SHERIFF OF X COUNTY

By Admund W. Bennett.

DON and I had planned this trip on our wheels, down into the "Strip," for months before we started.

We had talked over what might happen, and still all that our active imaginations had conjured up fell far short of what did happen.

Don is a tall, lithe, athletic young fellow, always willing to give hours of hard work toward mastering any new trick on his wheel, while I have always put in all my leisure time in trying to cover as much ground in as straightforward a manner as possible.

As we turned our backs on Kansas, and our faces toward that land of possible adventure, the Strip, I said to my companion:

"Now, Don, there is to be no fancy riding."

"No, a bit, old slow-coach," he answered merrily, "unless you give the word."

And I smiled as the wheels hummed over the hard dirt road, for I would be the last to suggest fancy riding, as I have no desire that the one with whom I ride shall attract the whole attention of every passer-by, whether it be a pretty girl or comely matron, and as long as two ride along in an even manner the chance exchanges from bright eyes are more likely to be impartially distributed.

It was after but crossed the line into the Strip when we learned that the celebrated outlaw, Dock Denneth, had been captured, and was then confined at the county seat of X county.

You will understand that we were but lidlers along the way, with no desire to lean far forward and "scorch" along; but rather loitering in our movements and seeking all plausible excuse for lingering along the road in the bright but cool sunshine of the spring. Thus it was that we were the recipients of all the gossip of the road, and in this way, too, we found out that there was to be an attempted rescue of the outlaw.

As we neared the county town of X county, on the evening of the third day of our outing, we were more than once cautioned that there would probably be a "shindy" and that we were advised to both keep away and to be sure and be "on hand to see the fun."

For my part, I had no desire "to see the fun," and so told Don, but he would listen to nothing but to go and ride straight into town, and was in great haste lest we should arrive too late.

Had he but listened to me there would, probably, be one more desperado safe behind the bars, and we would not have had the disgrace of occupying the cell vacated by that same outlaw.

As we approached the county town the whole plain, which stretched away unbroken to the horizon in every direction, was dotted over with horsemen, singly and in twos and threes, riding apparently to all points of the compass, some at a walk, some in a loping gallop, and still others in a mad run.

Rumors seemed to float on every fitful breeze. Now it was that the friends of Denneth were gathered in overwhelming force; then that the town had been patroled so closely that all doubtful strangers had been kept out; and again that Denneth had been spirited away to Z county for safe keeping. Still another rumor had it that he had already escaped. But through it all ran a strain of the utmost belief that the sheriff was master of the situation—that he was the right man in the right place.

On our approach to the town we were halted by a band of broad-hatted, belted, spurred and heavily armed men, each of whom I would have sworn was a veritable outlaw. Having closely questioned us, and fully satisfying themselves that we were but harmless travelers, we were allowed to proceed.

As we left the party, Don made a few jumps in what he terms his "Bucking Broncho" act, which called forth a cheer from the men, and then, as we wheeled along, he apologized so profusely that I forgave him the more readily as they were but rough men from not one of whom you would wish a glance of approval.

As we wheeled silently up a side street we were suddenly brought to a dismount by a sharp, very business-like command to halt and throw up our hands. A smooth-faced, clean-shaved man, wearing a soft, narrow-brimmed hat, stepped out in front of us.

"Sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," he said, in an indescribably cool, even tone, "but as you probably know there is liable to be trouble in this town, and we want to know where all the cards lay."

"We are only a couple of 'markers,'" said Don in that easy manner peculiarly his own.

And then the man laughed in a pleasant, propitiating way; as for me, I never did understand card slang.

The man stood and studied for a full minute, at which I wondered very much, for any one would take him for a man who was used to deciding quickly on most important matter. Had I then known what was in his mind, I should only have wondered how he could decide and plan so quickly.

"Can you turn a trick on that machine, or is a straight game all you can throw?" and he looked to Don for an answer.

"Oh, I can do a few simple turns," said Don.

"I ask because more than one life may hang on your answer," said the man, coolly flicking the ash from his cigar with the little finger of the hand in which he held it. Then he continued:

"The greatest outlaw in the Strip is right here in that jail, and his friends have sent us word that they are going to take him out between 8 and 9 o'clock to-night." He paused and glanced toward the west, where the sun, now only the half of a great red rim, was sinking below the level. "I have had my men patrolling the town all day," he continued, "and they are not all in yet. I have reason to believe that the outlaw's friends are now gathering in small force down on the square, earlier than we looked for them, and I am almost alone at the jail. If you can ride down there and get that crowd interested in your game for twenty minutes there'll be no trouble."

"I would be very willing to try, if I thought I could hold them," said Don, after a short hesitation.

"You can do it if you are up to a trick or two," said the man. "These machines are more of a curiosity down here than in the states. I am sheriff here, and don't propose to lose my prisoner, but want to avoid bloodshed if possible."

All this had taken not to exceed five minutes, and we could see the men gathering a block below us, with now and then a shout that plainly held a note of defiance.

Don mounted and I started to follow, when the sheriff laid a steel-like hand upon my arm and said:

"As for you, you'll stay here for the present," and I had no other thought but to obey.

All the while I could see men running, and then pass from sight behind the board stockade that surrounded the building I knew to be the jail.

"In the name of the law," continued the sheriff, in a very solemn tone, "I command you not to stir from this spot until my return," and then he darted away after the men I had seen. A moment later I heard a couple of muffled shots, a sharp cry as of surprise, and then silence.

I looked down the street, peering into the growing gloom, and could see Don circumvolting on his wheel and the crowd, some of whom were mounted, singly and in a deep half circle, watching him very attentively, as was apparent even at that distance. Then I saw a movement that told me the crowd was on the point of breaking, for which Don was doing his best to bring his "Bucking broncho" act on them. Lusty cheering followed. It was evidently this cheering that brought the sheriff, sprinting like a tiger, out of the where I was standing.

"Are they coming," he cried.

"No," I answered, "Don is holding them spellbound."

"He's a high card," said the sheriff, "and I am glad to hear of his being able to hold them until my men arrive in force."

I noticed then that he had a hat and coat thrown over his left arm.

"Here, you," he said, calling down the street intently for a moment, "put this hat and coat on and ride down past the crowd as fast as you can go, and cry, 'Come through, come through,' as loudly as you can, without slacking your pace."

"What is that for, Mr. Sheriff?" I asked, never a doubt but that he was what he represented himself to be, and still have been perfectly satisfied had it possible to do as I was bid; never a question but that I must do as this forceful man suggested.

"This is the hat and coat of the outlaw, Dock Denneth, and you may be sure the crowd will recognize them, and will think it is he escaping, and this interuption will allow us time to make our defense sure, and by the time it is discovered who you are, the prisoner will be safe."

He laid such peculiar stress on the last four words that I found them revolving in my mind as I stood with the outlaw's hat and coat on, waiting for this master of men to tell me to mount and ride.

"Now, go," he cried, "and remember the cry—it is their rallying call, and don't let them overtake you, or it may be the worse for you."

Some of you may smile at my implicit obedience, but when a man's occupation has been such as to call for obedience all his life, it is very easy to obey a man who seems to know what he wants.

I sprang forward and was in good swing as I neared the crowd. When I was even with them I gave the call. It had the effect of a bursting bomb. At first they fell back into a compact mass, and as the sheriff fired a few shots after me they braced themselves as though anticipating an attack.

Don was the only one to penetrate my disguise, and he fell in my wake and followed me as I flew by, but not until an irregular volley had been fired at me. I felt that these shots, unlike those fired by the sheriff, had been aimed to my injury. I could not understand this unless there were other than friends of the outlaw in the gathering. Then followed a hoarse shout that spoke plainly of pursuit.

The moon, nearly at its full, now began to show its power, and the road lay unoccupied ahead of me, stretching in an unbroken level straight into the distance. I heard a shout behind me, and turned enough to see that it was Don. Behind him thundered a compact body of horsemen. There was a business-like swing to those riders, shown in even such a hasty glance, that made me bend a little lower over the handlebars, as I for the first time realized the position I had placed myself in should they overtake me.

But I could not account for the persistency of the pursuit more of pursuit than of following. What if those outlaws had suspected the ruse, and now realized that I had foiled them in their attempted rescue! It would go pretty hard with me if they caught me.

Then, as the hard dirt road seemed to spin like a silver thread beneath my wheel I felt my courage rising. And, as the soft evening air fanned my brow, I felt a tinge of pride course through my veins. I, who had always followed, (through modesty, to be sure) was now leading. What a hero I would be back in the states. I would be spoken of first, and Don second! But only for a moment was this feeling of elation allowed to last. The next instant, with a soft swish, my wheel struck sand two inches deep. And, pedal as I would, and shift from side to side of the road, I could not escape it, or increase my slacking speed. Great drops of perspiration oozed from every pore. My heart sank as I realized what would happen when the outlaws discovered I was not their leader. Then a cry came from the rear that told me my pursuers realized my predicament. But there was a tone in that cry that did not fit my understanding of the case. It was full of rage, but it was not nearly blinded me. I could hear Don's labored breathing, and then I tumbled over from sheer exhaustion, not unmixed with fear. Breathless as I was, and almost wild with fear, I still had presence of mind enough to stagger my feet and throw up my hands, which probably explains my living to tell this story. In a moment I was surrounded by an enraged lot of men, as far as looks go, as I ever saw. The broad-brimmed hat I had worn in my flight had been lost, and as the leader, a most villainous-looking man, got a glimpse of me, he ripped out a big oath, saying:

"I'll be dashed if we haven't been fooled worse'n it."

"What's the matter, sheriff?" asked a man at his elbow, who was covering me with an ugly six-shooter.

"Matter," he roared; "why, don't you see this ain't Denneth?"

The word "sheriff" addressed to this man had made me prick up my ears, you may well believe. It took the crowd just one second to realize that they had been sold.

"It's that Faro Dan who planned the break, and he's got away, and he'll put pursuit to his credit before he's through," cried a voice.

"Back to the jail, men."

But when they reached the jail they found only the jailer, tied up in a bundle in the corner, and every cell empty.

Don and I were the only outposts of the county jail that night. We explained matters satisfactorily the next day, but you are the first to learn why we cut our month's outing so short.

Married at 83.

Maxil Courtourier, aged 83, and Mrs. Bourcier, aged 47, both of Grey Cloud Island, Minn., were married a few days since. Mr. Courtourier has the distinction of being the last of the old Canadian voyageurs and "courreurs de bois" that served under the fur companies in Minnesota seventy years ago, or from 1827 to 1840.

Difficult.

Fair Visitor—I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand? Mr. Palette—About as difficult to understand, madam, as it is to sell.—Detroit Free Press.

She Wanted to Know.

Benedict (proudly)—My wife kisses me good-night regularly. Rounder (bitterly)—Women are suspicious creatures, aren't they?—Montpelier Watchman.

WORN BY WOMEN.

The newest dress models tighten the atrocious bloused waist and do not permit the cloth to overhang the belt in the back or on the sides.

Skirts are guiltless of stiff lining and hang in soft folds. Cloth skirts with pouched velvet waists are fashionable. A green-plaid skirt with a green-velvet waist is a pretty combination.

Tailor gowns are not much different from the spring patterns. The cloth strappings are worn as much as ever, but the smartest coats are faced with white cloth, with strappings of the colored cloth laid closely over the white.

Delightful sleeves are made of the new fancy tartan glace silks. Brocades for cuirasses and skirt yokes are magnificent. Bias stripes are a novelty. Moire velvet and white cloth make handsome applique trimmings. Velvet Russian blouses, trimmed with fur and lozenge jet, look rich, with shoulder pieces and high collar of the velvet; the rest of the dress being of some woolen material. Astrakhan in vests and narrow bands for the skirts is very smart. Renaissance, Irish guipure and Spanish blonde are the newest laces.

Embroideries and braidings will brighten morning frocks, and a gown of one color trimmed with shades of the same color that are more worn than a mixture of colors. For instance, a costume of fawn-color cloth, braided in a darked shade, interwoven with twists of gold, has touches of mouse-color embroidered with gold. With regard to coats, the newest is a long Russion one falling nearly to the knees, with the fulled bodice confined at the waist by a belt, and trimmed with fur, braid or embroidery, according to the texture of the material.

"I STILL HAD PRESENCE OF MIND."

"CLIPOGRAPHS."

Haybale—"Marthy, I'h thinkin' a collection uv buttons." Mrs. Haybale —"Well, you kin do as you wish, but I hain't goin' to sew no more on."—Texas Siftings.

Reuben Railfence—"How's yer new hired man; purty rapid" Henry Hoecorn—"Rapid! That feller couldn't get up by sunrise if we didn't keep the clock over an hour slow."—Tammany Times.

"The Colorado legislature has passed a law permitting women to join the militia," remarked Mr. Snaggs. "I didn't know that a legislative enactment was necessary before women could fight," replied Mr. Henpeck.—Pittsburg News.

Scotty—"Yep; that's ole Howling Ike. Vater be the terror of the camp." Visitor from the East—"You don't say so! He looks quite civil and respectable, I'm sure. Was he converted?" Scotty—"You betcher life he war! We 'lected his ole woman sher'f."—Puck.

"What has become of Wagton?" asked Peterby of Jimpson. "He was one of the shining lights of society when I was here." "He has lost his money," said the resident, "and instead of being a shining light, he is what might be called a flying light."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Abner," said the good wife, "I wish you would stop at the store and get me a rubber ring for the baby to cut his teeth on." "Sposen you give him that there gold brick in the cupboard?" said the farmer with a grim smile. "It worked all right with me."—Indianapolis Journal.

"One time," said the traveled boarder, "I got snowed in on the Rocky Mountains, and the only thing seven of us had for two days to sustain life was a half-barrel of pickled pigs feet." "You were, indeed," said the Cheerful Idiot, "reduced to extremities."—Indianapolis Journal.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "The Righteous is Taken Away from the Evil to Come"—Isaiah, Chapter LVII., Verse 1.

WE all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenbergh, in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiments when it said:

I would not live always.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in my house at a festal group, among many Hispanic and Mexican spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to see the end. Monaldesco, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 99 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. Plutarch, also, at about 80 years of age, found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world at 70, said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the reason that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet; lest it shorten his days. Indeed, I some time ago preached a sermon on the duration of longevity, but I now propose to preach to you about the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence. If I were an Agnostic I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on terra firma, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe, for which reason I will not claim him. If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to get out alive as even in good weather to be very cautious, not to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor, and weapons of defense, lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not Agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the right-eous in heaven, and, therefore, I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is a blessing, because it makes one's life work very compact.

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven o'clock in the afternoon, or at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business; others who are five hours. Others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the one that takes the shortest time detained in business, and who can return home the quickest, is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the matter of transference from this world? If a person should die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning. If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve o'clock, noon. If he die at sixty years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at ninety, he has to toil all the way on to seven or eight o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble-field, but, shouldering his scythe, and taking his pitcher from under the tree, he starts in a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done, and well done; and the quicker the better.

Again: The world is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Recently, a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to state prison for 17 years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's coming to a commercial dishonesty than that he will commit commercial dishonesty. The numbers of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage, the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad, that if one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were schoolmates or college-mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a boy was he?" "What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is, the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid-life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a millpond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home, we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction; at about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down; or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man makes a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in midlife, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been a thing of arrogance and heartlessness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people, it may be said: it seems as if it would have been better if they could have ended from this life at twenty or thirty years of age.

Do you know the reason why the vast majority of people die before thirty? It is because they have not the moral endurance to live much beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it saves us from many of the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the doors to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safe to keep out the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance are not sufficient. Receipts lest you have to pay a debt twice. Lightning-rod against shipwreck. Weatherboarding against railroad collision, and the hundreds of kinds of armor to overthrow and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the coffin-lid, and the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier, who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down with his musket on his shoulder, musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's castle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

* * *

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time and bursts of heaven, if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and palms and trees and vines which never shed their leaf, and two. We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians and the Raphaels, for some to them and say, "Why don't you go in?" They say, "I don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps we are so accustomed to the chill and the storm that, I guess, it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, we don't know exactly how it is in-side."

So we stick to this world as though it were a delightful place to warm hands, cation and feet, and to cook food, to roast pumpkins as though we could get a piano with four or five of the keys out; to dance on a floor with only half a dozen of the boards carpeted, and exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array, and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its warmes stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the rim, wells, all the lawns sown with thistles, all the plowed with graves, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation, and I want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about members of your family that went early. "Take from the wise home," this book says. What a fortunate escape they had! How glad we ought to feel that they will never have to go through the struggles which we have had to go through. They had just time enough to get out of the cradle and run up on the sunshine hills of this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping place. They were like ships that put in at St. Helena, staying there long enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity, and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world in transitu. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning when another year is going; when we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are three hundred and sixty-five miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood, that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you fail to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas day I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning, when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window, as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance, as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents, waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lightship.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to enter New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool. He had been absently-impressed that he ought to put back to sea, and under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." "At twelve o'clock at night the wind will be dead ahead, and what does that mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and there it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around, and told me to keep on deck for twelve hours, for two hours, and then to call you at two o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck and through the rift of a cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the rescued ship they began to hand together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me any thing, all I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." But like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours! Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed, and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

RAISING PEACOCKS FOR PROFIT

There Is Much Money in the Industry in England.

George Vanderbilt, Theodore Havemeyer and a number of other very rich men have quite recently taken it into their heads to go into the business of raising peacocks for profit, says an exchange. This is a comparatively new industry on American soil. Although peacocks are not uncommon here, they are not nearly so often seen as in England and on the continent of Europe. Perhaps the most remarkable peacock show today is seen anywhere in the world is at Warwick castle. The place is famous for the size of the handsomest of the birds are white, a rare color for peacocks. It does not require great skill to breed peafowls. They mate, however, in fact promiscuously and plentifully, and in winter they must have a warm and sheltered home. The hen bird should be allowed to choose her own nest if a strong, healthy brood is desired, and the tactics of the pea fowl farmer in this regard should be exactly the opposite of the successful poultry raiser. It is understood that the breeding of the birds is very profitable in England, and it is said not to be supposed that the millionaires whose names are here mentioned would go into the business of raising peacocks unless there was some possibility that there would be money in it in America.

Founder of Red Cross Society.

The name of the man who was the actual cause of the foundation of the Red Cross society, which has done so much to mitigate the horrors of war, is little known to the present generation. However, he is still alive, and unfortunately, it is under sad circumstances. His name is Dunant, and he was born in Geneva in 1828. A man of means, he appears to have devoted a large portion of his wealth to works of charity in connection with his native city. The admirable labors of Florence Nightingale, which attracted the attention of all Europe, made a strong impression on M. Dunant, which was further increased by his own participation in the war of Napoleon III against the Austrians in 1859. There he witnessed war in all its horrors, and it resulted in his publishing a book on the subject in 1862, at the time attracted much attention. In 1863 he started on a pilgrimage, at his own expense, to various countries, to stir up men into influencing the various governments into a conference which should have for its object the formation of some means for the mitigation of the horrors of war. The result was the historic conference in 1864 at Geneva, the outcome of which was the convention which has made modern warfare comparatively humane.

"The 2,000."

A bicycle built for 2,000 will be shown at the Paris Exposition. Both tires are punctured with large doors, and visitors reach the top by winding staircases inside. The saddle is a roof garden, and the handle-bars a sitting room, with large windows.

The greatest men have but two words for their life rule—God and country.

Catarrh in the Head

Suffered with It for Five Years, but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"I had catarrh in my head and suffered with it for five years. I was also troubled with weakness. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it entirely cured the catarrh, built up my system and did me a great deal of good." W. E. MELLOWAY, Columbia, Missouri. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

Still They Come.

A great gold strike is reported near the Revenue tunnel, on Mount Sneffels, in Ouray county, Col. Tests run as high as $200,000 to the ton, and $1,000 has been taken out of two cubic feet of rock.

A Choice for Wage Earners.

The Chicago Great Western Railway has introduced a plan by which all who feel so disposed may invest in the 5 per cent dividend stock of the corporation. Usually this stock, which is rated the best investment in the country, can be purchased through the New York and London Stock Exchanges only. The new plan makes it purchasable through the following banks: First National, Minneapolis; Merchants' National, National German-American, and Union Bank of St. Paul. For the benefit of wage earners the stock, which now ranges from $73 to $75 a share, may be bought on monthly payments of $10 each. Under the company's rules, the local registered owner of five or more shares for six months prior thereto is entitled to free transportation to Chicago and return at the time of the annual meeting in the first half of September in each year.

The Teapot Exploded.

While Miss Mabel Easter, a young school teacher living near Mound, Ky., was making some tea for supper, the teapot exploded, scalding her perhaps fatally.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes men strong. All druggists, 50c. or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

An elephant is 50 to 60 years in attaining maturity, and will live a century and a half.

Pile Terror Swept Away.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles. In fact, it has never failed to benefit me in five minutes, and three in six days applied according to directions, to cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

John Calvin was the son of a cooper, and helped his father in this humble calling.

There are thousands of task masters who never crack a whip.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Related by a Keeper of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

(From the Jackson Citizen.)

Mr. A. E. Wing resides at 612 N. Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich. He is a keeper in the Michigan State Prison, a man of integrity, and whose word is beyond dispute. He tells the following story of a wonderful escape, and the incidents connected with the dangerous position in which he was placed. He says, some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groins, which began to increase in size to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread down my legs to my feet, and I was bloated from my waist down, so bad that I could not pull my pants, over my legs, and I had to open my shoes fully two inches before I could get them on. Even my face became puffed up, and my whole system seemed affected. I could hardly drag myself upstairs to unlock my men. I consulted a physician, one of the best in the city. He said the swelling was caused by an irritation of the kidneys, and I commenced treatment with him. But I seemed to be getting worse. I was strongly advised by a friend to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I finally consented. After the first week I commenced to see a change, and felt much better. This was encouraging, and I continued their use. I took five boxes in all, with the happy result that I was completely cured. I have never heard of any medicine which had such a pronounced and radical effect, and yet not affect the system generally and leave it in such a good condition. I feel better than I ever did before. After the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until it was entirely gone. I regard Doan's Kidney Pills as a most wonderful remedy for the curing of any form of kidney disorder.

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

A woman can never understand why a man doesn't look just as well in ready-made clothes.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The robe of righteousness will stay white no matter how much the world may throw mud at it.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the hair from falling out, and makes a new growth come in. You save what you have and get more. No gray hair.

ELY MF'G CO., 307-309 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

ELEGANT Sewing Machine $15.00. Buy direct. Get the factory price. Warranted 10 years; all attachments; new; perfect; works. No Money in advance. Ship anywhere on approval. Write for FREE CATALOGUE. Address, CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO., 342 to 348 W. Lake St., Chicago. Ill.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION