



ATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905

HELP WANTED.

Let's give the sun a little help In clearing clouds away...

"JIM"

By FRANK H. SWEET

JIM COLLINS was born and bred in the mountains, with no ambition except nature until Edna Jackson came there one summer with her father...

The next spring the railroad came, and in the notch a mining town commenced to boom...

"Glad you've come home, Mr. Collins," he said. "I want to have a talk with you about that piece of land."



"WHY, JIM?"

Half a dozen men are eager to secure it. Prices are inflated now and it is a good time to sell.

"Well," returned Jim, doubtfully; "I hadn't thought of selling, but I saw my brother Tom to-day and he needs \$50 pretty bad."

"Fifty dollars!" contemptuously. "You can have a hundred times that if you want it."

"What made you deceive me?" she asked, in a displeased voice.

Edna looked at him and laughed. "You are a strange fellow, Jim," she said.

After this he was a frequent visitor. Sometimes he had business with Mr. Jackson, but usually he brought some curious plant or stone he had found in the woods.

One morning there was a sudden consternation in the town. The bank did not open and it was soon known that the cashier had absconded with all its available assets.

Those poems in the magazine. They really soothe me more because I never know just what they mean.

value. Nearly all business was suspended, and men skulked around corners as though they would avoid creditors...

Jim had been absent on a hunting trip. When he returned he was surprised at the gloomy streets and worn, haggard faces.

"What's the matter with everybody?" he asked. Edna told him in a few words, and then added, anxiously: "I am afraid papa has lost something—he is so nervous and downcast."

Jim nodded and placed a small package on the table. As he did so he noticed a photograph which he had not seen before.

"A good free," he said, approvingly. "I reckon he's a man worth knowing."

"N—no, not exactly," a delicate flush coming into her face. "I expect he will be my husband sometime. He is in Europe now, finishing his studies."

"Why, Jim! I—I didn't know. I never thought—" she began. Then she stopped. Words were so inadequate.

"So soon?" "Yes—and I'll say good-bye. Likely we shall not see each other again. I must go off somewhere—a long way, I reckon. I hope everybody will be right good to you."

"I was looking for you, Mr. Jackson," he said. "I won't bother you to keep the money any longer."

"How—er much do you want?" he asked. "I'm going off and will take it all."

"Here are \$800," he said, with a short laugh. "It's every cent I have in the world."

"How about Miss Jackson?" he asked. The man threw up his arms despairingly.

"What could I do?" he groaned. "If I remained it would be criminal prosecution. I thought that by going away I could save her part of the disgrace."

"There is little to tell," irritably. "When the bank closed all I had left was in real estate. My creditors grew impatient, and I tried to pay them."

"The cloud left Jim's face. "Am I the only creditor you have?" "Yes, but you are enough. Fifty thousand dollars! Why, all my land would not sell for one-fifth that amount."

Jim did not answer. He was looking across the mountains; and as he looked all the dreaminess and indecision went out of his eyes, never more to return.

Selecting one bill from the small roll, he put it in his pocket, the rest he handed back. "You've got Miss Jackson to look after and will need it more than I. Time it's gone your business will likely come round all right again."

"And—do you not intend to prosecute me?" wonderingly. "No, only you're never to tell Miss Jackson about it. Just say you saw me and told me good-bye."

Jackson rose tremulously to his feet. "Where are you going, Jim?" "I don't know. I reckon there's something cut out for me somewhere, and that I'll find it. I couldn't be satisfied to go back in the woods and live, now."

First Ocean Cable's Cost. The original 1858 cable weighed 93 pounds per mile, and had a conductor of seven copper wires of 2 1/2 gauge...

Milk Produces Big Melons. A farmer living near Marselles, France, has discovered that "watering" his melons with milk they will grow to twice their ordinary size.

Appreciation. To read them o'er I love to pause, Those poems in the magazine. They really soothe me more because I never know just what they mean.

A Hero. She—Charlie, they say kissing is awfully dangerous. He—Is that so? Then just watch me win one of those hero medals—Chicago Journal.

Two-fifers. "The more you smoke the more food you take from your family." "None of my family like cabbage."—Houston Post.

STEER ALWAYS IN AT THE KILLING

GREW SOME PART PLAYED BY ANIMAL IN MANY TRAGEDIES.

TRUE TO "MURDER" BRAND

Crime Growing Out of Ownership of the Steer, and the Subsequent Murders It Witnessed.

Alpine, Tex.—A big white steer, which was known to cowmen and others in west Texas on account of the peculiar brand which it bore on its left side and the tragedies in which it had played a passive but important part, is dead.

The death recalls a series of startling murders in this region. The steer was an outcast at will. Many of the lonely travelers to whom it brought a chill of terror when they caught sight of the words branded in large letters on its left side. These words were: "Murder, 1889." Judge Van Sickle, of this place, is familiar with the tragic incidents in the life of this remarkable steer. He said:

"A big round-up took place in January, 1889, on the Leon Cipa ranch, in Brewster county. There were many cowboys in this round-up and some were desperate characters. A dispute arose between H. H. Pow and Fine Gilliland as to the ownership of a certain yearling. The two men fought a duel at close range with six shooters. Gilliland killed Pow, mounted a horse and fled to escape the vengeance of the cowboys, who had taken sides with Pow. The yearling was roped and branded 'Murder, 1889,' and then turned loose on the range."

"Six weeks after the killing John Putnam and T. T. Cook, members of a ranger squad, started on a scout for Fort Stockton. In the mountains they came face to face with Gilliland. In the fight Cook was wounded and Gilliland was killed where he fought behind his head horse."

"Putnam and Cook were surveying the scene of the battle when a white steer walked out of a bunch of scrubby live oaks and sniffed at Gilliland's body. As the animal turned to walk away the two rangers saw the brand, 'Murder, 1889,' on its left side. The steer was more than 75 miles from where it was branded and turned loose six months before."

"Soon after this, 'Jeff' Webb, a nephew of Gilliland, left Alpine with a pet



FIG. 1.—A BRACKET CLOCK.

glue and nails. It overhangs the sides and front of the box about two inches, and is made from wood three-quarters of an inch thick. If it is impossible to find large-headed nails to finish the edges of the front and sides, mock nail-heads, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, can be cut from lead and applied with thin steel nails. The movement, which can be purchased from a clock-maker, is attached to the back of the case before the dial is made fast. The clock-maker can also mount and adjust the dial and movement if necessary.—Joseph H. Adams, in St. Nicholas.

INDOORS VS. OUTDOORS.

A Game for Boys and Girls to Play During the Long Evenings of Winter.

A DANDY APPEARS IN WOMAN'S GARB.

Naples Is Scandalized by a Young Man Either English or American.

Naples.—The city is deeply interested in a young man, English or American, who calls himself Richard Atkinson. He has taken expensive rooms at the Hotel Savoy, where he keeps a retinue of 20 servants and drives a carriage with eight horses. He has the appearance of being immensely wealthy.

What is more remarkable is that the young man possesses a wardrobe containing male and female attire in unlimited quantities and a collection of Parisian millinery said to be worth many thousands of pounds. A journalist who called on him was received in his boudoir and found Mr. Atkinson decked out in the gorgeous habiliments of a grande dame and much décolleté.

The journalist says Atkinson is about 21 years old and not at all handsome; he speaks French and maintains several establishments around Naples. Atkinson frequently visits Neapolitan theaters, sometimes attired as a man and at other times as a woman, to the great scandal of the authorities, who have requested the British consul to have him removed.

In the Doctor's Office. "You say your patient coughed up something?" "Yes, two dollars." "What did you give him for it?" "A receipt."—Yonkers Statesman.

Selection. "Biggie smokes the best cigars." "Yes; he smokes the best he can get hold of and gives the poor ones to his friends."—Washington Star.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FOR THE HANDY BOY. A Bracket Clock of Handsome Appearance Which Any Boy Can Make.

A good design for a simple bracket-clock is shown in the illustration. It is made from thin boards half an inch thick, half a yard of burlap, some large-headed nails, and an inexpensive clock movement run by springs or weights.

The box part of the case is eight inches square and three and a half

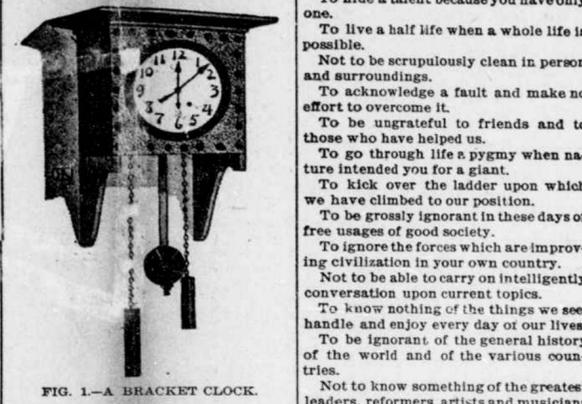


FIG. 2.—DETAIL OF BRACKET-CLOCK CASE.

inches in depth, and the bracket ends may be detached or be a part of the sides, cut, as shown in Fig. 2, to extend six inches below the bottom of the box. The dial and glass frame should measure six inches in diameter, and to fit it to the box it will be necessary to cut a hole in the front of the case five and a half inches in diameter, as shown also in Fig. 2.

The shelf top to the box is beveled at the under side and attached with



THE HIPPOCAMPUS.

hippopotamus, the name of the river horse, but these two hippos are not even forty-second cousins. Hippocampus travels through the water with his body erect—like a horse standing up on his hind legs.

The first thing Mr. Hippo knows he has a whole pocket full of sea ponies, eager to get out and go prancing through the sea the same as any other hippocampus.

Thinking of Him. He—Come, dear, aren't you ready for church? She—Just a minute, until I get a hat-pin.

"Of course, always thinking of your hat, even on the Sabbath!" "Oh, I'm not thinking of my hat, dear. My hat's all right. I want this hat-pin to use on you when you fall asleep in church."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE SEA PONIES. Odd Little Creatures with a Long Name That Look Very Much Like Horses.

Divide players into two sets, outdoors and indoors. The challenging party says, for example: "I have teeth." If this is the outdoor contingent the indoor set by pantomime show what they guess the outdoor article with teeth to be. For example, a saw. If they fail to guess the outdoor players score five points.

Outdoor. Indoor. Eyes.....Potatoes Needles Ears.....Corns Pitchforks Tongue.....Wagon Shoe Neck.....Squash Bottle

Spanked Roosevelt. To Mrs. Emma Kirchner, of Belleville, a suburb of St. Louis, belongs the distinction of being probably the only person who ever spanked Theodore Roosevelt. The story was only made known the other day. He was seven years old. The Roosevelt family was at Sagamore Hill. The family of Louis Hincley was also at Oyster Bay. There were four children in the Hincley family. Teddy had licked them all, when he charged upon the Hincley stronghold with mud balls. Mrs. Kirchner, the governess, rushed to the rescue and administered the future president a severe spanking.

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