

Reform at Red Eye

By E. D. PIERSON

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"Traveling a month ago in Arizona," said the drummer for the benefit of the stranger and the pilgrim in the smoker, "I stopped off at a little mining camp called Red Eye, where I thought I might find some of the natives yearning for my goods. It appeared that all the natives, including the dogs, had turned out to meet me, and thinking that the reception must be intended for another man, I was walking away when a tall miner laid a firm and detaining hand on my arm.

"Excuse me, stranger, but before you distribute yourself permisc's would you mind givin' the fust citizens of Red Eye a idee what yer play is ter be? Ef yer objec' in pervadin' this doestric' is ter start a fero bank or a dance hall, or any institution callated to drot attention to this garden spot of the commonwealth yer free to enjy yerself like a buck prairie dog. But"—and here the crowd drew so near that several noses rested on my shoulder, while my view was obstructed by bushes of yellow whiskers—"ef yer one of them tenderfoots come to rescue Red Eye from mawral wiasma, ye have a chance of waitin' to get loaded on the next stage or the refusal of Christian burial from the members of this outfit." The honorable citizens referred to looked as if they would have preferred my taking the last option, and it required all the liquid samples in my case to reduce them to a more amiable frame of mind.

"A good many were disappointed that the affair should end so tamely, one man going so far as to say that he had gotten his aged father out of bed and brought him there to see the fun, and that it was playing it low down on the patriarch, who might not live until the next circus came around. I mollified this pair with an exclusive flask to themselves, and presently the crowd smothered its re-



"Shoots the Post Office Winder Full of Holes."

grets and wandered off to witness a dog fight that happened just then to open up for business.

"Stranger," said the tall miner, who lingered, "I believe it's up to me to explain why Red Eye was rearin' on its hind legs when it see a gent of your brand trail inter camp. Generally the outfit of this balliwick hangs the wayse fust and does the explainin' afterwards, which has its awkward pints but saves a heap of argyfin'." Of course, I expressed my gratitude that the citizens of Red Eye had stretched a point instead of my neck.

"It was this-a-way," began my new-found friend. "Bout four weeks ago a tenderfoot come trailin' in here holdin' down the saddle of a paint pony. 'Fore the arrival of this yere yan' turtle (which his name was Fubsby) Red Eye was about as ca'am an' mawral a camp as ye'd find this side of Crooked Elbow. I don't know there was more'n three fights a day on an average—harmless little enjyments where parties wouldn't lose more'n a eye or a year. No sooner had this ornery tarantular shook the dust of the trail offen his hoofs than the peace of the camp was threatened. It 'pears the varmint had been in New York a spell back, where they was enjyin' the blessin's of reform, and he 'lowed that Red Eye ought to keep up with the percession or go bury itself in a cyclone cellar.

"And he keeps up this sort of gab while he was trackin' round town till the fust citizens got plum crazy on the subject. Ye see, Pizen Junction had got a ping-pong table and a scholastic, and it did seem we shouldn't

let them train robbers, lead in the march of civilization 'thout kickin' up some dust.

"They was a meetin' held to Dago Pete's whar Fubsby outlines the play. "'What we wants to start with fust,'" says this horn toad, "is a street cleanin' department. Now, who's volunteerin' to laundry and bresh up the bullyvards of this hawg run?"

"A white suit he said was necessary, and there was on'y one in town, belongin' to the Chink, Hung Wok, what done the washin' for the Red Light Dance hall. We sent a deputiation to wait on him, and I'm a mush-rat of the pagan didn't want to th'ow off the honor we aims to fix on him. We convinces him that it was a case of public philanthropy, and app'int's severeral interested citizens to sot up the fust night and see 'at he smooths the creases out of the roads proper. What had some infloence in persuadin' him ter accept the honor, mebbe, were the fac' that old man Butterfoot sot in the dooway with his gun pinted keerless like in the Chink's direction.

"Wal, to do the critter justice, he gin that 'ere street the greatest comb-in' out it had sence the day of creation. Ther' was consid'able amoosement when old man Butterfoot, on guard in the second story of the Red Light, let go at Hung absent-minded like with his gun, but otherwise the reform move started a success, and we all turns in feelin' that we'd give it a consid'able hist'or'd. The only mistake we made was in pervadin' them old he b'ars on guard with a jug of whisky, which the same they pays more attention to than the street cleanin' department, and so falls asleep, leavin' that banjo-faced heathen to run the town.

"Jim Bowster what had been settin' up with a widder to Pizen Junction tracks inter town in the night knowin' nuthin' of the reform wave what had struck Red Eye and thinkin' no evil. When his broncho see the Chink craw-fishin' over the road, he bucks and slings Jim through the glass winder of the Bostin store, wher' he lands permiscu's on top of the Dago that cleans up the place all spraddled out. Jim never would 'low there was a fight, claimin' a Eyetalian wa'n't in his class, but I know a year or so was swep' up the next day, and it was noticed 'at Jim wore his sombrey mighty low on his head ever a'terwards. Naterally he didn't favor the street cleanin' none, and a'fer a few more of the citizens had got damaged, one day they grabs Hung, ties him up, pastes a label on him, and slings him inter the fust freight car that happened along."

"I suppose that kind of sickened you of reform?" I asked the miner.

"You'd ha' thunked so, but you never knowed Fubsby! "What this yere camp wants sawed out it wuss than anything else," ses he, "is a police department." Now it was strange, but all them pirates that was hot for reform refused the job, so at last we had to fix it on a Eyetalian that was travelin' round with a tame bear. The Dago had just got down to stiddy work when one of them catymounts from Pizen Junction come sashyin' inter town looking for amoosement and shoots the post-office winder full of holes. The police sets out to hold him up, a perceedin' which astonishes the gent on the broncho a few. But he recovers, lets go with the lariat, humps his pony, and the last seen of the police he was plowing a furrow in the prairie kickin' up dust like a cyclone. Ye'd 'a' thought things would have languished a'fer that, which the same they done, but on'y for a short time. Then Fubsby gets hisself apointed justice of the peace. The fines he scoops in for carryin' concealed weapons would ha' run a fero bank open limit. When he see that the town was gettin' so mawral and dead broke, he runs off one night with every critter in the corral, and we hain't seen hair, hoof, nor hide of the varmint sence.

"So ye see, stranger, this yere camp is likely to get keerless when a teller from the yeast tracks in from not knowin' what keerds he may have in his hold out. If ye want to play a winner, I'd lose myself in the horizon immediate, for they's some disapinted pelicans yere that might take it inter ther' heads you was Fubsby in disguise, and wings would be yer portion fore ye could explain satisfactory Sabe?"

"I 'sabad,' and, borrowing a mustang from the landlord, never drew rein until I pulled up at Grisby's store in Pizen Junction."

When Libraries Buy Books.

It comes rather as a surprise to find that the lists of some of the publishers are already exhausted, says a London correspondent. It is difficult, the old-fashioned publishers say, to persuade the libraries to buy books in anything like large quantities between April and October, and the publishing business has come to depend to a greater and greater degree on the whim of the libraries. There is no doubt a good deal to be said on the other side of the question, and during the last few years more than one publisher has been bringing out important books during the slack rather than the busy season.

LEECHES OF PALESTINE.

Menace to Health and Even Life — Found at Pools and Springs.

Leeches are common in the springs and wells of Palestine, and especially so in Galilee and Lebanon. In 1907 they were so numerous during the summer and autumn months that nearly all the horses and mules suffered from bleeding at the mouth. In some places they were got rid of by placing fish in the springs.

The drinking water used in the house is generally harmless, owing to the practice of filtering the water through a piece of muslin, which is done by the water carriers in filling the pitchers. On the other hand, the thirsty agricultural laborer is more exposed to the danger, especially when he drinks in the evening or during the night.

The leeches generally attach themselves inside the mouth, in the larynx and oesophagus but Mr. Masterman is convinced they are killed as soon as they reach the stomach. At any rate no special symptoms have been remarked in the case of persons who have swallowed them entirely. When the leeches are very numerous, and Mr. Masterman observes as many as three dozen on the same person, they may be found in the nostrils and are especially frequent in the larynx.

The presence of the leeches is indicated by slight but persistent hemorrhages in the mouth and nose, their intensity varying naturally with the number of the parasites, and in certain cases they may bring about serious anaemia and even death.

Pastoral Adjunct.

In these days the demands upon the skilled playwright are many and complicated. "Too busy to do a little work for me right off?" asked a theatrical manager, and the playwright signified his willingness to attempt it.

"All right," said the theatrical manager. "We've got permission from the author to put on a dramatization of 'The Minister's Vacation,' that country book that's so popular; and the author's willing we should work in one or two more incidents to make the action lively.

"Now I want you to write up a cyclone and a couple of trick mules. I've got the machinery for the cyclone and the two mules are great. I want the pastoral flavor of the book kept, you understand, but just a little more 'go' in it."

There Was Something Doing.

In a barber's shop the other day I saw a man for whom I felt sorry. Not that he needed my sympathy from the standpoint of charity, for he was a well-to-do man, having many business affairs. But I felt sorry for him because of what he was doing. A barber was cutting his hair; he was having his left hand manicured; in his right hand he held a newspaper; he was smoking a cigar and a porter was shining his shoes. There he sat, reading a newspaper. Three persons were busy waiting on him, doing their best to please him, and he was oblivious to the joy which his opportunity afforded him.

American Girls Responsible.

Probably the American woman is answerable for a good deal of the unrest among the daughters of France, for she comes among them with all sorts of daring projects and perfectly lovely clothes. She marries their brothers, she studies art, music and literature in their country and she walks serenely on along the path of liberty, to the amazement of men, angels and the Parisian.

Internal Cheek.

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before.

"Pay me!" growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"

It Jarred Him.

Howell—How did you come to break your engagement with that girl?

Powell—I had reason to think that she hadn't enough practical knowledge to make her a good helpmeet.

Howell—What gave you that idea?

Powell—I told her one day that the hens weren't laying, and she said she supposed that would affect the price of egg coal.

Evidencing Authority.

Hardly had the proud father entered the sick room to get his first glimpse of the new twins than both new-borns set up a loud bawling.

"Now, now," cautioned the father, holding up his hand and glancing from one red face to the other, "one at a time; one at a time!"

Cruelty.

Him—I've come to a conclusion.

Her—What is it?

Him—I realized today that I have been a bachelor for thirty-eight years.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Reported by Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 910 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn.: W. F. Brown, Minneapolis, Minn., rotary plow; N. H. Conger, Minneapolis, Minn., railway tie; H. D. Dibble, Mystic, S. D., centrifugal separator; C. Erickson, Tower City, N. D., wagon shaft; W. S. Harrison, Tabor, S. D., ear corn conveyor; Fritz Koch, St. Paul, Minn., wall construction; P. T. Pederson, Stamford, S. D., cow tie; A. Tawks, Harvey, N. D., car coupling.

Just Between Lady Friend's. Sadie—Say, honest, now, do you like Maggie? Pauline—Well—she's got a good heart—an' she means real well, but—Sadie—Neither do I.

Fine for teeth! Fine for breath! Fine for digestion! WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.

Alas! "The great trouble with most of us," observed the Peripatetic philosopher, "is that we neglect to do tomorrow what we have put off today?"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any person who can be proved to have cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WALTERS, KRYSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Proper Place.

Ethel—He kissed me right under mamma's nose. Maud—I should think he would have preferred to do it under your own.

The more WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT she would chew, The better her digestion grew.

THE WITCHES' TREE.

Curious Superstitious Regarding the Influence of the Elder. County people speak of the elder tree as "The Witches' Tree," and planted it near farm buildings and dairies to keep off witches. They also say that the roots should never come near a well, still less grow into it, or the water will be spoiled. Evelyn's opinion was also unfavorable. He says: "I do by no means commend the scent of it, which is very noxious to the air."

"We learn from Blesius that a certain house in Spain, seated among many elder trees, diseased and killed nearly all its inhabitants, which, when at last they were grubbed up, became a very healthy and wholesome place." Cattle scarcely touch the elder, and the mole is driven away by the scent. Carters often place branches on their horses' heads to keep off flies. Nothing will grow well in the company of the elder, and when it has been removed and all its roots carefully grubbed up it is some few years before the ground becomes perfectly sweet and good for anything.

The berries, besides feeding the birds, make excellent country wine, delicious with soda water in summer or taken hot in winter; the wood is particularly good for skewers and the curious jews' red fungus grows on elder stumps. A species of elder in the Tyrol is covered with beautiful scarlet berries.

THINK HARD It Pays to Think About Food. The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of a lady in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief. "Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. "There's a Reason."

"I like the delicious flavour of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee."

Road "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Ask your grocer for Canada Sap Syrup. The humbug seldom makes things hum.



Liked By The Whole Family

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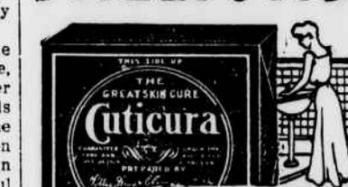
Insist on Libby's, and you can depend upon it that you will get food products which are the most satisfactory from the standpoint of taste and purity.



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