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DUNRAVEN RANCH.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

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minated room. With flushed face and swollen veins and twitching, clutching hands, old Maitland stood there glaring at the young officer. Before Perry could speak again, however, and more fully explain the untoward circumstance, there came a rush of hurrying footsteps without, and the sound of excited voices. The next minute they heard an eager, angry challenge, and Perry recognized the voice of the overseer or manager whom he had met in the morning.

"What do you fellows want here?" was his brusque and loud inquiry as he sprang from the piazza and stood confronting the sergeant, who was quietly seated in the saddle, and the question was promptly echoed by three or four burly men who, in shirt sleeves and various styles of undress, came tumbling in the wake of their leader and stood now a menacing group looking up at the silent troopers.

If there be one thing on earth that will stir an Irishman's soul to its inmost depths and kindle to instant flame the latent heat of his pugnacity, it is just such an inquiry in the readily recognized accent of the hated "Sassenach. Perry recognized the danger in a flash, and, springing through the open casement, interposed between the hostile

"Not a word, Sergt. Leary. Here, Mr. Manager, these men simply obeyed orders, and I am responsible for any mistake. No harm was intended"-

men, with a demonstratively loud laugh. "Harm be blowed! What harm could you do, I'd like to know? If the masheads in a minute."

"Quiet, now, Dick!" interposed the overseer; but the other hands growled approval, and Perry's eyes flashed with anger at the insult. What reply he might have made was checked by the sight of Sergt. Leary throwing himself from the saddle and tossing his reins to one of the men. He knew well enough what that meant, and sprang instantly

"Back to your horse, sir! Back, instantly!" for the sergeant's face was fierce with rage. "Mount, I say!" added the lieutenant, as the sergeant still hesitated, and even the sense of discipline could not tered word of encouragement. Slowly, obeyed, once turning furiously back as jeering taunts were hurled at him from among the ranchers, unrebuked by their manager. "Now move off with your men to the gate. Leave my horse, and wait forme there. Go!" added the young officer, sternly; and, with bitter mortification at heart and a curse stifled on his quivering lips, the Irishman turned his horse's head away and slowly walked him

in the indicated direction. "Now, Mr. Manager," said Perry. turning fiercely upon the younger Englishman, "I have done my best to restrain my men; do you look out for yours. You have allowed them to insult me and mine, and you may thank your stars that discipline prevailed with my people, though you have nothing of the kind here."

by your order, I presume," said the manager, coolly, "and it's lucky for them they got out of the way when they did. We have a right to protect our property

"I came here to inquire for a missing man-a right even an Englishman cannot deny us on these prairies. We had excellent reason to believe him injured, and thought, not knowing you for the inhospitable gang you are, that he might have been carried in here for treatment; what I've seen of your people, I have reason to be still more anxious about him. Scant mercy a single trooper would have had at their hands. Now ask you, Do you know or have you heard of a cavalry soldier being seen around

here during the day?" Perry was standing holding his horse by the curb as he spoke, facing the parlor windows and confronting the angry group of ranchmen. Within, though nearer the window than he had left him, was the bent form of the owner of Dunraven, leaning on his cane and apparently impatiently striving to make himself heard as he came forward. Before the manager could answer, he was compelled to turn about and rebuke his men, two of whom were especially truculent and menacing. Finally he spoke:

"I have heard nothing, but I tell you frankly that if any of your men have been prowling around here it's more than probable some one has got hurt. Has there been any trouble today, men?" he

"By God, there will be if this ranch only answer.

"Don't make an ass of yourself, Hoke," growled the manager. "They are going quick enough."

"I am going," said Perry, swinging lightly into saddle; "and mind you this, sir: I go with well warranted suspicion that some of these bullies of yours have been responsible for the non-appearance of my stable sergeant. If he is not found this night you may confidently look for another visit. I say that to you also, pulsive movement had thrown herself Mr. Maitland, and you owe it to our for-

bearance that there has been no bloodshed here to-night." Old Maitland's tremulous tones were heard but a second in reply when he was interrupted by a coarse voice from the crowd of ranchmen, by this time increased to nearly a dozen men. Some of them were gathering about Perry as he sat in the saddle, and an applauding

echo followed the loud interruption: "Give the swell a lift, Tummy; 'twill teach him better manners.' Almost instantly Perry felt his right foot grasped and a powerful form was bending at the stirrup. He had heard of the trick before. Many a time has the London cad unhorsed the English trooper, taken unawares, by hurling him with sudden lift from below. But Perry was quick and active as a cat. Seat and saddle, too, were in his favor. He sim-

to her son's-a young fellow at the store

house. Mr. Ewen has followed by this

sign of returning consciousness rewarded her effort. "If Mrs. Cowan would only come

She has never failed us before; and we so lean upon her at such a time." "Pray tell me which way to go. Surely I can find her," urged Perry.

"Mr. Ewen must be searching for her now, or he would have returned by this time; and I dread being alone. I have never been alone with my father when he has had such a seizure.'

just such means. Why should it not prethought him of burnt feathers, and looked about for the discarded pillow, wondering if it might not be a brilliant idea to cut it open and extract a handful and set it ablaze under those broad and eminently aristocratic nostrils. Happily, he was spared excuse for further experiment. He felt that life was returning to the hand he was so energetically grooming, and that feeble but emphatic protest against such heroic treatment

"I think he's coming to," he said.
"He's trying to pill away. Shall i

Obediently he clung to his prize, rubbing and chafing hard, despite increasing tug and effort. Then came another feeble, petulant moan, and the hollow eyes opened just as rapid footfalls were heard on the veranda without and Mr. Ewen rushed breathless and ruddy faced into

gone?" he panted. "I cannot find her "Reviving, I think, thanks to Mr .thanks to you," she said, turning her eyes full upon the kneeling figure at her side and sending Perry's heart up into his throat with delight at the gratitude and kindness in her glance. She was striving with one hand to unfasten the scarf and collar at the old man's neck, but making little progress.

"Let me help you," eagerly said Perry.
"That, at least, is more in my line." And somehow their fingers touched as he twisted at the stubborn knot. She drew her hand away then, but it was gently, not abruptly done, and he found time to note that, too, and bless her for it.

"I hate to seem ungracious, you know, after all that's happened," said Mr. Ewen, "but I fear 'twill vex him awfully if he should find you in here when he comes to. He has had these attacks for some time past, and I think he's coming through all right. See!"

Old Maitland was certainly beginning to open his eyes again and look around him.

"Better leave him to Miss Gladys, said the overseer, touching the young fellow on the shoulder. Perry looked into her face to read her wishes before he would obey. A flush was rising to her cheek, a cloud settling about her young eyes, but she turned, after a

"I cannot thank you enough-now she said, hesitatingly. "Perhaps Mr. Ewen is right. You-you deserve to be told the story of his trouble, you have been so kind. Some day you shall understand-soon-and not think unkindly

"And-whom are we to thank?-your name. I mean?" she timidly asked. "I am Mr. Perry, of the -th cavalry. We have only come to Fort Rossiter this

"And I am Miss Maitland. Some day l can thank you." And she held forth her long, slim hand. He took it very reverently and bowed over it, courtier like, longing to say something that might fit the occasion; but before his scattered

there, striding to the sofa with the steps of one assured of welcome and thoroughly at home in those strange precincts. came Dr. Quin.

CHAPTER VIII.



T WAS very late that night

-nearly midnight-when

the colonel, seated on his

veranda and smoking a

cigar, caught sight of a

cavalry sergeant hurriedly passing his

front gate. The main searching parties

had long since come home, unsuccessful;

Lieut. Perry had returned and made re-

port that the people at Dunraven denied

having seen or heard anything of

Gwynne, that both proprietor and mana-

ger had treated his visit as an affront,

and that he had had much difficulty in

preventing a fracas between his men and

a gang of rough fellows employed at the

ranch, that Mr. Maitland had fallen

back in a swoon, and that he had left

him to the care of Dr. Quin, who ar-

The colonel had been greatly interested

and somewhat excited over the details of

Perry's adventure as that young gentle-

was apparently averse to saying much about it. Little by little, however, all

his conversation with Maitland and Ewen

was drawn out, and the particulars of

his hostile reception. The colonel agreed

with him that there was grave reason to

suspect some of the ranch people of

knowing far more of Sergt. Gwynne's

disappearance than they would tell; and

finally, seeing Perry's indisposition to

talk further, and noting his preoccupa-

tion and apparent depression of spirits,

he concluded that between fatigue and

rasped nerves the young fellow would be

"Well, I won't keep you, Perry, you're

him, then decide what steps we will take

in the morning. I'll send a party down

the valley at daybreak, anyway. May I

offer you some whisky or a bottle of

"Thank you, colonel, I believe not to-

night. A bath and a nap will set me all

right, and I'll be ready to start out first

thing in the morning. Good night, sir."

The garrison had "turned in," all except

the guard and Capt. Stryker. That officer

had returned an hour after dark, and,

getting a fresh horse, had started out

again, going down the south side of

the Monce to search the timber with

lanterns, the Cheyenne scouts having

reported that Gwynne's horse had come

up that way. He had been missed by

Mr. Perry, who galloped up the trail to

catch the platoon before it reached the

post, and the colonel, now that he had

neard the lieutenant's story, was impa-tiently awaiting his return. Up to with-

in a few minutes of midnight, however.

neither Stryker nor the doctor had come:

dim lights were burning in both their

quarters and at the guard house. Every-

where else the garrison seemed shrouded

in darkness. Catching sight of the yellow

chevrons as they flitted through the flood

But Col. Brainard could not go to sleep.

glad to go to bed, so he said, kindly:

man finally gave them, for at first he

rived soon after the occurrence.

Perry; but his eyes wandered in to the lighted parlor in search of a very differ-

down over the crouching figure. "Why, here!" he suddenly exclaimed, 'your employer is faint, or-something's

under his head as they laid him down on a broad, easy couch, but the manager jerked it away, lowering the gray hairs

"Just steady his head in that position one minute, like a good fellow. I'll be back in a twinkling," said the manager, as he darted from the room and leaped hurriedly up the hall stairway.

the master's ill."

Then, before any answer could be given, another door opened aloft and trailing skirts and light foot falls came flashing down the stairway. Almost before he could turn to greet her, she was in the room again, and with quick, im- tired out. I'll sit up and see the doctor

of this! Let me take his head on my arm, so," she hurriedly murmured; "and would you step in the other room and fetch me a little brandy? 'Tis there on

a heavy decanter on the great oaken buffet, half filled a glass, and brought it with some water back to the lounge. She stretched forth her hand, and, thanking him with a grateful look from her sweet, anxious eyes, took the liquor and carried it carefully to her father's

"Can I not help you in some way? Is there no one I can call?" asked the young soldier, as he bent over her. "Mr. Ewen has gone for her-our old nurse, I mean. She does not seem to be in her room, and I fear she has gone over

way, the colonel instantly divined that | bed, Mr. Perry poked his head into this must be a sergeant of Stryker's troop going in search of his captain, and promptly hailed him:

"What is it, sergeant? Any news?" "Yes, sir," answered the soldier, halting short. "Sergt. Gwynne's come back. I was going to the captain's to

"How did he get back? Isn't he injured?" "He says he's had a fall, sir, and has

been badly shaken up, but he walked in." "Why, that's singular! Did he see none of the searching parties?-see none of their lights?" "I can't make out, sir. He's a little queer-doesn't want to talk, sir. He

asked if his horse got in all right, and went and examined the scratches, and seemed troubled about them; but he doesn't say anything." "Has he gone to the hospital?" "No, sir; he'll sleep in his usual bunk

at the stables to-night. He is only bruised and sore, he says. His face is cut and scratched and bound up in his handkerchief." "Very well," said the colonel, after a noment's thought. "The captain will look into the matter when he gets back. You take your horse and ride down the south side of the valley and find the

Cheyenne scouts. Capt. Stryker is with them. Tell him the sergeant is home, "Very well, sir." And the trooper saluted, faced about, and disappeared in the darkness; while the colonel arose, and, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar, began pacing slowly up and down the piazza. He wished Stryker were home; he wished Capt. Lawrence were officer of the day, and, so, liable to come out of his quarters again: he had heard just enough about that odd English ranch to make him feel disturbed and ill at ease. There had evidently been hostility between his predecessor and the proprie-

tor of Dunraven, and very probably there had been bad blood between the men of the Eleventh cavalry and the employes of the ranch: else why should there have been so unprovoked an assault upon the lieutenant this night? Then there were other things that gave him disquiet. Several officers had gathered upon the piazza during the early evening; they were mainly of his own regiment, but Capt. Belknap and two of the infantry subalterns were there; Lawrence did not come. Of course the talk was about the incident of the evening,

and, later, the rumors about Dunraven. All this was new to the cavalrymen: they had heard, as yet, nothing at all, and were not a little taken aback by the evident embarrassment and ominous silence of the three infantrymen, when the colonel turned suddenly on Belknap with the question— "By the way, captain, I had no time

-what did he mean by saying that Dr. Quin could tell us some people at Dunraven?" Belknap turned red and looked uncomfortably at his two comrades, as though appealing to them for aid. The younger officers, however, would say

to ask Lawrence, and it really did not

occur to me until after he had gone, but

nothing at all, and the colonel promptly saw that he had stumbled on some piece on garrison gossip. "Never mind," he said, with a kindly laugh. "I don't want to drag any stories out by the roots. The doctor can doubt-

less explain it all in good season."

"Well, Col. Brainard," answered Belknap, bulkily, "to tell the truth, I really don't know anything about it, and don't know any one who does, though I have heard some woman talk about the post. The relations between Dr. Quin and some of the officers of the Eleventh were rather strained, and he is a somewhat reserved and secretive man. The stories were set afloat here last fall, and we had to hear more or less of them until the Eleventh went away this spring. We know only that Dr. Quin has been to Dunraven and the rest of us haven't. Possibly some of the Eleventh were piqued because they had no such luck, or perhaps their ladies did not like it because Quin wouldn't tell them anything about what he saw. At all events, he refused to talk on the subject at all, and

allowed people to draw their own con-"He probably told his post commander," suggested Lieut. Farnham. who, as acting adjutant of the post and an aspirant for the adjutancy of the regiment, thought it a good opportunity of putting in a word as indicative of what he considered the bounden duty of

an officer under like circumstances. "Well, no, I fancy not," replied Belknap. "About the only thing we really do know is that, in a somewhat angry interview last fall, Col. Stratton forbade Dr. Quin's leaving the post or going to sion. I happened to be in the office at

said to go there so often?" asked Farn-

luctantly. "But understand me, Mr. Farnham, I know nothing whatever of the matter."

"I should not suppose that Col. Stratton would care to restrict his post surgeon from going thither if they neede 1 his professional services," said C l. Brai-

nard, pleasantly. "That was the point at issue, apparently," answered Belknap. "Col. Stratton said that it was not on professional grounds that he went, and thereby seemed to widen the breach between them. Dr.

that, except when duty required it." The conversation changed here, and could not help thinking of a matter that from no duty, and only by day. Here it was midnight, as he thought it over, and the doctor had not returned, neither had he mentioned his desire to ride away, well nigh an hour before parade. True, he had sent the doctor word to go and join Lieut. Perry at the gate of Dun-

was several miles away from his post and

and fair woman at Dunraven; he had felt a sense of inexplicable rejoicing when she said to him, "I am Miss Maitland:" it would have jarred him to know that she was wife; he was happy, kneeling by the side of the beautiful girl he had never seen before that evening, and delighted that he could be of service to her. All this was retrospect worth indulging; but then arose the black shadow on his vision. How came Dr. Quin striding in there as though "native and to the manner born?"-how came he to call her "Gladys?" Perry had been pondering over this matter for full half an hour on the homeward ride before he bethought him of Mrs. Lawrence's remarks about the signal lights. One thing led to another in his recollection of her talk. The doctor answered the signals, no one else; the doctor and no one else was received at Dunraven; the doctor had declined to answer any questions about the people at the ranch; had been silent and mysterious, yet frequent in his visits. And then, more than all, what was that Mrs. Lawrence said or intimated that Mrs. Quin, "such a lovely woman, too," had taken her children and

left him early that spring, and all on ac-

count of somebody or something con-

nected with Dunraven Ranch? Good

heavens! It could not be "Gladys."

Parke's bachelor chamber as he reached the little cottage they shared in common.

do all things.

a magnificent monument over our graves, with a lying epitaph to per-And while here in the midst of misfortunes and temptations of life, we perhaps are accused of crime, and brought before magistrates: thou, Almighty Dollar, canst secure to us feed lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury and we go scot free.

Be with us, we pray thee, in all thy decimal parts, for we feel that thou art the one altogether lovely and cheapest among ten thousand. We feel there is no true condition in life where thy potent and all powerful charms are not felt. In thy absence how gloomy is the household, and how desolate the hearthstone; but when thou, Almighty Dollar, art with us, how gleefully the beefsteak sings on the gridiron; how genial the warmth the anthracite coal or hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartments, and what an exuberance of joy continues to swell every bos-

Thou art the joy of our youth, and the solace of old age. Thou canst adorn the gentleman and thou feedest the jackass. Thou art the favor-ite of the philosopher, and the idol of the lunkhead. Where an election is to be carried, O, Almighty Dollar! thou art the most potent argument of politicians and demagogues, and the umpire that decides the con-

Almighty Dollar, thou art wor-shipped the world over. Thou hast hyprocrites in thy temples or false hearts at thy altars. Kings and courtiers bow before thee, and all nations adore thee; thou art loved by the civilized and savage alike, with unfeigned and unaltering affections.

O, Almighty Dollar! in the acuirement and defense of human iberty thou hast placed armies in the deld and navies on the ocean. At the uplifting of thy powerful hand their thunders would break and their lightnings flash. Thou hast bound ables, and made ducts of our country available to all by a perfect net of railroads. The

forest has been prostrated and the desert made to blossom as the rose. We continue to regard thee as the of charity. When the light of thy shining countenance breaks through the gloom of famine-stricken Ireland, the shamrock wears a greener hue, and the harp resounds in loftier strains, while weeping mothers and starving children rise above their wails of woe, as their hearts and their heels resound to thrilling strains of

'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." When our brothers and sisters of the sunny South are smitten "hip and thigh" by the climate scourge of fever, and destitution prevails in consequence of the cessation of industries and suffering is increased from lack of nurses and medical attendance and they call for the almighty dollar of the North, thou goest on the wings of love to their rescue, while the air that was discordant with groans and shrieks, becomes redolent with the

exhilarating melody of "Yankee Doo-O, Almighty Dollar! be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministerng angels, made in thine own image, even though they be but silver quarters, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of penury and want with heavenly radiance which shall cause the awakened soul to break

forth in acclamations of joy. wakener of our energies, the guide of our footsteps and the goal of our being. Guided by thy silvery light we hope to reach the "Golden Gate" riumphantly; enter while angels' hands harmoniously sweep their golden harps, and we, on the golden streets, in the highest exhilaration of feeling, and with jubilant emotions,

strike the Highland fling. Almighty Dollar, thy shining face Bespeaks thy wondrous power; In my pocket make thy resting place;

I need thee every hour. And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation, we realize and acknowledge that thou wert the God of our grandfathers, the two-fold God of their children, and the three-fold God of their grandchildren. Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and of all thy varied excellencies, is our constant and unwavering prayer.

KEEPING THE REMNANTS.

There lived in the northern part of the kingdom a man whose name was workman in cutting and making all kinds of garments whereby men are clothed. And not only was he fa-mous for his skill in making these garments, but likewise in looking after his cabbage, otherwise called remnants. Now this was a continual source of trouble between him and his customers, who always wished to have the remnants for repairs. Now, David declared that if he exercised his skill in cutting a garment out of the regular amount of cloth, he was entitled to the remainder. Now it came to pass about this time that a certain man well skilled in the laws made; it is so much cheaper to buy of the nation, desired to have a coat made. So he went to them that sold and bought the material wherewith to David, desiring him to bring his measuring line that he might measure him therewith. And David arose

and took his staff in his hand, and came unto the house of the lawyer and saluted him. The lawyer said unto him-"Now, David, I have heard it said that thou art in the habit of keeping all the remnants. Now, thou knowest that I am well skilled in all the laws of the nation, and there is no law whereby thou canst withhold that which is not thine own. Here is a piece of cloth, from feetly and costing nothing. The old which I desire thee to make a coat: and here also are buttons and thread, and all that thou requirest; and I demand of thee that thou bring back every remnant of thread, lining and cloth, and every piece that thou hast left over; then I will pay thee." And David answered and said unto him, "I will do even as thou sayest." Thereupon the lawyer brought out

his balance and laid his bundle upon it, and said unto David, "See, I have weighed it and thou shall have to acholding back?-something I cannot speak count for every ounce of it." And of? By Jupiter! can his be the same rea-David answered and said unto him, "I will do even as thou desireth me." And David took the bundle in one hand and his staff in the other, and gat unto his own house. Now, there were none in the land filled with

wisdom like unto David, and he said

within himself, "I must show this

crafty lawyer that I am as crafty as

Miscellancous Reading.

vid took these drops and sowed them in the border of the garment to make up the weight thereof. And when THE WORLD'S PRAYER. O. Almighty Dollar! our acknowlhe had finished the coat and tied it edged governor, preserver and beneup in a bundle, he put on his new factor, we desire to approach thee, vest and went to the house of the on this and every other occasion, lawyer, who rejoiced to see his coat made so quickly and exactly to his with that reverence which is due to mind. Then the lawyer asked for the remnants, and David showed him superior excellence, and that regard which should ever be cherished for exalted greatness. Almighty Dol-lar! without thee in the world we divers triangles and rectangles of cloth, and lining, and various small can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things. When sickness lays pieces of thread. Thereupon the lawyer placed all upon the balance, and found that they agreed with the its palsying hand upon us, thou canst weight which he had given unto provide for us the tenderest of nurses, David, and said unto him "Thou has the most skillful physicians; and done even as I desired thee," and he when the last struggle of mortality is over, and we are being borne to the resting place of the dead, thou can provide a band of music and lawyer, "Art thou perfectly satisfied?" And he answered "Perfectgave him a piece of money for his thither; and last, but not least, erect | ly?" Then David unbuttoned his coat and said, "See here, then, I have got a vest out of thy cloth." the lawyer said, "Tell me how thou hast done this." Then David whispered into the ear of the lawver. "Canst thou keep a secret?" lawyer said, "Yes." David David said. "So can I." So David took his de-

parture.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

"I used to travel around the country with a patent hay-fork," said the man with the green patch his left eye, as it came his turn to tell a story. "I am not going to say anything about that patent more than that no farmer ever got any benefit from it. What I wish to bring out is what might be called a curious coincidence, and one that I have kicked myself over a dozen times. "It was in this way," he continued,

he got settled back on his seat. 'Farmers have their weak spots the ame as other folks. You can hit some of them by praising their buildings, others by admiring their horses, others, again, through their hogs or calves. I had a way of hitting them all, and it worked to my great profit every time. When I got up in he morning, after staying all night with a farmer, I got off something

"I had a very curious dream last night. I dreamed that I was dig-ging out behind your barn, just on a line with a big knot-hole in the sixth board from the west end, and I unearthed a tin box containing two thousand dollars in greenbacks. The dream was so vivid that I almost feel the box in my hands. There's nothng in a dream of course, but I never ad one that seemed so real."

Sometimes I fixed a place behind the barn and sometimes near a stump, or so many paces from a certain tree or | der the check is drawn.' straw-stack; but it was all settled on and they were only too anxious to get me out of the way so they could

begin digging."
"Go on," said several voices, as he made a long pause. "Well, one morning, after lodging with a farmer all night and getting | up his coat as tightly as possible, and his note for fifty dollars for a hayfork, I related the usual dream in the usual way. This time it was buried treasure beneath a stump near his barn. I saw that he was hard hit at ling over his greenness, when he came walking in with a tin box under his

"You don't say ?" "But I do, and it was a box he had dug out a foot or so below the surface. It was broken open right then and there, and may I be drowned for a yaller dog if the contents didn't pan out \$4,625 in just as good greenbacks as ever you saw."

"But-but-" "There were no buts about it. He found the money and kept it, as was his right, and no one ever came to claim it. This two dollar bill was a part of it. He gave it to me as a reward for my dream, and I am keeping it as a relic to show what a fool a man can make of himself. That's all, gentlemen-all except that I want some of you to kick me as soon as convenient.—[New York Star.

CHINESE ECONOMY. An example of careful, calculating

economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible, that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel s committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some enterpris-ing collector. Similarly professional manure collectors swarm all over the roads of the country.

Chinese women carry this minute in one place it is in another, where it appears a thing of beauty. Foreign residents who give their cast-off clothes away to the Chinese may be assured that the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to

commence. Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for the want of a few drops of oil; but to squeak is cheaper than the oil. Similarly dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash; the motto, "Cheaper than his windows, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese. To them the average foreigners are mere soap-Scarcely any tool can be got ready-

for yourself, and as almost every body takes this view, ready-made tools are not to be got. Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing almost anything by means of almost nothing. They will give you an iron foundry on a minute scale of completeness in a back yard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, of strong and perfect draught, out of a pile of mud bricks,

woman who in her last moments

hobbled as near as possible to the

the parts and put them together

family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers, was Chinese. A TEXASSENATOR.—Senator Coke | feet every winter. of Texas does not care a rap about any formal observance, except the instance that he shall not be interrupted in business. Absorbed in writing one day, he was rudely slapped on the shoulder by a stalwart greaser: "Hello, Dick Coke, how you was?" "Who are you and what do you want here?" demanded the senator, as if he took the fellow for a burglar. "I'm Bill Snaggs from Coyoteville. I walked in, and seeing that these here rooms belong to the State of Texas, I thought I'd just drop in and make myself at home, and you needn't be

putting on any — airs with me." "Since you have done me this hon-So David arose early in the morning, and after divers measurements or," replied Senator Coke, beginning to be inwardly amused, "I will he not only cut the coat out of the | jnst give you a little lesson in Washington manners. Just go out by that self as well. Then he took a piece of door through which you came and money and gave it to the servant | inquire at the hotel desk if Senator |

this piece of money and the servant | back, knock at the door, and ask the | four red and white stripes on the did even as he was told. Now Da- person who opens it the same thing." The Taxan hesitated, but seeing fire in the senator's eye, complied | stripes wide. Very often flags are with his directions. Coke was alone in his apartment, hence when he and over fifty stars in the union heard the knock he opened the door | Aside from these irregularities, it is himself. "Is Senator Coke in?" asked the visitor, looking dazed. "Not to callers; he is occupied with some matters of special importance to the State and cannot be interrupted by visitors to-day. Sorry. Call again." As the fellow stalked off he was heard to mutter: "Well, I'll be darn-

EDISON'S BIG CHECK. When Edison had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph company for \$40,000, he came over to

New York to get his money. He had heard of Wall street and its bulls and bears, and had been told that it was full of "sharks," who would fleece a man very quick. So he made up his mind that Wall street was a very dangerous place, and that if he ever had occasion to go there he would be lucky if he got away without losing his overcoat and umbrella. At that time General Lefferts was president of the Western Union. One morning Edison came into the company's general offices to close up the sale of his patent. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for \$40,000.

He looked at it curiously for a moment or two and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. He knew that he had sold a patent to the Western Union company for \$40,000, but he did not see any money. Observ-ing his perplexity, General Lefferts told him that if he would go to the Bank of America, in Wall street, he would get the check cashed. "So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check and went toward Wall street."

On arriving at the Bank of America he hesitated about entering, fearing still that something might be wrong. At last, however, he mustered up courage and half tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave Edison a piercing glance and said something which Edison could not understand, as he was hard of hear-

That was enough. He was now more than ever convinced that his "check" wasn't worth \$40,000, and thought as he rushed out of the bank with it, that any man who would give him \$2,000 could walk away with the check. He hurried back to the Western Union offices and said "Mind you, I had taken notice of the knot-hole the evening before. Lefferts sent a man with him to iden-Lefferts sent a man with him to identify him. He said: "This man is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose or-

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," beforehand. It wasn't one time in said the cashier, obsequiously, "how twenty that a farmer would charge | would you like your \$40,000-in what

> It doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get my money." Edison was given \$40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into wads of \$20,000 each, he stuffed one into each trouser's pocket, buttoned made a break to get out of Wall street as quick as he could. The next day he began work on his first labor-

> > POSTAGE STAMPS.

Congress first authorized the issue of postage stamps in 1845, says the time postage was paid in cash. The first stamps were issued in 1847, and were of the denominations of five and ten cents. The five-cent stamp had a picture of Benjamin Franklin and the ten-cent the head of Washington as the principal figure in the design. These heads have continued to adorn the postage stamps of our country from that day to this. The stamps first issued were a little larger than those now in use. In 1851 the carrier system was introduced in all large cities, and stamps of a peculiar design, costing one cent each and known as carriers' stamps, were issued for the purpose of providing prepaid delivery. In that year the letter postage was reduced to three cent stamp came in. At the same time the issue was enlarged to eight stamps, the largest denomination being ninety cents. The portrait of Jefferson was introduced on the five cent stamp, but the other seven bore the heads of Washington and Franklin in different designs. These stamps

were the most popular ever issued by the department. They remained in use ten years. are some which were not issued by the government. When congress, in 1845, authorized the use of stamps, it neglected to make such provisions as warranted the postal authorities, in their estimation, in the issue of stamps. During the period of two years preceding the issue of government stamps the principal cities of the United States issued what were known as postmasters' stamps. They were intended for the convenience letters after the closing of the postoffice, for the postoffice did not remain in operation all night in the primitive days of the postal service. These stamps were used by postmasters at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis Providence, Alexandria and a great many other places. Some of these stamps were mere slips of paper bearwhich is of this character, at \$200 A stamp which was issued by the postmaster of New Haven, is worth on an original used evelope \$300 and more. A postage stamp issued by the Milbury postmaster, which was of elaborate design for those days and bore the head of Washington, brings easily \$300 to \$500.

CURE FOR COLD FEET.—An Indian of the Cheyenne Agency had one of his legs injured, making amputation necessary to save his life. Dr. Daniel, of the agency, urged him to have an operation performed, but the noble red man thought he would cut but a sorry figure with one leg, and said would rather die. Arguments were unavailing. The doctor then thought of a good scheme to gain his consent. He hied himself to Pierre, where he secured the service of a friend who journeys through life on one leg of flesh and another manufactured from the bark of the corktree. Together they started to the reservation, and, after the doctor's friend had given the brave an exhibition of how he could fly around on was endeavoring to climb a tree, and his cork member, the Indian was satisfied and even anxious to submit to the operation, and told the doctor that he might cut off both legs, as he was habitually troubled with cold

THE UNITED STATES FLAG.-It s astonishing when one considers how very few persons, native Americans too, who are acquainted with haps it would have been better for the composition of our national flag, said a naval officer, recently. In engravings and pictures I daily see misrepresentations of the flag, and even upon poles or in processions on holidays. They are made with more than the required number of stripes, more or less stars in the union than there should be, or the

The official flag is made as follows: Union, border stripes of red; the union, of blue, should be seven firm hold and then boost yourself.

ty-one stripes long and thirteen seen with fifteen to twenty stripes quite common on holidays to see flags with the union down. By the union down is meant having stripes where the union should be. should always be uppermost. If it is down, it signifies distress.

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All good Americans ought to know these things, but from observation and inquiry I find that hardly one in fifty understands the composition of our emblem, or even knows how to display it.

INTERESTING SURGICAL CASE.-A distinguished physician of this city tells of a recent case in his practice that has certain features of interest. In a household of this city there was a boy of twelve who possessed many excellent qualities, being ami-able, truthful and upright. Passing along the street one day a piece of board fell from the second story of a house that was being built, and struck him, inflicting a wound on his head After a time the wound healed and left merely a slight scar. But it soon afterward appeared that the boy had undergone an unaccountable change of character. He had become a liar and a thief, and was almost brutal in his nature. At last the parents con-sulted the physician to whom we have referred, and who made a study of the case. He finally suggested that the boy should be trephined, in order to ascertain if any injury had been done to the brain when the

skull was struck. When the operation had been per formed in the vicinity of the scar, it was found that a splint from the inside of the skull had pierced the brain. After the splint had been carefully removed and the wound properly dressed, the boy rapidly recovered. To the delight of his parents it was made apparent that the evil traits which had been brought into play by some unknown means had disappeared. He was changed again, and was once more the amiable, truthful and upright boy that he had been be fore he was wounded. "This case," said the distinguished physician who narrates the facts of it, "would be remarkable if the medical books were not full of similar cases."-[New

SILENT FORCES.-Workmen in the stone quarries often find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and ther with great sledge-hammers drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet once in awhile they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledge prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock. But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed tle wooden ones of a very hard fibre are selected. The sharp, well made wooden wedges are first put into water. They are then inserted in the grooves tightly while wet, and water

is kept in the grooves, and no sledge is needed to drive them. They would break under the severe blows of the ponderous hammer. But the workmen just let the wet wedges alone. They will do what the driven iron failed to do. How so? The damp wood swells, the particles must have room to enlarge, and the granite heart of the rock cannot withstand the silent influence. In a little while the things. What noise and visible effort fail to do, some quiet power, when applied, will surely accomplish Teachers may remember this fact in mechanics, and manage some very stubborn natures by the application the sledge-hammer often fail, but

EVERY MAN A BRICK.-Very few of the thousands who use the used in its original intent, implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal. Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king knew of the monarch's fame-knew that though nominally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the city, but found

much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sire," said he, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no wall reared for defense. Why is this?" "Indeed, sir ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta." Accordingly on the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patriot host, he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta-ten thousand men,

ORIGIN OF THE GRIP.-The grip

nothing of the kind. He marveled

has been traced by the London Times with reasonable certainty to Eastern ine and malaria, which occurred in the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow river, of China, two years ago. Similar outbreaks of influenza have originated in the same region from the same cause, or at least the disease has spread west through Siberia just after overflows of Chinese rivers which produced famine and fevers. The great streams of the Celestial empire support a teeming population, and when the mud deposits destroy the rice crops and breed malaria the people die by hundreds of thousands and epidemic makes its career of conquests westward just as the ancient Scythians did. Until China and other Oriental countries receive our science and put in practice modern notions of sanitation, there is no preventive means that can stay the progress of the red, black and other destruction. All that can be done is to lessen the evil by proper treatment and quarantine closely against the deadlier pestilences.

BOOST YOURSELF .- A small box was standing with arms and legs embracing it, when he saw another boy passing on the other side of the street and called out to him:

"I say, Bill, come over and give me a boost!" Bill's answer was not polite or helpful, but it contained a full bushel of common sense. "Boost yourself!" he said, sententiously, and walked on about his business. Perhim to go across and help a fellow. but he spoke a sentence of sound phi losophy in those two words.

There are many in this world waiting for somebody to give them a boost, when what they need is to boost themselves. It will often do a boy more good to make his own start in life than to have some other person arrangement of the stripes as regards | start him. Find your own place, and colors is not right. Then again the then you will have your own power, flags are not made of proper dimen- and not some other man's influence. There are plenty of Micawbers waiting for something to turn up, when There should be thirteen stripes, representing the original States of the something. Find a tree which bears

And yet-Instead of taking a bath and going to

No Gladys disturbed the junior's dreams. apparently, for he was breathing regularly, sleeping the sleep of the just; and so, finding no one to talk to and being in no mood to go to bed at an hour so comparatively early when he had so much to think about, Perry filled a pipe and perched himself in a big chair by the window seat, intending to think it all over again. He was beginning to hate that doctor; he would have chafed at the idea of any bachelor's being before him in an acquaintance with Gladys Maitland. but a married man knowing her so well as to make his wife jealous and himself indifferent to that fact-knowing her so well as to drive "such a lovely woman, too," into taking her children and quitting the marital roof-that was too much of a bad thing, and Perry was sore discomfited. He got up, impatient and restless, passed out to the little piazza in front of his quarters, and began pacing up and down, the glow from his corncob pipe making a fiery trail in the darkness. He would have been glad to go back to the colonel and keep watch with him; but there was one thing connected with his visit to Dunraven that he could not bear to speak of, especially as those words of Mrs. Lawrence recurred again and again to his memory. He had not said one word-he did not want to tellof Gladys Maitland. And so it happened that Perry, too, was awake and astir when the footsteps of the cavalry sergeant were heard on

their way to Capt. Stryker's quarters. Listening, he noted that the soldier had halted at the colonel's, held a brief conversation with that officer, and then turned back across the parade. Instantly divining that news had come of Sergt. Gwynne, Perry seized his forage cap and hurried in pursuit. He evertook the trooper just beyond the guard house and went with him eagerly to the stables. A moment more, and he was bending over soldier's bedside in a little room adjoining the forage shed and by the light of a dim stable lantern looking down into the bruised and battered features of the noncommissioned officer, whom he had pronounced of all others at Rossiter the most respected and highly thought of by the cavalry garrison. "Sergeant, I'm very sorry to see you

so badly mauled," said Perry. "How on earth did it happen?" Gwynne turned his head painfully until the one unbandaged eye could look about and see that none of the stable guard were within hearing, then back again and

up into the sympathetic face of his young "Lieutenant, I must tell you and the captain; and yet it is a matter I profoundly wish to keep as secret as possible—the story of my day's adventure, I

"You need not tell me at all if you do not wish to," said Perry; "though I continents together by the telegraph think it is due to yourself that the cap tain should know how it was you were gone all day and that your horse and you both came back in such condition." "I understand, sir, fully," answered

Gwynne, respectfully. "I shall tell the captain the whole story, if he so desire. Meantime, I can only ask that no one else be told. If the men in the troop had an inkling of the true story there would be endless trouble; and so I have tried to account for it by saying my horse and I had an ugly fall while running a coyote through the timber. We did see a coyote, down near the ranch on the Monee, and I did have an ugly fall: I was set upon by three-of-those ranchmen and

badly handled." "Yes, damn them!" said Perry, excitedly and wrathfully. "I've had an experience with them myself to-night. while we were searching for you." "So much the more reason, sir, why

my mishap should not be told among the men. The two affairs combined would be more than they would stand. There are enough Irishmen here in our troop alone to go down and wipe that ranch out of existence; and I fear trouble as it stands." "Whether there will be trouble or not will depend very much on the future

conduct of the proprietor and manager down there. Of course we cannot tolerate for an instant the idea of their maintaining a gang of ruffians there who are allowed to assault officers or men who happen to ride around that neighborhood. You were not inside their

limits, were you?" "Yes, sir," said the sergeant, painfully, "I was; I had tied my horse outside and ventured in to get a nearer look at the buildings."

"This morning, sir; not more than an hour and a half after you spoke to me in the valley." "Indeed! Then you must have lain there all day! Why, Gwynne, this will never do. I'll go and get the surgeon

"What time did it happen?"

and have him look you all over. You must have been brutally mauled, and must be utterly exhausted." "Don't go, sir," said the sergeant eagerly stretching forth a hand. It isn't as you think, sir. I have been kindly cared for. They're not all ruffians down there, and the men who assaulted me will be fully punished. I've been quite as well nursed and fed and brandied and bandaged as though I'd

been carried right to hospital. Indeed, I don't need anything but rest. I'll be all right in a day." "But I think Dr. Quin ought to see

you and satisfy us you are not injured." "Be satisfied, sir. The doctor has seen "Why, but how?-where? He was here all day, and only went away at sunset. He joined me at Dunraven about 9 o'clock, and hadn't returned when I came in. Did he find you and bring

you back?" Gwynne hesitated painfully again: "The doctor saw me this eveningdown near where I was hurt; but I got back here without his help, sir. Lieutenant," said the soldier, suddenly, "there are one or two things connected with this day's work that I cannot tell. Come what may, I must not speak of them, even to the captain."

Perry was silent a moment. Then he kindly answered: press you to tell what you consider it might be ungrateful or dishonorable in you to reveal. I will do what I can to see that your wishes are respected. And now, if you are sure I can do nothing for you, good night, sergeant." And the young officer held out his hand. "Good night, sir," answered Gwynne.

He hesitated one moment. It was the first time since he entered the service, nearly five years before, that an officer ffered him his hand. It was a new and strange sensation. It might not be "good discipline" to take advantage of it, but there were other reasons. Gwynne looked up in the frank blue eyes of his lieutenant and read something there that told a new story. Out came a hand as slender and shapely as that of the young officer, and the two were silently and firmly clasped. "How can I question him?" said Perry to himself as he walked slowly homeward. "Is there not something I am

Night or morning fogs, or in winter persistent fogs, often signify a calm and settled condition of the air and the prevalence of fair weather. Heavy dews, especially in autumn, likewise portend fine weather, but usually of shorter duration. Fogs appear usually in one of two conditions—either the air is nearly satu-

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

rated up to a considerable height, or else is unusually dry, except in a stratum immediately above the

cloth, but the front of a vest for him-

saying, "Get me some lead drops for Coke is in. If they say yes, come stripes square, resting on white, with -[Our Youth.

ply threw his weight on the left foot and his bridle hand upon the pommel, let the right leg swing over the horse's back until released from the brawny hand, then back it came as he settled again in the saddle, his powerful thighs gripping like a vise; at the same instant, and before his assailant could duck to earth and slip out of the way, he had whipped out the heavy Colt's revolver and brought its only to strangle and distress him. No of light that poured from his open door-

CHAPTER VII.

butt with stunning crash down on the ranchman's defenseless head. There was instant rush and commotion. In vain old Maitland feebly piped his protests from the veranda; in vain the overseer seized and held back one or two of the men and furiously called off the rest. Aided by the darkness which veiled them, the others made a simultaneous rush upon the young officer and sought to drag him from his plunging horse. Perry held his pistol high in air, threatened with the butt the nearest as-OR a moment there was

sailant, yet loath to use further force. He was still in the broad glare of the parlor lights-a conspicuous mark; eager hands had grasped his bridle rein at the very bit, and he could not break away; and then missiles began to fly about his devoted head, and unless he opened fire he was helpless. While two men firmly held Nolan by the curb, half a dozen others were hurling from the ambush of darkness a scattering volley of wooden billets and chunks of coal. He could easily have shot down the men who held It was sore temptation, for already he had been struck and stung by unseen projectiles; but just as the manager sprang forward and with vigorous cuffs

induced the men to loose their hold on his rein, there came three horsemen charging full tilt back into the crowd, scattering the assailants right and left; and, this time unrebuked, Sergt. Leary leaped from the saddle and, with a rage of fierce delight, pitched headlong into battle with the biggest ranchman in his way. And this was not all; for behind them at a rapid trot came other troopers. and in a moment the open space was thronged with eager, wondering comrades-full half of Stryker's companyin whose overwhelming presence all thought of promiscuous combat seemed to leave the ranchmen. They slipped

away in the darkness, leaving to their employers the embarrassment of accounting for their attack. Leary was still fuming with wrath and aging for further battle and shouting into the darkness flerce invective at the vanished head of his opponent. He turned on the overseer himself, and but for Perry's stern and sudden prohibition would have had a round with him, but was forced to content himself with the information conveyed to all within hearranch contained if they'd only come out The troopers were making eager inquiry

fearing further difficulty, Perry prompt-Silence and discipline were restored in a he inquired of a sergeant how they came to be there. The reply was that it had grown so dark on the prairie that further search seemed useless, Capt. Stryker and most of the men had been drawn off by signals from the Cheyennes up the valley towards the post, and these men who had been beyond Dunraven on the northern prairie were coming back along the Monee trail when they saw the lights and heard voices over at the lower shore. There they found Leary, who was excited about something, and before they had

> to march the others back to the post; he turned to the manager. "You will have to put up with my keeping some of my men with me, in view of all the circumstances," he said, coldly. "But after this exhibition of lawlessness on the part of your people I do not propose to take any chances. I want to say to you that it is my belief that some of those ruffians you employ can tell what has become of our missing man, and that you will do well to investigate to-night. As to you, Mr. Mait-

time to ask he suddenly shouted, "They're

and galloped off with his own party; sc

they followed. Perry quietly ordered

them to leave a corporal and four men

with him, and told the senior sergeant

the service demands that I should report my suspicions and my reception here to the commanding officer at Fort Rossi-"I wish you good night, sir," said

chair, "much as I regret having dis-

turbed your privacy and-that of the-

ladies of your household, you will ad-

The manager came back upon the piazza and stepped rapidly towards them. Perry quickly dismounted and bent

gone wrong." "Hush!" was the low spoken, hurried answer of the Englishman. "Just bear a hand, will you, and help me to lift him to yonder sofa?" Easily, between them, they bore the slight, attenuated form of the old man into the lighted parlor. A deathly pallor had settled on his face. His eyes were closed, and he seemed fallen into a deep swoon. Perry would have set a cushion

to the very level of the back, so that the mouth gaped wide and looked like death

Perry heard him rap at a distant door. apparently at the southwest angle of the big house. Then his voice was calling: "Mrs. Cowan! Mrs. Cowan! would you have the goodness to come down quick?

on her knees by his side. "Oh, papa! dear father! I was afraid

Perry sprang to do her bidding, found

She dipped her slender white fingers in the water and sprinkled the forehead and eyelids of the prostrate man. A feeble moan, followed by a deep drawn sigh, was the only response. More brandy poured into the gaping mouth seemed

Perry threw himself on his knees beside her, marveling at the odd fate that had so suddenly altered all the conditions of his unlooked for visit. He seized one of the long, tremulous hands that lay so nerveless on the couch, and began rapid and vigorous chafing and slapping. Somewhere he had read or heard of women being restored from fainting spells by vail with the old man? He vaguely be-

was manifest. keep on?

"Yes, do! Anything rather than have him lie in this death like swoon."

"Where on earth can that woman have anywhere. Is he better, Miss Gladys?"

quick glance at her father.

"Indeed I do not now." he protested.

senses could come to him there was another quick step at the veranda, and a voice that sounded strangely familiar startled his ears: "Gladys! What has happened?" And

Dunraven without his express permis-

"Well, both," answered Belknap, re-

Quin would not speak to the colonel after

communion with himself, and finding it all vexation of spirit. All the way home the memory of that sweet English face was uppermost in his thoughts. He had been startled at the sight of a young