

# LOVE AND A LARIAT

BY HELEN R. GREER.

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If a man's face be a true barometer of his feelings, Windom's certainly indicated anything but settled emotions that morning when he came down from the ranch house upon a half dozen of us fellows, who were making ready for a quick run on the range.

"What's the matter now, Windy?" inquired Barstow, looking around from his task of adjusting a stirrup strap to the horse upon a half dozen of us fellows, who were making ready for a quick run on the range.

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down came the freest horse with a lurch within a yard from destruction. I heard the quick beat of hoofs behind me and slackened my pony's gait as Mr. Graham, the boss, galloped up. We reached the scene together a few minutes later.

"One glance at Windom's face told his story plainer than words. It was radiant and there was a light in the girl's blue eyes that could hardly be expected after such an experience as she had just gone through with.

"After today, Lou," he said, "you're known to the world as a third owner of the L X ranch, with full control of affairs. And as soon as you please, which I judge isn't far distant, you have my consent to take charge of the wildest little tenderfoot that ever came west. Not a word!"

"I'm positively in great haste this morning," said the woman politely. "Could you come some other time? I'm too busy to look at it now, but I think I should like the book—I really do need an up-to-date encyclopedia."

"This was a fatal admission. 'I won't detain you a moment,' declared the agent. "Pray be seated, madam, and permit me to explain briefly the scope of this valuable work. Here, under A, we have 'Acorns,' a genus of hardy, herbaceous plants, represented—

"How much is it?" interrupted the victim, meekly. "Battering ram," pursued the agent, paying no heed, "an engine for battering down the walls of besieged places. The ancients employed—

"Will take it," exclaimed the woman, hoping by this means to escape. "What's the price of it?" But the agent had learned his little piece, and meant to say it to the bitter end. "I'm afraid the price is a little high for you," he said, "but I'll try to get it for you at a special price."

"Campus Martius, a large place in the suburbs of ancient Rome," continued the agent, "was a small, round, vaulted structure—a small, round, vaulted structure—a small, round, vaulted structure—a small, round, vaulted structure—

"Presently, presently," murmured the unperturbed agent, turning the leaves with exasperating slowness. "Now suppose, madam, you are interested in 'Epicurus,' a Greek stoic philosopher, born in Phrygia; though nominally a student of Plato and Aristotle, he was a follower of Democritus, the founder of atomism, also known as the Epicurean system. Also under E we have 'Epilepsy,' a disease of the nervous system, causing unconsciousness either with or without convulsions. Perhaps you wish to read about rust; call here you find it. A heavy, oily, inflammable fluid, with a high boiling point—

"The little woman gave a long sigh, and visibly wilted in her chair. It was evident that the persistent agent meant to read his encyclopedia from A to Z, and that there was no way of preventing him. His monotonous voice went on—so did the hands of the clock.

"Here, under W," said the agent, at last making the end of the book, "we have the little 'Wren,' certain birds allied to the warbler; also Sir Christopher Wren, the noted English architect; he was born—

"I've decided," said the little woman, reviving as the agent approached the end of the alphabet, "that I don't want the book at all. I've seen more than enough of it now."

"At least," said the only slightly crestfallen agent, handing her paper and pencil, "you won't object to writing a little testimonial regarding what you think of the work, your commendation, in fact, will carry weight with other possible purchasers, and help me to get the prize that is offered for those who make the greatest number of sales. I'll be greatly obliged for it."

His meek little victim took the pencil, wearily, and without a moment's hesitation obediently wrote:

"The book appears to be all right; but the agent is an unmitigated nuisance and an intolerable bore. Don't let him in."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**An Early Rider.** David J. Brewer, justice of the United States supreme court, went to Kansas and entered upon the practice of law at St. He is now 67 and hale and hearty. "For many years," he recently said, "I have been getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning. Lately, however, the hour has been 5 o'clock, for I don't enjoy much sleep. My retiring hour at night is usually about 10 o'clock. I began early rising when I lived in Kansas. As a young judge I was ambitious and at night I found myself dreaming over the cases I had tried during the preceding day. I did not rest well and this troubled me so much that I consulted a doctor. He advised me to drop all work in the evening. I was to go out with my wife, attend the theater, play cards or go to parties, but forget the law. I followed this advice and gradually acquired the habit of rising at 4 o'clock."

**Mechanical Explains on.** The engineer, seeing a specimen of the Méphis americana on the track ahead,

hastily applied the airbrakes and stopped the train. But he was not quick enough. The locomotive ran the little animal down.

**IN DEFENSE OF THE MULE**  
Does the Animal Kick—Answer Ye Who Have Felt the Gentle Touch of the Battery.

Without the slightest hesitation, we say: He does, he does! We go further, making the question, systematically and often with evil and destructive consequences. Colonel George E. Jenkins, however, entertains an exactly opposite opinion. Colonel Jenkins is quartermaster and commissary of the Nebraska National Guard. He claims a long experience with mules and mule drivers, moreover, that he has investigated them through the testimony and experience of others:

"After a lifetime of close association with the mule I have never known him to kick a man; nor have I ever met a man who knew another man of his own kind who had been kicked by a mule.

"This is a bold statement, but it is true, nevertheless. You can question soldiers of the army everywhere, and I confidently predict that they will bear me out in this. I know I am uprooting a popular belief, but I ask you to stop and think and see if I am not doing our mule friend a deserved justice. Horses' kicks are plenty—mule kicks are as rare as promotions."

"We have no prejudice against the mule—far from it. As a matter of fact, when we consider the treatment he receives at the hands of the average plowman, teamster and hostler, it seems to us that his amiability, forgiveness, sunny optimism deserves a monument as high as human art can reach. But we are not to be diverted from the fact by flowery byways of mere sentiment. Colonel Jenkins wanders as thus:

"Were you ever riding at night on the prairies, far away from comrades and camp, weary, looking for the distant twinkling campfire not to be found? Did you ever at such a time see your mule stagger, his head down and blow his resonant trumpet of dissent, or was he sought-for haven? He has not seen it, but he has smelt it, and in a moment is trotting a bee line for the distant picket line and forage ration. Were you ever riding across a dreary, dry, dusty country, thirsty, no water in sight, and the watercourse discovered? Threw the bridle loose on the mule's neck and give him his way; he will take you to water as unerringly as a carrier pigeon wings its way to its roost."

"Very pretty, indeed, and true enough besides; but the mule's intelligence, long-suffering submission and sweetness of temper are now at issue. The question is whether he kicks, and from that question we are not to be seduced by any tender and poetic pleading."

"We shall not ransack history and tradition at this time, though 'twere easy thus to bring down the Jenkins postulate with a resounding crash. Let us take one simple, isolated instance, guaranteed as to its integrity by no less a witness than the New York Times of the sixteenth instant. Early on Tuesday morning last a street car—electric, of course—was hustling merrily along Davis avenue, from Fort Richmond to Tompkinsville, Staten Island. It was loaded well-nigh to suffocation with an Italian society bent on celebrating something in the usual Italian way. Patrolman Bentley, recently transferred from the Tenderloin, went along, under orders to keep the festivities from burgeoning into homicide. There was a band on the car, and the band was playing 'Bedeia' and 'Santa Lucia' with

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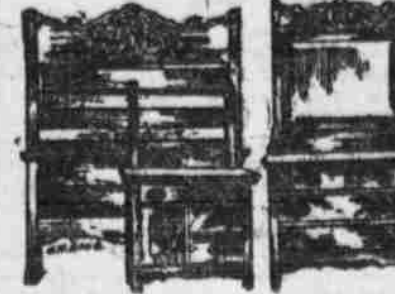
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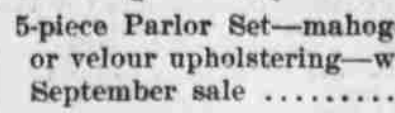
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