# MOLLY McDONALD

## A TALE OF THE OLD FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South", etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain LeFevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major. He finds McDonald's murdered body. Hamlin takes Wasson, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald of $30,000 paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont. Conners, soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered. Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimmaron. One man dies from cold and another almost succumbs. Wasson is shot as they come in sight of the Cimmaron. Heroic work Hamlin resuscitates Carroll, his remaining trooper.

**CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.**

He came to the little patch of forest growth, a dozen gaunt, naked trees at the river's edge, stunted, two of them already toppling over the bank, apparently undermined by the water, threatening to fall before each blast that smote them. Hoping to discover some splinters for a fire, Hamlin kicked a clear space in the snow, yet kept his face always toward the bluff, his eyes vigilantly searching for any skulking figure. Silent as those desert surroundings appeared, the sergeant knew he was not alone. He had a feeling that he was being watched, spied upon; that somewhere near at hand, crouching in that solitude, the eyes of murder followed his every movement. Suddenly he straightened up, staring at the bluff nearly opposite where he stood. Was it a dream, an illusion, or was that actually the front of a cabin at the base of the bank? He could not believe it possible, nor could he be sure. If so, then it consisted merely of a room excavated in the side of the hill, the opening closed in by cottonwood logs. It in no way extended outward beyond the contour of the bank, and was so

Slowly, Noiselessly, His Colt Poised for Instant Action.

plastered with snow as to be almost indistinguishable a dozen steps away. Yet those were logs, regularly laid, beyond a doubt; he was certain he detected now the dim outlines of a door, and a smooth wooden shutter, to which the snow refused to cling, the size and shape of a small window. His heart throbbing with excitement, the sergeant slipped in against the bluff for protection, moving cautiously closer until he convinced himself of the reality of his strange discovery by feeling the rough bark of the logs. It was a form of habitation of some kind beyond question; apparently unoccupied, for there were no tracks in the snow without, and no smoke of a fire visible anywhere.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**Hughes' Story.**

Hamlin thrust his glove into his belt, drew forth his revolver, and gripped the stock with bare hand. This crude, hidden dwelling might be deserted, a mere empty shack, but he could not disconnect it in his mind from that murderous attack made upon their little party two hours before. Why was it here in the heart of this desert? Why built with such evident intent of concealment? But for what had occurred on the plateau above, his suspicions would never have been aroused. This was already bordering a cattle country; adventurous Texans, seeking free range and abundant water, had advanced along the various government streams with their herds of long-horns. Little by little they had gained precarious foothold upon the Indian domains, slowly but surely pushing northward. The Cheyennes had been bitterness for years, and had much justifiable. Hamlin knew that every hand been against these people, and that every Indian had been driven from his hunting grounds, his camping places, his water, and even from the plains he had once roamed as master. Hamlin knew this; he had met and talked with those driven out, and he was aware that even now Black Kettle's winter camp of hostiles was not far away. This hut might, of course, be the deserted site of some old cow camp, some outrider's shack, but—the fellow who fired on them! He was a reality—a dangerous reality—and he was hiding somewhere close at hand.

The sergeant stole along the front to the door, listening intently for any warning sound from either without or within. Every nerve was on edge; all else forgotten except the intensity of the moment. He could perceive nothing to alarm him, no evidence of any presence inside. Slowly, noiselessly, his Colt poised for instant action, he lifted the wooden latch, and permitted the door to swing slightly ajar, yielding a glimpse within. There was light from above, flittering dimly through some crevice in the bluff, and the darker shadows were reddened by the cheery glow of a fire place directly opposite, although where the smoke disappeared was not at first evident. Hamlin perceived these features at a glance, standing motionless. His quick eyes visioned the whole interior—a rude table and bench, a rifle leaning in one corner, a saddle and trappings hanging against the wall; a broad-brimmed hat on the floor, a pile of skins beyond. There was an appearance of neatness also, the floor swept, the table unlittered. Yet he scarcely realized these details at the time so closely was his whole attention centered on the figure of a man. The fellow occupied a stool before the fireplace, and was bending slightly forward, staring down at the red embers, unconscious of the intruder. He was a thin-chested, unkempt individual with long hair, and shaggy whiskers, both iron gray. The side of his face and neck had a sallow look, while his nose was prominent. The sergeant surveyed him a moment, his cocked revolver covering the motionless figure, his lips set grimly. Then he stepped within and closed the door.

At the slight sound the other leaped to his feet, overturning the stool, and whirled about swiftly, his right hand dropping to his belt.

"That will do, friend!" Hamlin's voice rang stern.

"Stand as you are—your gun is lying on the bench yonder. Rather careless of you in this country. No, I wouldn't risk it if I was you; this is a hair trigger."

The fellow stared helpless into the Sergeant's gray eyes.

"Who—who the hell are you?" he managed to articulate hoarsely, "a—a soldier?"

Hamlin nodded, willing enough to let the other talk.

"You're—you're not one o' LeFevre's outfit?"

"Whose?"

"Gene Le Fevre—the damn skunk; you know him?"

Startled as he was, the sergeant held himself firm, and laughed.

"I reckon there isn't any one by that name a friend o' mine," he said coolly. "So you're free to relieve your feelings as far as I'm concerned. Were you expecting that gent along this trail?"

"Yes, I was, an' 'twa'n't no pleasant little reception I 'lowed to give him neither. Say! Wouldn't yer just as soon lower thet shootin' iron? We ain't got no call to quarrel so fur as I kin see."

"Maybe not, stranger," and Hamlin leaned back against the table, lowering his weapon slightly, as he glanced watchfully about the room, "but I'll keep the gun handy just the same until we understand each other. Anybody else in this neighborhood?"

"Not unless it's Le Fevre, an' his outfit."

"Then I reckon you did the shooting out there a bit ago?"

The man shuffled uneasily, but the sergeant's right hand came to a level.

"Did you?"

"I s'pose thar ain't no use o' denyin' it," reluctantly, eyeing the gun in the corner, "but I didn't mean to shoot up no outfit but Le Fevre's. So help me, I didn't! The danged snow was so thick I couldn't see nohow, but I never s'posed any one was on the trail 'cept him. Thar ain't been no white man 'long yere in three months. Didn't hit none of yer, did I?"

"Yes, you did," returned Hamlin slowly, striving to hold himself in check. "You killed one of the best fellows that ever rode these plains, you sneaking coward, you. Shot him dead, with his back to you. Now, see here, it's a throw of the dice with me whether I fill you full of lead, or let you go. I came in here intending to kill you, if you were the cur who shot us up. But I'm willing to listen to what you have got to say. I'm some on the fight, but plain murder don't appeal to me. How is it? Are you ready to talk? Spit it out, man!"

"I'll tell yer jest how it was."

"Do it my way then; answer straight what I ask you. Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Kin I sit down?"

"Yes; make it short now; all I want is facts."

"Wal, my name is Hughes—Jed Hughes; I uster hang out around San Antone, an' hev been mostly in the cow business. The last five years Le Fevre an' I hev been grazin' cattle in between yere an' Buffalo Creek."

"Partners?"

"Wal, by God! I thought so, till just lately," his voice rising. "Anyhow, I had a bunch o' money in on the deal, though I'll be darned if I know just what's become o' it. Yer see, stranger, Gene had the inside o' this Injun business, bein' as he's sorter a squaw man—"

"What!" interrupted the other sharply. "Do you mean he married into one of the tribes?"

"Sorter left-handed—yep; a Cheyenne woman. Little thing like that didn't faze Gene none, if he did have a white wife—a blamed good-looker she was too. She was out here onc't, three years ago, 'bout a week maybe. Course she didn't know nothin' 'bout the squaw, an' the Injuns was all huntin' down in the Wichitas. But as I was sayin', Gene caught on to this yere Injun war last spring—I reckon ol' Koleta, his Injun father-in-law, likely told him what wus brewin'—he's sorter a war-chief. Anyhow he knew thet hell was to pay, an' so we natch'ally gathered up our long-horns an' drove 'em east whar they wouldn't be raided. We didn't git all the critters rounded up, as we wus in a hurry, an' they wus scattered some 'cause of a hard winter. So I come back yere to round up the rest o' ther bunch."

"And brand a few outsiders."

He grinned.

"Maybe I wasn't over-particular, but anyhow I got a thousand head together by the last o' June, an' hit the trail with 'em. Then hell sure broke loose. 'Fore we'd got that bunch o' cattle twenty mile down the Cimarron we wus rounded up by a gang o' Cheyenne Injuns, headed by that ornery Koleta, and every horn of 'em drove off. Thar wa'n't no fight; the damn bucks just laughed at us, an' left us sittin' thar out on the prairie. They hogged hosses an' all."

He wiped his face, and spat into the fire, while Hamlin sat silent, gun in hand.

"I reckon now as how Le Fevre put ol' Koleta wise to that game, but I was plum innocent then," he went on regretfully. "Wall, we,—thar wus four o' us,—hoofed it east till we struck some ranchers on Cow Crick, and got the loan o' some ponies. Then I struck out to locate the main herd. It didn't take me long, stranger, to discover thar wa'n't no herd to locate. But I struck their trail, whar Le Fevre had driven 'em up into Missouri and cashed in fer a pot o' money. Then the damn cuss just natch'ally vanished. I plugged 'bout fer two er three months hopin' ter ketch up with him, but I never did. I heerd tell o' him onc't or twice, an' caught on he was travelin' under 'nuther name—some durn French contraction—but thet's as much as I ever did find out. Finally, up in Independence I wus so durn near broke I reckoned I'd better put what I hed left in a grub stake, an' drift back yere. I figgered thet maybe I could pick up some o' those Injun cattle again, and maybe some mavericks, an' so start 'nuther herd. Anyhow I could lie low fer a while, believin' Le Fevre was sure ter come back soon as he thought the coast wus clear. I knew then he an' Koleta was in cahoots an' he'd be headin' this way after the stock. So I come down yere quiet, an' laid fer him to show up."

"What then?"

"Nuthin' much, till yisterday. I got tergether some cows, herded down river a ways, out o' sight in the bluffs, but hev hed ter keep mighty quiet ter save my hair. Them Cheyennes are sure pisen this year, an' raisin' Cain. I never see 'em so rambunctious afore. But I hung on yere, hidin' out, cause I didn't hev nowhar else ter go. An' yisterday, just ahead o' the blizzard, a Kiowa buck drifted in yere. Slipped down the bluff, an' caught me 'fore ever I saw him. Never laid eyes on the red afore but he was friendly 'nough, natch'ally mistakin' me fer one o' Le Fevre's herders. His name was Black Smoke, an' he couldn't talk no English worth mentionin', but we made out to understan' each other in Mex. He wus too darn hungry and tired to talk much anyhow. But I got what I wanted to know out o' him."

"Well, go on, Hughes, you are making a long story out of it."

"The rest is short 'nough. It seems he an' ol' Koleta, an' a young Cheyenne buck, had been hangin' 'round across the river from Dodge fer quite a while waitin' fer Le Fevre to pull off some sorter stunt. Maybe I didn't get just the straight o' it, but anyhow they held up a paymaster, er something like that, fer a big boodle. They expected to do it quiet like, hold the off'cer a day er so out in the desert, an' then turn him loose to howl. But them plans didn't just exactly work.

"Yes, Make It Short Now; All I want is Facts."

The fellow's daughter was with him, when the pinch was made, an' they hed to take her 'long too. Then the officer man got ugly, an' had to be shot, an' Le Fevre quarrelled with the other white man in the outfit, an' killed him. That left the gal on their hands, an' them all in a hell of a fix if they wus ever caught. The young Injuns wanted to kill the gal too, an' shet her mouth, but somehow Le Fevre an' Koleta wouldn't hear to it—said she'd be worth more alive than dead, an' that they could hide her whar she'd never be heard of ag'in unless her friends put up money to buy her back."

Hamlin was leaning forward, watching the speaker intently, and it seemed to him his heart had stopped beating. This story had the semblance of truth; it was the truth. So Dupont and Le Fevre were one and the same. He could believe this now, could perceive the resemblance, although the man had grown older, taken on flesh, and disguised himself wonderfully by growing that black beard. Yet, at the moment, he scarcely considered the man at all; his whole interest concentrated on the fate of the unfortunate girl.

"Where were they taking her, Hughes—do you know?"

"Wa'n't but one place fer 'em to take her—the Cheyennes hev got winter camp down yonder on the Canadian—Black Kettle's outfit. Onc't thar, all hell couldn't pry her loose."

"And Le Fevre dared go there? Among those hostiles?"

"Him!" Hughes laughed scornfully. "Why, he's hand in glove with the whole bunch. He's raided with 'em, decked out in feathers an' war-paint."

The sergeant thought rapidly and leaped to a sudden conclusion.

"And you were trying to kill him when you shot us up?"

"Thet wus the idea, stranger; if I got a friend o' yourn, I'm powerful sorry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Sporting Element.**

Willie liked ice cream, but he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find him working at the crank as if his life depended on it.

"I don't see how you got him to turn the ice cream freezer," she said to her husband. "I offered him a penny to do it."

"You don't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."

## DEBTS OF BALKAN STATES

**Turkey Can Still Pay All Her Loans if Left Her Asiatic Empire.**

Financiers are figuring out how bondholders will stand after the map of the Balkans is rearranged, remarks the New York World.

All the little states have been running into debt, getting ready for war. Three-fourths of their bonds are held in France.

Turkey last year had a debt of $570,000,00, not badly depreciated. With only Constantinople left in Europe she will still have nearly 200,000,000 people, but it is not easy to tax Arabians. Her debt is $28.50 per head. For comparison, that of France is $156 a head, all held at home; that of the United States (interest bearing), $11; that of New Zealand, $350, mainly for productive purposes.

In borrowing money Turkey has submitted to conditions that really independent nations would refuse. Portions of her revenue are ear marked for certain debts, and the powers claim the right to restrict even her tariff rates. This will make financial readjustment complicated.

Bulgaria has old loans of $24 a head, has recently borrowed $8,000,000 more, and presumably owes Czar Ferdinand his great personal fortune, which he has risked on the war. Servia's debt is $50 a head, Greece's $65 and rather depreciated. With more territory her credit will be better.

Montenegro has not had to wheedle money lenders to buy powder and cannon. Big brother Russia has long allowed her $200,000 a year for guns and schools, chiefly guns, and King Nicholas can get any money he needs from Rich relatives in St. Petersburg without bothering the bourses. Montenegro bonds are practically not listed on the exchanges, but sold by private agreement.

Considering their fertility and resources, none of the Balkan states is alarmingly handicapped by debt, as Portugal seemed to be with her $160 a head of bonds when the republic was declared.

**Hats Off.**

Mrs. Styles—"Who is that woman you just took off your hat to?" Mr. Styles—"I don't know." "You don't know her, and yet you took your hat off to her?" "Precisely. You see, she sat in front of me at the theater, the other night, and she took her hat off. Now I take off my hat to her."

## The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETT HARRIS

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

"I take notice that you've quit shaving yourself with the tinner's shears, Nels, my friend," remarked the Janitor to his Scandinavian assistant. "You must have sprung yourself for a razor lately. And that four-in-hand danger signal you're sporting is another thing that gives me food for thought, as the feller says, not to mention the rhinestone collar button. Is it the spring season in a general way, or is it the primrose blonde in 18 in special? Well, it ain't no business of mine, only you'll do well to be careful. Keep your eyes open and look about you before you make up your mind.

"You see, Nels," the Janitor went on, as he hoisted himself to a seat on the basement railing, "you see you've got opportunities, owing to the job that you're holding down here, that most men ain't got. You don't have to take the chances that you'd have to take if you was on the section or working in a livery stable. The gink who's digging sewers or driving a dray for a living has to take risks that makes me shudder when I think of them. He goes to a dance, we'll say, or a picnic. He ain't in no frame of mind to use sense. He's too full of ham sandwiches, hot dogs, chowder and high spirits to have any room for reason and judgment, and while he's in that there condition of tempry insanity he runs up against a bunch of skirts, and the next thing he knows one of 'em is cashing his pay checks at the corner grocery regular every Saturday night. Just like that!

"They all look good to him. Sure thing! That's what they're there for. They've got on their longeree waists with the narrow pink ribbon showing through from underneath and they're wearing their blue beads and their bright smiles, and what more would a man want? Can she mop a floor or wash a shirt or cook a tater the way it ought to be cooked? Who cares? Ain't she got on her silk stockings and low-cut shoes? That's the way to look at it. Well, you don't have to go to no pictures, Nels. All you've got to do is what Bill Mudge done.

"Who was Bill Mudge? Why, Bill was a feller that worked for me here last spring a year ago; that's who Bill was. Bill had sense, Bill had. No bugs in Bill's bean; he'd tell you so himself. First thing Bill would do was to be sure he was right; then he'd go ahead. Sometimes he'd go just a little ahead of the toe of my boot, but anyway he'd be right. 'I ain't agoing to jump afore I look,' he'd say; and he wouldn't—not unless I stuck the point of an awl in a soft part of him when he wasn't looking. But he was great on keeping his eyes open and taking time to make up his mind. I've known a thirty-car train of mixed freight made up quicker than Bill took to get that mind of his ready, and with less switching. But that's the kind of a feller he was.

"Well, pay attention now! Bill took a notion that it wasn't good for a man to live alone and that two could live just about as cheap as one and he used to come and talk to me about it. 'There's from sixteen to eighteen girls in this here building that might do,' he says to me. 'I've made up my mind that when I find the right one I'll marry her, but I'm agoing to be dead sure that she is the right one. I ain't agoing into it blindfold. I don't buy no pig in no sack, me.'

"'That sounds like sense,' I says. 'I don't say that it is sense, but it sounds like it. How are you agoing to find out?'

"'By using my eyes and my judgment,' he says. 'I ain't been applying of them in that direction afore, but I'm going to. It's a pipe! Ain't I at every kitchen door all times o' day? Well, here's the way I'll find out. She's got to be neat and clean herself, to begin with. I don't want no sloppy wife. Well, it ain't going to take me no time to find that much out. Same way with the way she keeps things. I step in to fix a winder ketch or something and I take notice whether the floor is scrubbed an' whether there's grease on the gas range. I throw my eye on the sink and squint up at the ceiling for cobwebs. If the look of things ain't satisfactory, I cross her off right there and don't waste no more time.

"'The next question is whether she's a hustler,' says Bill. 'If she's up and busy bright and early it don't take me long to get hep. If the shades is down at her bedroom winder at half-past seven, count me out right on that proposition. If she's singing at her work she's got a cheerful disposition. If I see the cat scooting every time she picks up a broom, nix on that. Not any! Then I've got to find out how she stacks up on the eats. How? Easy! I notice the garbage can when I go to empty it. If there's a mess of scorched cakes and maybe the half of a roast and a lot of stale bread and a peck or so of oatmeal like there is in some, it don't take no Sherlock Holmes to figger out that she'll waste about as much as her husband can make and send him to the hospital with stummick trouble. No sir, the less garbage there is, the better her chances'll be,' says Bill. 'Not when you've got the opportunities that you've got around a flat building.'

"'Well,' says I, 'that sure sounds like sense.' And it is sense. That's why I'm giving you the tip, Nels. You take a little less notice of Hilda or Helga or whatever her name is and a little more of what she sets out for you to empty. You've got the same opportunities that Bill had.

"What kind of a woman did Bill get? Why, I forgot to tell you about that. One day he come to me looking pleased and told me that he'd found the right one. A fine, good-looking girl she was. Cook and general in 11, where the Greenwalls are now. Always had on a clean dress and apron, Bill said; kitchen as neat as a pin, up at six sharp, sang like a blessed lark and no waste. 'Me for her,' says Bill. 'It's just as easy to pick a good one as a poor one,' he says.

"'Go to her,' says I. And he did, the very next day. The only trouble was, though, that she didn't fancy Bill, and in fact she throwed a dipper of hot water over him and told the iceman and the iceman wiped up the alley with him and Bill got so mad that just to spite 'em he married a girl that was just leaving her place at 13 that he hadn't investigated. Now he says the best thing a feller can do is to keep his eyes shut. When he's married, anyway.

"So there it is, Nels," concluded the janitor, as he got down from the railing. "It's all very well for a man to be careful about taking his pick, but he's got to be in shape to stand inspection himself."

"YOU'VE GOT OPPORTUNITIES MOST MEN AIN'T GOT."

## NEVER BOUND BY TRADITION

**True Follower of Art May Not Be Dictated To, and Wise Men Recognize the Fact.**

There are various approaches to life; the way of religion, of action, of commerce, of art. No one of these can dictate the path of the other. Not only can religion not undertake to show the artist which way to turn, or art to tell commerce of the main chance, but the artist in one kind cannot dictate to the artist in another. Buonarroti could not add to the wistful grace of a Raphael Madonna, nor could the Urbinite teach Angelo aught of the damonic strength or terribilito; Angelo's marbles could not have fitted into the smiling landscapes or open sky spaces of Perugino. They belonged as they were set against rough, bare rocks, like the Carrara quarries.

A great man when he sees an art that surpasses comprehension, because it is wide of tradition, puts his finger to his lips and keeps silence. The empty-headed are the glib dictators of ready judgments. Very many years ago when Dr. William James saw for the first time a collection of futurist paintings in Paris he said: "I have never seen anything like this before! It is strange and inimical to me. But these are serious men. They would not waste their time. They must mean something, though I can't understand." His utterance was that of the wise man.

But the artist with a new thing to say or a new and faithful mode of saying it must be of an independence unthinkable! He must be able to live alone gaily; to live on a crust and water; to take only such rewards as are thrust at him, for he cannot afford to seek. He must be celibate and drag no others into his dilemma. And he must work for the joy of the working.—Harper's Weekly.

**All Right in Theory, But—**

"You marry a man like this, and then come here and bother me? I believe that some women would marry a kangaroo," was the comment of a London magistrate the other day, when a woman asked for a summons against her husband for continually threatening and ill-treating her. "A woman," continued the magistrate, "ought to be sure that a man is suitable to her and know something of his temper and disposition before she consents to be his partner for life." There is much wisdom in the remark, but the magistrate seems to have forgotten that in matters matrimonial the heart often overrules the head.

**Stinging Repartee.**

Two women had been having an argument.

"Do try to talk a little common sense!" said one of them, sarcastically.

"But wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?" inquired the other.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**Sentiment.**

Sneak Thief—If yer so hard up, w'y doncher pawn yer watch chain?

Second Story Man—I don't like ter—it belonged ter me fambly!

Sneak Thief—Fambly! G'wan!

Second Story Man—Straight I'm given yer—swiped it frum me gran' pop!—Puck.


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**Relief for Alaskan Miners.**

As an encouragement to further prospecting and mining in the new gold field near the boundary line between Alaska and Yukon territory the American customs officials have decided not to establish a customs house there for one year, believing that the miners have already undergone hardships enough in getting their outfits there without having to pay duties.

**Too Costly.**

"I absolutely don't know what to give my cook for a wedding present."

"Then simply give her money."

"Oh, no! It musn't cost as much as that."—Ulk.

**Woodpecker's Waterloo.**

"That woodpecker may be persistent, but I think he's beaten this time."

"What is he trying to do?"

"Drill a hole in an iron trolley pole."

Nothing equals Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops for Bronchial weakness, sore chests, and throat troubles—5c at all Druggists.

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