

CHUB.

A Romance of West Virginia.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

A hush fell over the crowd. "Will you jump again, Mr. Sloan?" Sloan turned on Bash angrily. "How high can you jump?" "Standing or running?" "Standing!" For answer Bash put his right hand up to his chin. "I don't believe it." "Put a stick up, a string, rail—any thing," said Bash coolly. Perkins and Sloan held a rail about four feet off the ground. Bash turned his back to it and jumped over it. The big man clapped his hands. They placed the rail as high as his chin. He stood before it, then suddenly bounded high in the air over it. The big man roared with laughter. "Now, Mr. Sloan," said Bash, "you try it." Sloan jumped three times, but failed to come within three inches of the height Bash jumped. "How high can you kick?" demanded Sloan.

"At least seven feet." Sloan had Perkins hold a stick against a tree just that distance from the ground, stood under it, sprang up and struck the stick with his right foot. Bash had Perkins raise the stick half an inch, rock the same way, and kicked the stick high in the air. Sloan tried again, half an inch higher, then an inch, until he put the stick up to eight feet six inches.

Then Dan Bash asked the big man to stand on a plow and hold the stick one foot higher.

Sloan and Perkins laughed. Bash rose in the air suddenly, springing off his left foot, and his right sent the stick whirling.

"Put it three inches higher," as the crowd looked on dumfounded. "What sort of a man was this, anyhow?" "No, that'll do," said the jolly giant, laughing, "we don't want you to kick the light out of the moon."

Whereat there was a roar of laughter. "How do you raise 'em?" said Si Perkins suddenly.

"Any way—upper or lower holds—catch-as-catch-can—any way that you prefer."

"I used to raise 'em a little."

"I like it—with any one who understands it."

"Well, strip then."

"Not if you don't want to tear my clothes."

They went at it, catch-as-catch-can, in five seconds—less time—the boss rascal of the county was on the flat of his back.

That made Si Sloan laugh, while Perkins was furious.

"Anything else you can't do?" asked the jolly giant, good-humoredly.

"I can spar."

"You mean box?"

"Yes, I love it."

"I pass," said the giant. Then there was another shout of laughter.

"Perkins will box with you."

"No, durned if I will," said Perkins, now laughing. "He might out-box me. I think Bill Peters might give him a trial."

There was another shout of laughter. Bill Peters' head was hanging low enough now.

"I reckon you'll have to give Bash the school," said the big man.

"Of course," said Sloan. "Any man that can do what he do—durned if I know how he does it—can take the school."

"Yes, he's got a right to it," said Perkins. "Stranger, how much do you weigh, jest as you are?"

"One hundred and seventy-nine pounds," said Bash, smilingly.

"Great Jehoshaphat, Sloan! Just feel of his arms and legs," said Sloan.

"Mr. Bash, you're the biggest man of your size I ever seed. Shake."

Then Bash shook hands all around. The last man to hold his hand was the big man, who shook his hand cordially.

"I would like to know your name, Mr. Bash."

"My name? Lord! Everybody knows Hank Dawson!"

"Hank Dawson?"

"Yes; I'm the blacksmith at the Corners."

So this man whom he had taken a sudden liking to, and whose very smile inspired confidence, was Chub's father.

CHAPTER V.

"I would like to get better acquainted with you, Mr. Dawson," said Sloan, as they stood a little apart, while many of the crowd looking at them marveled at the strength and suppleness of the newcomer in the mountain district.

"You're welcome to my house. Everybody is," said Hank Dawson.

"Then I am included among the crowd," said Sloan.

"Yes. Though we'll be more like friends, if you are as square as you look."

The blacksmith looked him all over.

"But you are the most deceivin' man I've met. Where did you learn it? Travel with a circus?"

"Bash laughed.

"No? I'll swan I don't see where else you picked it up. Do you know, you've outjumped and outkicked the best men in the county—you have, Bash."

Dawson chuckled. It was fun for Dawson.

"There's one thing I can't do."

"What's that?"

"I can't lift half as much as you, nor hit as hard."

Dawson laughed.

"I don't know about that. If I wanted to wallop an apprentice I wouldn't hire you."

The crowd soon separated after that, and every man there told some stories of the prowess of the new teacher that their acquaintances promptly called them liars.

But there were many who had reason to believe the stories told. And when Dan Bash entered the school there was not a scholar there who questioned his right to rule them.

The school was very orderly and obedient for the first time since it had been opened.

"The Monk brothers and the men who followed them."

At first they seriously thought of breaking up the school.

Bill Monk very soon discovered that plan wouldn't work. Had as the county was, the people wouldn't like to be pointed out as the most reprehensible people in the State.

"It would not do to get all the decent people down on them," Bill Monk said, to which Ned Monk sorrowfully assented.

"Same time, Bill," said Ned, "won't do to have people talking about this chap so much. Tell you what—let's tell 'em not so much to brag of, or a feller that can do so much, and know so awful much, as Dan Bash does, wouldn't be foolin' in his time Teachin' school way up here."

"That's a blame good idea," said Bill Monk. "We'll work it for all it's worth. Blamed if I think he is straight. He's likely got powerful reasons for coming up here."

So that it seemed to the Monks quite clear now that, if they managed it right, they would "give Dan Bash a heap of bother before long."

Meantime Dan Bash was making friends every day.

There was a good deal of speculation concerning the young man whom nobody knew anything about, further than he chose to tell. And he said very little. He had reasons to keep his affairs to himself. At least he kept his affairs to himself.

If there was anybody more than another who knew who and what Dan Bash was, people said it was Hank Dawson.

The schoolteacher was a frequent visitor at the blacksmith's. It was pretty well known, too, why he went there. Chub Dawson's beauty and high spirit was well known—as widely known as his father's smithy and great strength, for Hank Dawson was a giant in strength. He had lifted one flour-barrel and set it on top of its fellow, and set a third on top of the second, something unheard of.

As the giant of the Corners sat beside his fire, smoking and listening to Dan Bash relating his pranks at college—which Dan did some time for Hank's diversion—he would laugh heartily.

"There ain't many young chaps like that," he would say to his only daughter, Chub, when Bash went away.

One evening, after Dan Bash had them good-night, Chub leaned over her father's shoulders and stroked his hair softly, as she said:

"You seem to think a good deal of Dan Bash, dad."

"Well, a sort of way—yes. He's a mighty knowing chap."

"And he seems to be square out and out."

"Yes, he does."

"And he's a lively company?"

"Powerful lively."

Hank Dawson's mouth was drawn down now. He was resolved his daughter should lead the talking.

"Dad!"

"Well?"

"Dan Bash has asked me."

"Hello! Hello!"

Hank Dawson swung very well what was in the air. He had good eyesight. "You don't mind, dad."

"Yes I do. Ain't it my business?"

"Yes. Of course it is. And I told him it was. And he knows unless you like him it's no use his comin' round any more."

"Ain't," said Hank Dawson, "you're the best girl from here to the forks of the road. He's a blamed handsome fellow. I don't know nothing about him more than just what he tells us; but I like him, and if he can satisfy you and me—why, then, that's all there's to be said. You'll set the day, and we'll marry you to him. I don't count on giving you up—I won't do that."

"No, dad. I told him I wouldn't leave you, for you've been father and mother to me. Besides, there's a way for all of us here. That's settled on."

"I knew it, Chub."

"Of course you did. I'd like to see the man who would take me away from you. You've got to have your pipe and sit by the fire, or it wouldn't be like home to me."

"That's just like you, Chub—just like you."

There were tears in Hank Dawson's eyes, but he wiped them away furiously and Chub did not see them.

So it was soon known to every one that Dan Bash was going to marry Chub Dawson, the blacksmith's daughter.

Mr. Potts stood on the porch telling it to all the travelers at the latest news; his wife, not content with assisting her husband at the tavern, went around among the neighbors relating all and much more than she knew concerning the preparations for the wedding.

Hank Dawson was going into the town to buy a new silk dress—a blue silk dress, and a white bonnet and white veil. Chub was going with him, of course—"how could Hank pick things for a gal?"

It was true. For some reason Dan Bash had been very anxious to get the wedding over. Chub wanted more time—she was determined not to be married so soon—but Dan Bash was an ardent lover. He pressed her so that she consented to marry him in a month.

The engagement enraged the Monks. The marriage must be prevented at all hazards. With such an ally as Hank Dawson, the power of the Monks would soon be a thing of the past. Two such men as Bash and Dawson would rule the county—or go much of it as was useful to the Monks.

"They'll never marry," said Ned Monk. "I won't say they may't marry," said Bill Monk, meaningly; "but if they do—I say if—they won't live together very long."

This speech was rounded with a terrible oath.

Yonk, who was present, looked at Bill Monk fearfully. He had a horror of the schoolmaster ever since he had heard that he could kick nearly ten feet high, and tumbled Hi Perkins on his back.

"It's mighty ticklish business."

The Monk brothers looked at Squatty contemptuously.

"You'll find it much more ticklish if this chap and Hank Dawson discover what they're bound to learn soon."

"You don't think—ain't sure they'll know."

"Ain't it?"

"No, of course not."

As the brothers laughed, Squatty shivered. He was afraid of his shadow at times. And they had compelled him to help them in all their villainous enterprises.

"What makes you two laugh?"

"You poor fool!" said Bill Monk, "don't you know there's detectives on the hunt? We haven't been buyin' horses, 'n guns, 'n powder—bats, 'n gloves, 'n all sorts of traps—without people knowin' it. We don't steal all we've got. It's natrel we'll be suspected, and when we are bro't up for't we want to get a mighty cute lawyer. First time's nothin'." "We can swear and lie through, unless we're fooled by our lawyer. But if this chap and Hank Dawson pull together, and Dawson finds out the lay of the land?" Squatty asked.

"Why, can't you see? Chub will tell her father—if he don't know it now—all that happened on the road, and before we reached the spring that day Bash fought us."

Bill Monk spoke seriously now.

"They're bound to side against us, just as we're bound to go agin Bash an'

agin Dawson, too, if we can't get Bash out of the way somehow."

Ned Monk frowned as he spoke to Squatty.

"Say, when does the weddin' come off?" Squatty inquired suddenly.

"Two weeks from to-morrow—sure as fate. Chub and her dad has told everybody, and so has Dan Bash."

"Suppose something should prevent Bash from going to his own wedding?"

The Monks looked at Squatty curiously.

"It would be bad if he didn't go to his own wedding; it would be better if he couldn't go to anybody's wedding never again," said Ned Monk.

"Tell us what you would do to prevent it, Squatty."

Squatty looked around him nervously. Then he spoke in a lower tone. The Monks listened attentively. Then they slapped their palms on the shoulder.

"Bully for you, Squatty! That's a prime idea. We'll carry it out as sure as you are a sinner. And, Squatty, you'll get all the credit of the plan."

Then the Monk brothers laughed again.

Squatty shivered.

"You won't put it all on me," he whined.

"Fool! We're all in for it, Squatty. It's everybody's business now. If one goes we'll all go, so you needn't be afraid. If they catch you you'll have plenty of company."

CHAPTER VI.

Chub and her father verified all the rumors by inviting their friends to the wedding.

Then they went to the nearest town to buy their wedding dress and such appurtenances as Dawson was determined his daughter should have.

"I've got plenty of money," he said to his friends. "I've earned it for Chub, and she's bound to have the best."

That was sufficient.

Everybody applauded Hank Dawson's decision. It was politic to do so. Hank was inviting a crowd to the wedding. There would be abundance to eat and drink—siddlers for a hundred, fun for everybody. And everybody wanted to be "on hand" at Chub's wedding.

Chub's wedding was the talk of the county for miles around. It was an extraordinary event.

She was the prettiest girl in that region, she was the smartest and the most spirited. She was the best cook and the best shot. She could manage the most unruly horse, and men had stood in not a little awe of her.

She had hosts of admirers, and it was never known that any one had been so courageous as to ask her to marry him.

Above all, she would have more money than any girl in the entire district. Hank Dawson had ever so much money in bank, had inherited a fortune from a brother who died in a distant city, and was able to point to three fine farms within sight of his own home.

And all would go to Chub when Hank Dawson died.

Of course now that the marriage was approaching, Dan Bash was congratulated daily. His good fortune was remarked.

To the surprise of all, Dan Bash took the compliments as a matter of course. He did not think he was bound to be grateful to Hank Dawson, and he plainly intimated as much when occasion seemed to demand the expression of his independence.

"I am to be envied for securing one of the best women in the world," he said more than once. "In my opinion, Belle Dawson is the equal of any woman in the State."

That was the manner in which he referred to the woman he was going to marry. He seemed to think he was the equal of any man or woman; he did not assume superiority, but it was quite a matter of course that the prettiest and richest and cleverest girl in the county should be willing to marry him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPERANCE.

WHAT THE SALOON-KEEPER SEES.

The owner of a costly and attractive building, formerly used as a saloon in New York City, has gone out of business, and has sold liquor," said the ex-saloon-keeper, "for eleven years, long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterward fill the grave of our side. I have seen men after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon who cannot now buy their dinner. I can recall twenty customers who could drink for a week, and 600 who are now without money, place or friends."

SCIENCE AND ALCOHOL.

It is a common idea that alcohol produces a warming effect in cold weather; this feeling of warmth depends, in the first place, on the fact that the paralysis of the central nervous system causes an increased blood supply to the surface of the body and, secondly, in all probability, on the blunting of the sensibility of the central organs which are concerned in the sensation of cold. The stimulating action which alcohol appears to exert on the physical faculties is also only a passing one. Again, there is a strong belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue has set in; the sensation of fatigue is one of the safety valves of our machine. To stifle the feeling of fatigue in order to be able to work on, is like forcing closing the safety valves so that the boiler may be overheated and explosion result. The belief that alcohol gives strength to the weary is particularly dangerous to the class of people whose income is already insufficient to procure subsistence and who are misled by this prejudice into spending a large part of their earnings on alcoholic drinks, instead of purchasing good and palatable food, especially meat, cheese, milk, and other nutritious food-stuffs, which alone can give them strength for their hard work. It is commonly thought that alcohol aids digestion, but in reality the contrary would appear to be the case, for it has been proved that a meal without alcohol is more quickly absorbed than one with it taken.

Dr. A. E. T. Longhurst, in Westminster Review.

DRUNKENNESS AND INEBRIETY.

Dr. James Stewart, an English surgeon, in a recent lecture makes a distinction, not commonly made, between drunkenness and inebriety. The drunkard, he maintains, is a person who drinks whenever he finds an opportunity; the inebriate is a person who, in most cases, is born with an unsteady brain and might even be a man who never tasted alcoholic drink in his life; the vicious, or the other diseased. The following is a summary of Dr. Stewart's conclusions:

1. Drunkenness is a vice, inebriety a disease; the two terms must not be confounded.

2. The disease of inebriety once established may be transmitted to the patient's offspring either in the form of the alcoholic diathesis, epilepsy, chorea, insanity, or even tendency to crime.

3. The child of an inebriate born after the functional or structural lesion has been established is sure to inherit some nervous diathesis. 4. The only security against this diathesis developing as inebriety is lifelong abstinence from the use of the wine.

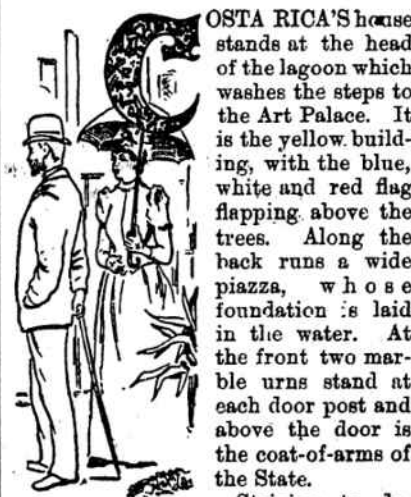
5. Even the adoption of this precaution will not absolutely make certain that there will be no transmission of the chechery to the child, or the offspring.

6. To prevent the development of the alcoholic nervous in other directions—such as epilepsy—sudden excitement of the emotions and sensibilities, such as might be produced by combat or the operation of a passion, in all cases be guarded against. 7. The prophylactic inebriety principle to be acted on with regard to children's training is, that if we accustom the good, we attenuate the evil. 8. The marriage of the child or even grandchild of an inebriate to a first cousin should be absolutely interdicted.

COSTA RICA.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN STATE AT THE FAIR.

Fine Exhibit of its Products—Minerals, Woods, Hides, Coffee, Herbs and Roots in Great Profusion.



COSTA RICA'S DISPLAY OF ORES.

OSTA RICA'S house stands at the head of the lagoon which washes the steps to the Art Palace. It is the yellow building, with the blue, white and red flag flapping above the trees. Along the back runs a wide piazza, where a o e foundation is laid in the water. At the front two marble urns stand at each door post and above the door is the coat-of-arms of the State.

Striving to develop its impenetrable forests and ore-filled mountains, it bankrupted its treasury and thus has not much money to spend for luxuries. However, it is at the Fair in a most creditable shape, and the old country which Columbus stumbled on during his third voyage hopes to receive an impulse in the right direction by taking its light from under a bushel. Once out of

sources of the country. The stones range along the whole gamut of value from the cumbersome lumps of iron to bits of precious metals. The woods are stub-ends of logs, polished and varnished to high degrees and in a

variety which is simply marvelous. The forests are yet practically virgin, the natives alone being large consumers and the uses being largely those for heat and waste. Long on timber, Costa Rica is short on a market for it, and thus the very best sells at almost ridiculous prices.

Hides of almost everything from snakes up are shown, those of the fur tribes being most numerous. The country has not much use for warm garments, and it is curious that nature in its wisdom filled the south woods with pelts for Arctic coats. The birds with densest plumage always pant where the sun is fiercest, and thus it happens that Costa Rica has songsters with feathers a yard long, and other birds with plumage rivaling the rainbow in brilliancy. They are in the National Building in great profusion, and arranged as found in the jungles. Some look like jokes, with spindling legs and bodies too heavy for them, and others are built on graceful lines with most wonderful beauty. One end of the gallery is a long-distance landscape, and the blue sky and white clouds are helped out by stuffed birds nailed to the canvas. This is realism in art with a vengeance, but since the aim is to show the birds and not the landscape the criticism hardly stands.

Like all the neighboring States and Kingdoms, Costa Rica raises coffee and challenges the world to equal its product in quality. To prove its value great silver tanks have been arranged to cook samples, and when the building was opened all visitors were given long draughts of the fragrant mixture. For this purpose the end next the north had been reserved. Thus all the departments of the country's varied business relations are exhibited, the Government sending many things from the National Museum. There are cases of coin and script of the country, displays of all the articles imported, silken wares and sea weed products made by the natives. Everything about the place suggests commerce, and that is exactly why the country came to the Fair—to boom its export relations with the rest of the world, and particularly with this edge of it.

—Chicago Herald.

Mathematical Combination Wonders.

If you want to know to what many depths mathematics can take you just begin to figure on combinations and keep it up industriously for an hour or two. One of the most wonderful examples in this line, perhaps, is that relating to the various combinations in dominoes. Doctor Bein, a Frankfurt (Germany) mathematician of international reputation, has calculated that two persons playing the game ten hours a day, and making four moves a minute, could continue one hundred and eighteen million years (118,000,000) without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total of which is 248,928,211,840!—St. Louis Republic.

Great Britain received 10,057,600 letters from America last year.

Sarsaparilla grows in Costa Rica and along with a wealth of other shrubbery this medicine is shown. It is interesting, since the average visitor has never seen sarsaparilla out of bottles or the soda fountain. Extending down the side of the long structure are a score or more cases containing bottles and jars of plants and herbs used in medical practice. Barks, beans, roots, leaves, branches and pulverized woods are in a bewildering profusion until it looks as though nature had grown a remedy for all the real and imaginary ills of body and flesh. Not even the old family "doctor book" can relate a disease for which Costa Rica does not grow its balm.

Pyramids of minerals and woods fill the center, showing the natural re-

PRODUCTIONS OF THE FAIR.

THE FAMOUS SIX NATIONS OF IROQUOIS.

Slaves of the Noble Houses of Red Jacket and Laporte Reproduce the Aboriginal Life of the Days of Columbus.

STUDENTS of ethnology on their way to Professor Putnam's Archeological Building, at the south end of the World's Fair grounds, have lately had their attention arrested by a long, low house near the bank of the south pond, with several wigwags and stockades close by. This is the Iroquois village, put up and maintained by the New York Commission, as a part of their State exhibit, and constituting a most important part of their outdoor ethnological exhibit.

If the visitor will turn aside into this curious village, says the Chicago Herald, he will find, if he is a student of history, that he has dropped four hundred years out of the calendar of time, and is face to face with red men and women, dressed and accoutered exactly as their forefathers were when Columbus discovered the continent.

The controlling features of the New York Iroquois exhibit is a faithful reproduction of the dwellings and customs of native aborigines as they existed four hundred years ago. The records and traditions of the famous Six Nations of Iroquois are in better shape for this purpose than those of any other family or tribe. Those who have had charge of the New York Indian exhibit were instructed to spare no pains or expense in reproducing a typical Iroquois village of the Fifteenth Century, and, according to the testimony of the sachems and wise men of the various tribes, this has been done.

There are now more than a dozen Indians living in the Iroquois settlement, and before many days there will be at least twenty. These have been selected from each of the famous six

confederated nations—the Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagos, Mohawks and Tuscaroras. Each Indian in the village is not merely a representative of his tribe, but is a lineal descendant of some former chief, famous in council or in war. Thus Red Jacket, for instance, who will be here soon, is a direct descendant of the famous chief, Red Jacket, whose name in the Iroquois traditions is a synonym for skilled oratory and staccato. Similarly, Chief Laporte, who is to be a resident of the village, is the scion of a family famous for centuries in the annals of the Six Nations. Besides being true aristocrats among their fellows, the members of the Iroquois village have been selected with special reference to the skill of themselves and their wives in the ancient arts of peace—carving, weaving, embroidery, basketmaking and so on. No families of Indians are more expert in these arts than the Iroquois, and there is already a marked demand for specimens of their handicraft as World's Fair souvenirs.

Students of Indian lore are familiar with the fact that the confederated Six Nations represented the highest type of the American Indian, and that their power in council or in war was equalled by their freedom from degeneracy for centuries after the advent of the white man. It is a curious fact that there are more descendants of the Six Nations living to-day in the State of New York on reservations than were in the various tribes at the height of their power. The student