"Poor little maverick," he said,

At dawn the cowboy started again.

The child panted in "Shorty's"

The child seemed weaker, so "Shor

it's only twenty miles now, little

naverick."

Night came and day dawned once

eeth and kept his eyes on the Her-

chaparral bush, then stumbled and

Half an hour before he had been

taken by a chill, every tremor of

which added to his exquisite torture.

He looked across the grim desert— down the faint white line of the trail

-back over the route he had come

He saw not one living thing, not even a skulking coyote. He looked up at

the burnished sky and saw a dark

casual prowler might be in that di-

he could complete the few miles that

child panted heavily; its eyes, un-winking as ever, were haunted with

"Shorty" looked wildly in the direc-

He covered the face of the motion-

ounty was being held in the school-ouse, which stood upon the top of a

bar; also games of roulette, faro, craps and stud poker.

with a Winchester across the pomme

f his Mexican saddle.

oolls close," he replied.

vestern sun

asked the other.

trail mighty lively.

the other said.

face hardened again.

eed man sat heavily upon his pony

The man on the horse swore. He was a long-limbed, well-knit

figure of a man, impressive with its suggestion of intense, well-conserved.

latent force. His eyes were gray and

keen and clear—the eyes of a man who has accustomed himself to the

wide, free skies of the open spaces,

no gent 'tween here an' the Divide kin drive me off. How's th' 'lection

He told 'em he'd be here afore sun-

be sheriff, believe me. They won't vote for no coward, I'll gamble on that. Wall, it ain't long now," he

oncluded, looking judiciously at the

"I'll kill 'im if he does come.

show 'im thar ain't a-goin' to be

Ten-to-one shot I will.

dude sheriff in this yere community

I've been layin' fer 'im since he first struck into the cow country, an' he's got to let th' law alone."

ol' lady I'd be home yesterday. She an' the kid were all alone. The kid

rode part way down th' trail with' me." He spoke as if ashamed.

"When I put her down she ran up th

"It ain't long till sundown now

Out on the trail a figure came in-

and fell, then rose again and stag-

Then the man's

"I've been

'Are yuh goin' home tonight, Bill?'

'I'm a-goin' to stay here till these

"Thar's a lot waitin' to see if

If he aint, wall, he'll never

man on the horse spoke

"Thar ain't

ow butte in the town's center.

Ther ain't no other way out

He lifted his arms to the sky and

inder such conditions, and

lay between him and Maricopa.

providential dispensation

low he was aflame with fever.

Hermosillos

an' I will.

in hoarse, short sobs.

Then he

tangible, yet real.

Maricopa.

fell beside it.

companionship with the

## WHEN SHORTY RAN FOR SHERIFF.

Dogged Heroism of a Cowboy and :::How it Won Him the Election:::

ern hills and out upon the red desert amid the glare and shimmer and blaz- of souls in purgatory, and the somber ing rocks. Ahead of him stretched the world apart from them seemed full of San Anita plains, quivering in the the ominous silence. heat-waves. On the very edge of the horizon, seemingly at the end of the ty. The moonlight fell upon the face world, rose the Hermosillo mountains, of the child. a blur of purple in the distance.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1911.

"Shorty" sat his pony with the ease softly, "yuh must be nigh tired out." Tried to make it—out thar—in the and grace that come from spending Then he fell asleep again, in spite land of—dead things." nine months of every year in the sad- of his thirst, for he was very tired. dle. One hand rested on his hip; his body swayed with the lope of the pony. The child was awake now, but it never the cowboy's black lips. "Found 'er the wore the fringed "chaps" of the spoke, only stared at him out of red, down—down in Taylor's Canyon. Litcowpuncher, and a red neckerchief was frightened eyes. His own felt strange-

"Come, Pete," he said to the horse, "I reckin' we've got some more travel- spends the better half of his life in in' to do today. It's 50 miles to them the saddle. thar hills." He swore lazily, affectionately, and slapped the pony's flank with a firm, gentle hand. "You old sun; it glowed like a fiery needle. son-of-a-gun, I'm expectin' yuh to dig Then, with a bound, the sun cleared up the dust gittin' to Maricopa. I'm the hilltops and soared aloft. And runnin' fer' sheriff, Pete. What d'ye so it became day. think of thet? You've got to git into Maricopa tonight. Me a sheriff! Ha, Maricopa tonight. Me a sheriff: Ha, fierce air. Several hours later he had to stop under a cactus to ease A quick shadow crossed the rider's the pain in his shoulders. He stayed ha, ha!"

ward more slowly until it settled in an arroyo some yards to the left. And then, as quick as the buzzard, a

coyote leaped across the trail, so close that the pony threw up its head.

"Shorty" saw it stop at the gully where the buzzard had disappeared and what says I can't be sheriff. He's a crouch forward to the edge. Then it whirled in a startled flash of yellow-gray hair and loped silently away do I'll shoot yuh.' I said 'I'll be thar,' across the desert, until it was lost imperceptibly among the sage-brush. "Say, Pete, I reckon thar must be

somepin' worth lookin' at over in thet hollow," said "Shorty." He wheeled about and rode to th edge of the arroyo. At the bottom crouched a figure garbed in white-a

figure, to "Shorty," almost fairy-like in appearance. It sat up and looked ert. at him out of frightened eyes. He leaped from the saddle to the

lent pinions. The child tried to run in a weak, tot tering way, but fell at the first step. His arms and back ached with intering way, but fell at the first step. His arms and back ached with intering way, but fell at the first step. His arms and back ached with intering way, but fell at the first step. His arms and back ached with intering way, but fell at the first step. His arms and back ached with intering way, but fell at the first step.

in careful arms. "Why, you lost maverick, whar did those buttes lay the gray walls of Maricopa, and at the thought of this he set his teeth afresh. yuh come from?" he asked, tenderly. large red handkerchief. The small, grimy hands were bruised, and "Shorty" knew that the child had been ty" knew that the child had been leet me."

"Little maverick," he panted, "I got to do it! I told Gifford I'd be than. Today's the big day, an' they'll expect me."

crawling on the rough sand. "Pears ez though yuh been lost Maricopa and the man who would enough."

The convertible your said the son of the kill him on sight. He felt a strange the convertible your said the son of the kill him on sight. since yest'day,"," said the son of the plains. Let's git out of this, eh?" He scrambled up the arroyo with the child on one arm and walked toward the pony. His hands were

animal reared, snorting loudly. "Pete," said the cowboy, "yuh ain't a-goin' to git skeered at a fairy like

stretched out for the bridle when the

this, air yuh? He tried to seize the bridle. The horse threw up its head, trotted back to the trail, and stopped till the pursuing cowpuncher was ten feet away, the eastward. "Shorty" swore at him. "I must be locoed, fergittin' to drop rection and hear him. But the min-

thet bridle off yer mule head. I utes might've expected it of yuh—shyin' at a lost maverick like this. I'm plumb dered how long sensation could last He regarded the child with curious eves. He noticed that the baby lips

were drawn, the temples hot and feverwere drawn, the temples hot and fever-ish. He took a bottle from his pocket, prayer in the despairing tones. The forced a few drops into the dry mouth and sat down on the sand, with the child in his arms. The air grew perceptibly hotter. tion of the cool Hermosillos.
"Little maverick," he said, "I got Overhead the sun beat down with all to leave yuh, but I'll come back right

the noonday fury "Shorty" knew so well, and the heatwaves shimmered of it. You be mighty brave. I—I'm above the greasewood and stunted sahuaros. "Shorty" watched the color come

into the child's face; he had forgotten it to the chaparral bush. the desert. "it's toward Maricopa, ten miles across the "Say, kid," he said, gently,

goin' to be mighty hot today. Let's be burning sands; and the buzzard cirhittin' the trail." He stood up, looking over the red plain. To the north there was a hill country. Behind him were the hills he had left in the morn ing: to the west there was hill country backed by sandhills; to the south hills again—a lofty mountain range. The flat-roofed and coated with plaster, whole formed an irregular semicircle Over the sidewalks extended wooden whole formed an irregular semicircle that encompassed a broad, arid area with a ragged horizon, "I'm mighty sorry, little maverick, I can't go back no, I jes' can't. I got to be at Maricopa tomorrow. I said I'd come, ar I reckin I ain't a-goin' to let Gifford scare me out.'

The child looked at him gravely ou of steady, unwinking eyes. "Shorty" gulped a mouthful of brandy and went forward.

Higher rose the sun. As the cowboy plodded on, the ranges of buttes visibly changed form: the monstrous. snaky, sea-like growths of the cactus clutched at his legs; mock lakes sparkled and dissolved in the middle distances; the sun continued to beat hot and merciless, while the powdered dry alkali beat hot and mercilessly back The child dozed in his arms, waking up at short intervals with low cries of fear, then dropping back into uneasy

At noon they stopped under the scant shade of a thorn cactus; then they plodded on again. The afternoon to grow stronger; the rocky buttes, having already absorbed their full capacity of heat, flung the surplus back in the faces of the wanin great stifing gusts. The earth rocked and reeled about them the sun rode low in a sky of brass; the hills danced in ever-changing contour; but by night the eastern hills lated he had walked about 20 miles. The child slept heavily in his arms as he lay down under the greasewood to sleep. The moon had risen already and was floating slowly northward but at no great elevation.

The night wind came pouring ou of the desert in long, heaving breaths bringing an aromatic odor, freed from all the heavy heat of the day.

Night reigned torrid still.

"Drop it!" snapped the other You let him come—if he kin." 

"Shorty" got to his feet again and came unsteadily forward, fell, and once more began crawling on his knees. He bit his lip until the blood spurted forth, but he did not feel the pain. His parched throat was like His tongue was black limekiln. "Shorty" rode down from the east- yotes gave voice to their unearthly and swollen. His sombrero was gone howls, more hideous than the wails and the setting sun glowed redly upon his face as he came to the man on the horse.

Gifford cocked his rifle, levelling it

the man on horse raised his rifle.

"Some gent full of liquor, I reckon,"

They watched it indifferently. Th

man fell again, got up on his hands and knees, and crawled along the red

ace.
"Gifford, it's 'Shorty'!" said the oth-

He started forward. With an oath

They could see his upturne

In the night "Shorty" awoke-thirswords came slow and uncertainly, as if from long disuse.

"Little maverick," he said, "out on—desert. Found 'er. Pete—Pete

"Shorty" sat his pony with the ease softly, "yuh must be nigh tired out." plumb locoed—scared—rattle snake. "You hound!" said Gifford; "what did you find?" "Baby-girl-maverick," came from

The child was awake now, but it never frightened eyes. His own felt strangely blurred, and his limbs were hot
with pangs, for the western cowboy
spends the better half of his life in

"Whar did yuh fin' her?"—Gifford was beside him now and forced whisky between his lips—"'Shorty.' The spire-like peak of a distant it must be Kate-an' she never went butte caught the first rays of the "Shorty" wandered in delirium.

"Little maverick," he murmured,
"I'll be back soon. I won't be long.
I'll sure be back." The whisky brought him from his stupor. "Th' wagon!" he whispered, with a gleam arms, and his own brain swam in the fierce air. Several hours later he had to stop under a cactus to ease wagon and laid him on the floor. ha, ha!"

A quick shadow crossed the rider's trail. Gazing heavenward, he espied the form of a buzzard skimming along on motionless wings. Idly he watched on motionless wings quavered, drop-life course. Its wings quavered, drop-life course is wings quavered, drop-life course. Its wings quavered, drop-life course is wings quavered, drop-life course. He stayed the pain in his shoulders. He stayed there all the afternoon, now and then giving the precious brandy to the child, drop by drop. When the shadows slanted in long rows to the east he started forward again, look-life course is wings quavered, drop-life course is a shadow crossed the rider's the pain in his shoulders. He stayed there all the afternoon, now and then house. To them was shouted back the news that Gifford's "kid" was lying somewhere out on the east he started forward again, look-life course is a shadow crossed the rider's the pain in his shoulders. He stayed there all the afternoon, now and then house. To them was shouted back the news that Gifford's "kid" was lying somewhere out on the east he started forward again, look-life course is a shoulders. He stayed there all the afternoon, now and then giving the precious brandy to the child, drop by drop. When the shadows slanted in long rows to the east he started forward again, look-life course is a shadow could find the girl.

As for "Shorty" he felt the rush of As for "Shorty" he felt the rush of the wagon dimly. He heard Gifford

thought; and then an odd feeling raging at the horses, but he seemed uck him that the baby understood very far away. Somewhere there was a little girl lying under a chaparral. struck him that the baby understood everything he said, and was reproacheverything he said, and was reproach-ing him.

"It's like this," "Shorty" explained.

"There's a gent over at Maricopa what says I can't be sheriff. He's a he knew he must not faint. The wheels ground out the same pulsing mean cuss, little maverick, an' I says to him, 'I'll be thar at the election, refrain. "A red—a red—a red," and his brain mocked him with the fantastic images of a thousand red banfloating above n' I will. It sure was hard luck er Pete to run away like that. But ners

He raised himself on his arm and pointed to the right. "Across-across!" more. Up over the eastern hills red bandanna. As they drov As they drove up to the bush a buzzard floated away and circled above

cacti.

hotter on the San Anita plain. 'Shorty' gave the last of the brandy to the child and smiled as he did so. The forem The foremost men from Maricopa, igh his own mouth was harsh and
He went on over the arid destruction.
The dry sand slipped under his
The child in his arms panted to him, "Is th' kid dead—

large short solve."

The child in his arms panted to him, "Is th' kid dead—

large short solve." though his own mouth was harsh and dry. He went on over the arid des-

The schoolhouse came in sight, ravine. The buzzard arose from an adjacent rock and soared away on silent pinions.

see the distant Hermosillos, blue and inviting in the west, with cool, dark canyons and green valleys. His throat felt caked and big in the seat. "They're alive!" he shouted, and open. The trail blurred before him; red dust filled his eyes and lungs. ously.
Gifford laughed brokenly when they

told him the child would live. They trickled cold water into "Shorty's" mouth, and dashed pailful after pallful over his quivering body.
"He lifted his head and looked at Somewhere at the foot of

"Little maverick, can't yuh speak to me?" he asked, anxiously. Gifford came over holding out his went forward toward "they

The cowboy took Gifford's hand and they shook heartily.

"An' now, Gifford," he stammered, embarrassed, "can't yuh stop thet foolish noise out thar? I ain't no Injun massacre!"—World Wide Magachild-in-"Little mayerick," he called, "I'm goin' to keep-keep goin' till I git He laid the child gently under a

#### A CIRCUIT RIDER'S ESTATE.

Major Part of It Invested In "Heaven! Securities," Says His Wife. Mrs. Cora Harris, author of "The Circuit Rider's Wife" has filed with W. F. Hunt, clerk of the county court, an inventory of her late husband's estate that is probably unique in court records, says a Nashville dispatch. Her husband, the Rev. Lundy H. Harris, who was commonly supposed to be the real "Circuit Rider" of the story killed himself by taking morphine at Pine Lodge, near Cartersville, Ga., on tory and keeping it secret. September 18. The county court clerk asked for an inventory of his estate, and Mrs. Harris has written a letter stating that the major part of it was "invested in Heavenly securities, the values of which have been variously declared in this world and highly taxed by the various churches, but never

realized." She writes to Mr. Hunt: "I find it impossible to give you complete and satisfactory inventory of the estate of Lundy Harris. The part less child with his sombrero, and, taking out his red handkerchief, tied that I give is so small that it is insignificant and misleading. At the time of his death he had \$2.35 in his purse, back right soon." Then he started \$116 in the Union Bank and Trust ompany, of this city (Nashville,) about four hundred books and the coffin in coins, being worth more, cled lower and lower above the which he was buried, which cost about

The election for sheriff of Maricopa "The major part of this estate was inues of which have been variously declared in this world, and highly taxed town's principal thoroughfare were awnings, beneath which very wide realized. He invested every year not of being a philanthropist, and never praised for his generosity. He pensioned are signed pors opened into the coolness of cloons. Each of these places ran a of less (usually more) that \$1,200 in char-Outside the schoolhouse a darksioned an outcast woman in Bar ron county and an old soldier in Nashchoolhouse and lounged toward the ville. He sent two little negro boys to rider.
"Doc," he said, "better come in an' school and supported for three years a family of five who could not sup-

ort themselves. "He contributed anonymously to every charity in Nashville; every old man The only fault is that they are light interested in a 'benevolent object' re- in weight. acted and received penny tolls from his tenderness. He supported the heart of first is the copying of notes by hand, every man who confided in him with putting in every finest line and imiencouragement and affection. He literally did forgive his enemies, and suf-'ll come before they vote. 1910, after enduring three years of persecution without complaint. He was ever recognized as one of the largest notes is the engraving of a steel plate bondholders in Heaven. You can see from which the bogus paper is printcult it would be to compute its value

> A Speaking Likeness.-Coroner-Yo knew the deceased pretty well, I believe, and could identify him? Witness-Yes, I should know

Charleston News and Courier,

A photograph of the deceased was then handed to the witness Coroner-Do you recognize that? Witness (shaking his head)-No, dunno who that is.

layin' aroun' these parts waiting to finish with 'Shorty' an' this 'lection Coroner-You said you would know him again if you saw him. Witness—So I should, sir. don't think I could tell 'is picture. Coroner—What was there about the deceased that you would know and productions are somehow weak and dust; when man belittles himself he is acting as assistant to Billington that ecognize again?
Witness (brightening up)—His stut-As they watched, it reeled

ter, sir. 'E stuttered awful!-Judy.

Miscellaneous Reading.

dollar bill, for instance, and changing it to a ten. The numerals are erased

n the corners and the blanks are

risk he takes, it isn't very much.

buying articles with big bills or

The first is so dangerous that it seldom done; with good counterfeit

In the long run most money

some bank. And there the counter-

Here is where system comes in. Perhaps he can tell at first glance

whether or not the money is bad. If so, he knows what to do. But if he

is doubtful, he goes to the back of his cage, where one or more periodi-cals are lying on a desk. There are

two monthly counterfeit-detecting magazines published in New York

ten issued by the Auburn City Na-tional bank, of Auburn, N. Y., he

looks up New York, then Auburn. Perhaps he finds this:

Check Letter A. July 29, 1865, Char-ter No. 1285: In vignette, lower cor-

ner, Franklin's kite string is broken, or hidden by clouds. In genuine, is wholly visible. Seal and numbers

oor. Lathe work on back poor."
And that is what he wants to know

If he cannot find a description of the

still thinks it is not genuine, he takes

o the magazine, which for the privi-

lege of looking at it pays him its face

value in good money if it turns out to

The magazine people co-operate in

turn with the secret service. If the bill is a new counterfeit it is imme-

diately turned over to the government

sent out on a postal card by the

magazine—sent out to all banks and financial houses with which it is in

touch. And the next teller or cashier who gets the mate of the note knows

right off what the counterfelt is. Perhaps it seems only natural, but

the great bulk of counterfeit discov-

which communicate immediately with

touch with every newly-discovered counterfeit now within a day or two of its detection—with the result again

that they are able immediately to start on the track of the men who

How does the cashier know whether

almost anybody every

time. Great heavy five-dollar bills as

-acid work on them, but not in the

there are some notes which fold and

genuineness are these—its weight in comparison with one which you know

With paper money the best test is its appearance under a microscope.

All genuine bills are machine-engraved. This means that all shadings,

curves, backgrounds and patterns are

broken from end to end. Intersect-

ing lines always cut each other at

The sweep of curving lines is per-

offices by special machines, machines

here and there they wabble, perhaps in the tiniest possible way, and none

of the lines are of the same fractional

breadth from one end to the other.

So it is that the banks or the secre

service expert can always detect. And so it is, too, that in the long run the

counterfeiter always gets his just de-

Man shapes his destiny by the at-

tiutde of his own mind; when man

loves the good he will live in the

uplifting mood, but when he lives in the

atmosphere of the evil with delight, he

When you make all others happy in

the home you are very likely to find

heaven for yourself; if you are not

kind to your nearest kin, you are not

When you doubt your own strength,

Providence will never take a hand in

your affairs to help you onward; your

greatest mistake is made when you

underrate the holding-back power of

Your goal is ever within your reach

if you give to your aims the proper

range; if you aspire to the best and

let your love of the work do the rest

If we grumble today we stumble on

our way and thus fail to make the

worthy of the hope of heaven.

the doubt.

you will never fail.

will find it impossible to do the right.

Nor are the curves scientifically ex-

All this is done in the government

manufactured the money.

zines or directly with the secret

Y., Auburn City National,

the Counterfelt Detector and

city itself.

If the note in his hand is

"SHOVING THE QUEER" NOT EASY Government Makes Counterfeiters'

Task a Dangerous One.

Just about four weeks ago-on Fri-

lay, December 2, to be exact-the daily papers of the country came out with the news that a gang of nine men had been arrested as counterfeiters by the United States Secret and getting good money in exchange. Service right in this city. They were which looked so much like ordinary
bills that their makers almost got

which looked so much like ordinary
bills that their makers almost got

spite of all care and precaution. away with what they produced. Six days later, on Thursday, the 8th, came secret service and system. steadily at the distorted face below the news of another counterfeiting. In the long run most money in him. "Shorty" tried to speak, but the arrest here in the city—this time of circulation comes into the hands of an Italian stoker who had some nice some bank. And there the come its \$5 bills which the national govern-downfall. Tellers and cashiers handle ment never issued. Four days later so much currency that they seem to again, only on Monday of this week, there were published the facts about a Sabbath day raid on an unauthorized mint just across the East River, where two ingenious persons were alleged to be turning out \$5 and \$10 gold pieces worth respectively \$2 and

> Three batches of money-makers arrested within ten short days, and all inside the city limits of the very town, may set some of us wondering a little about the profusion of counterfelting. What are its methods? How does it pay? How are bad bills and bad coins discoverable? How likely are we ourselves to have bogus money passed on us and how can we determine that it is bogus-or can we at all? The answers to these questions are rather interesting.

The exact chance of any one person being afflicted with a bad piece of money is naturally pretty hard to demoney is naturally pretty hard to de-the second step in the working of the termine, for the simple reason that no system and sends the suspected bill one, not even the secret service. knows at any one time just how much counterfeit currency is in circulation. be bad. But from years of experience the government agents at Washington have been able to work out certain general figures. Along about six or and a description of it is straightway seven years ago, and general conditions have not changed much since, Chief John E. Wilkie, of the secret service, figured out roughly that in paper money the proportion of bad to good was about \$1 to \$100,000, and in coin somewhere between \$2 and \$3 At first glance that doesn't seem to be very much, and it eries is made through the banks, isn't—until we try to realize how which communicate immediately with many hundreds of thousands of dolthere are in circulation. Then

To get any fair idea of what the counterfeiting proposition is we have first got to know something about the first got to know something about the business itself from the counterfeit or having knowledge of its possession business itself from the counterfeiter's point of view. The making of bad money is indulged in all over the country, and to a certain extent ment and a heavy fine. The result is even outside the country, particulareven outside the country, particular-ly in Italy, where they do a good deal of imitation engraving. But the bulk f it is done right here in the United States.

The kind of money a man makes depends mostly on what part of the country he lives in. Here in the east, where the paper circulation is great-How does the cashier know whether or not money is good, and how can you know? A hard question, but best answered first with two big don'ts. And they are: Don't judge a coin by its ring and don't judge a bill by the paper. The ring of a coin will often show its genuineness, but the thing gets a bit confusing when we est, bank notes are chiefly counter feited, with a little silver on the side. In the south and middle west the natural demand is for silver dollars and half dollars. Out in the far west the business is mainly in gold, with very "Little maverick, can't yin speak business is mainly in gold, with very often show its genuineness, but the speak of anxiously. Offer came over holding out his and.

Gifford came over holding out his and.

"Shorty," he said, with misty eyes, when you're sheriff right it is always easiest for the counter. t is always easiest for the counter eiter in any one region to circulate of money which is most abundant in that region. He gets rid of it more quickly, since there is greater use for it. And it is safer once in a while, of course, a particuarly nervy gang or individual tries old in the east or bills on the Pacific oast, but comparatively seldom.

How the proposition can possibly Other bills all limp and thinned out pay is puzzling. The larger the coin —acid work on them, but not in the bill to be counterfeited the greater he danger of detection, and hence the crinkle and show threads in the best approved style—counterfelts.

The best ways of passing on a coin's metal coins—even copper cents—but the operation is always an expensive one. Silver, for instance, cannot be successfully cast. Base coins with silver in them must therefore be struck off with a steel die—a die rep. its workmanship. This last is the struck off with a steel die—a die rep-resenting days of work on the part of easiest test for the average mortal. an expert engraver. Then there must be a powerful press to make the impression, to say nothing of all the exenses of running a chemical labora-

There are two principal ways of formed of minute lines which are abmaking counterfeit coins, with endless solutely unvarying and absolutely unvariations of each. One is casting, the other stamping the cold metal. The latter always produces better re and more clearly cut. In the casting process a mold is generally made from fresh and genuine coin. In stamping a die is either cast or cut by hand-both operations require hours and hours of careful work, and then the counterfeit metal is put in this counterfeiters could not possibly afdie and struck with one sharp blow

Expert counterfeiters do the work Expert counterfeiters do the work of counterfeit paper, therefore, and so well that the average person is to do this work by hand, and aleasily fooled. In making silver coins they use a certain amount of silver pert workmen in a way which would and adjust the alloy of the other and adjust the alloy of the other metal so that the finished product roduct croscope will reveal the truth. Hand-Gold made lines can give the general ef-often fect of those made by machine—but rings almost absolutely true. Gold even more carefully worked over. The men take, say, a genuine ten-dollar gold piece and cut about \$4 worth of good metal out of it, genrested in Heavenly securities, the val- erally from the center, in one or two borings. This they pocket, filling in the hole with a base alloy which is borings. treated chemically so that it gives every appearance of the gold itself. Ring the coin or test the edge and t seems good—and detection in work serts, with a whole country watching ike this is made a hundredfold harder for what he does and a silent, tire-

> Another favorite habit of silver ounterfeiters it to take silver coins f Central and South American reoublics, which are many times below even our silver in value, and strike them off as United States coins under powerful press which absolutely effects the old esigns. The new coins are silver a 4 they look all right.

In the counterfeiting of paper money there are four methods used much oftener than any others. The tating every silk thread in the paper the original with delicate pen-andink work. Some of these notes are done so carefully and so accurately that they cannot be detected with the naked eye by some experts. The sec-ond method of making counterfelt This engraving must always be done by hand; most of the men who have been caught at it have been exso as to furnish you the inventory you pert engravers, often graduates of some government's treasury department. The Lupo gang, which was racked to its lair last winter, and

world any better; we make mankind weary when we are not cheery and f which the nine men arrested on December 2 are alleged to be mem-bers, was putting out work of this weariness makes a man a quitter. The bricks in the structure called sort—which so nearly approximated life will not remain long in place when the common bills of our daily circulation that for months the counterfeits were not even suspected. man is constantly dynamiting that life with the explosives of negative Photographic reproduction is the third favorite method of turning out power-construction is negatived by ounterfeit paper. At first thought, would seem that this should be abdestruction. olutely accurate and that it should be most difficult of all counterfieit ork to detect, but, strangely enough, t is not so. If it were the secret ser-rice might have a hard time of it. a shame.

flat and can be easily detected.

failure is not a fault but low aim is But as it is the photo-engraving pro-cess is not so good as the old-fashcompelled to beg for what he should The fourth method is the raising of genuine bills and notes—taking a five- get in a better way.

THE PARADOXICAL CAT.

Understood of Animals With then filled in so carefully that time and again bank cashiers and tellers Which Man Has to Do. have been fooled. It takes a good man The nature of the cat is material for whole day to change one bill. Fives uperstition, not for explanation. Man raised to tens are the most frequent s the paragon of animals-a well offenders of this sort. The workman thus makes \$5 a day. Considering the known quotation. The cat is the paradox-a quotation from a quite anony-These, in brief, are the chief meth mous author. Man is either civilized ods of the counterfeiters. There are or savage. Cats are both or either, actwo ways for them to get the spurious money in circulation-banking it or cording to circumstances: which means, as they please. They are donesticated, but it is a mistake to call them tame; and the distinction beween cats and other animals domesticated is that man has not domesticated them; they have domesticated themcounterfeiters are eventually run to earth. Why? Three reasons: banks selves, and entirely for their own benefit, not man's. Man is in the world

bills or counting a stack of coin a teller will stop, scrutinize the thing in his hand and then lay it aside. Not one pleasure or useful service particular job for him. The offer for man alone has it ever been possi- was accepted, and so Marwood first ble to extort from the creature. She catches no mice for man. Could ever human ingenuity compel it? You may starve her; but hunger will not do it. Feed her well and she will catch mice to carry out any executions for which as a luxury for herself, not as a ser-vice for you. Once she hunted in the wilds for hunger as man did. Now as a luxury for herself, not as a serwilds for hunger, as man did. Now she hunts for pleasure, as civilized man shoots his host's birds; and both must have well breakfasted.

Simply because she is beautiful and Simply because she is beautiful and executioner must sleep in the prisor profitless, man has lavished on the cat on the night before an execution attention and admiration, and has Some wags in Scotland seized Calcraft vorshiped and even loved her. She lisproves the philosophy that the beautiful is the useful, and the transcendentalism of the poet who, forgetting the cat, tells us that beauty is truth; truth beauty. The beauty of the cat is gliding subtlety, and nature the cat is gliding subtlety. The most notable nangman of the entiously believe they are able to carry without Derrick, who gave his name to the embarrassment, and to these I beg to special kind of crane known as a say that there will never be a better she evolved the cat.

the predatory and cruel. He loves the innocence of many birds and beasts; but he proves his essential nature by self for taking part in the "No encouraging the cat on his hearth.

She contained there the force and the self for taking part in the "No Popery" riots, and Thomas Chesire, known as "Old Cheese." She epitomizes there the fierce quali-less of all the cat race, and is only pos-sible because she is the weakest of executioner of all, however, was the has such a record for uniformly celebrated "Lady Betty"—what her clean and honorable dealing behind her tribe. She brings the air of real name was no one seems to know the wilds into the household. Our tury officiated as hangwoman for a mignon reflects our own innate number of years in Ireland .- Tit Bits. wildness and resistance to restraint which still survives civilization

though we have almost given up the struggle. Have our cats some flicted "Whit" Cunliffe, at one time a scorn of us for this? We suspect it. prominent singer in English music They have succeeded and we have halls, is not avoidable. Fortunately, failed; and we only obtain the com- also, it is not common. At a place forts of civilization by sacrificing our- where he was engaged in Birmingselves. If it were possible, men, too, ham one of the attractions was the thinks grimalkin, would be frankly lion show, some of the beasts being selfish, indifferent and individualistic really wild and untamed. Nearly the as she is, and would concede nothing against their immediate interest and pleasure. We would like to ignore liffe, in telling the incident, "I heard conscience, and dare not. We must compromise with altruism; but our cat will have none of it. All other animals become more or less abject by was starting, so I had no time to intheir connection with man. Their will duire. I went on the stage.

"In a moment I heard is broken and we teach them the slave growls and savage snarls mixed with while you can tell by the paper, but has no human feebleness. Neitzsche then, to my horror, suddenly in the down in the secret service office they have a nice collection of them which would feel almost a subset. amusement. Men do that to live or Would,' which had thick as pasteboard—perfectly good, but soaked with oil or something else which has dried them in this way, catch the eye of one who holds the catch the eye of one who holds the baneful eyes glittered in a truly horkey of the cupboard. The self-respect rible way. least impairing their worth. And then of the cat is maintained intact. The side without passing it, so I prepared contempt is evident of the cat for the to 'exit' with haste. dog; a vulgar, servile creature who to The best ways of passing on a coin's submits to caprice and commands and side! humiliates himself for a favor or a fault-even for the faults of his mas-

the dog, and has remained unaffected unkind. in temperament and habits. "The dog will come when he is called; the cat their minds to come into the full glare ZERS. I sell as good as there is made will walk away," sings a primitive of the footlights, and I had just prepoet. More probably she will not pared to leap into the stalls, regard-less of the consequences, when I heard the hoarse voice of one of the precisely the same angle where they are supposed to. Parallel lines are will remain enshrouded in profound stage hands say: Parallel lines are actually and mathematically parallel. inattention. The call is a claim to pro- two chaps are too far forward. prietorship, and the cat has practiced a 'and with them, will yer? And coming up between the two lions, they are consummate passive resistance to lifted them bodily. They were pathat for millenniums. Let the call piermache!"-Scraps. bring something within the ambit of her own inclinations, and you will get ford them, as they run anywhere from \$75,000 to \$150,000 in value. Makers of counterfeit paper, therefore, have attention quickly enough; she remains uncompromised. Cats render no service for love or in requital of love Some imagine they do; but this is no evidence against the cat. Cats would women do who receive more love than they win, and are, like cats, more or less what alienists call morally in-

It is marvelous aloofness and self-

For cats are impervious to mora essons and discipline, and man has few drops of water on the heads of the not imposed on them any such shadowy copy of his own moral code as h dwell with him and are in his service Any animal but the cat, with sufficient certain bundles tied in coarse linen. intellect for man to talk to, may be nan's standard. She may be taught s reprimanded or punished. She re tains unsophisticated the non-morality of all animals in the wilds. Intellectually, too, she remains least touched. and perhaps untouched, in the instincts which are blunted in the tamed animal of civilization.-London Saturday Review.

sane.

#### SOME NOTABLE HANGMEN.

How They Are Paid in England and What They Have Done.

In spite of the gruesome calling, ohn Ellis, the man who hanged Crippen, has earned the esteem of a very wide circle of acquaintances in Rochdale, where he carries on very successfully a hairdressing and news agent's business. Ellis is a quiet, unassuming man, who rarely betrays his interest in crime. He would much rather talk to you about football, of which game he is an enthusiastic follower, or discuss musical entertainments. In his early days he had earned his living by singing, while on a tour through Lancashire, and still possesses a good barytone voice. And privileged visitors are allowed to Thoughts must be lifted with high make the acquaintance of his dogs, motives and man must look up when cats and chickens, the pets of his he sins; doing your best is your test; four children.

Ellis has assisted in over sixty executions, and has personally carried shame.

Man can help the world by working death at his hands being Dougal, the Ellis became chief executioner, and it is an extraordinary fact that when the post becomes vacant the home

office is inundated with applications for the appointment.

Indeed, when Marwood, who suceded Calcraft in 1883, retired, no fewer than 12,000 persons sought the post, Berry being appointed. Calcraft, who retired in 1874, was paid 1 guinea a week by the corporation of London as a retaining fee, and an extra 1 guinea for each execution. He had besides, from the county of Surrey, 5 guineas annual retaining fee, 1 guinea for each execution and

10 guineas for an execution in the ountry. Nowadays about £10 is paid to the ries out. Berry, who succeeded Marwood, was engaged in over 200 executions in nine years, and carried 134 sentences into effect. According to his own statement, he earned over 1800 in the first four months of 1800 proportions that the army had actually £100 in the first four months of 1890. At one time, it might be mentioned the hangman received as perquisites the convict's clothes, which for the comfort, convenience and ually sold for a good price to showpleasure of cats; and man was made men. These, however, are now burned. for the cat, not the cat for man. Cat It was quite by accident that Mar-

and man are in leonine partnership wood became and man are in leonine partnership wood became Calcraft's successor. where one takes all the profits and the The story goes that he met Calcraft be gifted with second sight. Every once in a while in thumbing over once in a while in thumbing over other bears all the losses; and the cat to an execution, and, seeing that the sion of utter imbecility to the insect's to an execution, and, seeing that the countenance. old man was ill, undertook to do that particular job for him. The offer obtained an introduction to his future calling. When Calcraft retired Marwood was retained by the London sheriffs at a fee of £20 a year, and on the strength of this engagement Marwood was not without repute as

a local preacher. By the way, Major Griffiths has told strange story apropos of the laid down by the home office that the the night before an execution and that they have the best there is in kept him locked up. Meanwhile the life insurance, (and they are correct) sheriff was in despair, expecting that sheriff was in despair, expecting that he would have to do the job himself. At the last moment, however, Calcraft

turned up.

The most notable hangman of the Man is fascinated by two types of Russell and the Duke of Monmouth, animal life; the innocent and soft, and nickname to his successors for nearly a couple of centuries. Then there was Dennis, who was almost hanged him-

-who at the beginning of last cen-

Held Two Lions at Bay. Stage fright of the sort that af-"setting"—the animal show. "Just as I was going on," said Cun

"I was singing a song called seemed slowly to advance, and its "Turning, I was doubly horrified see another lion

"I was caught like a mouse in a ap. I dared not go off the stage; I dared not show my discomfiture to the audience. There was only one thing for me to do—sing. So I sang So I sang centredness that the cat has lived for in desperation, hoping that some one ages in a close connection that has away. They told me afterward that never become intimacy with man and I sang 98 verses. But I think that was

"I wondered how long it would take those two brutes to make up fore contracting for your FERTILI-Blessing the Beasts .- A quaint cerenony is that still obtaining in some

parts of Normandy-the "benediction des bestiaux." The oxen, the asses and the draught norses are assembled in front of a sneer at the suggestion: as men and church. There may also be a bullock ing a good line of Supplies and con-

very best, issues from the church to the sound of a chant that is droned by the priest. The venerable cure sprinkles a beasts, and when all the animals have received the benediction the next feathas imposed on other animals who ure of the ceremony is to place at the pedestal of the cross facing the church These bundles contain bread and salt noralized in various ways according to which are to be given to those beasts not able to attend the ceremony.

BATTLES WITH LOCUSTS.

n 1780 an Army Was Arrayed Against the Ravaging Pests.

Since the days of the pharaohs the ocust has been an unmitigated plague, Pliny relates that in many places in Greece a law obliged the inhabitants to wage war against the insects three 'mes a year—i. e., in their various

states of egg, larvae and adult. In 1749 lucusts stopped the army of Charles XII., king of Sweden, as it Nowadays about £10 is paid to the hangman for every execution he carlies out Borry who succeeded Marlies out Borry who succeeded Marimagined that he was being assailed by a terrific hailstorm.

to be called out to deal with the pests employed gathering them up and put-

A weird, uncanny looking customer is the locust. The general color is the locust. The general color scheme of his body is a kind of indefinite green, relieved by pink legs and

To atone in a measure for their de structive proclivities the locusts are edible. The Arabs are particularly fond of them. Camels, to which they are given after being dried and roasted between two layers of ashes, look upon ocusts as great delicacies.

The flavor resembles that of crabs, and in Bagdad they are consumed so extensively as to affect the price of meat.—Stray Stories.

#### Look Before You Leap. While it is a fact that there are sev-

eral hundred citizens in York county who carry from one to a half dozen policies in the Mutual Benefit, and each one of them is entirely satisfied either have none anywhere, or if they have any at all in many instance they have much less than they consciderrick, and Jack Ketch, who exe-time than during the present month cuted, among others, William Lord to attend to this important matter, for the reason that you will never be younger than you are today, and if you are in physical condition to be O. K'd. by the doctor now is your time. Of course there are other good companies besides the Mutual Benefit, and we rejoice in the fact, but not one of them can, does or will clean and honorable dealing behind it. You can test the foregoing asserit. You can test the foregoing asser-tion to your satisfaction, if you try. Look before you leap as becomes a wise man. Fools leap and then look, and frequently whine. It is my business to show those who look first. SAM M. GRIST, Special Agent.

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