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The Story Teller.

The Claim on Deer Creek.

By A. H. GIBSON. [Copyright, 1891, by American Press Associa-

CHAPTER II.



Nancy had flung her strong young arms

But Dick Hines did not shoot. Either he was too cowardly or he had a large enough spark of manhood within him not to fire at a woman. Nancy had flung her strong young

arms around her father's neck, and placed herself a loving screen between him and There she stood in the little camp fire's ruddy light before that isolated dugout, such a brave, sweet picture of protection for her deformed father that

even Dick Hines, villain and rough character though he was, was struck by it, and wheeled his horse around as if he would depart immediately. "Stranger, I reckon yer kin use ther dugout ternight, but I give yer warnin' ter git off'n ther claim afore tomorrer

"Yer very kind, I'm shore," returned Hamlet with quiet scorn, "ter 'low me ther privilege o' 'bidin' overnight on my own property.

"Remember," said Hines, unheeding the other's sarcasm and putting his re-volver in his belt, "yer ter be off'n this hyer claim afore tomorrer sunset." "Thank yer fur repeatin' it; my memory's plumb good yit," Hamlet made an-

swer, in spite of Nancy's whispered warning to say no more to the armed villain. "I've give yer ample warnin'," Hines concluded. "I don't want no trouble by tomorrer night yer kin expec' ter be waited on by a committee app'inted ter "Waal, I 'low yer committee couldn't

wait on er better man than Adam Hamlet." the new settler flung after Hines, as he put spurs to his horse and rode swiftly away in the darkness. Next morning as they ate their breakfast Nancy said:

"Pap, I'm thinkin' maybe yer'd best quit the claim an' save fussin'. Thet Hines is a desp'rate man." "Yes, I low he is, but I aim ter make

him a heap more desp'rater afore I quit this hyer claim I've come so fur ter git," replied Hamlet, spreading molasses on his cornbread, and eating his coarse fare with keen relish. "I reckon it would be kinder hard fur me ter leave the claim now that I've

been settin' such store on havin' a home of our own, after livin' on a rented place so long. It's a mighty purty place hyer, pap, an' I'm gittin' 'tached ter livin' hyer already," said the girl, as she gazed

The large drygoods box which served them as table, and at which they now sat, was placed just outside of the dugout door, and where they could command an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country for miles away. It was a wild but beautiful view indeed.

Miles and mics of tracaless prairies clothed in richest green and rarest wild flowers, sloped gently away, until the eye encountered a line of timber, fringing some stream in the distance. The warm amber of a glorious sunrise nished the landscape and increased its natural loveliness to a great degree.

On some of the little "swells" in the plain flocks of cattle and ponies of all colors could be seen grazing on the bedewed grass of early morning, while a spiral wreath of blue smoke here and there, outlined against a cloudless sky and appearing afar off, marked the location of a settler's cabin.

It was the Kansas of nature, before the settlers had turned her broad acres into the fertile fields of corn and wheat, as the traveler sees them today.

"Ain't it purty, pap?" asked the girl, too deeply lost in admiration of the scene

"Too purty ter be scart from by a lowdown critter like that sneakin' Hines," answered Hamlet, finishing his coffee and rising from the table.

"No, Nancy," he said, after a pause, "I think you an' me an' our traps will 'bide hyer at the dugout a spell spite o' that varmint's threats. His talk's too thin fur me ter swaller. He just aims ter scar' me off ther claim, but he'll be plumb disappointed, I 'low. Nancy, yer kin jest go erhead an' fix up ther dugout ter suit yerself, while I hammer up some kind o' brush shed fur the beasts. We'll not spare ther time ter ask Hines ef he's

So saying, Adam Hamlet took spade and ax and walked a short distance down a wide ravine, where he found a load of poles and heavier timber which Ik Pender had cut and hauled from the woods but had not used. With this timber he began the construction of a rude shed, which would serve as a shelter for the animals when it stormed.

While Hamlet worked away on his shed down the hollow Nancy was not idle. She was a skillful housekeeper, and she had soon put the dugout through a process of complete renovation. The underground apartment was not very generous in its dimensions, but their household goods were not very numerous, and there were but two persons to become inmates of it, so they could easily manage to exist there until they were able to build more comfortable quarters. How many of our brave pioneer folk like them have patiently borne with hardships, and lived in dugouts or uncomfortably cramped and wretched cabins, that the untamed prairies might be reclaimed from the savage and the wilderness, and made, after many struggles, fruitful and fitted to the needs of civilized humanity. They are real benefactors, and the world owes them such a great debt of gratitude that will never be redeemed. But their deeds of valor and noble sacrifices are recorded on the scroll of history, and we cannot

utterly ignore them, should we have the disposition to do so. Before night Hamlet had his shed completed, even to covering one side and the end and top with brush and dead sunflower stalks gat ered from the ravine; and Nancy had made the dugout as habitable as it was possible to make it. They had received no visits that day from any of their distant neighbors, and had almost forgotten Dick Hines' threats, when Nancy, who had been down to the creek for a bucket of water,

right ter Ik Pender's claim than I hevan' not as much when it comes down ter heard through the darkness of the night the rapid approach of several horsemen. There was no moon yet, so she could distinguish nothing in the starlight but several dark forms, whose horses were bearing them with mad speed onward toward the lonely dugout.

She bent her head in a listening atti-

heard one of them laugh in a gruff voice. But she could hear no words, only the swish, swish of the horses' feet as their riders urged them over the prairie. She strove again to pierce the intervening space with her clear hazel eyes, but she could not make out the shadowy forms. "What does it mean? Who kin it be cavortin' 'round over the prairies?" she

Suddenly she remembered Dick Hines' unpleasant visit of the evening before, and leaving her bucket, she ran swiftly up the grass grown path to the dugout, before which she had left her father seated on a bench smoking his old clay pipe. In an excited voice she cried: "Pap, I reckon that Hines an' his low

down gang air comin'. Don't yer hyar "Yes, I've heerd 'em, Nancy," replied Hamlet, "an' I'm awaitin' ther attack," and she noticed that he had an old musket in his hand, which he had captured from a soldier in the late war. 'Hyer, child! Get in ther dugout and let me shut ther door. I reckon ef ther bent on playin' Injun I kin show 'em I

ain't erfeared. I've faced too many Johnnie Rebs in my time ter be scart out by a passel o'sich bushwhackers as He pulled Nancy into the dugout and closed and bolted the big rough door, which was composed of two large, heavy oak boards nailed together. "Hello in thar!" yelled Dick Hines,

halting with his gang, a half dozen rough looking fellows, all heavily armed, before the dugout. "Hello yerself!" Hamlet called back from a hole beside the door. "Come out o' thar, an' let this hyer committee show yer how we do up

claim jumper in Kansas." "I'm 'bliged ter yer fur the invitation, but I'd ruther be excused frum takin' any lessons frum sich er pack o' bushwhackers as yer," Adam Hamlet an-

"Ef yer don't come out peaceable-like we uns will bust in an' fetch yer out,' threatened Hines, while poor Nancy stood shuddering with the wildest appre hensions by her father's side. "Bust away! I've got somethin' hyer

in my hand thet kin bust, too, when I'm er mind ter pull the trigger.' "Look hyer, ole chap! This is Dick Hines' claim, and we uns aim ter help him hold it," said one of the uncout

"It's Adam Hamlet's claim, got in a fair and squar' swap from Ik Pender. back in Illinoy, an' I aim ter hold it." "Ain't yer goin' ter open thet door?" demanded Hines impatiently. "What yer need with ther door open?" nockingly asked Hamlet.

"We uns want ter git our paws on yer, ye white livered claim jumper, yer!' 'Yer do? Waal, why don't yer git off yer hosses an' try it, then? I'm ready fur yer, an' ther fust one ter come a step nearer this dugout will git a dose o genywine lead. Thet's what!" "I dare yer out hyer!" said Hines.

"An' I dare yer in hyer!" Hamlet returned contemptuously. "This is gittin' mighty thin, ole man." "Very waal, Mr. Hines, when yer an' yer august committee gits tired yer at berty ter retire when yer please."

"None o' yer gol-durned sass in thar or I'll riddle thet spring halt ole door with oullets," growled Hines, growing angrier every moment, as he saw himself and his cowardly allies held at bay by one man. "Yer best try it ef yer itchin' ter git ther contents o' this hyer musket o' mine poured inter yer miserable carcass. I'd ruther save my ammunition fur buzzards, wolves an' sich, but I'm not be-

"I'm gittin' thunderin' tired o' yer lip. "All right, neighbor Hines, when yer tired of thet thar's a standin' invitation fur yer ter ride off about yer business.

I'm able ter run this claim without yer "An' do yer actilly refuse ter git off'n ny claim?" roared the infuriated Hines.

"I'm not on yer claim, an' how kin I "I'll give yer somethin' ter season yer sass with ef yer ain't more civil!"

"Yer remarked somethin' simular jest er bit ago." "I'd make yer whistle er diffrunt song f yer'd show yerself out hyer." 'It'd be er plump s'prise ter me ef yer

lidn't tote ther biggest heft o' ther chune yerself, Mr. Hines." "I'll put a bullet cl'ar through yer an' thet blamed door, both!" "No, yer don't, Dick Hines!" rang out clear, manly voice, as a newcomer

dashed upon the scene, and did not pause till he had spurred his pony between the gang and the door of the dugout. Hines and his allies shrank back like a pack of cowardly curs before a noble Newfoundland, and sat regarding the intruder with no pleasant grace upon their hardened visages. "Yer didn't expect Tom Byers hyer ter

take a hand in yer little game?" said the young fellow, speaking sternly. It was with feelings of real gratitude that the trembling girl in the dugout recognized the voice of the young ranchman who had taken supper with them at their camp two nights ago. Providence had surely sent him, she thought. "It's him-Mr. Byers, pap!" she whis-

"Yes, it's him, Nancy. Ain't he spunky? Jest listen ter him, will yer?" chuckled. "He's er match fur er dozen sich vile snipes as them." And he was, indeed. Tom Byers was

well known on those wild prairies as a man of dauntless courage and decided character, one with whom it was not safe to fool. Dick Hines knew the man whom he must now deal with, and although backed by several allies as he was, he had no relish for the encounter. "What are yer up to, disturbin' Mr. Hamlet this way?" he demanded.

"I was jest a makin' er sort o' call on him, an' tellin' him I held er right ter this hyer claim, thet's all," answered Hines, hoping to lower Tom Byers' wrath

open reception, I jedge, seein' as yer all out hyer in yer saddles yit," laughed Byers with contempt. "But I'd like ter know by what right

yer assert a claim ter this stranger's land?" he asked. "Waal, yer see Ik Pender bought my mules, an' nuver paid fur 'em, an' when

he left ther country I was ter hev his claim," explained Hines. "Stick ter fac's, ef yer please," cried Byers. "I know more erbout thet mule trade than yer think. Ik an' me was good friends, an' I know his side o' ther story won't tally with yer'n; besides, I happen ter know what become o' them

"Yer sold Ik er span a mules on er year's time. Ik hedn't owned ther critters two weeks till they was stoled. Yes, sir, stoled! Ik was down with ther ager at ther time, so couldn't track ther thieves, an' yer come over hyer ter this very dugout, Dick Hines, an' told Ik as yer'd be willin' ter let him hev his note ef he'd fork over fifty dollars in greenbacks, seein' he'd hed sich bad luck in gittin' ther critters stold. Well, Ik didn't hev ther money ter redeem his note from yer clutches, so I loaned it to him. That's how I know so much erbout thet mule business. Yer shelled over ther note ter Ik, fur I seen it arterward in his own hands. So yer hev no more

ther p'int o' ther matter." "Waal, I don't b'lieve this humpy backed stranger has got any right on Ik's claim," Hines declared. "He desarves ter be punished fur claim jumpin', an' I fur one favor puttin' him"-"Shut up yer horn!" interrupted Byers. "I'm hyer ter see fair play, an' I'll see it

"Why, Tom," remarked one of Hines'

tude, for she was certain that she had | followers, "I thought nobody on the | motive the girl was very certain, and it whole Neutral Lands was more 'posed ter claim jumpin' than you.' "An' so I am," returned Byers firmly; "I'm powerful opposed ter claim jumpin' an' all sich low down, lawless doin's thet thar's no manhood in. Ef I know anything erbout ther way ther wind lies, I'm thinkin' Dick Hines is mad because he ain't able ter git ther stranger

out an' jump the claim himself." "Thet's it! Thet's it!" agreed Adam Hamlet, speaking from the door, which he held slightly ajar. "Yer driv' there nail home that time, Mr. Byers. Hines wants ther claim, an' is tryin' ter scar' me out. Thet's ther shape o' ther hull business."

"Le's settle this dispute hyer an'now," said Tom Byers in a decided tone. "Mr. Hamlet, didn't yer tell me thet ver had some writin's frum Ik Pender ter prove yer title ter this land?" Yes, an' hyer they air right in my inside coat pocket," answered the settler.

"Produce 'em, an' fix a light an' I'll read the dockymint to these doubtin' Thomases," said Byers, alighting from his pony and approaching the door of the Adam Hamlet handed to Tom a half

uneven, untidy characters, had written the transference of his quarter section of land on Deer creek. Lamp or candle the Hamlets had not, so Nancy put a cotton rag into a small can of "meat fryin's," and thus secured a poor, fitful little flame, by which By-

sheet of foolscap, on which Ik Pender, in

ers, standing in the door, read slowly but distinctly the following letter: To Whom It May Concern:
By this here Presents be it known that I have traded my claim on Deer creek, in Cherokee co., Kansas, to one Adam Hamlet of Pinkneyco., Kansas, to one Adam Hamlet of Pinkney-ville, Illinoy, who did by mutual consent turn over to me 10 head of big steers for this said To my old friends out there I recommend

aid Adam Hamlet as an honest citizen, and ask that you'll treat him white. ISAAC N. PENDER. Hines and his gang listened while Byers read the letter, and as soon as he began, folding it up they started away. But Tom detained them a few minutes

to say: "Hold on, Dick Hines! I want yer to understan' thet Mr. Hamlet's right ter this hyer claim is genywine, and will be supported by all the worthy citizens o' these parts. It won't be well fur yer ef ketched prowlin' round Deer creek. Now go!" And they went. Tom Byers lingered at the dugout long after the sound of the horsemen.

whom he had put to flight so effectively, had died away upon the calm night air. Adam Hamlet resumed his seat and his pipe outside the dugout; Nancy leaned against the doorway, like a blushing, drooping wild rose under the clear starlight; while the young ranchman, brave as a Trojan and handsome as a prince, stood by his pony's side, one arm laid carelessly across the saddle. "I'm plumb glad yer rid up jest when

yer did, Mr. Byers," Hamlet remarked. ott, and thought I'd ride past an' see how yer was makin' it," Byers explained. "I wasn't countin' on findin' Hines an' his gang hyer. But yer seemed ter take ther visit mighty composed like." "Waal, it's no good gittin' flustered,

I never think; besides I was mixed up in too many hot spurts with ther enemy durin' ther late war ter be scart out easy now. It's been a kind o' trainin' ter me ter bristle up ter every situation of danger thet may rise up in my path," said Hamlet, puffing away placidly at his

"So yer was in the war jest closed?" Tom Byers asked a little curiously. "Not as a reg'lar soldier. wouldn't take me on 'count o' my back, though I plead fur 'em to. But I was in ther Union army, connected with ther commissary department, an' was a nuss in ther hospital camps on the Ohio river fur erbout eight months. I never seen actual service on the battlefield but once. an' thet was when I hed a hand to hand struggle with a Confederate soldier. tripped him up an' captured thet ole musket yonder," and he pointed with pride to the trophy which his muscular force had wrested from the hands of a

Tom Byers examined the old musket with interest, listened while Hamlet related two or three war adventures, then mounted restive Popcorn to ride on to his ranch.

"I don't think Dick Hines will be apt ter bother yer any more, Mr. Hamlet," he said before starting. "He's er coward an' won't do yer no open hurt, an' ther fact that I've got onter his game ter get yer off o' ther claim will tend to keep him scarce. Yer heerd what I told him erbout thet mule business? I kin tell yer more yit. Arter sellin' ther mules ter Ik he hired two o' his gang ter run ther critters off inter Missoury an' sell 'em, when Pender was down sick with the shakin' ager an' couldn't help himself. It's a plain case, an' all I'm

watchin' fur is a little more clear proof, an' I'll fix his cake fur him. He lives over on Lightnin' creek with a brotherin-law o' his who ain't no better'n Dick. "But Hines ain't goin' ter molest yer," he said, with a swift, admiring look directed toward the girl, "fur I aim ter keep an eye on his cavortin's. Good night!" and waving his hand he galloped rapidly away over the prairie. Adam Hamlet began improvements on his place at once. He broke up the sod,

which was soon planted in corn, beans, sorghum and pumpkins. Byers let him have a good milk cow and a fine little riding pony for Nancy, while one of the neighbors spared them some chickens, and Joe Dugan a pig. So the new settlers had fairly started their life on the

Adam Hamlet wished to secure a legal title to his land on Deer creek. But some of his best neighbors, who were ardent supporters of the "land leaguers," just then vastly stirred up over the disposition which congress had made of the Neutral Lands on which they lived, had repeatedly requested him not to contract with Joy's agents. Hamlet was not in particular sympathy with the "leaguers," being a firm believer in the power and wisdom of the United States government to adjust all land disputes, but the settlers had treated him kindly, and he did not care to anger them. He could wait for the excitement over the

land question to subside. In August, when the sun scorched the prairies with almost torrid breath, Hamlet became a victim to chills and fever, and much of the time was too poorly to leave the dugout.

Added to her customary duties, Nancy had to be her father's nurse and look One evening as darkness was falling over the hot prairie she went down the creek to drive the cow home. She had proceeded a half of a mile.

and was just crossing a wild plum she returned, trying to laugh. thicket when voices arrested her atten-Peering through the branches she could just make out two men engaged

in earnest conversation. One she instantly recognized as Dick Hines.

CHAPTER III. The girl drew back within the thicket, afraid to stir, lest her presence might be discovered to the two men.

She hoped they would pass on and let her continue her search for the cow unhindered, but they did not. Hines and his companion stood just beyond the patch of wild plum, at the very foot of a steep bank on the creek. What did he mean by his vile presence

there on the corner of her father's claim? Immediately vague fears were aroused within her, and her first impulse was to steal back to the dugout and alarm her father. But quickly the thought came, what good would that do to startle a sick man who would be unable to defend himself, no matter how dark and terrible was the villain's object in being on the claim.

That he must have some villainous

make answer. suddenly occurred to her that she must be brave, catch Hines' plot from his own lips, and if possible outwit him. She alone must be her sick father's defender

if trouble was coming. Creeping a little nearer to the plotters, she distinctly overheard the following dialogue: "I tell yer, Finley, thar's money in it -heaps an' heaps. Thar's not so valyble spirit all crushed by disease. er claim as this hyer anywher's on these

puraries," Hines was saying with en-"But air yer sure, Dick, thet ther coal myself." vein extends all erlong this crick?" asked 'Yer, Nancy?"

his companion. "Of course I'm sure! Hain't I dug holes hyer all erlong ther creek ter find out? Yes, sir; dug 'em hyer afore thet ole Hamlet come inter ther country, an' had it all made up ter move inter ther dugout when that ole sinner got erhead o' me. I tell yer I've tested ther creek all erlong hyer, an' thar's big deposits o' ther best kind er coal, enough ter make



Nancy Hamlet urged her pony forward across the lonely prairie

"I reckon ther coal business'll be er lively one on these puraries some day." "Why, Finley, it's boun' ter be! Kain't holp but be! This hyer's a poorly timbered country, an' coal mines is sure ter be somethin' wuth ownin'. Thar's a railroad comin' frum Kansas City, cl'ar through the Neutral Lands, an' on ter ther Gulf o' Mexico. Ther country 'll be on er big boom purty soon, an' ef we uns control ther coal beds hyer on Deer creek we'll be capitalists afore we know wot we uns air doin'. We uns must hev ther claim, Finley," declared Hines, uttering an oath that must have made the beautiful sensitive roses, growing luxuriantly at his feet, close their tender, fernlike leaves in terror.

"Maybe this hver settler's already contracted fur the claim?" said Finley. "No. he ain't. I've been over ter Baxter an' seed ther records. Hamlet hain't ther grit ter contract fur it, havin' been warned by ther league not to. Ther league hain't no use fur ole Joy, an' though Hamlet ain't er leaguer hisself I 'low he's plumb erfeard o' ther s'ciety, "I was jest gittin' back frum Fort | an' sin't aimin' ter make ther members mad at him."

yerself, Dick." "Yes," and Hines laughed coarsely, "but durned little I'm keerin' fur it or anythin' else 'ceptin' this claim on Deer

"They'd string yer up ter a blackjack, I reckon, ef yer went back on 'em." "They hain't goin' ter find it out fur some little spell. Thar's more settlers than yer think fur stealin' slylike inter the land office at Baxter and contractin' fur their claims unbeknowns ter ther league. I tell yer, we uns 'll git er contract fur this piece o' land, let ole humpy live in ther dugout undisturbed till ther leaguers cool off er bit, then we kin show our papers, and run ole Hamlet an' ther gal off.

"Purty slick, Dick; but wot ef Tom Byers gets wind of it? They say he's struck bad on ther settler's gal, an' Tom's mighty hard ter contend aginst, let me tell yer."

"I reckon Tom would be er ugly customer to deal with. Durn his big picter! He's been watchin' me like er hawk this summer, but he's down in ther Injunnation now, pickin' up some shippin' stock, an' I hyar it said thet he's goin' ter sell out his ranch an' leave ther county. Ef he does, we uns needn't fix fur any racket with him, an' ef we uns gits squatted down hyer on ther claim it'll ake more'n Tom Byers ter git us off." "I reckon it would, with the gang frum

"But say, Dick, why don't yer contract fur ther claim yerself, an' not take er pardner?" the other suddenly asked. "I would ef I hed ther money. I know yer hev plenty o' cash, after stoppin' thet train over in Missoury," and Hines chuckled gleefully, "an' kin pay down ther fee required by ther land agent." "Waal, I am better heeled than afore boarded thet train," replied Finley, "an' I'm willin' ter go cohoots on ther

claim with yer, Dick. When do yer want ter git ther contract?" "I thought we could start in ther mornin' afore daylight an' ride ter Baxter," returned Hines. "Yer see, if we uns gits er airly start nobody in ther neighborhood will see us, an' so we uns will not be suspicioned of goin' ter ther land office. Yer know ther league has

spies out." Then the plotters mounted their ponies, which had been permitted to crop the grass along the margin of the stream and rode off, chuckling with much self satisfaction over the cleverness of their scheme to gain possession of Adam Ham-

The girl, nearly petrified with fright over the underhand plot to which she had listened, and which, if carried out according to the villains' plans, would rob her and her father of a home where: they had been faithfully toiling all summer, waited until the deepening shades of evening hid the horsemen from view, then leaving the cow to find her own. way back, she sped up the creek toward

the dugout. She found her father, pale, thin and weak, sitting in the door, where the cool breath of evening fanned his feverish brow. He looked so ghostlike, so powerless to contend with human affairs, as he half reclined there in the starlight, that Nancy hesitated to tell him what she had overheard down in the wild plum thicket. But it was right that he should be forewarned, and she must break it to him as gently as she could. "Wher' yer been, Nancy?" he asked

feebly, as she threw herself on the bench "Jest down ther creek," she answered. her voice trembling.
"Yer act scart, Nancy, as ef yer'd been a-runnin'," her father remarked, noticing

the girl's strange agitation. "Well, pap, I did see two big varmints down on the corner o' ther claim," "Two big varmints! Wolves?" "Yes, or leastwise wolves that hes two feet an' wears trousers-human

wolves, wot's er heap more dangerouser

than ther four footed kind." "Wot do yer mean, Nancy?" Hamlet asked, mystified. "I seed Dick Hines an' one o' his gang down thar.' "Dick Hines! On my claim? Wot was

he doin' thar?" "Plottin' ter git er contract fur our claim an' then run us out," and with that introductory explanation she gave her father a clear account of the villain's scheme as she had overheard it. "Wot kin we do?" he appealed to the girl in his halpless weakness. "I reckon he'll beat us outen ther claim yit," and the sick man became overwrought with "No he won't, pap," and Nancy set her

mouth resolutely as she asked herself

what she could do to outwit their enemy.

She would not show despair now before her feeble father. "Ef Tom Byers was only home he might stop Hines," said the troubled set-Nancy's face flushed at the mention of

"It's awful ter be so no-account as I

am." the sick man wailed. "I'm so weak I couldn't take my part agin a crawfish now; an' thar's no use 'pealin' ter ther neighbors, fur ther kinder down on me 'cause I've refused ter become er member o' ther league. Hines is plumb shore ter git ther claim," he reiterated, his old

"No, Hines won't!" and the girl sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing with the fires of a sudden resolve. "I'll stop him

"Yes, pap." "How'll yer do it?" "I'll git on ther pony, ride over ter Baxter, an' tell ther land agent all erbout ther claim," returned Nancy.

"Hines 'll beat yer ther." "No, he won't, pap, fur I'm aimin' ter start ternight an' git ahead o' him." "Yer sha'n't go, Nancy!" "But, pap, I must. Yer not able, but I am. Ain't I been actin' yer boy, an' tendin' ter ther stock," she reasoned

playfully, "an' wot's ter hinder me frum "It's so fur, child, nigh onter twentytwo miles, an' over sich wild puraries. But ther night's ther biggest objection." "It's er heap cooler ridin' at night," she argued. "Say yes, pap, fur I'm bound ter go. Jest think! Our home's at stake, and ef thet wolf's ter be relied on erbout thar bein' coal veins along ther creek, our claim's mighty valyble. I'm goin' ter save it." "But yer kain't git ther contract with-

out my presence, Nancy," Hamlet said despondently. "I know that p'int o' ther land law." "No, pap, but I kin see ther land agent an' tell him erbout Hines. An' ef yer willin' I kin take ther money yer've been savin' ter build er house an' pay down

on ther claim. Then we'll shore be ahead o' ole Hines." Hamlet saw it would be utterly useless for him to raise any more objections. Nancy was determined to go to Baxter that night to outwit Dick Hines, and it would require more than his spent

strength to induce her to give up the About eleven o'clock the brave girl mounted her pony and rode away from the dugout. Knotted in one corner of a handkerchief were two hundred dollars, which Hamlet had given her to pay down on the claim. That represented his entire cash account, and had been saved for another purpose that fall, but he yielded it up gladly to Nancy's care, believing with her that it would be better invested in securing a contract for the

She would have to ride about eight miles across the unbroken prairie before she reached the "Old Mission" road, as it was called. That gained, she would have a straight, well traveled way to Baxter Springs, near the southern border

thousand acres of fertile prairie, located in the southeastern part of the state. It had been owned by the Cherokee Indians, who had ceded it in trust to the United States about the close of the war of secession. The secretary of the interior was the agent of the Indians to sell the land. After considerable wrangling over the disposal of the land in parcels, as the

ire body was purchased by James F. Joy, of Michigan, who became owner of the Neutral Lands soon after the arrival of the Hamlet family, in 1868. The families or settlers who had been located on the Neutral Lands before Joy nad purchased them declared the whole business to be a vast swindle, they maintaining a perfect right to take claims

agent had been authorized to do, the en-

there under the pre-emption or homestead acts. Excitement ran high on those wild prairies, and the anti-Joy settlers organized léagues, and pledged themselves to resist the claims of the purchaser to the death if it became necessary. The settlers were deceived by the false

rumors of evil agitators, who had nothing to do but ride from one cabin to another, keeping strife so stirred up that the true situation of the matter was veiled from their understanding. A league was formed near Hamlet's claim, and though he had been invited and even urged to join it he took a position of neutrality. He had faith that congress would adjust the trouble satis-

factorily, and went on making such rude

improvements as he was able on his quar-

ter section, content to await the final decision of that body. Nancy Hamlet urged her pony forward across the lonely prairie. There was no moon, but the bright stars which shone in the dark blue vault above her enabled her to keep the proper course. Alone in the deep darkness of midnight, out on the prairie, the girl's heart felt a sense of desolation and awe that was almost past enduring. Silence brooded somberly everywhere, broken occasionally when her pony frightened

up some bird that had been passing the night in the rank grass. Gaining the main traveled road leading to Baxter the girl felt a revival of courage. Speaking more hopefully to

her animal she galloped away, as if freshly animated for her mission. It was a thinly settled region she was passing through, and only a lonely cabin, where all was silent as the grave, every two or three miles apart, rose dimly be-

She neared the small town of Baxter Springs just as the eastern horizon toward the dark woods along Spring river began to grow crimson with the first flush of In the outskirts of the place she was

halted by a military guard, who regarded the girl suspiciously. A sub-officer was called, who, on learning the dauntless Nancy's errand, courteously conducted her himself to the boarding house where the agent for the

He was hastily aroused from his morning nap, and presently appeared in the little sitting room where Nancy Hamlet After she had confided in him as much of their trouble with Hines as she cared to, and told her business in coming at

Neutral Lands had rooms.

such an unusually early hour, the agent "Well, Miss Hamlet, I must say you have acted bravely in outwitting a villain, and you and your father have my true sympathy in your troubles. Of course, as you are aware, your father's presence will be necessary to make the contract valid. But you may leave a payment on the claim in my hands, for which I will write you out a receipt, and your father can come in when he is able to make the trip, and we'll fix up his

legal title to the land." Thanking the agent for his kindness, and taking the receipt which he made out for her, Nancy mounted her pony and started homeward, her heart in a wild tumult of ecstasy over the success she had achieved in defeating a bad man. The sun was just peeping above the hills, burnishing the tree tops with lucid amber, as she rode out of Baxter. There was a warm tint on her oval cheeks, her hazel eyes had the brightness

of triumph in them, while the breeze from the southwest played strange havoc with the unconfined dark locks of the brave prairie maiden. She was a picture of girlish beauty and modest heroism. She had not left the town more than two miles behind her when, on entering a wood lining a stream, she came face to face with Dick Hines and his brutal faced ally. Her presence so far from home, so near Baxter, made Hines suspect the

passage. The road had been washed deep by

truth at once. His face darkened sav-

agely, and fixing her with his hawkish

that name, and she did not immediately | hard rains, with high, steep banks on either side, so Nancy had no choice but to draw her pony aside to let the men pass. But instead of going on, Hines and his companion halted directly before her, and with a leer in his face the leader said

"Wher yer been so airly, gal?" "Tendin' ter my own business, Dick Hines!" she replied with spirit. "Wot's thet paper yer got in yer hand?" Hines demanded, catching sight of the folded receipt which she held as too precious to let out of her sight. "Thet's my father's. Let me pass."

"Not so fast, gal! Yer been ter Baxter ter the land agent; an' thet paper hes somethin' ter say erbout wot yer been doin' thar. I'm goir' ter see thet paper." he asserted with a loud oath. "No, yer not," the girl cried, trying to

force her pony past the villain. But he grasped her bridle rein and restrained "Finley, yer kin take the paper frum her while I hold ther pony," said Hines, with malignant exultation beaming in every feature of his countenance. Finley rode toward the girl's side to do his leader's bidding, but instantly she transferred the receipt to her mouth and shut her teeth tight together

"Choke ther durned hussy!" roared Hines, and again Finley approached her an evil glitter in his green eyes. At that moment there was the hurried clatter of hoofs over the stony road leading toward the little ford where Nancy Hamlet had been stopped by the two scoundrels, and a clear voice that sent the red blood flowing back into the girl's fear blanched cheeks rang out sharply on the pure morning air: "Lay one finger on that girl at yer peril!" and Tom Byers, with flashing

eyes, covered the villains with his six With muttered curses the baffled wretches fell back in surprise and con-

"Now ride, whelps!" he ordered, following them with the weapon. "An' keep on ridin' till yer git cl'ar out o' God's country. Don't let me ketch yer back on Deer creek or ther Neosho river pollutin' ther air with yer rotten nint, or I'll shoot yer down like

two ornery dogs." They knew there was no jesting in that tone, and they rode off, with rage in their dark hearts, but daring not to utter a word, in the direction of the Indian Territory border. "Oh, Tom!" cried Nancy, recovering

her speech as the defeated villains disappeared beyond a hill, "how did yer ever happen erlong jest when yer did?" "I come up from ther Injun nation last night," he answered, riding up to her side. "I was on my way back ter ther ranch, but decided ter stay all night in Baxter. I was at ther very hotel where ther land agent stays. Yer was jest ridin' out o' town as I got up. I'm well acquainted with ther agent, an' he told me how yer'd happened ter be in The tract of land known as the Neutral | Baxter. When he told me what yer'd Lands comprised about eight hundred | overheard Hines an' Finley plannin' ter an' hey trouble. So I ordered my horse and rid right after yer."

"I don't know what I'd done of yer hedn't rid up," said the girl, trying to meet the admiring eyes of Tom Byers. "Nannie, yer a mighty brave girl," he said, trying to possess himself of her hand, "but yer need some big, honest feller who thinks a heap of yer ter take keer of yer. I was thinkin' o' sellin' out my ranch an' goin' back ter mother, but if I could only persuade yer to bide long with me thar on ther Neosho I'd be plumb contented ter live allus out hyer on ther

Neutral Lands." "Oh, Tom!" she said, quickly withdrawing her hand, "pap's ailin' consid'ble, an' I must git back ter him." "I'll ride back with yer, Nannie," Tom declared, and they left the ford at once. It was a very pleasant and satisfactory ride to Tom Byers, judging from the glad light that shone in his blue eyes as the young couple rode up to the dugout and were greeted by Adam Hamlet. "Tom, I'm mighty glad ter hev yer bring my leetle gal safe home. Is all

"All's well," answered Tom, warmly shaking the settler's hand. "Ther claim's yer'n, an' Nannie's mine!" The land question was finally decided in the courts, and new settlers began to flock into the country. The league excitement subsided, and many of its warmest adherents contracted with Joy

Tom Byers' threats evidently had the

for their lands.

desired effect on Dick Hines, for soon after the encounter at the ford he and his gang left the country for parts unknown. Their places were taken by honest settlers. Consequently no regrets followed them, except that some of them

had escaped their just deserts at the hands of the law Adam Hamlet secured a legal title to his claim, and in due time developed valuable coal mines along the creek. Tom and Nancy have a comfortable home near the Neosho river, and are as happy as a well mated couple can be who possess one hundred and sixty acres of rich land under good cultivation and

clear of all incumbrance. THE END.

A SON OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. dispatch from Findlay, O., says that there died at the infirmary of that county, on the morning of December 2, an old man named Paul Jordan, who has always declared that he was an illegitimate son of Napoleon Bonaparte and that he was born in Paris in 1786, which statement, if true, would

make him, at the time of his death, 106 years old. Jordan's story was to the effect that he went to Egypt in 1796 with Napoleon upon his famous expedition to the pyramids, and that he (Jordan) was captured by the Turks, living with them a nomadic life, afterward being stolen by the Jews, and lived in Jerusalem until a short time after his reputed father was banished to the Island

Jordan has lived as an inmate of the Hancock county infirmary for the past ten years, having been found in a bewildered condition in the southern part of the county unable to give an account of himself. He afterward proved to be able to speak French fluently and was conversant with several of the dialects of the Tartars and nomadic Turks. His names were given him by the Jews from those of the apostle or river-Paul and Jordan. The story seems incredible, but Jordan, who was a fine looking person broad features, bore a remarkable resemblance to the renowned Banaparte. Jordan has remarkably small feet and hands-Bonaparte's most distinguish-

The little Island of Jersey, the original home of the Jersey breed of cattle is, for its area, one of the finest agricultural regions in the world. With a total area of less than 30,000 self, with the boy on his shoulder, as acres there are 2,000 land owners. easily as the average person would While the sale of Jerseys for export is balance himself on one foot on the a steady source of income, the agricul- ground. tural resources of the island are many. The soil is very fertile and the climate most favorable. An enormous quantity the point resting on the performer's of potatoes are raised and 600 bushels chin; then the juggler will balance per acre is considered a common crop, while eighty bushels of wheat per acre stick which he holds in his lips. While as, gowned in white, with shining face is nothing unusual. The climatic con- performing this trick the juggler some- and hands, and prayers said, she todditions are such that two and sometimes three crops of product are secured nose, and tosses up a stone which, fall- exchange the wish; parents and chilfrom the land each year. The island is | ing on the tile, breaks it in pieces. also fortunate in being remarkably free from the extremes of wealth and

eyes, while an ugly imprecation fell from his lips, he sought to block her A remedy of great value for cats and dogs is sweet oil. Put two tablespoonsful in their milk and they will rarely refuse to take it.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LOOKING FOR EMPLOYMENT. There is hardly any large establishment of any kind-whether it be a newspaper office, a manufactory or a trade establishment-that has not applications constantly from young men who want something to do. It is often painful to see the hopeless look of the applicants' faces as they turn away sappointed; and the scene becomes more painful when it is reflected that many of them doubtless have capacity for remunerative work, and would faithfully attend to it if they had the

The truth is that the world is slow to take any man entirely on trust. The greatest singers, the greatest painters, the greatest writers, have had to convince the world that it had a need of them before it was willing to give them a subsistence. So true is this that it might also be laid down as an axiom of success that is only to be won by a hard struggle. It takes the attrition of poverty to bring out what is brightest in a man. It may be hardship, but it seems to be a law of social economy, and, being a law, it must have justice and compensation in it

The question of "getting a position" resolves itself into two grand essentials—first, proficiency of some sort, which stands for dollars and cents in the world's market-place; and next, tact to demonstrate this proficiency in a way to attract the world's attention. It is a mistake to depend on "influence" to get work in a legimate calling; influence belongs more properly to the domain of politics. As a rule too, it is a mistake to ask or to expect employment on the ground of charity-not that charity and business are incompatible, but that each should stand on it's own bottom. The best recommendation is a sample of your work; that, with a frank address and neatness of appearance-for "the apparal oft proclaims the man"-may often prove the "open sesame" to

While it is good to have due appreciation of one's abilities, it is not good to be too exacting as to the field for their display. The distance betwixt the foot of a ladder and the top is but a short span to him who has within

himself the power of rising. It is another resquite of the successful worker that he sall be in love with his work. If he is a machanic, he will take pride in his tools; if he is a bookkeeper, he will plume himself on the merits of his pen, and on the neatness and forwardness of his accounts. Julian Hawthorne counts among the pleasures of his authorship the satisfaction got from good writing materials. As the late Colonel Forney once said to a youthful member of his staff: "A man must work con amore to have his work worth anything."

plies," so to speak-brief, business-like, and respectful-setting forth her experience, qualifications, and ideas as to pay, putting her figures rather above the market rate. Next morning there were four advertisements for typewriters in the papers. She promptly mailed her four replies directly at the main-office, enclosing a two-cents stamp in each. One of the four shots brought down her bird. That evening her position came to her by mail. It is not true that the world is a better market for muscle than for brains. The difficulty is that brain matter, whatever its native brightness, is practically worthless without training and experience. For one play produced by

a manager, a thousand are rejected The accepted one may be inferior in many respects to many a rejected one; may have less talent in it; but it is from a trained head, and suits the manager's want, and that is enough. It is so with story writing, with headwork of every kind. Suitability is the quality that gives it pecuniary value. Men and women who with certain brilliant qualities fail to realize this truth, often fancy that the conditions of success are hard and limited. Yet theatrical managers, magazine publishers, and many others, are subject to

the very same law themselves. Finally, it is not necessary that a want should be proclaimed in order to . quested Copley to erase his former exist. Sometimes it may even be created. Whoever can create a want for his wares or his work is on the way to masterful success. The philosophy of success in life is not a whit changed from what was in

"Poor Richard's" day. His homely old maxim of industry and thrift-which he quaintly admits that he himself found difficult to practice-have not been outlawed by the lapse of years. There is an impression that oportunities for individual success are being restricted nowadays and overshadowed by corporations. To some extent, and temporarily, this may be true, but corporations in turn are dependent on the intellectual and moral qualities that insure individual success, and these can no more be dispensed with than manual labor can be superseded by

multiplication of machinery. TRICKS OF HINDU JUGGLERS.

The wonderful tricks of legerdemain the feats of balancing, tumbling, and rope-dancing performed by men and women in the theatres and circuses in this country, are hardly equal to the commonest tricks and feats performed by Hindu jugglers in their native

to see young girls balancing themselves on their heads with their heels in the air, or to see them walking on their hands and feet with their bodies bent backwards. It is an easy thing for a girl of 15 years to bend back wards, plunge her head into a hole eighteen inches deep, full of water and dirt, and bring up between he lips a ring that was buried in the mud. Women are not less dexterous than the girls and the men. They are frequently seen dancing in couples on slack ropes, one playing on the vina

or Hindu guitar, while the other poses,

It is a very common sight in India

postures, and capers gracefully about with a vessel brimful of water in each hand, without spilling a drop. A Hindu jugglar will stand a pole twenty feet high on the ground, and then climbs to the top of it as if it was a firmly rooted tree. He fixes the top of the pole in the middle of his sash and dances about in all directions without disturbing the equilibrium of the The same man, after giving an exhibition of this sort, slides down the pole, takes a boy on his shoulders, climbs once more to the top, fixes the top of the pole in the hollow of his foot, and stands erect, balancing him-

Another very difficult act is that of balancing a sword with a broad blade, times places a piece of thin tile on his dles off to bed. Sisters and brothers these men are performed on the slack some of us; we repeat it automatical-

movements of the lips he tosses each shell upon the tray without deranging anything or losing his balance. While doing this he strings beads upon a horse-hair by means of his tongue, and without any assistance

from his hands. The Hindus have found means of terity to domestic animals. They train bullocks to perform very difficult tasks. | guard the night." A Hindu juggler will lie down on his back and place a small piece of stout wood, two feet high and six inches in diameter, on the lower part of his stomach. At his command a trained bullock will set its four feet on the top of the stick and balance itself. The juggler will then place another piece of wood, similar to the first, a few inches from it, and the bullock will shift his position to it without touching its feet to the ground. Goats are also taught wonderful feats by this queer

FOOD AND THEN COTTON. Hon. R. T. Nesbitt, State Commissioner of Agriculture, has issued his annual address to the farmars of Georgia, reviewing the crop situation and advising as to the future. The commissioner discusses the cotton crop as

"Let me warn you not to be led into the mistake of raising too much cotton. Don't be tempted to leave the only true plan to success, that is plenty of food supplies, and then all the cotton you can cultivate without having to borrow more than it is worth to make it.

The present condition of the cotton market is sufficient proof of the unalterable luws of "supply and demand." The theory that we cannot produce too much cotton is entirely exploded by the experiences of 1891 and 1892. In '91 we produced the biggest cotton crop on record, and the price fell below the price of production, and many of the farmers, more especially those who have bought their provisions, are yet struggling to pay off their obliga-tions incurred in making that crop.

In '92, by reason of reduced acreage, and unpropitious seasons, the yield has fallen below the average, and now that this fact is established beyond controversy, we see the price bounding up in spite of speculative efforts to depress it, and notwithstanding the fact that we have no more money in circulation than we had one year ago when there was a popular theory that a scarcity of money and under consumption, and not over production, depressed the market and was the cause of the disasterously low Had the majority of farmers, by

that is, the crop of '92, they would when the lawyer employed by the over which the speculators are rejoicing. It is true that there are farmers ty of any kind. typewriter got it in a common-sense who, by raising an abundance of proway. She wrote out half a dozen "revisions, reducing the cotton area, and by careful methods increasing the yield while lessening the cost, are today reaping the benefit from their wise forethought. But unfortunately, they are the exception. The bulk of the the cotton has gone out of the hands of the farmers, and they are compelled to see their crop, the result of much anxious thought and weary toil, enriching others instead of them-

Let me urge you in planning your crops for '93 to remember that when we glut the markets of the world we have to accept such prices as the buyer sees fit to give, but when we have our supplies and a cotton crop just sufficient to meet the demands of trade, we can, to a certain extent, dictate the price. Don't allow yourselves to be allured into false methods by the present high price of cotton.

A TALE OF AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT

ARTIST .- John Singleton Copley (the first really distinguished painter of reasonable to reckon dreaming as one America) was a slow and tedious work- of the universal laws—almost as unier. A gentleman named Hoven once commissioned him to paint a large canvas containg portraits of the Hoven family. During the progress of the picture Mrs. Hoven died, and in due time her husband consoled himself with a second wife. He thereupon rewife's figure from the canvas and paint her in the form of an angel in the sky, her place in the family group to be occupied by the second Mrs. Hoven. Copley began the alterations, but con- are mine-they are paid for and I feel tinued so long over his work that the bride, being taken suddenly ill, expired before her sittings were com- me longer if I had asked them. But I pleted. Mr. Hoven once more took a wife and repeated his former strange request to the painter-that he should paint the second Mrs. Hoven as an angel in the clouds, while his present spouse should be portrayed in the center of the group. When the portrait was completed, Mr. Hoven had the satisfaction of beholding one wife on earth while two looked down on him from heaven. Mr. Copley, whose prices were always moderate, charged happiness that was a delight to see. a reasonable amount for the many alterations he had been compelled to make. This charge the customer objected to. Mr. Hoven declared that the picture ought to have been finished

pay on February 28 or 29, next year, in the shape of a draft issued on a warrant signed as usual by the secretary of the treasury and sent over to the White House by a messenger. The amount of this draft would be \$4,166.67, but four days' extra pay will be added for March. On the evening of March 3 he will go to the capitol, where he will seat himself at the' big table in the center of the president's room. This is said to be the handsomest room in the world, but the chief magistrate of the nation only uses it once in two years. It has a velvet carpet with a pile so deep that the footsteps of one who walks upon it are noiseless. The furniture is covered with red leather and the ceiling is frescoed in the highest style of art. Mr. Harrison will take a chair between the two great mirrors, which so throw back each other's reflections that, looking in either direction, he can see an interminable line of his own images extending out of sight. Up to midnight he will be occupied in hurriedly signing bills, order that they may become laws before the expiration of the Fifty-second congress. It will be his last night of power. The next day he becomes a private citizen, with no more control over public affairs than a new naturalized foreigner.

GOOD NIGHT.—There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good-night! The little one lisps it dren; friends and friends. Familiar He takes in his lips a stick long enough | and we, asleep on our pillows, take no | drinking."

to reach the shells, and by sudden such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilence watches over us, but it is the vigilence of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root and the same meaning. "Good-by" is communicating their wonderful dex- only "God be with you." "Goodnight" is really "God night" or "God

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It would be a churlish household in which those gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say "Good-night."

It would be hard to find a more amusing instance of the beggared condition in which soldiers of the field are sometimes found than that given years ago by General Gordon in an account of various scenes connected with the surrender of General Lee's army, says The Youth's Companion.

When General Gordon determined to send a flag of truce to General Sheridan he summoned Major Hunter of his staff and ordered him to carry a flag of truce forward. "General, I have no flag of truce," replied Major Hunter.

"Get one," said the general curtly. "General," he replied again, "we have no flag of truce in our command. "Take your handkerchief and put it on a stick and go forward." "I have no handkerchief, general."

"Borrow one and go forward with

"General, there is no handkerchies in the staff." "Then, major, use your shirt." "You see, general that we all have on flannel shirts." At last one man was found who still had a white shirt; a part of it was torn off, and with the remarkable

emblem tied on a stick the major went forward toward to the enemy's lines. HIS JOKE PAID HIM.-Sometime ago Edward O'Reilly, a penniless pauper, lay very ill of consumption at the Charity hospital in St. Louis. Mrs. E. D. Plant and her daughter, while visiting the hospital paid him some attention. He professed to be profoundly grateful, and asked Mrs. Plant's permission to will his \$3,000 life insurance and what personal property he had, to the daughter. The request was granted, and the Plants took a deep interest in his welfare, and had him removed to a private hospital, where he could have better attention. He had not been there long when he altered his will so as to leave half of his property to the kind sisters, who thereupon nursed him with the utmost tenderness. He died, and there shortly arose a dispute about the will between the pursuing a sound agricultural policy, Plants and the sisters. It bid fair to been able to hold this year's crop, be an ugly affair, until a few days ago, now be reaping the golden harvest | Plants discovered that O'Reilly carried

> Do ANIMALS DREAM .- Much research and investigation warrants the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear on their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions. It is highly probable that at such times the remembrance of the chase or a combat is passing through the dogs' minds. Besides the above signs of fleeting pain, anger and excitement, those noble creatures often manifest signs of kindness, playfulness and of almost every other passion. Ruminent animals, such as the sheep and the cow, are believed to be less affected with dreams than those of higher passions which spend their waking hours in scenes of greater excitement. Philosophers and investigators tell us that if we trace the dream faculty still lower in the scale of animal life we shall probably find that the same phenomena exists and, judging from analogy, it is only

> versal as sleep itself. HAPPY MAN .- "I am happier than I have been in several years," remarked a man the other day, "and the reason is that I am out of debt. I have skirmished lively, economized, worked hard and managed the best I possibly could and now I have just paid the last cent I owed. My clothes are not very fine and my home does not look like a palace, but, thank the Lord, they like a free man once more. Some of my creditors would have waited with didn't want them to wait. I was tired of paying interest. I was tired feeling like somebody else had a mortagage on me. I was tired feeling like a slave, for the man in debt is not absolutely free. So I strained a point to pay the last cent; and I shall be very happy when I go home this evening and tell my wife and little ones that we owe not a cent in the world." And his honest face was radiant with genuine

versation had drifted to early marriage, and Allen Thompson, of Dubuque. said: "The youngest wife I ever knew lived at Fairview, Iowa. Her maidbefore his domestic change rendered the alterations necessary. The artist en name was Ella Hotchkiss, and at went to law over the matter and won the age of 11 she was married to a youth of 18, whose name I cannot recall. I frequently saw her after her PRESIDENT HARRISON'S LAST WORK. | marriage playing with the other chil-Mr. Harrison will get his last month's | dren about the village, making mud pies, etc. About a year after the marriage a little daughter-a tiny thing weighing but three pounds-was born to the youthful couple. The ladies of the neighborhood then persuaded the child wife to don long dresses and quit jumping rope in the street."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

We have noticed, observes The

United States Review, with great truth,

that many men who are not worth a single thousand dollars, and whose income is only sufficient to support them and to leave a small balance, decline to insure their lives, giving us a reason that they can invest their money as well as in the company, while men who have managed to gather together an estate of from \$5,000 to \$5,000,000 carry policies for large amounts. The one can't see any value in an insurance policy, while the other comprehends the true worth and acts ac-If supply and demand have nothing to do with the price of cotton, why is it that the price has jumped up so recently upon the reports showing

ceedingly short? The rise in price is going to do a great deal of good, although much of the crop is out of the hands of the farmers. The thing for the farmers in the cotton belt to do is not to try to overstock the market next year. Most of the farmers this year raised their own supplies. It is better to continue that plan than to raise cotton at ten cents and buy your

that the present crop is going to be ex-

Lord Chief Justice Hale was perhaps the first judge to call attention to inebriety as a crime, requiring special study and attention. In 1669 he is re-Some of the most wonderful feats of use has robbed it of its significance to ported as saying: "If the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and rope. While bracing himself on the ly without much thought. But conrope, the performer carries a long stick sider. We are, as voyagers, putting other enormities committed during the on the end of his nose. At the top of off from time to time upon an unex- last twenty years, were devided into the stick is set a large tray from which plored sea. Our barques of life set five parts, four of them would be found walnut-shells are suspended by threads. sail and go onward into the darkness; to have been the issue and product of