

Colonel Coyote Clubs.

WHICH as a rule," said the Old Cattleman, "I speak with deference an' yields respect to whatever finds its source in nature, but this yere weather simply makes such attitude ridiculous, an' any conclusion an' person would regard as a disgusted hand toward the rain-whipped panes and shoot his head. "That's but one way to meet an' cope successful with a day like this," he ran on, "an' that is to put yourself in the hands of a jocular barkeep—put yourself in his hands, that a-way, as a sacred trust, an' let him pull you through. Actin' on this idea, I jest despatches my black boy Tom for a pitcher of peach an' honey; an' unless you-all has better plans about you might as well camp an' wait developments, like old man Wasson does when he's treed by the bar."

Promptly came the peach and honey, and with its appearance the pelting storm outside lost all power to annoy. My companion, beamingly did me honor in a full glass. After a moment filled with silence and peach and honey, and possibly, too, with some notion of pleasing my host with a compliment.

"That gentleman with whom you were in converse last evening told me he never passed a more delightful hour than he spent listening to you. You recall whom I mean?"

"Recall him? Shore," retorted my friend as he refilled the peach and honey for a second installment. "You-all alludes to the little gent who's lame in the high hind leg. He appeals to me, speshul, as he puts me in mind of old Colonel Coyote Clubs, who scares up Doc Peets that time. Old Colonel Coyote is the same as this yere person."

"Frighten Peets!" I exclaimed with a great air, "you amaze me! Give me the particulars."

"Why, of course," he replied, "I wouldn't be understood that Peets is terrified outright. Still, old Colonel Coyote shore stampedes him an' forces Peets to fly. It's either vamo or shoot up pore old Colonel Coyote, an' nacherally as Peets wouldn't do the latter his only alternative is to go scatterin' off as I state."

"This yere old Colonel Coyote Clubs has a camp over ten miles to the north of Wolfville off to one side of the trail to Tucson. Colonel Coyote lives alone, an' has built himself a dug-out—a sort of log hut that's half in an' half out on the ground. His mission on earth is to slay coyotes—Wolfin' he calls it—for their pelts; which Old Coyote gets a dollar each for them furs, an' the New York store which buys 'em tells Coyote to go as far as he likes. They stands easier to pull than all he can peel off them animals."

"No; Coyote don't shoot these yere little wolves; he pisen 'em. Coyote'll take about twelve foot, say, of a pine tree he's cut down—this yere timber is mebbe eight inches through—an' he'll bore in it a two-inch auger hole every two feet. These holes is some deep; about four inches it's likely. Old Coyote mixes his pisen with beef tallow, bites them ingredients up together, and whole lot an' scort white they melted that a-way, he pours it into these yere auger holes an' lets it cool. It gets good an' hard, this arsenic-tallow does, an' then Coyote drags the timber thru or organizes out onto the plains to what he regards as a eligible locality an' leaves it for the wolves to come an' fatten on. Old Coyote will have as many as a dozen of these sticks of timber, all bored an' framed up with arsenic-tallow, scattered about. Each mornin' while he's wolfin' that a-way, Coyote makes a round up an' skins an' counts up his dead wolves. An' soon, you hear me; he does a flourishin' trade."

"Why don't Old Coyote pisen hunks of meat, you asks? In obvious reasons, in such events the victim does the piece of best an' sopes off newly five miles before ever he succumbs. Which with this yere auger hole pisen, the wolf has to lick the arsenic-tallow out with his tongue, an' the pisen has time an' gets a hold on his system. At the most, he can't further away than the nearest water; arsenic makes 'em pretty thirsty an' you-all most likely knows."

"Old Colonel Coyote shows up in Wolfville about once a month, packin' in his pelts, an' sayin' over to his wifey whatever in the way of grub he reckons he needs. Which, if you was ever to see Old Coyote once, you'd remember 'em. He's about the most egregious person for looks; in an' appearance is a cross between a joke, a disaster an' a cur'se. I could reckon now pore Old Coyote ever sees the time when he weighs a hundred pound; an' he's thin as a stick, an' his face is like a squinch owl's face—kind of wide-eyed an' with a expression of ignorant wonder, as if life that a-way is a never ending surprise party."

"Most likely now what fixes him firmest in your mind is he don't drink none. He declines more paint in every form; an' this yere abstinence, the same bein' yonkin' in Wolfville, together with Old Coyote's conduct in his pelts an' the pisset an' best mannered gent to be met with in all of Arizona, is apt to introduce on your attention. Colonel Sterrett once mentions in his manner."

"Which he could give Chesterfield, Old Coyote could, an' I'm sure, an' I guess the colonel, I don't, mys'f, know this Chesterfield none, but I can see by the fashion Colonel Sterrett alludes to him that he's a jodarter on manner an' a cur'se."

"As I says, a peculiar trait of Old Coyote is that he never drinks none water. Despite this blemish, however, when the camp gets so it knows Old Coyote it can't help but like him a whole lot. He's so quiet an' cut out in manner, an' little an' lame an' so plumb pite besides, he groves on you. I can almost see the wizen old man's face as he comes rockin' into town with his six or seven burros packed high as their yere's with pelts."

"This time when Old Coyote puts Doc Peets in a toomult is when he's first pitched his dug-out camp an' begins to lunge Wolfville, which is the first time none of us appreciates pore Old Coyote at his true worth, an' nacherally, on account of them egregious an' gutless ways of his, such humorists as Dan Boggs an' Texas Thompson selzes on him as a source of merriment."

"Old Coyote's third expedition into town, an' he's hoverin' about the New York store waitin' for 'em to figget up his pelts an' cut out his pisset an' he freights it back to his dugout. Dan an' Texas is also procrastinatin' round, an' they sidles up, allowin' an' gutless little old Coyote don't know none of 'em—jest an' sober an' pite like I relates. Peets is plumb slow gettin' acquainted an' Dan an' Texas, as well as Doc Peets, is like so many openned books to him. For that matter, while none of them knows Old Coyote, they manages to gain a slighting on some of his characteristics before ever they gets through. Doc Peets later grows ashamed of the part he plays an' two months afterwards, when Old Coyote is chewed an' clawed to a standstill by a infuriated badger he does makes himself up with Peets binds him up an' straightens out his game an' declines all talk of recompense complete."

"It's merely paying for that outrage I attempts on your feelin's when you rebukes me so handsome," says Peets, as he turns aside Old Coyote's dinero an' tells him to replace the same in his war-bags."

"However does Old Coyote gets wrastled by that badger? It's another yarr, but at least she's brief, an' so I'll let

you have it. Badgers, you says, is sour, sullen an' lonesome. An' a badger's feelin's is allers hurt about something—an' you never meet up with him when he ain't hostile an' half way bent for war. Which it's the habit of these yere moose badgers to spend a heap of their time settin' half an' half out on the holes, considerin' the scenery in a dissatisfied way like they has some grudge aginst it. As you approaches a badger while thus employed, he tries to run a blazer on you; he'll show his teeth an' stand pat like he meditates a trouble. When you've come up within thirty feet he changes his mind an' disappears back-ard into his hole, but all plumb malign an' resentful."

"Now, while Old Coyote saves wolves, he's a heap dark on badgers that a-way. An' also that's a badger who lives close to Old Coyote's dugout. One day while this yere ill-tempera anamie is coked up in the mouth of his hole, blinkin' hatefully at surroundin' objects, Old Coyote cuts down on him with a Sharpe's rifle he's got kicken' about his camp an' turns that weapon loose."

"He missed the badger utter; but he don't know it none. Comin' up to the hole Old Coyote sees the badger, kind o' quited up at the first bend in the burrow, an' he exultinly allows he's pugged him, an' he tharupon reaches in a whole lot to retrieve his game; but where Old Coyote makes the mistake of his creer; that's shorely where he drops his watermelon."

"That badger's an' an' onhant, an' as hot as a lady who's lost money. Which he's simply retired a few foot into his hole to consider Old Coyote an' that Sharpe's rifle of his. Nacherally when the outgauged Old Coyote lays down on his face an' goes to droopin' about to fetch that badger forth, the lady's heat-tates. He grabs Old Coyote's hand with tooth and claw, braces his back ag'in the ceiling of his burrow an' stands pat."

"Badgers is plumb big people an' strong as ponies, too. An' obdurate! Son, a badger is that decided an' set in his way that such feather-blown things, such as an' hills is vacillatin' by comparison with 'em. This yere partic'lar badger has them feebly weaknesses fully developed, an' the moment he cinches onto Old Coyote, he shore makes up his mind never to let go ag'in in this world nor the next."

"As I tells you, Old Coyote is a little an' weak, an' he can no more move that hardened badger, nor yet fetch himself loose than he can sprout wings or soar. That badger's got Old Coyote that he holds him, prone an' flat, ag'in the ground for hours. An' at last Old Coyote swoons away."

"Which he'd shore petered right thar, a prey to badgers, if it ain't for a casual cowpuncher—the one of Old Man Enright's riders—who comes romancin' along, an' is attracted to the spot by some castin' prancin' an' waitin' thar; an' snotrin' an' curvin' their tails in wonder at the spectacle. Which the visitin' cowboy, how matters is headed, shoves his six-shooter in alongside of Old Coyote's arm, drubs this be-dotted badger an' Old Coyote is saved. It's a case of touch an' go at that. But to caper back to where we leaves Dan Texas with Old Coyote."

"No, gentlemen," Old Coyote is sayin' in response to some queries of Dan an' Texas. "I've wandered bitter an' yon an' heap in my time, an' now I has my dug-out done, an' seein' wolves is uncommon plenty. I allows I puts in what few declinin' days remainin' to me right where I be. I must say, too, I'm plumb pleased with Wolfville and regards mys'f as fortunate an' to be neighbor to such excellent folks as you-all."

"Which I'm shore sorry a lot," says Dan, "to hear you speak as you does. Thar's a rapacious sharp about yere, who, the instant he finds how you makes them dug-out improvements, sends on an' wins out a dog patent an' takes title to that identical quarter section which embraces your camp. Now, he's allowin' to go squanderin' over to Tucson an' get a dogment or two from the Judge an' run you out."

"Son, this pore innocent Old Coyote takes in Dan's fiction, like so much dew on a leaf. He believes 'em utter, but he wonders is to see how he changes. He don't say nothin', but his eyes sort o' sparks up, an' his face gets as gray as his hair. It's now that Doc Peets comes up."

"Yere is this devourin' scoundrel now," says Texas Thompson, p'intin' to Peets. "You-all had better talk to him some about it. Then turnin' to Peets with a wink, Texas goes on: "Me an' Miss Boggs is tellin' our friend how you gets a title to that land he's camped on, an' that you allows you'll take possession mebbe next week."

"Why, shore," says Peets, enterin' into the spirit of the hoax, an' demin' it a excellent joke; "be you-all the maverick who on that quarter section of mine?"

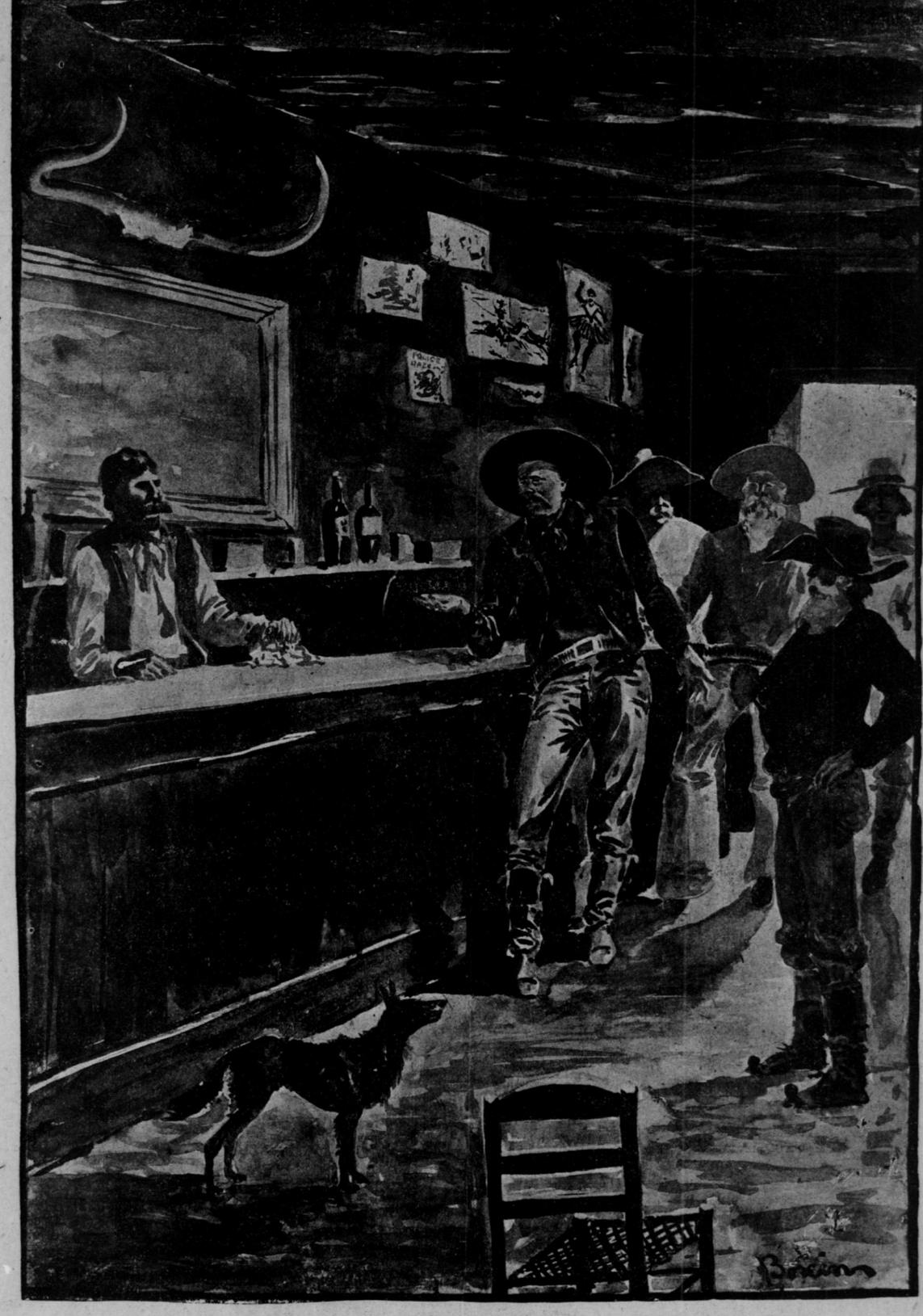
"Which I'm Colonel Coyote Clubs," says Old Coyote, beginnin' to while his lips trembles, "an' I'm at your service."

"Then I yereby warns you, sir," says Old Coyote, gettin' pale as paper. "I advises you to get your coffin when you comes for that land, for I'll down you the moment you're in range."

"In which case," says Peets, assumin' an air of high an' blood, "I'm demin' you, 'thar's scant use to wait. If thar's a better burr in me, you might as well get it now, an' I'll be glad to see you."

"I've no weapon, sir," says Old Coyote, limp about in a circle, "but if any gun I'll admire to put myse'f at your service."

"When the appearance of Old Coyote on the surface about as warlike as a prairie dog, convulses Dan an' Texas. It's all while pore Coyote in his ignorance calls



"BARKEEP, MY VENERATED FRIEND YERE WILL HAVE A GLASS OF WATER; BUT YOU GIVE ME VALLEY TAN."

the bluff of one of the most deadly an' gamest gents who ever crosses the Missouri—who for nerve an' finish is a even break with Cherokee Hall."

"Follow me," says Old Coyote, gettin' up an' limpin' about in his nervous way, his face workin' an' them sparks in his eyes beginnin' to mount into flames; "well, sir, may I ask what you aims to propose?"

"I nacherally proposes to beef you right yere," says Peets, as 'nicious as a grizzly. "Die, you miscreant!" An' Peets throws the gun on pore Old Coyote, the big muzzle not a foot from his heart."

"Peets, as well as Dan an' Texas, who's enjoyin' the comedy through a winder, doubted looks for Old Coyote to wilt

without a sigh. An' if he does this, the joke would have been complete. But Old Coyote never wits. He moves as quick as no one ever does locate the darkened eyes of his garments from which he jugs out that knife; the first news any of 'em gets is that, with the same breath where-in Peets puts the six-shooter on him Old Coyote's organized in full with a nine-inch bowie."

"Make a center shot, you willyun!" roars Old Coyote, an' straight an' adds he launches himself at Peets' neck."

"Son, it's the first an' last time that Doc Peets ever runs. An' he don't run now, he flies. Peets comes pourin' through the door an' into the street, with Old Coyote droopin' after him, not a yard

to spare. The best thing about the whole play is, Old Coyote's a cripple; it's this yere element of lameness that a-way that lets Peets out. As it is, he can run thirty foot to Old Coyote's one, an' the result occurs in a splendid safety by the breadth of a ha'r. It takes two hours to explain to Old Coyote that this episode is merely humor an' ca'm him an' get his emotions cooled down. At last what you-all might describe as yonited Wolfville succeeds in heatin' the truth into him an' he permits Peets to approach an' apologize."

"An' you can gamble all the wolves you'll ever kill an' skin," says Doc Peets, as he asks Old Coyote to forgive an' forget, that this yere is the last time I em-

boys should become successful explorers, prospectors and transportation managers. The girls will be energetic and will devote much time to gardening.

February 24, Monday—The children of to-day will be clever and persevering. They will be prosperous in their undertakings and should rise to high positions in life.

February 25, Tuesday—These children will be generous and should do great good in the world. Those born at night or at 5 a. m. should be gifted inventors. The girls will be lucky and will be independently inclined.

February 26, Wednesday—These children will be successful in business, but will be prodigal in their tendencies. The girls will not be very happy in married careers, but should become teachers, musicians or business women.

February 27, Thursday—The children born upon this day should be carefully guided while they are quite young. They will be careless and generous to a fault, and will do best in the employ of others.

February 28, Friday—This day falls upon one of the lucky dates of the year's calendar, and the children born on to-day should be of brilliant mentalities. The boys should become dealers in crude materials and should be successful financiers.

March 1, Saturday—The children born upon this day will be attractive of personality and will be fortunate in all of their undertakings. The boys should become successful miners of coal, ores and oils. The girls will be social leaders.

barks in jest of a practical character or gives way to humor other than the strictest friend yere will have a glass of water; but you give me Valley Tan."

SHOULD WOMEN WEAR HATS IN CHURCH?

Continued From Page Two.

Synagogue you will still find the women sitting in the gallery by themselves. They are not allowed to sit with the men at all, so the men cannot complain of their hats.

Seriously for a moment, the question is, Can a matter of that kind be determined by legislation? Take the instance of the theaters. The whole matter came about by one or two ladies beginning to do that thing before it became general, and it was only after a good many did it that the authorities of the theaters thought it a good thing. Then it became an institution, and as soon as it became an institution there was legislation on the subject. So, in the case of hats, it is probably not best to agitate the question until it is apparent that women themselves desire this change. I have never heard of a man complaining about a woman's bonnet in church, but women have no business going to church with extravagant bonnets.

REV. FRANK K. BAKER.

A good deal of this is folderol, I think. People are death on heads. If our country is an evil and an inconvenience that should be removed, but it is not nearly so good a matter as it is made out to be. Some starts these things and some churches like to take them up. This didn't start with the church, but with the theater. I think it would be a good idea to ask of their hats in church. It is odd enough to preach to them with their hats on, they do so naturally. And in so far as the people are so anxious to see the preacher, either, or a large part of them go to sleep, anyhow.

My grandfather used to tell the story of old preacher Gruber back in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Gruber wanted a shakel chunnie and he wouldn't get her one, so she sold a bureau one day when he was away from her home and bought one for herself. The next Sunday, when she walked into church, old Gruber cried: "Make way, make way, make way, people; there comes Mrs. Gruber with a bureau on her head."

Of course it's time to call a halt when it comes to anything like that—when women wear three-story hats with balconies all around. But so far as my congregation is concerned, I have never seen anything of the kind. I think there is more reform needed in the interior of the people, and that will knock the extra stories off their hats. When they get down to simplicity in most of life, it will be a relief.

Perhaps there ought to be some prohibition in the style of headgear, but in all the churches I have attended in San Francisco there is so much room in the pews that people can spread themselves out and not be disturbed by anybody's hat. It is a selfishness and a lack of humanity that makes each one rush to get there and get everything to be had, regardless of what other people in the auditorium have no right, and their own good taste should prevent them from putting on anything so extravagantly large as to interfere with others.

I think there is a sort of dignity about a woman with her hat on. It is a part of her costume in church, and I would not ask her to take it off. It would seem a breach of propriety to do it, and, besides, I would not want to see them with their hair down. It is not my business to make such a request. Let it be done, if need be, by the officials of the church. No wonder I announce it from the pulpit. I do not think a preacher should lower his dignity by meddling with that sort of thing. It is humiliating and I would not want to do it. I think it is the dictate of the preacher. On the whole I think this should keep their mouths shut in this matter, and they should be the last to criticize the women or say to them "Take off your hats."

REV. BURE M. WEEDEN.

As to the proposed change in the ethics and forms of church going I do not think it is a very good thing. I do not think it is a very good thing to have a church at all. I do not find that any of the congregation experience any inconvenience or annoyance in the wearing of hats of the women, except in cases where women indulge their love of millinery to a very great extent. They come to church in a woman's dress, and I would not ask her to take it off. It would seem a breach of propriety to do it, and, besides, I would not want to see them with their hair down. It is not my business to make such a request. Let it be done, if need be, by the officials of the church. No wonder I announce it from the pulpit. I do not think a preacher should lower his dignity by meddling with that sort of thing. It is humiliating and I would not want to do it. I think it is the dictate of the preacher. On the whole I think this should keep their mouths shut in this matter, and they should be the last to criticize the women or say to them "Take off your hats."

MISS JENNIE BLAIR.

Oh, dear! Why should women take their hats off? It seems an absurd proposition. The pulpits in all the churches I have attended are elevated to such an extent that no one can have difficulty in seeing the minister's face.

Of course at the theater it is different. A play may be completely spoiled by some woman who wears a hat that is very inconvenient to take off one's hat and hold it, together with opera-glasses, fan and whatnot.

Women are asked to take off their hats in church, no doubt they will do it cheerfully, but it will be a great nuisance.

REV. WILLIAM KIRK GUTHRIE.

I think it is a very good thing for women to remove their hats. I think one of the main purposes of a church is to do unto others as you would that they should do to you, and certainly if you wear a hat, you are not doing that. I think the speaker—a very important thing, as a sermon very often loses its force where you cannot see the speaker's face. That's the thought; and then if you make application of the principle, you would remove your own hat, for example, a better than precept. And why should the theater and the secular lecture be ahead of the church in what is clearly a Christian principle?

The practice of putting on your best clothes on Sunday is the development of a good principle, but nowadays it is carried rather too far and perhaps a remedy for the evil would be, instead of removing the hat, to change the character of it. There are many styles of headgear that are simple, modest and inoffensive, and the clothes and appearance of a person should be of that quiet character which accords with a spirit of reverence in the house of God.

CHARLES WEBB HOWARD.

It depends entirely on the arrangement of the seats. If there was an arrangement that a woman's hat discommoded any one, I say yes; if not, I say no. And that applies to all public audiences. Every one wants to see the speaker, and if a woman's hat is so big that it makes others twist this way and that to see, then woman's hat is a very good thing. It should be as willing to remove that which discommodates or inconveniences others as man is.

READ AND LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE STARS

THE week beginning on Sunday, February 23, will be under the beneficent influence of Mercury, in Libra, the business sign. These conditions will yield a strong influence in trade. Large business deals should be consummated and heavy exchanges made. There will be much money made and many losses sustained.

Speculation will be large and will cover a vast scope. All crude articles produced on the earth should be in demand, such as oils, minerals, and gases.

Health conditions should be fair. Care for the lungs should be taken as the gripe may be prevalent in some parts of the country.

Weather—A cold wave, with snow, should sweep across the country the first of the week. The Northern States should be especially affected by a drop in the temperature.

Marriage.

This is not a propitious time for the contracting of marital bonds. The prevailing influence may cause dissensions between lovers and domestic strife. Couples who elope during this week will not experience long or happy wedded lives.

Business.

February 22, Sunday—This day will be governed by influence that will invest people with fretful, changeable tendencies. Arguments should be avoided upon this day.

February 24, Monday—This is a good

day to sell. Regular business will assume the same aspect. As that the expected financial gains should be realized. Do not ask favors until 3 p. m.

Speculation should be strongest in railroad stocks, bank stocks and foreign securities.

February 25, Tuesday—Inventions that are promoted should meet with desired success. Favors should be granted upon this day before the noon hour.

The stock market opens fair for provisions. Sugar should rise at 1 p. m.

February 26, Wednesday—Those who sell to-day should realize excellent profits. Retail dealers should be especially successful.

The stock market opens down. Grain should go up by 10, iron at 11, oils at 12 and sugar by 1 p. m.

February 27, Thursday—Those who seek work upon this day should be successful in finding what they desire. Business should be pushed and foreign trade should flourish.

The stock market opens fair. Sugar should be up at 10. There should follow a succession of quick and unexpected changes, with oils and minerals up a few points at the close.

February 28, Friday—All should be careful not to enter lawsuits upon this day. Contracts should not be signed upon this date or important papers exchanged. Do not launch new literary work upon this day.

The changeable aspect will characterize the stock market. Minerals should take a sudden rise at 12 m.

Predictions for the week by a professional astrologer showing lucky and unlucky days for business, love and marriage, giving birthday advices and life forecast of infants born during the next seven days.

March 1, Saturday—This day will be under most propitious influences. All deals consummated in the afternoon should bring excellent results.

Grain should be very changeable upon this day. Oils and minerals should rise a few points. Sugar should go up at 11 o'clock.

Birthdays.

February 23, Sunday—Those who celebrate their birthday upon this date will experience a year full of sudden changes. Law suits should be avoided. Some may meet unexpected financial losses. The young should use great care in the selection of life partners.

February 24, Monday—This will prove to be a fortunate year for business men and financiers, but an unlucky one for the love affairs of young people. Professional people should be successful during the next twelve months.

February 25, Tuesday—A quiet, uneventful year awaits those whose birthday falls upon this date. The commercial routine of business people will be undisturbed. Young girls may experience love affairs.

February 26, Wednesday—There will be money losses and business annoyances for those who celebrate the anniversary of their birth upon this date. Prudence and care should be exercised by all in regard to their health. The young will enjoy social pleasure, but should not risk marriage during this year.

February 27, Thursday—This year promises promotion to employees and losses to speculators if their birthday falls upon this date. Widows should have offers of marriage. Musicians and artists should find this a lucky year.

February 28, Friday—Young people may have cause for grief during this year and older people had best be prepared for sudden and unanticipated happenings. Some will be fortunate through inheritance.

March 1, Saturday—This will be a favorable year for all who celebrate their birthday to-day. Both business and money should increase and investments should bring large revenues. The young should be happily married during the coming twelve months.

Births.

The children born during this week will be of happy, unselfish dispositions. They will be successful in life and will choose occupations that develop the produce of the earth.

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