Speak Good Chinese,

The lack of an alphabet and the number

JOE HALLIDAY'S COURTSHIP.

By HERBERT E. HAMBLEN.

(Copyright, 1899, by Herbert E. Hamblen.) , old fogy notions has no charms for him, He A strapping, square-shouldered, brown- began making changes at once. He keyed eyed young fellow, with traces of coal dust they up all round, took up lost motion all in his lashes, rolled-up overalls under his over her, started up the feed on the oil cups, arm and a railroad dinner pail in his hand, crawled into the front end and did things leaning against a gate. On the other side to the diphragm and nozzle and swedged a blue-eyed girl with sunny hair and appleopen the meshes of the spark netting to let red cheeks. her breathe. He got the valves reset by

promising to stand between the roundhouse Joe Halliday, just in with the night freight, surrendered to temptation. He dropped his foreman and cranky Dave. He familiarized himself with and mastered her pet vices, overalls and dinner pail, reached across and drawing the smiling face to his, pressed spread the light to the conductors, enthused the fireman, and went for a new record. his lips to the crumpled twin rose leaves. Joe said nothing to Annie of the new

bound to do or die, he sald:

made out to git thar with 'em."

to misunderstand:

With innocent fearlessness the blue eyes looked into the brown ones, while their methods he was inaugurating, but her father owner drank in the pleasant greeting of her lover. Suddenly her gaze was deflected saw Joe every other day, so the law of compensation more than evened matters up. over his shoulder, the happy look was dis-Dave snorted about in futile rage for a placed by one of terror, and with the cry, 'Oh, here comes papa!" she fled toward the house

Old Dave Spellman had forgotten his pipe for once-a brierwood, burned to the water's edge and strong enough to lack up a derailed mogul-and had come back after it. He caught a glimpse of a blue gingham skirt as it whipped around the rose bush and then his surly gaze felf upon Joe. Here was another one of 'em.

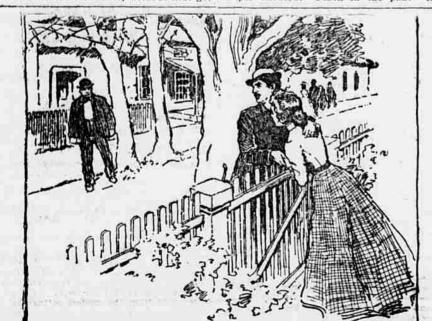
Joe was conscious of a guilty blush, but he greeted Annie's father with a diplomatic "Good morning, Dave!"

"What are you hangin' round here fer?" growled Dave. "Git along about yer business; I don't want ye here! Come clear out!" he shouted, as Joe drew himself up with flushed cheeks and eyes snapping and declined to move.

"Who do you think you're talking to?" asked Joe angrily, his diplomacy scattered to the four winds by old Dave's onslaught. "I'm talkin' to you. I won't hey ve runnin' after my gal. These is my premises; git out!"

"This is the public highway, an' I'll get out when I get good an' ready. You ought to be ashamed to talk about your daughter like that; I always knew you was an old-But Dave had kicked the gate open and was rushing toward the house, calling, 'Bendigo!'

A moment later Joe heard an urgent can change 'em back again on your trip; but don't you come round trying to boss "Sick 'im, boy!" followed by a rushing, me, 'cause I won't stand it." growling, gravel-scattering within the "premises," which told him that Dave had Completely flabbergasted, corked up, his the dog on him. But Joe wasn't one gun effectually spiked, Old Dave withdrew of the slow sort who court the daughter of in disorder, while an irreverent young an irascible old railroader, without first get- wiper should: "Flash in the pan!" from



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

shine. Even crabbed old Dave felt the was too much, even for him. They shook WRATH OF A PRAIRIE BELLE the first was still fresh was too hazardous. the place indicated and found her asleep in bands, slowly, the hard look melted out WRATH OF A PRAIRIE BELLE To live with the woman whom he now one corner of the cave. Her surprise and joy tore along counting mile posts and noting time. He congratulated himself on the squareness with which she chopped it off and the lively manner in which she picked up her heels, until he remembered that the been known to make. He got a signal to go and as Joe jumped kid had had the valves reset; then he resumed the mental stunt known to engineers off he called after him, "Come 'round to the house this evenin'."

as "figgerin' abead." In places he could make up fractions of minute, in others he would be thankful on his sturdy son-in-law, the old man reto 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 Flannigan should hold the semaphore on him today he would feel killed me, though. like murdering him. And so the old fellow

And Joe tells Anna that her father is all mused as he rode along, getting better natured every minute as he saw that he was right "if you only understood him." OLDEST OF LIVING TONGUES.

fellows.

clumsy and full of pittfalls.

"gittin' 'em there." The approach to Newtown was "pokey." There was a mile and a half of stiff grade Some of the Difficulties of Learning to

right up to the station-that was where he would need to have them going. Half-way The oldest spoken language now existent

became well nigh unbearable; however, she up this grade the road was spanned by an upon the earth, reports Youth's Companion, verhead railroad bridge of solid masonry. is the Chinese. It has an enormous list of Fifty yards this side of the bridge there was words-the estimate of the number of a freight yard switch, the track branching characters ranges from 25,000 to 260,000. week. He told his troubles to no one; would off on Dave's side. The yard was concealed The language has no alphabet. Each charhardly admit of their existence himself. It from approaching trains by an immense acter represents a complete idea, and cor-was incomprehensible that "a kid just off coal shed, which, at that time of day, threw responds, practically, to the English word. of freight" should presume to maul about a dense black shadow on the switch. When and overhaul his engine. But there was no the switch was open, its round, red target tom of the page and from right to left. A let-up to the desecration, and at last it blazed a warning to approaching engineers. Chinese book ends where an English book became unbearable; so down he came one When closed, the thin edge of the sheetbegins. Writing is done with a fine camel's morning before Joe got away. Stepping up iron target was invisible. To render it ab- hair brush and India ink.

to thim with the air of a man who was solutely safe, it was interlocked with a semaphore 1,500 feet down the line. The rules required that the semaphore "Say, young man, if you can't git along with this engine the way she is you better be pulled down-to safety-only when in look for another job; I'm gittin' about sick view of the approaching engineer. It could

o' this monkey business. I run 'er quite only be pulled down when the switch was a spell 'fore you got 'round an' she allus closed, because a hole in the switch rod would then be in a position that would al-Joe would have liked to conciliate An- low the semaphore locking bar to pass

nie's father, but he knew the utter futility through it, locking the switch. When the of attempting anything of the kind, so he switch was open the solid rod was prejust remembered that he was a cantankerous sented to the point of the locking bar, preold railroader, to be effectually sat upon venting the semaphore being pulled down. right now. He finished filling the rod cup, With the semaphore at "stop" the locking screwed the cover on carefully and gave bar would be withdrawn from the hole and the end of the rod a shake to try its fit on the switch could be thrown either way, the pin. Then he turned to the enraged which was all right, as no train would pass old engineer, and, looking him squarely in the semaphore when in that position. the eye said, with a firmness impossible

Surly old Mike Flannigan had been on the day shift at the switch for years. He rig- have attempted to master the English tongue "We'll settle this matter right now, Dave, orously enforced the rule, everything must be own just as much stock in this engine clear and the switch closed ten minutes beas you do, and I'm going to fix things the fore a first-class train was due. Strong in his integrity, he showed but scant courtesy, way I want 'em; if they don't sult you, you even to the roadmaster, and he was respected for duty as heartily as he was detested for

his arrogance. While disconnecting to put in a new se of head blocks the section gang broke the bolt connecting the semaphore locking bar to its crank; hence, for a night and a part of two days the vital connection between

semaphore and switch was broken. Mike, of course, knew this, but during the controversy, when, with unnecessary insolence, he drove the way freight engine back into the

yard, it slipped from his memory. Dave nese. nearly pulled the whistle off the dome when he whipped around the curve and Mike, the infallible, pulled the semaphore down, with the switch open to the freight yard. When Dave saw the semaphore come down promptly in response to his whistle, his faith in that incomparable combination, old Flannigan and the interlocking system, assured him that here was the safest spot on the thought was an invitation from his lips to whole division. She was going like a frightened deer, but he dropped her down a notch. The sharp, distinct rhythm of the exhaust formation that they had made a mistake in blended in a continuous roar, and she fied, entering the chapel.

rolling wildly, toward the open archway under the bridge. boiler pressure, allowing the safety valve to a man ceases to be a man if you change Dave reached it and shut off the injector. and may become a disease, a nightingale or Again that plume of feathery white steam, a carrot. One tone, and only one, expresses indicating the 140-pound limit-appeared at man. There are four of these tones in the summit of the dome. As Dave peered standard or mandarin dialect-a high-curvinto the shadow of the coal shed, the red ing inflection and a falling inflection. target suddenly glared at him like the eye of a basilisk and he experienced the sen- tone, means brazen-faced; in the second, to ried was a fiend. Her cup of rejoicing after

has come.

of the old man's face, and he said; "Danged If I don't believe you're the best feller on the whole road, after all," which was the biggest concession he had ever | Pretty Alice McDonald Slays Her Indian Husband at Tahlequah.

MINGLING OF ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY When the minister congratulated Dave

plied with such a smile as no one remem-Thrilling Story of a White Woman's bered ever to have seen on his face before Life Among the Cherokees-Vengennee of a Be-

> husband dead in the street at Tahlequah. T., June 19, but she has not been arrested trial. Although the act would be murder in the view of the courts, relates a correspondoccurred by people who know the woman's provocation as not only justifiable but commendable homicide. The officers of the law share in the feelings of the community, and so instead of being regarded as a criminal Allie McDonald is today the heroine of Tablequah.

The killing was the swift vengeance of the Cherokee's bride, and instead of being condemned it is applauded.

of characters make learning to read Chinese Allie McDonald was the only child of a burdensome. Each character must be wealthy stock raiser at Checotah, in the Inlearned by itself. When the student has dian Territory. She was a daughter of the mastered 5,000 characters the succeeding prairie and when she budded into womanhood thousands must be learned in the same way. Those which he has mastered furnish no beauty of a wild flower. Lithe as a panther, assistance to learning the others, save as she was as fascinating in form as in feature practice may have given him a certain and she was as amiable as she was beautiful quickness in perceiving the peculiar form which distinguishes each character from its attractions not the least important in the eyes of some of the young men who met her The grammar of the language is so simple as to be almost non-existent. The same word serves indifferently as a noun, verb, adverb or adjective. Moods, tenses, persons, gender and number are lacking; there are neither, conjugations, nor declensions, lodgement in her own. nor auxiliary verbs. The few Chinese who Jim" came back to Checotah the maiden surregard its grammatical construction as rendered and became the bride of the handsome Indian.

Jim McDonald, quarter Indian as he was had inherited with his Cherokee blood only the graceful movement and picturesque speech of the children of the woods. In face and feature he was a white man, with only faint traces of the tawny strength and immobility that bespoke his kinship to the primeval race.

parent refinement of a gentleman and the outward graces of a man of the world. As almost inevitable blunders in speaking Chisoon as his eyes fell upon the ranchman's Mr. Holcombe once heard a venerable misdaughter he resolved to woo and win her. sionary address the Delty in prayer, before The task proved an easy one. The gentle a crowded Chinese audience, as "O Thou Omnivorous God." He meant to say "om-Desdemona listened not more greedily to the thrilling words of the dusky Moor than Allie niscient," but used an aspirated instead of Madaris to the eloquent pleadings of the an unaspirated ch. Another missionary saw handsome Cherokee. There were no obwith astonishment the audience hurriedly structions to the smooth current of their leave his chapel, in response to what he love. Allie's father made no objection to the match and after a brief courtship they be seated. 'An aspirated "t" had turned the were married at his house. The wedding supposed speech of welcome into the in- | was the great social event of that section and the festivities were marked by many augurles of a brilliant future for the happy pair. The father was proud of his Indian bride. In Chinese the tone in which a word is spoken determines its meaning as much as son-in-law. The Cherokee seemed devoted

The longer point of cutoff relieved the the sound does. For instance: In Chinese to his fair bride. The young wife put unquestioned trust in her Cherokee husband. seat. Without taking his eye from the track the tone of the voice in uttering the word, Even jealous rivals acknowledged that handsome Jim McDonald was a fit mate for beautiful Allie Madaris.

nuptial rejoicings over when Allie McDonald , artist. The sound "man," if uttered in the first discovered that the husband she had mar-

sation railroad men know when their time hide; in the third, full, and in the fourth, a few short weeks was filled with blood. Her Father Assassinated.

hated, to caress and fondle her whose very at her rescue were very great. endearments had become a reproach to him, she said, she was allowed to walk over the to have children by her who would deprive hills, guarded by "Six Killer," but most him of the fruits of his crime had become of the ticic sue was kept a close prisoner in impossible to him.

done quickly. To wait was intolerable. There must be an entappiement at once cell had continued. and of a kind that would render his wife . apparent unworthiness.

'nerve' to carry it into execution. There was a tenderfoot at Checotah, a

ance of Mr. Madaris and was a welcome visitor at the ranch. He was one of the As Miss Madaris, Mrs. McDonald had admired his sketches. At her request he made a picture of the scene of the murder and her father lying dead in the woods. In itself this simple act was calculated to drive the . guilty husband into a frenzy, but Jim Mc-Donald was not a man to give way to his real emotions. He deliberately chose to misinterpret an act of simple devotion to her father's memory as a sign of his wife's guilty love for the artist. He upbraided the

woman. He menaced the man. He made no secret of what he pretended to believe was an intrigue between his wife and the stranger. The murderer was guilty of a second crime even more heinous than murderhe robbed an innocent woman of her reputa tion for chastity in the eyes of her neigh

bors, and that woman his wife. Fearing for his life the artist ran awoy. Then Mrs. McDonald disappeared. When the artist was gone and McDonald's home was empty handsome Jim gave it out there had been an elopement. The New York man, he said, had stolen his wife from him. He offered a reward of \$10,000 for her return. He pretended to be the worst abused and the most forgiving of husbands. If he could only have his wife back, everything should be forgiven. The community was mystified. Some of the men suspected; but nearly all the women pitied him. As

a Cherokee angel in the eyes of nearly everybody. 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 there would be a bloody studio somewhere on Manhattan if the heartbroken Cherokee succeeded in finding the wicked artist among his sketches of "The Cherokee

In the Metropolis.

the wronged husband, no cuckold ever

turned his wrongs to such good account.

In a few days, handsome Jim McDonald was

In New York handsome Jim McDonald had a very good time indeed. He had plenty of money with him and he used it with the profusion of a good Indian. He traced the ballet girls to their lains and corraled them on the roof gardens. He made the acquaintance of the sports about town and sometimes treated with profuse hospitality. He showed an interest in Indian traditions by making friends at the wigwams of St. Tammany. Being a lover of horse flesh, he sometimes "played the races." But he did not altogether forget the pretended purpose of his visit to New York. He caused long articles to be printed in the "vellow" jouruals about his unending search for his lost The Red Men and the "yellow" journals

at Home."

made a good thing of it. The story of the faithful Cherokee and his fickle bride made good reading for the admirers of Steve Brodie and "Buffalo Bill;" but it is a noteworthy fact that handsome Thus the wedding feast was eaten and the Jim McDonald never called upon the police

wedding guests departed. Scarcely were the to aid him in his search for the wicked In time the ballet girls, the sports, the Tammany braves and the races began to

pall upon the Cherokee, and he began to think of returning to the Indian Territory.

the cave. She was often brutally treated Something, he thought, must be done and and would not have lived many years if her Imprisonment in her close and unwholesome

She had lost all reckoning of time and had friendless in her grief and unsought in her abandoned hope of ever being rescued. To her the months of her imprisonment had

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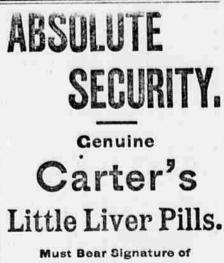
Jim McDonald had the craft to conceive a second years. Her health had suffered as plot that would serve his ends and the much through her hopelessnes and despair as through confinement, unwholesome food, bad treatment and her damp prison. It was New York artist, who had come to the terri- with the utmost difficulty that she was able tory to make sketches of the Cherokees at to make her way back to Tahloquah with home. This artist had made the acquaint- the detective, but freedom gave her renewed

courage and nerved her for the effort. After she reached Tablequah, Mrs. Mcguests at the Madaris-McDonald wedding. Donald was kept in her room for several days, so that she might be able to recuperate and recover her strength of body and mind. One day she escaped. She had not gone fat 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 treumstances that the people of Tahlequah and Checotah are her friends, and will not consent that this much-injured woman shall by tried for her life. Among her foremost champions is the brother of handsome Jim McDonald.

This story reads like a romance. 1: is a comance-but it is true.

Gunshot wounds and powder burns, cuts. bruises, sprains, wounds from rusty insect stings and ivy poisonin -quickly healed by De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Positively prevents blood poisoning. Beware of counterfeits. "De Witts" is safe and sure.



Great 500.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.



The Chinese characters give no clew to the pronunciation, and no amount of book study will enable a foreigner to speak the language. That ability must be acquired by months of drill, a quick ear and great flexibility of the vocal organs. Even the most faithful effort fails to enable many foreigners to speak Chinese correctly. Chester Holcombe, for many years interpreter to the United States legation at An Indian Gentleman. Pekin, from whose interesting book, "The He had been educated in the east and Real Chinaman," we have copied, relates came back to the territory with all the apseveral anecdotes illustrative of a foreigner's

"Yes, pa'son, he's a fine young feller. was a pigheaded ol' fool, but I got a little trayed Bride. sense knocked into me at last; pooty near Allle McDonald, the white wife of Jim Me-

Donald, a quarter-blood Cherokee, shot her and it is not likely she will be brought to ent of the Philadelphia Times, the circumstances that led to it are so peculiar that it is looked upon in the community where i It is written in columns from top to bot-

it was to bloom with the rich, luxuriant She was accomplished, too, and among her at her father's ranch was the fact that she was an heiress. Many came to woo, but for a long time none to wed, for while Allie Madaris' black eyes sent a shaft of love into many a heart, no returning arrow found a Tenderfoot and cowboy wooed in vain, but when "Cherokee

port credited Bendigo with a collection of It- was the last time that Dave tried to samples from the fair Annie's would-be ad- run both sides of her. Ill feeling increased mirers, Joe had been forewarned. When between the two engineers until Joe's love Bendigo came tearing through the gate, his for Annie was hardly sufficient to prevent wrinkled muzzle, gleaming fangs and erect him cordially hating her father. Communimane, eloquent of his intentions, he found cation between them ceased at once, but nobody there but his very good friend, Joe they heard from each other daily. Brother Halliday. Joe soothed his disappointment with scraps from his dinner pail, patted the great head affectionately and resumed homeward course-vowing to get square with Old Dave, if he had to steal Annie bodily.

In the meantime, poor Annie went about her work with drooping head, her long lashes daintily brushing her flushed cheeks, accepting in silence her father's caustic vituperations. "So that's what all that extry whistlin's fer, down here at the yard block, hey? Thought 'twas for his mother to have his breakfast ready," grunted Dave, who knew a thing or two himself. It now became impossible for the lovers only thing that counted in this contest. to meet, except when Joe came in on Dave's Green flags and slow-boards received scant day out; but when that combination occurred, a strain was put upon the gate hinges, and the blue eyes and the brown ning. But competition was sharp, the train ones drank each other's meaning, while savage Bendigo lay contentedly at their feet.

Joe pleaded his cause with the eloquence teen minutes on the west bound trip of desperation; there were no little brothers or sisters to be cared for; nobody at all but Old Dave. And he pictured in glowing col- minutes late and made up sixteen-according ors the contrast between this and the life to the train sheet. He had a row over it in she would lead as his wife in the handsome the office, claiming seventeen, but had to cottage just being completed near the church. accept the official figures. He said he would But her unvarying answer, delivered in have made up the whole twenty only for old

that monotonous tone which sounded to Joe Flannigan holding the semaphore against like the wall of utter hopelessness, was: "I him at Newtown, causing him to shut off, can't; O, Joe, I can't! Not while father lose his way and crawl all the way up the Who but me could get along with mile and a half grade to the station. lives. him? Please don't ask me, dear."

And so two fond hearts mourned. Joe proposed tackling the old man himself,

nerve "Losin' my nerve, be I?" Dave roared. boldly demanding his daughter's hand; but when this was repeated to him. "Say, if I Annie begged him not to imperil what little comfort she had in life. To his suggestion don't make that kid lose his nerve 'fore he's that she might be able to talk her father follered me round the division another over she replied that she had never known thirty days I'll take a 'hog' on extra him to recede from a position he had once freight. Losin' my nerve! Well, blast him!" taken. So they were obliged to content them- and he dived under her with an armful of selves with such clandestine meetings as wrenches, swearing to himself and splutthey could get, though they found them far tering tobacco juice in all directions. When he left that trip-eighteen minutes from satisfactory.

Old Dave had run one side of the steamlate-he told his fireman he could pick himboat express for years and he tyranized over self out of a hog when he got back if he his partner, easy-going Harry Joyce, as he failed to keep a hundred and forty on her did over everybody else. Dave owned the every minute.

"Git 'em there, Dave!" the station master engine and everything pertaining to her; there was no disputing that. In the big bliz- called after him as he pulled out. "I'll register 'O T' at Franklin today, or zard of '88 poor Harry stayed with her in a snowdrift for thirty-six hours and went home this mill will go to the shop on a flat car and died of pneumonia a week later. tomorrow," Dave shouled back.

Everybody said it was a happy release. Joe Halliday, being the senior freight en- freight yard he dropped his hat in the seat in on the twelve-hour day. He felt a tergineer, was promoted to the vacancy. Here box and tied a red bandanna around his rible sense of disgrace. It was a comewas a combination with a vengeance! Joe bead. He was out for business. Then was down he had never expected, and he was would much have preferred that it had been seen a bit of slick running. The old engineer aware that there was a general sense of somebody else's turn for a passenger train. brought into play all the fine points he had satisfaction at his downfall. Not a man had Annie was thrown into a state of mind and learned in twenty years at the throttle. He spoken a word of sympathy and he was the all hands on the road kept their ears meta- cut her back, or dropped her down a notch oldest engineer on the road. Not that he phorically inclined for the explosion. Dave as she approached sags and knolls so slight cared, but-

ask his opinion.

Joe and Dave were never at home on the sumed a smoothness most delightful. With her cars back, take the bit in her teeth and out. Dave 150 miles up the road, the young fly. couple felt safe in deserting the gate in favor of the parlor.

from ten to thirty minutes, and, of course, water. Dave had always opposed tearing the been wheeled before.

ting solid with the dog. As popular re- | under the engine. That marked a new era. she entered the switch at a 70-mile-an-hour gait. and rails into the yard. The ripping up of track was drowned in the clash of rendengineers, hostlers and wipers saw to it that they were kept posted.

deflected from its course before the Janney Joe made up all the time he could and coupler broke, leaped over her stripped the Dave wouldn't be beaten. The train came way freight engine to its boiler, killing the to be known as "The Flyer," and freight engineer and fireman. Four coaches jammen quit speculating as to how much of

med themselves into a chaotic mass of splinher time they could safely steal. All hands tered wood and twisted iron against took sides. The young runners hinted sagely at "new blood," while the fossils said they'd seen "smartles" before and predicted a dull -and stood at an unstable angle, demonand sickening thud. strating "What happened when an irresist-

Neither had any advantage. Scientific runble force meets an immovable body." ning, the ability to get more work out of an While ruin and death were rampart at engine than she was built to do was the the Newtown switch, Joe and Annie-secured in Dave's absence-were snugly encourtesy and both men were had upon the azza. A bobolink fluttered from the topcarpet and cautioned against reckkless runmost twig of the great elm into the tall grass, filling the silence with its joyful was making a name for itself and nothing A locust donned its sleepy chant at notes had happened-yet; so the "super" winked their feet. All the voices of nature sang of the other eve and the race went merrily on. peace, and they were lost in the semi-obliv-On the Fourth of July Joe made up seven-

ion of love's grand, sweet dream. A railroad contrast! ing the record. Next day Dave left twenty Although Davy plowed up considerable gravel, and knocked against the company's property in a good many places, he was one of the first to assist the imprisoned passengers and superintend the loading of his engine on a flat car. He laid off for thir-

ty days, complaining of his back; but in one of the rare interiewvs they were now able to get. Annie told Joe that she feared her father's nerve was gone, and that he would Joe laughed when he heard that and said never run again. Joe would not venture to he guessed the old man was losing his call-nobody did-but he nodded cheerily the sour visage whenever he saw it at the

> window as he passed. Dave came out of his shell and tried it again, but it was no use. He made three trips, but he would shut off at Newtown switch in spite of himself, and was no good for the rest of the trip. Finding himself unable to make the time, he submitted to the inevitable and applied for a switch engine. The old man could have given him a nice job in the passenger yard, but there are always old scores to be paid off on a ratiroad. Dave had been "sassy" when he was boss of the twenty-seven and had the superintendent at his back, so now he got an old worn-out hog, in the freight yard-

and he made no kick. His nerve was, indeed, pretty well gone! He took a preliminary sweat under herfrom habit-and was half tired and wholly When through the tunnel and clear of the heartsick and discouraged when he started

said nothing and nobody had the temerity to as to be imperceptible except to his finely-The unfamiliar work, the continual hand trained sense of feeling. He fed the cold ling of the reverse lever and stretching There was one enormous gain, anyway; water to her with the precision of a physi- out of the window watching for signals, cian guiding a patient through a crisis and wrenched him and made every bone in him same day; consequently the proverbially babled and coaxed her like a spoiled child. ache. He was conscious of the aneering rocky road of true love immediately as- And nobly she responded; she seemed to lay flippancy of the yardmen, but he toughed it

Along toward evening he took advantage The fireman-mindful of his chief's ad- of a momentary lull in the work to sit down monition and that a modicum of the credit and lean his aching back against the side

The steamboat train was always late. On of success as well as all the odium of failure of the cab. His old train had come in a this end the steamers delayed it anywhere would be his-toiled like a galley slave. Be- few minutes before, and he was indulging tween them she carried the white feather at in bitter thoughts. Somebody climbed up lots of things can happen to iny out a fast her safety valve mile after mile and the in the tender and Joe Halliday stood before eastbound train between Chicago and tide- steamboat train was wheeled as it never had him. Joe laid a hand lightly on his shoulder, and as their eyes met, he said:

engine to pieces and burning coal to make up an extra five minutes. So poor Harry-for the sake of peace-had always run just as dark, midsummer green of trees and grass dark. The sake of the sake of peace-had always run just as dark. The sake of the sake of the sake of peace-had always run just as dark. The sake of th

Dave told him to. But Joe was ambitious; until they sparkled gally in the bright sun- the honest sympathy in the brown eyes

With her throttle wide open, and roarabsurd blunders. ing like the incarnate fiend of destruction,

the

A missionary once informed his audience that the Savior, when on earth, "went about eating cake." He intended to say "healing She heeled her head, whipped around, the sick," but an aspirate wrongly placed

slow. These four tones are the occasions of

and, rolling over, she plowed through ties changed the healing into eating, while an error in tone made cake out of sick. On one occasion, when Mr. Holcombe was the host of a large dinner party, he ordered ing iron and hissing steam when she bit his Chinese butler to supply some small the way freight engine. The baggage car, article that was 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.

At another time the cook was told to buy railroad bridge. The rear one upended itself a hundred "ladies' fingers" for an evening on the pile-accentuated the horror beneath 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 sconsed in a shady corner of the back pi- pounds each.'

Instead of tiny strips of sponge cake to be erved with ice cream he had bought sixteen fresh ox tongues. A wrong tone of his master's voice had done the mischief.

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all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles. or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn Co.

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 unrifled. This was a deed for which it was necessary to seek a subtler motive than either of these. Suspicion pointed to handsome Jim Mc Donald, but as there was no proof, no man dared say openly that he suspected the Cherokee. As to the unhappy wife and bereaved daughter, she never thought of looking for her father's murderer in the man whom she had trusted above all others, and with whom she had shared her couch with her father's blessing. But Handsome Jim was the assassin. He had shot down Madaris as the first step toward securing Madaris' estate. Even had he left no will, her father's property would have gone to Mrs. McDonald, but Mr. Madaris left a will, by which his

her children-only in case of her death without issue was it to go to McDonald, if he survived her. The murderer had failed to achieve his end

by his first crime, and it soon became apparent that his wife had a will of her own and that he would fail to achieve it while she lived, especially while there was a possibility

of offspring. To become a father with handsome Jim

One man, Detective Dunkin, who had heard McDonald's stories about his stolen bride, had promptly set them down as lies, and was waiting for his return. Last month McDonald came back. Dunkin got on his trail and succeeded in tracing him to Tahlequah.

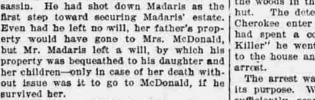
Fifteen miles southeast of Tahlequah in the deep woods is the hut of a noted Indian outlaw, who is called by the expressive name of "Six Killer." The big Indian is always open to any job that will pay, even if he has to justify his name over and over again in earning his money, but Detective Dunkin did not know that "Six Killer" maintained business relations with Jim McDonald.

Dunkin had not long been watching his quarry when McDonald started on a trip into the woods in the direction of "Six Killer's" hut. The detective followed, and saw the Cherokee enter the hut. After McDonald had spent a couple of hours with "Six Killer" he went away. Then Dunkin went to the house and placed "Six Killer" under arrest.

The arrest was only a bluff, but it served its purpose. When "Six Killer" had been sufficiently scared to consent to talk to secure immunity from arrest he said that McDonald had come to see his wife, who was locked in a cave under the house. A Pal's Confession.

According to "Six Killer's" story, he had

been paid \$500 a year by McDonald to keep McDonald was to disinherit himself. To the woman a prisoner until she died. The commit a second murder while the blood of | detective at once sought Mrs. McDonald in

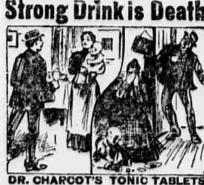


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tained in the amount of food a man consumes in a week. This is why they have cured thousands of cases of nervous discases, such as Debil-ity, Dizziness, Insoannia, Varleocele, etc. They enable you to think clear-ly by developing bri in matter; force healthy circulation, cure indiges-tion, and impart bounding vigor to the whole system. All weakening and tissue-destroying drains and losses permanently cured. Delay may mean Insanity, Consumption and Death. Price, St per box : six boxes (with

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