

WARRIORS OF THE EAST SIDE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE EAST SIDE.

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE HELENA INDEPENDENT.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS-EVE over on the East Side. Darkness was closing in on a cold, hard day. The light that struggled through the frozen windows of the dilapidated store and the saloon on the corner fell upon men with empty dinner-pails, who were hurrying homeward, their coats buttoned tightly, and heads bent against the steady blast from the river, as if they were butting their way down the street.

The wind had forced the door of the saloon ajar, and was whistling through the crack; but in there it seemed to make no one afraid. Between roars of laughter the tinkling of glasses and the rattle of dice on the hardwood counter were heard out in the street, and more than one of the passers-by as he came within range of the saloon's door, could not resist the temptation of a little extra waiting at home for his evening's amusements, and dropped in to brace up. The lights were long out when the saloon doors closed, and his untidy steps toward home, where the Christmas welcome had turned to dread.

But in this twilight hour they burned brightly yet, trying hard to pierce the bitter cold outside with a ray of warmth and cheer. Where the lamps in the delicatessen store made a mottled streak of brightness across the floor, two little boys stood with their noses flattened against the window. Their warm breath made little round holes on the frosty pane, and they came and went, avoiding passing glimpses of the reality within. The piles of smoked herring, of golden cheese, of sliced bacon and generous fat-bellied ham; of the rows of odd-shaped bottles and jars on the shelves that held there was no telling what good things, only it was certain that they must be good from the looks of them.

And the heavenly smell of spices and things that reached the boys through the open door each time the tinkling bell announced the coming of a customer. Better than all that, the vision of home for the stacks of square honey cakes, with their frothy coating of sugar, tied in bundles with strips of blue paper.

The wind blew straight through the open door, and the shabby jackets of the lads as they crept closer to the window, struggling hard with the frost to make their peep-holes bigger, to take in the whole of the big cakes, and almonds set in, but they did not know it.

"Jim!" piped the smaller of the two, after a longer stare than usual. "Hey, Jim! these Santa Claus things are getting to be a little queer."

"Santa Claus!" sneered the other scornfully, applying his eye to the clear spot on the pane; "there ain't no old man like that. Them honey cakes, me 'n' Tom had a bite of one wuzen't it?"

"There ain't no Santa Claus?" retorted the smaller shaver, hotly, at his peephole; "there is, too. I seen him myself when he come 'er ally last night."

"What's your kid a-fixin' off?" broke in a strange voice.

Another boy, bigger, but dirtier and tougher looking than either of the two, had come behind them. He carried an armful of unsold "extraneous" under one arm. The other was buried to the elbow in the pocket of his ragged trousers.

"I didn't know him, evidently, and the smallest eagerly accepted him as an umpire.

"It's Jim," he said, holding out the two fat cakes to the smaller of the Santa Claus children; "there's yer Christmas, Jim, along now, for yer barracks, and you, Jim, here's one for you, though yer don't

deserve it. Mind ye let the kid alone. This ain't his to give, it's mine. I ain't a kid, I'm a man."

And before the shuffling feet of the ragged little boy had reached the corner, the last mouthful of the new-year's supper was smothered in a yell of "Extraneous" as he shot across to start or intercept a passing stranger.

As the evening wore on it grew rarer and more blustering still. Flakes of dry snow that stayed where it fell, slowly tracing the curbsides, the shutters and the door-ways of the tenements, with a gusty wind that bore upon the storm from the water. To the right and left stretched endless streets, and the towering barracks, as beneath frowning cliffs, pierced with a thousand glowing eyes that revealed to watch-fires within a mighty city of dwellers held in the thrall of poverty and want.

Outside there was no hurrying to and fro; saloon doors were slamming and barred-logged, carrying beer, jugs, haggard white faces for shelter. From the depth of the blind alley leading into the block, floated out the discordant strains of a ragabond brass band, "blowing in" the sale of the poor. Banished by police ordinances from the street, it reared a sough harvest of punts for Christmas cheer from the windows opening on the back yard. Against more than one pane showed the bald outline of a forlorn little Christmas tree, some dry branch of a hemlock picked up from the gutter, and set in a pair of "tin children" to dance around, a dime's worth of candy and tinsel on the boughs. The shouts of the little ones over their prize were plainly heard, when the players passed to take breath.

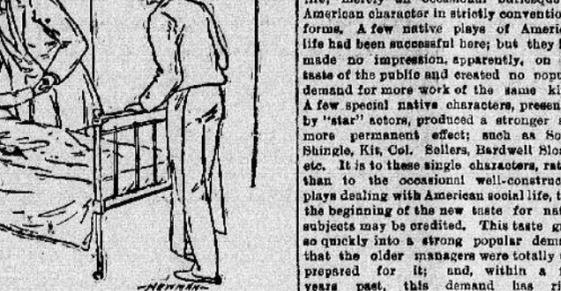
From the attic over the way came, in spells between the gentle notes of a German song, a merry Christmas carol. Christmas in the east side tenements begins with the sunset for the "holy eve," except where the name is as a threat or a taunt. From a hundred such homes the whir of sewing

machines, worked by the sweeter's slaves with weary feet and aching backs, mingled with the merry-making.

To them, what was Christmas but the means for procuring for suffering, reminder of lost kindred and liberty, of the slavery of two thousand years, freedom from which was purchased only with gold, eye, gold. The gold that had power to buy freedom, to buy the good will, eye, and the good name of the oppressor, with his houses and land. As the thought, the tired eyes glistened, the aching back straightened, and to the weary feet there came new strength to finish the long task while his eyes slept.

Where a narrow passageway put in between two tenements, a familiar, familiar rear barrack, Nibsy, the newsboy, belated in the shadow of the doorway and stole a long look down the dark alley. He stole unobtrusively with his still unsoiled papers, worn dirty feet, where below and beneath the time, before he ventured in, poking his way between barrels and heads of garbages.

It was very quiet in the alley. Christmas day had come and gone. Upon the last door a bow of soiled paper was nailed up, and two inches, and the room was deserted times before that year. Upstairs, Nibsy was at home, and for once, the neighbors, one and all, old and young came to see him, to see his papers, to see that he was offered no objection. Cowed and silent, he sat in the corner by the window far-



NIBSY IN THE HOSPITAL.

stood with the lid closed down. A couple of the neighbor women were talking in low tones by the stove when there came a timid knock at the door. Nobody answering, it was pushed open, and a little than far enough to admit the shuffling form of the little ragamuffin, the smallest of the two who had snatched breathing space between the windows of the dark alley store the night before when Nibsy came along. He dragged with him a hemlock branch, the leaves from some Christmas tree fitted into its block by the grocer's customer.

"It's poor Santa Claus," he said, laying it on the floor. "Nibsy knows." And he went out, the neighbor hid her face in her apron and wept, rocking to and fro in her chair.

Santa Claus had come to Nibsy after all in his alley, and Nibsy knew.

HOW CORN ORIGINATED.

Curious Legend of the Indian Tribes Regarding This Beautiful Grain.

This wonderful product, which has conferred such substantial benefits on the world, franks its origin to unknown origin, and is shrouded in mystery.

At least not distinctly fixed, says the Religious Philosophical Journal. The Sioux City corn police, which opened Oct. 1, and closed Oct. 1, has been following a scrap of information on the origin of corn.

Like wheat and barley, its origin is lost in the twilight of antiquity. It was first cultivated in the third day of the year, by the English on the James river. Virginia in 1608, the seed being obtained from the Indians, who claimed to be the first discoverers of the plant—receiving it direct from the east.

It is a curious fact that the corn-crafter gives the mythological history of it.

"A young man went out into the woods to fast at that period of life when youth is arching in the clouds of duty, and a lodge of bogues in a secluded place and painted his face of a sombre hue. By day he amused himself in walking about, looking at the various shrubs and plants, and at night lay down in his lower lodging up through the opening into the sky. He sought a gift from the master of life, and he hoped it would be something to benefit his race. On the third day he became too weak to leave his lodge, and as he lay reeling upward he saw a spirit come down in the shape of a beautiful young man, dressed in green and bearing green plumes on his head, who told him to arise and wrestle with him, as this was the only way in which he could obtain his wishes.

He did so and found his strength renewed by the effort. The spirit then told him that wrestling was repeated for four days, the youth feeling at each trial that although his bodily strength declined, a moral and spiritual strength was being gained, which promised him the final victory. On the third day his celestial visitor spoke to him.

"To-morrow," he said, "will be the seventh day of your fast and the last time you will wrestle with me. You will triumph over me and gain your wishes. As soon as you have thrown me down strip off my clothes and bury me in the earth. As for me, you will have done the leave me, but come occasionally to visit the place, or keep the weeds from growing. Once or twice cover me with fresh earth. He then departed, but returned in a clear and simple way, and predicted, was thrown down. The young man obeyed his instructions in every particular and soon had the pleasure of seeing the green plumes which he had buried up through the ground. He carefully weeded the earth and left it fresh and soft, and in due time was gratified by beholding the matured plant waving its green leaves and yellow tassels in the wind. He then invited his parents to the spot to behold the new plant. It is Montanians, exclaimed his father, in the spirit of a grain. He immediately prepared a feast and invited their friends to partake of it; and this is the origin of Indian corn."

LIKE.

His quiet was an honest look. Won all the dignity at the start. His first eyes seemed an open book. In quietude he sat, and he was not. He first showed up at Place Mont. He was a quiet, but he was not. He was a quiet, but he was not.

Some thought he was a millionaire. From France, looking up a map. Whilst others said he had the air of a man who had been in the world. The boys soon tied him to the name of "The silent one."

He cursed the sick, spoke words of cheer to the ones who were despair. At the end of pain you'd find him. No matter what distress was found. You'd see him in a quiet tone. He was a quiet, but he was not.

One night the safe in which he kept. The dust of all the men in camp. He was a quiet, but he was not. He was a quiet, but he was not.

We took the trail, a man in a suit. He was a quiet, but he was not. He was a quiet, but he was not.

We found the staff, a ledge was clear. An hour beneath a jacket took. The staff was a quiet, but he was not. He was a quiet, but he was not.

It is the last thing a young man learns, but older ones have learned it thoroughly. This want of experience is a hundred fold more an obstacle in this country than in France or in any other country, where a

AMERICAN PLAYS WANTED.

Awakening of the People to a Demand for Representations of Native Life.

The Sudden Change Found no Body of Dramatic Writers at Hand.

Brushwood's Advice to Young and Ambitious Play Writers—How to Write a Play.

Written for THE HELENA INDEPENDENT.

THE MOST REMARKABLE phenomenon in the whole history of American drama, in the whole history of American life, is the awakening of the American people to a demand for representations of native life.

Twenty years ago an American play was looked upon as a mere curiosity; the real interest of theatre-goers in this country centered upon the old standard English drama; with such new works as were now and then produced in London and the more brilliant efforts of the French dramatists.

There was nothing whatever in these plays that represented American life; merely an occasional conventional foreigner, or a native play of American life had been successful here; but they had made no impression, apparently, on the taste of the public and created no popular demand for more work of the same kind.

A few special native characters, presented by "star" actors, produced a stronger and more permanent effect; such as Solon Shinglee, Kit, Col. Sellers, Bardwell Sloate, etc. It is to these single characters, rather than to the occasional well-constructed plays dealing with American social life, that the beginning of the new taste for native subjects may be credited. This taste grew so quickly into a strong popular demand that the older managers were totally unprepared for it; and, within a few years past, this demand has risen with such force that it has rapidly become a New York managers have been almost swept away in the flood. While they still had agents in Europe expending large sums of money for them in securing the latest European successes, they did not notice in time that the American people had suddenly changed their taste. Production after production lost fortunes for the managers while pursuing a policy which a few years before had made them rich. One of the first to be ruined was the late manager of the Grand Opera House, who had spent a fortune in securing the latest European successes, but they had made no impression, apparently, on the taste of the public and created no popular demand for more work of the same kind.

This sudden change found no body of dramatic writers at hand, and the property equipped and experienced to meet the new demand. The result of this has been that some of its managers have saved their money, and some have lost it. The European plays "Americanized" as far as brought over. A few have had original native plays to offer the public, and some have been made by others, but they have not been successful.

This general feeling of a good foundation for every new writer to start with, and to keep it up, is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

school of dramatic writing, study like this seems almost necessary to the young man who writes a play. It is a matter of almost infinite importance. I often wish that I could give young men the benefit of my own experience, and which I have had in a dramatic school. But we must do our best without a "school." The only school that can think of is a course of thoughtful reading. Follow through the dramatic portions of Hallam's History of English Literature. I had almost committed this to memory before I wrote my play. The German critics Lessing and Schlegel, are of very great value, of course. I think any young man who reads these authors carefully, to say nothing of the English critics, will be able to write a play of a high order of dramatic composition with a thoughtfulness and sincerity that will hardly be possible without such reading. In the absence of a national

MARRIED THE PARTNER.

A Story of Life on a Dakota Ranch, by Victor Sims.

The Yells man tilted back in his chair and knocked the ashes from a cigar that had been patriotically rolled from Connecticut tobacco. "Yes," he said, "when I read about the opening of the reservations and the hardships of the boomers, I think of my own experience out in Dakota. Prospecting is a rough business, and far west farming is a romance that a man who is built with anything like ordinary capacity for human enjoyment doesn't care to keep any longer than that he has to do."

"Nor that he has a pretty reasonable sort of time, but heating at a high pressure with every sort of landscape in prospect, a sort of fatality, and after a time you get ready to make a bad break for liberty."

"How did you come to do it?"

"Well, I got reckless in the end, wasn't making money fast enough, and rather felt as if I would like to sample the woolly west. I don't know that I thought of going out and growing up with the country. I'm afraid I expected quick profits in mining, and I felt that I would let the thing last as long as it might. I struck up a partnership with another eastern man and we went out there near Snake river and bought up 700 acres about fifteen miles from a town."

"It was a rather poor ranch we started in on. It was not down 340 acres in extent, 150 in cash, and kept on acre following acre for so long that the following season you may be sure this meant hustling. In the planting and gathering times we had a big gang of men working for us and we couldn't wear boiled shirts very much ourselves. We had to do all sorts of unexpected things. For me the most unexpected thing was the cooking."

"Did you cook?"

"Yes; and that's what I started out to tell you about. It wasn't a very hard job when only my partner and I were on hand in the middle of the summer; but in the heavy season, when we had fifteen or sixteen men there it was rough on me—and a little rougher on them."

"But we soon discovered that it was a good deal more of a no easy matter. You see we were good ways from any other ranch, and the women were timid. They heard that two or three men were keeping a kitchen, and they thought they'd like to see it. No amount of wages was any inducement, and we began to get discouraged. About the time we were to give up, a lady from the city came to us and said all work, my partner, who was a gentleman man of no specially whatever as regards women, drove down from the town with a cook. He was radiant with satisfaction, and he helped her out of the wagon with an affusive gallantry that amused me. Now, I had necessarily spent a few days in town and I had kept my eyes open; and when she was introduced to me she recognized her as a young lady whom I had caught sight of before."

"I took my partner aside, 'Bill,' I said, 'do you mean to say you've married her?'"

"What do you mean?" he asked with a puzzled look.

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Not much," he said, "but I guess she can cook all right."

"Bill," I said, "take her back. She won't do. It's hard to live on my cooking, but we must at last try to be respectable here."

"It was a blow to him, for he had been much elated at the homelike prospect. And he drove her away again over the fifteen miles of prairie road, and he was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she had certain recipes that ingenious lady had given me. At the time of writing these I had never heard of her. I had a particular difficulty in executing the instructions. Anything so specific seemed beyond the probability of confusion. The work I thought of was done by my partner, but he was not to be trusted. He had a habit of using the recipes after the incident which I have just told you about I got out this book and looked it over. Then I began to write, and I was not to be deterred. We knocked down again to the reality of things, and I went on with the cooking. Before I left the east I had made certain inquiries from an excellent home-keeper, and she had told me that she