

THE KICKER'S CONCLUSION.

"No supper on? No coffee made," the angry husband cried. "This is a kick on the head of my wife's head!"

"The man seems to have it right; men told from sun to sun; but woman's work—I find each night she never has it done."

—Washington Post.

THE STRANGER.

"Taint the way an honest man 'ud act, nohow," said old "Dad" Tangle, with a decisive shake of his unkept head. "There in that old shanty he's lived for three weeks now, and barrin' when he's bought grub here in the store, nary word he's said to me since the night he come."

"Nor me."

"Nor me."

Then a speculative silence fell on the smoke-enveloped group gathered around the stove.

"Likes not," continued the old man between his puffs, "we're a harbinger a runaway criminal from the east or a boss thief."

"He don't look 'actly like a crim'nal," spoke out a prominent citizen known as Fizzletop. "We didn't 'spicion nothin' when he drove up in that big wagon o' his'n and asked if there was a cabin he could rent."

"That's jes' it," interrupted Dad, with emphasis. "Pearances is deceivin'." Would a man shut himself up alone indoors all day if he wasn't a sharp or sump'n? Would a man live three weeks in th' town without minglin' with the boys or invitin' 'em up to his place, if he knew thar warn't nothin' agin him?"

These unanswerable arguments had hardly been unburdened when there came a gentle knock at the door, and a moment later the subject of the conversation stood within the room.

He was a man of perhaps 35, tall and slight, with a skin of effeminate whiteness and deep set eyes, which reflected the earnestness of an unusually thoughtful and sensitive mind. An intensely black drooping moustache seemed rather to assist in the prevailing tone of sadness in the face.

With an easy self-possession the newcomer removed his hat, an act evidently of natural and unconscious courtesy, and with a slight inclination of the head, which seemed to include all in the room, he greeted the loungers with a low spoken "good evening."

There was a long awkward pause. A bright spot flashed into each of his pale cheeks as his greeting passed unheeded, but he still retained his thorough self-possession. Replacing his hat with a firm motion and keeping his eyes unflinchingly on the crowd, he proceeded to explain calmly what he wanted. His horse had died the day before in the shed at the cabin. If some one could be gotten to remove the body he would be well paid for the trouble.

It required a strong prejudice to outbalance an offer of this kind, but popular feeling seemed to be decidedly against the stranger, and in Saddle-town popular feeling was very likely to prevail.

Finally one of the men removed a corn-cob pipe for a sufficient length of time to draw out, with mock gravity:

"Reckon you'll have ter git rid o' the horse meself, mister. None o' the boys seem to cotton to the job."

The speech was hailed with a round of guffaws from the Saddle-town citizens, and before these had died away the stranger, with a slight bow, had disappeared as quietly as he came.

Perhaps it was the laugh that had so mollifying an effect on the assemblage. Perhaps it was the ever increasing tobacco fumes that soothed it into better mood. Be that as it may, there certainly was a reaction in favor of the stranger after his departure.

The western miner of a dozen years ago was a curious mixture of good and evil, swayed by the slightest impulses, and, perhaps, only this can account for the flood of good feeling which rolled into Dad Tangle's little shop as the evening progressed. Fizzletop declared with more good humor than respect, that "the old bone bag seemed gamey," and even Dad himself allowed that "he mightn't be so bad, arter all." This was the state of affairs had reached when one of the boys suggested, with a laugh, that they should go over and "heart the old boss away before morning."

The idea had been offered as a joke, and yet, fifteen minutes later, the crowd was struggling through the moonlight toward the stranger's cabin.

It was decided that Fizzletop's team should be used, as his shanty was nearest that of the stranger's, and the boys had almost reached the old shed, when suddenly there was a quick exclamation from Fizzletop, a clatter of horses' hoofs, the sharp crack, crack, of a deringer, and in another moment some of the party were chasing a ridgid horse, while the others bent over a motionless figure in the road.

The figure was that of the stranger. The horse was Fizzletop's.

The change from good humor to indignation was extreme. Even before the unconscious man was pronounced still alive several were making toward the shed in search of a rope. The report of Fizzletop's pistol had quickly attracted a number of spectators and to these Dad Tangle was expounding on the keenness of his perception of character, and his ability in particular to detect a horse thief "at first sight."

Strange to say Fizzletop seemed to take the affair more calmly than the others. "Give the man a chance," he said, as the rope was brought up ready to use. "He can't carry his own horse over to his cabin and give him a trial."

After a good deal of grumbling at "puttin' the thing off," this was finally agreed to, but Dad insisted on taking the rope along so that it would be on hand when wanted. It was only a few steps to the stranger's cabin, and when Fizzletop's horse had been returned to the shed there the still unconscious man was borne.

After forcing open the door and depositing the limp figure in the already lighted room the men proceeded to examine carefully the interior, and many were the exclamations of surprise at the shelves of books, the great lamp and the general air of neatness. But the supreme sense of Saddle-town justice was not to be shaken by mere sentimentality.

Dad Tangle had just delivered himself of the opinion that as the stranger had been seen making off with the horse no trial was needed, when one of the men suddenly interrupted him with:

"Hello! what's this?"

In a moment the crowd was clustered spellbound around the speaker.

On a peg hung a little frock, while beneath rested a pair of tiny shoes.

The rough, hard faces were studies in their varied expressions.

It was Fizzletop who broke the spell. Without a word he stepped quickly to the bedside and pushed aside the curtain. On the pillow lay a flushed little face, amid a tangle of golden curls.

One or two of the miners turned away with heads bent forward on their breasts. Fizzletop's hand trembled strangely as he held aside the curtain, and old Dad Tangle essayed to speak, and old Dad Tangle essayed to speak, and when something seemed to choke him, and, after swallow-

ing suspiciously two or three times, he made his way uncertainly out of doors.

The light on the tiny face awakened the little sleeper, and the blue eyes opened wonderingly.

"Where is papa?"

Several more of the group, with silent and unsteady steps, passed out through the open doorway.

"He's a-a-sleep, now," Fizzletop answered huskily, and the curtain dropped to conceal the motionless figure on the floor.

"He said he was going to bring a doctor for me," said the childish voice.

Fizzletop started.

"A doctor here in town?" he asked with quick earnestness.

"Oh, no," answered the little one, simply. "The people in town wouldn't help us."

"But have you no mammy, deary?"

"Mamma is dead," said the child, gravely.

Without another word Fizzletop turned.

With one bound he placed his ear to the figure on the floor.

"Off with his coat, boys," he whispered hoarsely, and he dashed through the doorway and a moment later there was a clatter of flying hoofs.

So the little flushed face had a doctor after all, and the doctor had two patients instead of one.

"They'll both be all right in a few days," he said to the circle of anxious faces as he rode away. "I know the man over in 'Frisco. He's heartbroken and dependent over the loss of his wife, but he's a first-rate fellow."

It would be untrue to say that in after-days the tall, slight figure was the most popular one in town, for the most popular was not a man at all; but then, next to the little golden-haired girl came the stranger.—Detroit Free Press.

Acting on the Lawyer's Hint.

From the Albany Argus.

They tell a good story of a prominent counsellor-at-law of this city, which has thus far escaped the types, but it is really too good to be enjoyed only by the brethren of the bar, as it passes around the circle. He was engaged as counsel for a railroad corporation, defending it on trial at circuit, against a claim for personal injuries, in which another prominent legal firm were attorneys for the plaintiff, and had made a good case. Our worthy friend saw that a verdict against his client would be inevitable, so he endeavored to "mitigate the damages" by adopting a novel line of argument to the jury.

He assured them that the injuries to the plaintiff's person were trivial, and that no action would have been brought if the opposing counsel had not urged it, and that they might rest assured that whatever amount they would assess against the corporation defendant—at least one-half of it would be gathered in by the attorneys. When the jury went out they were not long in agreeing that the plaintiff was entitled to recover, and the sum was fixed in the verdict rendered for \$7,000. It was subsequently learned that the jurors had first fixed it at \$3,500, when one of the jurors remarked:

"Do you mind what Mr. said that & (naming plaintiff's attorneys) would get half the amount, and, as half of \$3,500 would not be enough, why not double it?" "Gentlemen, shall we make it \$7,000, then?" queried the foreman, and all nodded in acquiescence.

THE LOCAL MARKET.

These Quotations Are Revised and Corrected Every Day.

Sugar—Granulated, per 100, "C" \$9.00; light brown, \$8.00; pulverized H & A, New York, \$13.00; loaf, \$13.10; maple per pound, 30c.

Coffee—Arabica strong; green Rio, 19024c; Costa Rica, 18022c; Java Mandailing, 40c; Mocha, 37c; roasted Rio and Costa Rica, 20c; roasted Caribao, 32c; roasted Mocha and Java, 28c; Arabica's, 35c.

Teas—Japan, 30c; English Breakfast, 40c; Gunpowder, 45c; extra Young Hyson, 75c; 45c.

Pickles—Eastern—3 gal., \$2.50; 5 gal., \$3.50; 10 gal., \$6.00.

Potatoes—\$1.75 per cwt.

Cabbages—Per cwt., \$2.00.

Eggs—Per case, \$8.00.

Butter—Per lb., 35c; 40c.

Cheese—Per lb., 20c; 25c.

Fruits—Dried apples, per 5-b packages, 75c; 10-b, 1.00; ditto sliced, 50-b boxes, 1.40 per case; Salt Lake, 16c; apricots, 20c; evaporated ditto, 25c; blackberries, 15c; raspberries, 35c.

California fruits, \$3.00 to \$4.50 per case.

3-b Standard tomatoes, \$3.25.

2-b Standard corn, \$3.00.

B Standard peas, \$3.50; seconds, \$2.75.

2-b String and Lima beans, \$2.75.

Dried Beans—Navy, \$6.00 per 100 lb; Lima, \$7.00; Bayos, \$6.25.

Wheat—No. 1, per 100 lb, \$2.00.

Corn—Cracked, per 100 lb, \$1.75.

Bran—Per 100 lb, \$1.50; bran and shorts per 100 lb, \$1.25.

Flour—Per 100 lb, Pillsbury's best, \$4.50; Ogden, \$3.50; Strague, "Daisy," \$3.50.

Corn meal—Per 100 lb, \$2.50.

Oat meal—Per 100 lb, \$4.50.

Lard—100 lb, 12c.

Fresh Meats—Pork, 15c; beef, 8c; 20c; lamb, quarters, 75c; 1.00; mutton, 75c.

Salt Meats—Ham, 10c; bacon, 15c; corned beef, 10c; pork, 15c; sausage, 12c; 14c.

Coal—Per ton, hard, \$19.00; soft, \$9.50.

Wood—Per cord, \$4.00.

Hay—Per ton, \$25.00.

Straw—Per ton, \$12.00.

Oats—Per cwt, \$2.00.

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