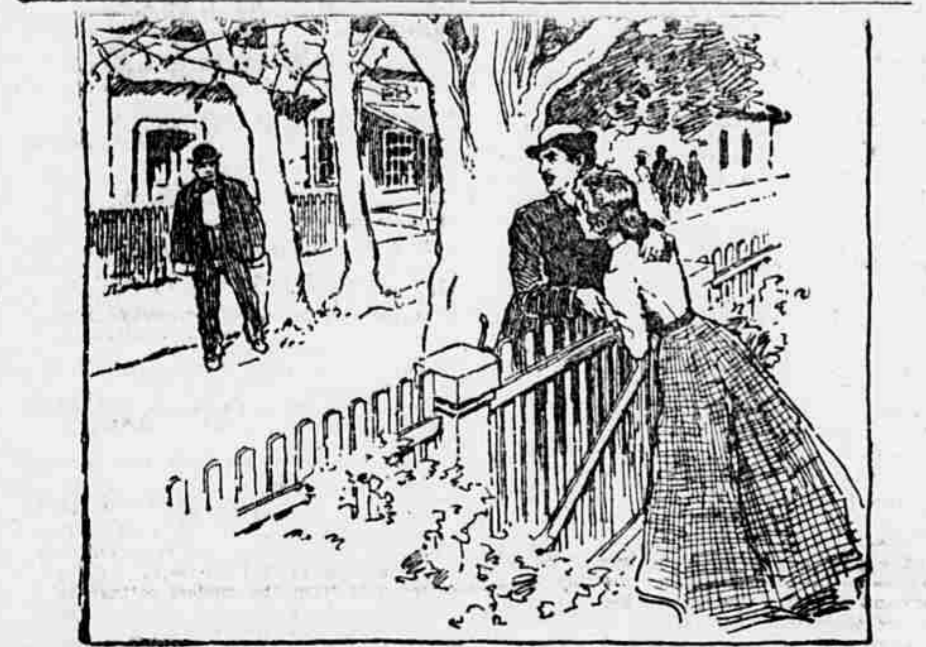


JOE HALLIDAY'S COURTSHIP.

By HERBERT E. HAMBLEN.

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A strapping, square-shouldered, brown-eyed young fellow, with traces of coal dust in his lashes, rolled up overalls under his arm and a railroad dinner pail in his hand, leading against a gate. On the other side a blond girl with sunny hair and apple-cheeked cheeks.



HE DROPPED HIS OVERALLS AND DINNER PAIL, REACHED ACROSS, AND DRAWING THE SMILING FACE TO HIS—

ring solid with the dog. As popular reports credited Bendigo with a collection of samples from the fair Annie's would-be admirer, Joe had been thinking that Bendigo came tearing through the gate, his wrinkled muzzle, gleaming fangs and erect mane, eloquent of his intentions, he found nobody there but his very good friend, Joe Halliday. Joe soothed his disappointment with scraps from his dinner pail, patting the great head affectionately and resumed his homework course—vowing to get square with Old Dave, if he had to steal Annie bodily.

shine. Even crabbed old Dave felt the soothing influence of the perfect day as he tore along counting mile posts and noting time. He congratulated himself on the squariness with which she stepped it, and the lively manner in which she picked up her heels, until he remembered that the kid had had the valves reset; then he resumed the mental stunt known to engineers as "fingerin' ahead."

In places he could make up fractions of a minute in either he would be thankful to hold his own. He must have enough water in her so he could shut off his injector and lace the life out of her going into Newtown. If old Hannigan should feel the semaphore on him today he would feel like murdering him, for the fellow roused as he rode along, getting better natured every minute as he saw that he was "gittin' 'em there."

The approach to Newtown was "pokey." There was a mile and a half of stiff grade right up to the station. By a wire a switch on the grade was spanned by an overhead railroad bridge of solid masonry. Fifty yards this side of the bridge there was a freight yard switch, the track branching off on Dave's side. The yard was completely empty, except for a small engine and a switchman, who, at that time of day, threw a dense black shadow on the switch. When the switch was open, its round, red target blazed a warning to approaching engineers.

When closed, the thin edge of the sheet-iron target was invisible. To render it absolutely safe, it was interlocked with a semaphore 1,500 feet down the line. The rules required that the semaphore be pulled down—to safety—only when in view of the approaching engineer. It could only be pulled down when the switch rod, closed, because a switchman, if he allowed the semaphore locking bar to pass through it, locking the switch. When the switch was open the solid rod was prevented from being pulled down. The semaphore locking bar would be withdrawn from the hole and the switch could be thrown either way, which was all right, as no train would pass the semaphore when in that position.

Surly old Mike Flanagan had been on the day shift at the switch for years. He rigorously enforced the rule, everything must be clear and the switch closed ten minutes before a first-class train was due. Strong in his integrity, he showed but scant courtesy, even to the roadmaster, and he was detested for duty as heartily as he was detested for his arrogance.

With her throat wide open, and roaring like the incarnate fiend of destruction, she entered the switch at a 70-mile-an-hour gait. She beveled her head, whipped around, and rolling over, she plowed through ties and rails into the yard. The ripping up of track was dropped in the distance, and the engine and its train, when she hit the yard, were as helpless as a steam locomotive.

At another time the cook was told to buy a hundred "ladies' fingers" for an evening party. Two hours later he entered the courtyard of the American legation riding upon the shaft of a Chinese cart and reported that he had been able to buy in Pekin only sixteen "ladies' fingers." "Why did you hire a cart?" he was asked. "To bring them home—they weigh five or six pounds each."

Instead of tiny strips of sponge cake to be served with tea, a whole pie was sent to his master's table. A wrong tone of his master's voice had done the mischief.

The duck's feet were cut, bruised, sore, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cure piles, if not cured, a refund will be given. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

WRATH OF A PRAIRIE BELLE. Pretty Alice McDonald Slays Her Indian Husband at Tahlequah.

MINGLING OF ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY. Thrilling Story of a White Woman's Life Among the Cherokees—Vengeance of a Betrayed Bride.

Allie McDonald, the white wife of Jim McDonald, a quarter-blood Cherokee, shot her husband dead in the street at Tahlequah, I. T., June 19, but she has not been arrested and it is not likely she will be brought to trial.

Some of the Difficulties of Learning to Speak Good Chinese. The oldest spoken language, now existing upon the earth, reports Youth's Companion, is the Chinese. It has an enormous list of words—the estimate of the number of characters ranges from 25,000 to 260,000.

He had been educated in the east and came back to the territory with all the proper refinement of a gentleman and the outward graces of a man of the world. As soon as his eyes fell upon the ranchman's daughter he resolved to woo and win her. The task proved an easy one. The gentle beauty he courted more greedily than the thrilling words of the dusky Moor than Allie Madaris to the eloquent pleadings of the handsome Cherokee.

He did not remain in the Cherokee nation after that, but went to New York, giving it out that he was going in search of his wife. The impression he left behind was that of a lover of horse flesh, who had somehow on Manhattan in the heartbroken Cherokee succeeded in finding the wicked artist among his sketches of "The Cherokee at Home."

One day the young bride's father was found dead in the woods, killed by an unknown assassin. That he had been shot down by an enemy was unlikely, for it was not known that he had an enemy in the territory. That he had been murdered for the money in his purse was even more unlikely, for his pockets were untried. This was a deed for which it was necessary to seek a culprit more than either of these.

On one occasion, when Mr. Holcombe was the host of a large dinner party, he ordered his Chinese butler to supply some small articles that were not on the table. The man seemed puzzled, then went out and returned with the kitchen upon a tray. The host had placed an aspirate where it did not belong.

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Under the name of a "Six Killer," a certain man had been known in the territory for some time. He was a white man, with only faint traces of the tawny strength and immobility that bespeak his kinship to the prairie race.

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the first was still fresh was too hazardous. To live with the woman whom he now hated, to caress and fondle her whose very embracements had become a reproach to him, to have children by her who would deprive him of the fruits of his crime had become impossible to him.

Something, he thought, must be done and done quickly. To wait was intolerable. There must be an entanglement at once and of a kind that would render his wife friendless in her grief and unsought in her apparent unworthiness.

Jim McDonald had the craft to conceive a plot that would serve his ends and the "nerve" to carry it into execution. There was a tenderfoot at Checotah, a New York artist, who had come to the territory to make sketches of the Cherokees at home. This artist had made the acquaintance of Mr. Madaris and was a welcome visitor at the ranch. He was one of the guests at the Madaris-McDonald wedding.

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the place indicated and found her asleep in one corner of the cave. Her surprise and joy at her rescue were very great. Sometimes she said, she would allow to walk over the hills, guarded by "Six Killer," but most of the time she was kept a close prisoner in the cave. She was often brutally treated and would not have lived many years if her imprisonment in her close and unwholesome cell had continued.

She had lost all reckoning of time and had abandoned hope of ever being rescued. To her the months of her imprisonment had seemed years. Her health had suffered as much through her hopelessness and despair as through confinement, unwholesome food, and treatment and her strength of body and mind.

One day she escaped. She had not gone far when she met her husband on the street, and, without a moment's hesitation, shot him dead. It was the vengeance of the bride of the Cherokee.

It is scarcely surprising under all these circumstances that the people of Tahlequah and Checotah are her friends, and will not consent that this much-injured woman shall be tried for her life. Among her foremost champions is the brother of handsome Jim McDonald.

This story reads like a romance. It is a romance—but it is true.

Advertisement for Absolute Security and Carter's Little Liver Pills, featuring a cartoon illustration of a man's internal organs and text describing the benefits of the pills for various ailments.

Advertisement for Sex-in-a-Bottle, describing a medicine that treats various ailments related to health and vitality.

Advertisement for Dr. Charcot's Tonic Tablets and Strong Drink is Death, with detailed text and illustrations of a bottle and a person.

Advertisement for Exclusive Fancy Shirts, highlighting the quality and variety of the garments offered.

Amateur Golfer—Yes, I'd enjoy the game better if I could be perfectly sure that blamed caddie isn't laughing at me all the time.