through his side of the line he was generally found at the bottom of the heap when the mass of men untangled itself. But the fierce, determined, bulldog game that Hanover was playing was beginning to tell and slowly the ball was being carried nearer the coveted Cleve goal. Fifty yards, forty-five, forty, until the ball lay on the 20-yard line, and here the advance stopped. Three times the Hanover backs drove headlong into the Cleve line, only to be hurled across the back again. It was the old guard at Waterloo over again. One more play and the ball must go to Cleve. But the goal was straight ahead and only 30 yards away, and a well-directed drop kick would put Hanover five points to the good. The fullback dropped back and every one knew what was coming. Every man was crouching low in the line with his muscles tense and every sense alert, watching the ball and the man opposite him. Back went the ball to the fullback and after it the Cleve quarter-back, dodging quickly through a hole between center and guard, but just too late. The ball barely cleared his fingers as it sailed up into the air and straight between the goal posts. A clear shot, and the Hanover backers roared and waved their approval.

Parker, in the rush of the moment, was conscious of nothing but a mad desire to tear his way through the line and reach the fullback, but, struggle as he would, the man opposite him blocked him hard and low and his effort was futile. On the Cleve side of the field there was a gloomy silence that was almost tangible. Only seven minutes to play and the score is 5 to 0 against them.

Burrows put the ball in play again with

a low, swift kick that sent it straight at one of the big Hanover guards. Taken by surprise, instead of holding it, he let the ball bound back from his broad chest straight toward Parker, who was rushing down the field. As the ball bounded toward him, remembering the injunction of the coach never to try to pick up a ball unless he had a clear field before him, he threw himself full length at the coveted oval and gathered it in his arms.

At the same moment the unlucky guard rushing from the other direction to repair his error, stumbled over the prostrate form and, whether it was intentional or accidental, no one ever knew, struck poor Parker full in the face with the toe of his heavy shoe, cutting a deep gash above his left eye. To the Cleve supporters on the side lines it seemed as though an evil fate was pursuing them. There was no one to take Parker's place, and how could he play with a deep cut in his head and the blood streaming down his face? But they failed to recognize the spirit of the boy, and when the coach tried to lead him from the field he flatly refused to be taken away. "Let me stay the game out," he pleaded, and then, as a shrewd afterthought, he added: "Who'll you put in my place, anyway?"

The force of this argument struck the coach and, pleased with the boy's grit, he had no alternative but to yield and back into his place went Parker, with his bloody face and a handkerchief bound round his head.

If he had played hard before he played like a demon now, but the team was going down hill fast. The men had lost heart, and with ever-increasing swiftness the Hanover wedge ground its way down the field until a final breathless rally stopped the advance on the twenty-yard line. One minute to play, and the Hanover fullback dropped the pigskin and sent it whirling for goal. Here was a last desperate chance, and, in spite of his aching, whirling head, Parker remembered the trick that had worked so well on Brice and shoved in close to his opponent. The latter, mistaking the movement, closed up the gap, when, quick as a flash, as the ball whirled Parker sprang out, whirled his husky opponent half around and rushed at the fullback like a tiger, with the speedy quarterback close at his heels. The kick was swift and sure, but Parker was quicker, and, as the ball rose, he sprang high in the air and caught it full on his outstretched arms.

As the ball bounded back, Sheldon, the quarterback, snatched it up and was off for the Hanover goal, eighty yards away. Sheldon was in hot pursuit, but it was no use. A stern chase is a long one, and Sheldon did not hold the "variety" record for the 100 yards for nothing. He planted the ball squarely between the goal posts and Burrows kicked an easy goal, making the score 6 to 5 in Cleve's favor, and time was up.

And Parker—well Parker fainted away in the arms of his roommate as he tried to walk off the field, and was sick for a month with brain fever. But he had earned his nickname of "Bull-headed" Parker and lived to prove his full right and title to it on many a hard fought field.

They talk of his powers yet back at the old college, but Parker is sleeping in a Cuban grave, having given his life for his country this year. He fell in the charge of the Rough Riders at San Juan, a hero to the end.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Youth's Companion. I wonder if the boys and girls who lived in older times were like the boys and girls we know in our age and clime. I wonder if the girls had dolls, or did the boys have dolls? Or did good little Samuel know how to play at all? I love the sweet Babes in the Wood. And oh, how my heart grieves To think they slept upon the ground. I love the Maiden in the Tower in curls and ruffles fine. I love the Princess and her too. I'm glad he isn't mine!

I wonder if they laughed and talked, Or were they always sad, Am sure I should be if I had. An uncle has good boys With my brave company of boys I would, I take. To capture him, and rescue both Those Princess in the Tower! O children of the older time, I see your pictures on the walls. And love your faces as I love you, And love your hearts to follow me About wherever I play. As if you loved me, would the fun We children have today!

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me the meaning of 'vice versa'?" "Yes, I can," replied the youngster at the foot of the class. "Well, Hobby, what is it?" "It's when you sleep with your feet toward the head of the bed," answered Bobby.

"Tommy," asked a mother of her 4-year-old son, "where did that hole in the screen door come from?" "I don't know, mamma," replied the little fellow. "Are you sure you don't?" she asked. "Course I am," answered Tommy. "I throwed my ball awfully good and then I saw the hole, but honestly I don't know where it came from."

Little Dot was very fond of bible stories, and one day after her mother had read the story of Lot's wife, she asked: "Mamma, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt?" "What do you think he did?" asked mamma. "Why," replied the practical little miss, "I suppose he went out and hunted up a fresh one."

She was telling one of her sisters all about it, says the Chicago Post, and this is what her father overheard: "And when the little girl that sits between us leans forward the little boy on the other side of her catches hold of one of her braids and I catch hold of the other and we yank her head back. Oh, it's so fun!"

"So that's the way you act in school, is it?" interrupted the father. "Oh, well," returned the 6-year-old

frankly, "we don't do that in the regular school, you know; only in the Sunday-school."

"Mamma, I caught a soldier!" This is what a little girl said the other day as she dragged one of the returned boys in blue into a fashionable residence on Capitol hill, relates the Denver Times.

"Why, Dorothy?" exclaimed the flustered mother, "aren't you ashamed to be so rude?" and then she turned her attention from the little one and began to apologize to the bronzed veteran of Santiago.

"You needn't apologize, mamma," said the soldier, "I was just going down the street here when I met the little girl and she grabbed hold of my hand and said I had to go with her. She is so near like my own little girl down in my home in New Mexico that I could not help but baby her a little."

"I just done it 'cause sister and me had a bet mamma. Sis is old enough to have fellows and I ain't, but I bet her the gum that I would catch a soldier before she did, and I did get him, too."

This pleased the boy in blue and, planting a kiss on the little cheek, he lifted his hat to the mother and walked away. He was one of the Rough Riders and was on his way home to New Mexico.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Gladstone had a wonderful memory, and, like many men so gifted, was rather testy with those who were not. At a dinner on one occasion he asked Lord Granville if his lordship had taken part in a certain division in the House of Commons. Lord Granville said he did not remember, whereupon Gladstone said in an amazed tone:

"Not remember! Why, it's only forty-eight years ago!"

When Mr. Spurgeon first began his ministry an anonymous critic used to write to him constantly about his mistakes in grammar and pronunciation. Mr. Spurgeon at first resented these criticisms, but he soon learned to profit by them. "After awhile," he said, in telling the story, "I looked for his weekly memoranda with much interest. If I repeated a sentence which I had used two or three Sundays before he would write: 'See the same expression in such and such a sermon.' Mr. Spurgeon, like everybody else, had his pet quotation, and he used this line: 'Nothing in my hand is as brittle' rather frequently. So his commentator wrote him 'We are sufficiently informed of the vacuity of your hand.'"

The appointment of Dr. Henry K. Carroll, President McKinley as an special commissioner to Porto Rico to inquire into the laws, institutions, customs, currency, industries, productions, schools, etc., of that island, has made it necessary for him to resign his place on the editorial staff of the New York Independent after a service on that paper of more than twenty-two years. Dr. Carroll came to be widely known as the compiler of the religious statistics in the last census, a work which he performed with conspicuous ability, and his report on the state of Porto Rico will undoubtedly be of great value and interest.

The National Magazine tells this story of Queen Wilhelmina: "Two of the court children were missing one day, and grave fears were entertained as to the probability of their having been kidnapped. A prolonged and careful search resulted in finding no trace of them, and two attendants were arrested as suspicious characters. On further inquiry it was learned that these two children were last seen playing with the little queen the previous day. On questioning her as to their whereabouts, she said they were locked up in a cellar that could be reached from the courtyard. It seemed they refused to do her bidding, and so, exercising her prerogative as chief executive of the kingdom, she had imprisoned them for rebellion."

Horace J. Wickham has just left the government envelope works in Hartford, Conn., after twenty-four years of continuous service. He designed the intricate machine that the envelope presses, and stamped the stamp on it, printed the return folded and gummed the envelope and then counted, bunched and wrapped the completed envelopes in quicker time than it takes to read this paragraph. The patent on the machine having expired, his term of service is ended. Of the 290 employees, twelve have been with him during his entire term of service and fifty have served with him for at least twelve years.

William C. Whitney is a mascot in that young man who enters his employ. He made Dan Lamont a millionaire. He took George Brinton McClellan Harvey off the World, where he was managing editor, and made him his confidential clerk. Harvey now owns a large part of St. Louis, with prospects of controlling it all. He took Harry Macdonia away from Joseph Pulitzer, whose confidential secretary he was, as well as his personal representative in the home office of the World, made him counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway company and now shows him in as secretary of the American Indies company. Harry will be a millionaire in a few weeks. He took hold of the turf through Sydney Paget, an interesting young Britisher who happens to be his son-in-law's brother. Paget has made a quarter of a million this season and is finally getting on in consequence.

A NARROW ESCAPE: Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart of Gtoston, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough and pain in all eight bottles. It has cured me. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial and took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and, thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at Kuhn's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed or price refunded."

TALKS ABOUT WOMEN'S CLUBS

Mrs. Platt Favors the Broadening of the Field of Work.

SUFFRAGE HAS A BENEFICIAL EFFECT

She Turns the Tables and Says it is the "New Man" Who Recognizes Women as His Equal.

Save for a small number who are visiting the exposition today few club women are in the city. Ever since Thursday they have been departing, for there is to be another congress in Chicago the coming week. It would seem that one meeting after another would wear these energetic creatures out, but their zeal evidently supports them in the fatiguing work.

Those remaining in town Mrs. Sarah S. Platt of Denver, vice president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, and the president of the Woman's club of Denver, are one of the most practical and earnest workers. In speaking of the advantage of the women's congresses, Mrs. Platt said that they enabled women from all parts of the country to exchange ideas, compare their methods of work and broaden their views on all the important questions of the day. Mrs. Platt is irrevocably in favor of the unfranchise club. While conceding that the old, small clubs, literary and social, were of undoubted benefit in awakening interest in the club, their period of usefulness has now passed. With the great problems that confront all thinking people, all lines of social barriers should be abolished and the society woman should work shoulder to shoulder with the laboring woman.

The Woman's club of Denver is one of the largest in the country, having 1,000 members and an "extension" membership of 250. This branch of the club includes the women in remote districts who would otherwise be deprived of the advantages of a club. The main club has eight departments, the home, the education, the art and literature, the philanthropic, the scientific and philosophical, the city improvement, to which men are eligible, the music and the reform.

The educational department concerns itself with the bettering of the public schools and the school commissioners, the study of the labor problems and runs a noon school for newspaper boys and other urchins, with the co-operation of the school authorities. By the efforts of the art and literary department many pictures have been put in the schoolhouses and their walls have been decorated.

Pingree Garden Work. The philanthropic branch has devoted itself chiefly to the Pingree garden work. Last year in Denver seventy-five families were cared for at a total cost of \$250, and their crops brought \$2,500. In Philadelphia, where the work is carried on by men hired by the city, forty-five families were helped at a total cost of \$2,500. Of course the Denver women gave their time, but the result points a moral. The work is kept up during the winter by teaching the women sewing and the like. Last year three families were made independent and took up land in the country.

The departments of science and philosophy are mainly devoted to study, but they have charge of the traveling library of the state. The work of the reform division is done in looking after the state institutions, suggesting improvements, and trying to get the best officials for important positions. Sanitary work, local option laws and general improvements come under the province of the social department of the club.

Though the musical branch is largely for pleasure, it has instituted many free concerts in different parts of the city. By the working of this club the scope of women's clubs is well illustrated.

In the speaking of the suffrage question Mrs. Platt said that a woman's right to vote was demanded by justice and that the fancied evils accruing from woman's voting were merely imaginary. Yet undoubtedly it would be better for women to learn parliamentary law and study before she voted. If such a business training were introduced in all women's colleges their benefit would be enormous, for while many women may never need to use the knowledge thus gained, it is always well to be prepared. Suffrage has not made the Colorado women unwomanly, but more womanly, for a clear statement of water cannot be turned into a muddy one without leaving its mark.

In Mrs. Platt's opinion there is no "new woman," but a new man, who has come to regard woman as his peer and helps him in solving the problems of the world and in elevating its morals.

FEATS OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

Sleep-Walker Wanders on Railroad Tracks and Avoids Trains. From Olive Hill, Carter county, Ky., comes the story of a most remarkable case of somnambulism. A few nights ago Emma, the 14-year-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. Brooks, living on a farm a mile east of Olive Hill, after having finished her studies for the next day, lay down on the bed to rest, but did not intend to go to sleep. She promptly went to sleep. The rest of the family, thinking she had retired for the night, did likewise.

About 10 o'clock Emma arose, put on her makintosh, and, carrying her shoes in her hand, left the house unobserved in a deep sleep. She went to the Chesapeake & Ohio track near the house and started east. She walked rapidly, and was seen by no one until she passed Aden, seven miles east of her home.

She was seen by a farmer on the Chesapeake & Ohio track, who called her name and she started back to her home. She was seen by a farmer on the Chesapeake & Ohio track, who called her name and she started back to her home.

After I was induced to try CARCARET, I will never be without them in the house. My liver is in a very bad shape, and my head aches and is very painful. Now since taking Carcarets, I feel free. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach. J. B. Smith, 1011 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

REGULATE THE LIVER. CANDY CATHARTIC. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. SUGAR FREE. Pleasant, Palatable, Pure, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Causes Griping or Colic. No. 10-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to cure BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, Headache, Stomach Troubles, etc.

starting point, where the night operator noticed her, but did not speak to her. The girl's eyes were wide open, and there was nothing in her appearance to indicate that she did not know what she was doing. She walked about four miles further eastward before she awoke, probably from pain caused by the laceration of her feet. She was dazed, but promptly restored her course.

Meanwhile her absence had been noticed and her parents began telegraphing in both directions from Olive Hill. From the Aden operator it was learned that a girl answering Emma's description had passed eastward. A handcar was secured and the girl was picked up on her return trip. Her feet were terribly out and she was in a state of physical collapse. She said she had dreamed that her mother had told her to go after the cows

and that she remembered nothing else till she awoke. On her journey she had met three trains and had been overtaken by two, unconsciously stepping out of the way. She had crossed fourteen bridges and treated, one of the former being more than 200 yards long and one she had refused to cross in daytime. She had also passed through two tunnels and over innumerable cattle guards. It was her first sleep-walking experience. Captain Brooks, Emma's father, is a well-known railroad man.

For broken surfaces, sores, insect bites, burns, skin diseases, and especially piles, there is one reliable remedy, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. When you call for DeWitt's don't accept counterfeit or frauds. You will not be disappointed with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

When you find that Wool Soap won't shrink woollens, don't use it alone on wool. Why be more careful of wool than you are of your face? Wool Soap is made on purpose to cleanse woollens without shrinking or injuring. The same ingredients that make it best for this purpose make it best also for the human skin. No roughness or redness follows its use. That shows that it's pure.

Wool Soap is always best wherever purity is necessary. Wool Soap is so pure that it is white—so pure that it swims. But some other soaps are that pure. Wool Soap is the only soap so pure that it won't shrink wool. That's the supreme test, and only Wool Soap stands it.

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Wool Soap is always best wherever purity is necessary. Wool Soap is so pure that it is white—so pure that it swims. But some other soaps are that pure. Wool Soap is the only soap so pure that it won't shrink wool. That's the supreme test, and only Wool Soap stands it.

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