

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

AND HOW MALINDY FOUND HER MASTER.

By Agnes Warner McLelland.

The pathetic little procession had wound its way down the dusty road and over the brow of the hill, leaving in the sunshine of the valley the well tilled acres, the spreading orchard and the pleasant old farmhouse that had meant much to the heart of Martin Ramsey, but to which he would never more return.

"Law me," wheezed Mrs. Tinkler, wiping a furtive tear upon the corner of her black silk apron. "So that's the last of poor Martin! Well, he has seen sights of trouble in his day. Malindy and Belindy has acted as contrary as two females ever did, an' Martin stood up under 'em splendid. 'Pears to me them girls take it mighty cool when you think it's their only brother."

"O maw," said Tenie, untying the dragged bit of crape that drifted from the door knob. "I think Belindy felt awful an' ain't one to show it, an' for Malindy, she's that cranky she wouldn't feel bad at her own funeral."

"Seems to me," remarked her mother, thoughtfully, "that Brother Rice didn't have no call to be so comfortin' an' consolatory. Them girls ain't no spring chickens, they're 23 come next May, same age as sister Harriet Bell. When you think they ain't spoke to one another this 30 year, an' that Martin has had to live with 'em, bearing the blunt of their plaguey foolishness, it does seem as if it was the preacher's business to make the funeral edifying to the mourners. I hope Brother Rice wasn't thinkin' that the Ramsey farm is broad an' fruitful. I hope he ain't 'raid of no old maid twins."

"Why, I can remember," went on Mrs. Tinkler, reflectively, "when the Ramsey girls was as pretty as there was in the county, an' a body never see one without 'other. But when Bob Parker stopped beatin' Malindy an' took up with Belindy the fat was in the fire. I can tell you Bob married Sissy Pollock an' has been dead this 20 year; but that don't make no difference to Malindy, mad she is, an' mad she'll stay! She's the contrariest creature the Lord ever put breath in!"

"My suz, maw!" exclaimed Tenie. "See how high the sun is gettin'. I better run an' set the table. I don't believe they'll be many want to climb that hill now for a meal of victuals. Now, maw, you settle right down in that shady corner an' take a cat nap, you look beat out. Everything is ready to put over, so there's no need of your helpin'."

The summer had trailed away into the autumn. The high hills had glowed with riotous beauty only to fade into the somber tints of winter, and now to a waiting world was coming the breath of approaching spring.

Across the fields there rested still a robe of ragged rye, but the glance of the warm February sun was calling to life a hint of green upon the bare, brown earth, and along the winding Tuscarawas the children were searching for the silvery catkins of the "pussey" willow.

Tenie was looking for her mother. She stood upon the porch of the little brown cottage peering out under her brow.

"There she is!" she exclaimed, as a bay horse hitched to a shabby buggy shambled into sight. "I'll jest run down an' open the gate. Goodness me, maw! What a you've been!" she cried, as her mother drove into the barnyard. "I've been lonesome as a dog, I was afraid Dolly had run away with you."

"I knowed you'd be worried about me, Tenie," wheezed Mrs. Tinkler, clambering heavily to the ground. "But I don't make no biggest hunt to match that blue delaine, an' I got for wool carpet chain, there ain't a pound in Philadelphia! So it was dreadful late when I come by the Ramseys; an' when Belindy see me nothin' would do but I must unitch the beast an' stay for dinner."

"Now maw, you take them bundles an' put 'em for the house," commanded Tenie. "You look fit to drop. You ain't a-goin' to stand here in the wet. Go long with you!"

there. I told her she acted like she was plum crazy. Mind my words, Tenie, she'll break off that match unless somethin' drops an' her goods hard."

"My goodness, Belindy wouldn't be such a silly as to listen to her, would she?" expostulated Tenie. "I thought she had more backbone than that!"

"Well, she went out with me to hitch up, an' she said she felt it wouldn't be right to bring Dan'l to such a home as that would be if Malindy kept on actin'. Dan'l wants Belindy to marry him an' go to town to live, but she loves the old place, an' besides she promised Martin she'd stay with Malindy while she lives. Belindy is a good Christian woman, an' she's had a lot to bear. I could see that, though she ain't one to complain of her blood-kin. She wouldn't let Dan'l come to the house no more (she sees him at his sister Marthy's some), for every evening he come Malindy slammed an' banged out in the lean-to, 'till she was shamed to death."

"Mebby she's crazy," suggested Tenie. "So I said to Belindy, but she says no. It's jest dumb contrariness. I'll bet if Dan'l Carter was in that house a month Malindy would be mook as a lamb. He's got lots of spunk an' he's got sense, too."

"For goodness sake, look at that clock!" exclaimed Tenie. "Plum 9, an' all that work to do tomorrow. There's the last tag sewed, an' now we're goin' to bed."

The spring had hurried on into the summer and upon Goshen hill, which lay between the Tinkler and Ramsey farms, the blackberries were hanging amid green leaves in rich, ripe clusters. Early and late Mrs. Tinkler toiled, loving the outdoor life and covering the many dime-a-dozen fruit would bring for Tenie's wedding outfit.

It was a close August morning and Tenie, working over the ironing table, was thinking longingly of the leafy coolness and the deep, clear spring upon the hillside, when suddenly she espied her mother coming across the meadow.

"Why, what ever!" cried Tenie, dropping her flatiron with a clatter as Mrs. Tinkler, with gown dragged and sunbonnet awry, but with face alight with excitement and news, appeared around the corner of the house. "Where are the berries?"

"Did you ever!" chuckled her mother, sinking down upon the step. "If I didn't have them berries clear knocked out of my head, an' leave them buckets standin' under the bushes! But, Tenie Tinkler! Talk about your circuses! There's things happened on that hill as beats any show I ever see. O, my goodness gracious!"

"Do stop your laughin'," said Tenie, untying her mother's bonnet and bringing her a glass of water. "Your face is as red as a beet; I hope you ain't got a sunstroke. I can't make head nor tail of what you're talking about."

"There's nothin' the matter of me Tenie, I'm jest worked up, and so'll you be when you've heard. You see when I got on top of Goshen this mornin', I see the berries was hangin' thick down toward the Ramseys, so down I went. 'Twas dreadful pretty an' cool down there, the birds was singin', the sastrases was a smellin' an' the big berries thumpin' down in my bucket, an' I was thinkin' of startin' up a hymn, when all of a sudden, I see a woman come over in the Ramsey patch. I couldn't see who for her bunnet, an' I knowed she couldn't see me for the bushes. Right 'twixt us was that old cedar, where the house burned down. The bushes was a leavin' way out over it, an' the woman was a gettin' nearer an' nearer. I was jest going to holler to her to be careful, when out her feet slipped an' lickety split, she went a sailin' down through them bushes, an' there she was, settin' flat on that collar floor! I was that scared soemed as if I couldn't cheep!"

"She didn't seem hurt, did she, set there kind of whimperin', an' then she jerked her bunnet off, an' declares to goodness, if it wasn't Malindy! An' if you'll believe it, Tenie, I hadn't no sooner seen who 'twas than every bit of old Adam riz in me, an' I set to myself, 'Guess they ain't no bones broke, an' set there, old lady, mebby it'll do you good!'"

"You think you're a regular Dan'l come to judgment, don't you?"

"I ain't a goin' to stand no insult," says he. "I'm goin' now, an' when the square an' me comes in the mornin' I ain't a doubt we'll find you right here."

"You ain't a goin' to let me stay here all night!" she gasped out. Malindy was a gettin' nervous an' hysterical, for the fall had shook her up dreadful, an' his sayin' that jest upset her. "Ain't you got no heart?" says she.

"You ain't never showed me an' Belindy none," says he, moving off.

"You wretch! an' me that 'traid of bear!' There ain't never a soul on this hill but that fat old idiot of a Mrs. Tinkler," says she.

"The mean old thing," cried Tenie in disgust. "She didn't say that, did she, maw?" "Honest injun, Tenie, I heard her with my own ears, an' to think of all I've done for that creature!"

"Dan'l Carter, how much will you take to let me out?" says she, lookin' fit to drop.

"There's only one way I'll let you out," says he, stern as a judge. "If you'll promise to act like a sane woman an' let Belindy go her own road, I'll give you another chance," says he.

"I ain't never a goin' to speak to Belindy," says she, as spiteful as ever. "I

TRICKS OF TURKS AT FIRES

Great Commotion Stirred Up by a Blaze at Constantinople.

HOW THE ALARM IS TURNED IN

A Racket Equal to a Boiler Factory in Action-Looting Burning Buildings and Robbing Visitors for Pay.

The very first night after my arrival in Constantinople I was awakened about 3 o'clock in the morning by an extraordinary uproar in the city. There was a booming of cannon, a rushing of soldiers, the clank and rattle of heavy wheels, the shouts of many voices and the howling of about a million dogs. I concluded that a revolution had started or a massacre at the hotel porter when I got out in the corridor that it was only a fire and not a very big one at that.

"You will get used to this sort of thing," he said, "before you have been paid for months, so we're having a good many fires."



"GET ME OUT OF THIS," SAYS SHE.

I did not see the connection and asked what he meant.

"Why," he said, "these poor devils, the firemen, have to live somehow, and when they don't get their wages they take it out in loot. So, in bad times like this, a fire in a Godsend to them and they do say," here he dropped his voice a little, "that when the fires don't come along often enough of their own accord the touloumbajis help things out with oil and matches."

"What, set fire to buildings?"

The porter nodded. "Why, that's nothing," he said. "The flames consume, and it is well; the firemen plunder, and it is well. Needless to say, the insurance companies look at the matter differently and avoid Constantinople risks as they would the pestilence."

I also visited the two fire towers and was able to verify by personal experience what is a matter of common knowledge that the men on duty there are a precious lot of ruffians. They keep the signals going well enough, the lights by night and colored balloons by day, but they look upon all who come near them as their legitimate prey. The Galata tower is a splendid old structure, built by the Genoese hundreds of years ago, and in consequence many tourists go to see it; for that matter it attracts the eye from all parts of Constantinople. And more than once it has happened that unsuspecting foreigners who have climbed patiently to the top, after paying an exorbitant fee, have been held up by three or four evil-looking men in firemen's uniform and been given the option of handing over a number of golden liras or being kept prisoners of all night, with the chance of worse treatment. Oh, the Constantinople fire department is worthy of the country!

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

He was a well-dressed man and carried a heavy cane, which I noticed he used constantly as if he might be a little lame.

"Sir," said the woman to him, "may I ask you to offer me the protection of your arm in crossing the street?"

"She said this in a very sweet and lady-like way, and the man with the cane touched his hat."

"Certainly, madame," he replied, and offered his arm. As they crossed the street I followed close behind them. The man with the cane was very careful. He halted several times, but they reached the other side without mishap. As the woman let go of his arm she said:

"Thank you, sir, for your courtesy and protection."

"You are quite welcome, madame," he replied. "But I fear you overvalue my protection—because I am blind!"

"And touching his hat again he turned and picked his way up the crowded sidewalk."

"It struck me that this was one of the strangest incidents I had ever encountered."

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ain't spoke to her this thirty year, an' I ain't goin' to."

"I'd a plaguey sight rather you wouldn't," says he, contemptuous like. "I might as well tell you, Belindy an' me is goin' to get married next Sunday, at Sister Marthy's, an' I'm comin' to run the farm. But if you'll promise to keep a civil tongue in your head I'll give you another chance."

"You ain't comin' there," says she, gettin' white as a sheet. "But I darstn't stay here. I'm afraid of my life."

"You won't see anythin' worse than yourself," says he, an' with that off he went. "An' when she couldn't see him no more down she went in a heap an' covered her face with her hands."

"An' then what do you think I done, Tenie? I jest up an' growled, that low an' muffled a awful, it sent the chills down my own backbone."

"For the lands sakes," cried Tenie, "you awful Maw Tinkler; what did poor Malindy do?"

"Malindy! Why, you'd a-thought she had a fit. She jumped an' she hollered, 'Dan'l! Dan'l! Dan'l!' an' she was a-cryin' an' she went a-cryin' down the hill 'till she seems as if I can hear it yet."

again. I saw the touloumbajis rush up, knocking people to right and left and trampling on vagrant dogs. I saw them set up their squirt-gun pumps and let fly with puny streams and I watched the regulars work with puffing engines. Somehow the blaze would gradually subside in spite of flimsy wooden structures for it to feed upon. And the crowd would look on in the most impassive way, not even the owners of property bestirring themselves to save their worldly goods. Here, as in all else, the deep-rooted philosophy holds sway, that whatever comes is Allah's will. The flames consume, and it is well; the firemen plunder, and it is well. Needless to say, the insurance companies look at the matter differently and avoid Constantinople risks as they would the pestilence."

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CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures a cold and stops the nose-irking. Price 25c.

A REMARKABLE CURE. Led a Frightened Woman Across a Crossed Street.

"I saw a most remarkable occurrence on the street the other day," said a local professional man, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "and it made a deep impression on me. A woman came down Euclid avenue and stopped at the corner of Bond street. She evidently wanted to cross to the other side of the avenue. She was not a young woman, and she did not look strong. There was quite a jam of vehicles in the street, motor cars, wagons and bicycles, and she seemed a little timid about risking the passage. As she hesitated a man came up Bond street and passed beside her."

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