

Hiram Perkins' Cure.

By F. A. Mitchel.

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There are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group of packing house employees in high boots, trousers and woolen shirt, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural florid complexion subdued by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures to burn them.

Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. Time was when he hadn't a nickel to take him, tired and hungry, home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running



DAISY WAS KNOCKED TO A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET.

past his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on that pike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 4 in the evening, the hours of Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Amos Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, filled out checks for double the amount claimed by the owners of the stock, tossed them at the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the payees the payer dashed away.

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's juggernaut was something that could not be paid for in money. Daisy Burton, fourteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard the squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its course at the same time. It had slowed down, but could not be stopped in time to prevent a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of indignant countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his fist at the retreating automobilist, marked the scene of the accident.

Hiram Perkins, a middle-aged, weather-beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could toddle across the fields between his and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned. When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at a smile he dashed out of the house, mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlington pike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other direct road to town. Farmer Burton did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his child, and it was some time before the matter was settled.

Meanwhile the farmers living on the pike discussed the situation. Daisy would be crippled for life. Must they continue to risk the same misfortune or worse for their children? There was a state law regulating the speed of automobiles, but there was no one whose duty it was to enforce it, nor

was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again. But how was he to prevent it? By means of the law? Portley's pocketbook was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and mask it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government condemned goods. This gave him an idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had received his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed. As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead.

"What's that?" he asked of his chauffeur.

"Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up.

At reduced speed they approached the firing. It was on Hiram Perkins' ground. He had mounted a rapid fire gun of an obsolete pattern on a pile of stones four feet from the ground, with its muzzle pointed at a target set up across the road. Hiram was lazily turning the crank.

"Hey, you old fool! Are you crazy?" yelled Mr. Portley.

Hiram ceased turning his crank and looked at the automobilist.

"Why, no, I reckon not," he replied. "I'm only shootin' at a mark."

"Go on, Pete," said Mr. Portley to his chauffeur.

The automobile gave a few preliminary puffs, and Perkins began again to turn his crank, sending a storm of bullets across the road. The chauffeur shut off in a hurry.

"What do you mean," roared Portley, "by monopolizing the road in that fashion?"

"Who's monopolizin' the road?" asked Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank.

"You; firing that thing across it."

"I'm shootin' at a mark, please. I own twenty acres on this side and eighty on the other side. I reckon I've got a right to do what I please on my own property."

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road."

"I ain't touchin' the road."

Portley was puzzled, but only for a moment. He was sure of the farmer's motive.

"How much do you want to stop your practicing when I want to pass your farm?"

There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied:

"You hain't got money enough to stop my practicin' at any time."

Mr. Portley refrained from further argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, doubling the distance to the city. On reaching it he went straight to his lawyer's office, told how Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highway and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer.

"To prevent a man firing on his own property, even if the highway runs through it?"

"What! No law to keep him from shooting me as I pass his farm?"

"If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder; if unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley, in his irritation dropping into the double negative of his earlier years.

"The only way I see out of it," the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am

employed in one of the largest iron foundries in Baltimore there is a man who has a wooden leg. None of his fellow workers, however, knew of this until recently, so perfectly did the artificial support take the place of the missing member.

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The man's head struck against a piece of machinery, and he was rendered unconscious. Some one telephoned for a doctor. Before the physician arrived the injured workman regained consciousness. He did not make any attempt to get up, however, but simply lay on the floor with one of his legs doubled up under him.

Then the physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from under the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead.

"Then your husband won't give up his club?" queried the friend.

"No," replied the patient young wife, "and I don't propose to give up mine."

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law don't hold me responsible for them as counts suicide by rumin' up in a gun a man's practicin' at a mark with."

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad-brimmed hat over the eye nearest the corner so as to obstruct his view toward the automobile and went on turning. When it crept into view he turned his back so that he couldn't see. The automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullets and stopped.

"Go on!" roared Portley to his chauffeur.

The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his employer. Portley took it and moved



PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

to within a few feet of the dead line. Hiram was looking away from him at an angle of 90 degrees. A shot a trifle out of the whiffed, obviously near Portley's nose. It was the will of a multimillionaire against a simple farmer. The farmer won. Portley backed his machine, turned about and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Hiram looked after him. There was the same quiescence in his outward appearance, but a close observer would have noticed a light in his eye and a slightly quicker breathing.

"Perkins' method," as it was called, spread among the farmers, and when ever a man owned property on both sides of the road he stationed himself before his house with a weapon, some with repeating rifles, some with revolvers, and one ingenious farmer constructed a catapult to throw stones at the rate of one every five seconds. Notices were put up along the road that ten miles an hour was the limit of speed allowed. All automobiles running faster were sure to find some farmer who, apparently realizing that Uncle Sam needed to produce a nation of marksmen, had set up a target across the road and was sure to be practicing when the biggest and fastest machine passed. Some automobilists drove faster than ever, slowing up at the danger point, but they were reported by the farmers to those doing the practicing and on the next trip were obliged to turn back, losing the right to use the road altogether. No law was violated; no automobilist was injured. Persons driving their machines on the road at a moderate rate never heard or saw any firing, and many of them wondered while passing Perkins' farm to what use he could possibly put his old rapid fire gun.

Daisy Burton will limp all her life and will find it hard if she has to make her own living. There are those among the farmers' wives—women can see further ahead in such matters than men—who declare that the day will come when she will have a strong, level-headed husband to work for her in Hiram Perkins.

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FRANK B. KELLOGG.

One of the Foremost of the Federal Government's "Trust Busting" Corps.

It is a heavy task that falls upon Frank B. Kellogg, the chief counsel for the government in the case of the United States against the Standard Oil company, which was called a few days ago in New York before Judge Ferris as referee. But Mr. Kellogg is used to the discharge of important duties. It was he who conducted the historic examination of E. H. Harriman before the interstate commerce commission in the inquiry made by that body into the operation of the Pacific roads and the Alton system. It was this inquiry which developed the alleged looting of the Chicago and Alton and provoked Harriman's celebrated declaration that if the laws



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permitted he would try to control every railroad in the United States. If the government wins in the suit for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the parent of the so-called trust's many subsidiaries, Mr. Kellogg will come in for a large share of the glory. He is a resident of St. Paul, is a lawyer rather than a politician and stands high in his profession. He was a government delegate to the universal congress of lawyers and jurists at the Louisiana Purchase exposition in St. Louis in 1904. Some years ago, when the steel trust went into Minnesota to secure deposits of iron ore, it selected Mr. Kellogg as its attorney. There is a story that he was then paid \$15,000 a year to look after steel interests in Minnesota. That is bigger pay than the federal government gives the men who do its trust busting work, and thus there is more glory than money in working against the big corporations. Mr. Kellogg was in New York one day when the Morgan-Hill interests were busy with the organization of the Northern Securities company, and the St. Paul lawyer was called on by the great railway financiers to do something by way of influencing politics in his state in the interests of the steel trust and its railway allies. Mr. Kellogg replied that he was a lawyer and not a politician, and he was never afterward asked to do any work of that kind. He was counsel for the government in the paper trust cases.

PORTUGAL'S CROWN PRINCE.

Amiable Young Man Who May Succeed to a Crown.

Luiz Filipe, duke of Braganza and crown prince of Portugal, has become a figure of interest since the crisis in Portuguese affairs and the conflict between the monarch and parliament, involving a situation threatening the very existence of the throne.

The prince was born in 1887 and has been well educated. He speaks sev-

eral languages and in general has conducted himself in a manner to win the approbation of his future subjects. He went to England for the coronation of King Edward, and at one of the royal dinner parties which all the princes then in London attended all the men were smoking with the exception of the crown prince of Portugal.

"Won't you have a cigar?" some one asked.

"No, I thank you," smiled the future king, without a trace either of self-consciousness or embarrassment. "I am too small yet."



LUIZ FILIPE, DUKE OF BRAGANZA.

ten years ago—high under the arms and back and slanting at the center. The makers are also returning to the plain white-coutil corset.

School days are here, and the small girl will soon be wanting a warmer frock for every day. The illustration shows a suitable dress of lightweight checked wool in brown and tan trimmed with brown velvet ribbon. The chemise is of tacked tulle matching the ground color.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Features of the New Tailor Made Suits Piping For Trimming.

Walking suits are plain. Even the folds around the bottom are gradually disappearing. The new circular skirt seems to be adaptable to very little variety in trimming costumes. The most exclusive of the French modistes are widening the skirts around the feet, but are making them cling more closely about the figure just below the hips. The change is being made almost imperceptibly, but by winter these clinging effects will be in full vogue.

The increasing demand for piping has made the progressive dressmaker seek for some more perfect and easy method of making her dress trimmings. The shops are now showing bias seamed tapes, made of good quality and in every shade.

The new coats are very long, sweeping nearly to the knees. The majority of them are well sloped or rounded in front and are fastened with tiny waist-



GOWN OF GRAY VOILE—5672, 5749

coats. They are unbecoming to many figures, and for this reason they may not reach any great popularity.

Borned not for yokes, cuffs and collars and panels on the skirts of gowns is one of the smart new trimmings. Small flowers and geometrical figures are not in favor as much as heavy masses of silk floss that seem to follow no definite outline.

Many of the latest sleeves show be-whitening puffs above the elbows, with a cuff binding it just below. This in turn is supplemented by old little lace cuffs, which reach quite halfway down the forearm.

The early fall frock illustrated is of gray voile made over a checked black and white silk foundation. The trimming about the neck and sleeves of the bodice is of mingled black and pale blue.

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FOR SCHOOL DAYS—5756.

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FACTS AND FANDIES.

Shall Hatpins Show—Fancy Skirts For Winter Costumes Proposed.

There seems to be some controversy going on about the wearing of hatpins. Some fashion authorities say that none should be visible, but on the