

# WITH FLYING COLORS.

## The Incident That Ended His Period of Probation.

By CLARICE ENGLE.  
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A man picked his way slowly along the sun baked trail that led westward to Taggart across the desert. It was high noon and the day had been hot and dry and the man's throat was parched with thirst. This did not tend to lessen his ferocious aspect nor to soften the anger that glowed in his eyes. It was all due to his visit that morning to the little ranch a few miles behind, for there he had met with the first failure in his life. He had proposed and been rejected.

It was not Bill Warren's nature to be balked by anything. He usually carried matters his own way and with a high hand, as a result of which he was looked upon as a sort of local "bad man." But this woman was applied to him only by people who did not know Bill. In reality no better nor kinder natured man than he ever rode into Taggart.

But Sue Patterson was one of those who were not intimately acquainted with Warren, and this assertiveness she looked upon as something evil. Therefore, although otherwise she liked Warren better than any other of her admirers, she felt that she was acting quite right when she rejected his offer of marriage.

All the consolation that she had given him in answer to his earnest pleading was that she would put him on an indefinite probation and if he came through it with flying colors why—she would think about it.

All of which Warren took too literally, and he thought that she had spoken thus only to soften her refusal. He became angry at the thought of it. She didn't care nothin' for me, he muttered savagely, "an' I know why. It's all about that sneakin' coyote, Ralph Henderson. Been to Frisco an' seen a few things an' comes out here to lord it over us. I know the brand. She's plumb loco over the cuss, too, an' he ain't no man. No, he ain't no man. He ain't no man."

He rode on across the desert in a sort of dazed consciousness, with his hat pulled well down over his eyes. At length, toward the middle of the afternoon, he came into the foothills. Before him lay the Tooth of Time, the largest mountain in the vicinity. Beyond it, ten miles to the westward, was Taggart. This necessitated his taking the trail that wound round the slope of the mountain. This trail was hardly more than a well trodden foot-path and was only wide enough to permit a single rider upon it. One side of it sloped up at an angle of almost eighty degrees. The other formed the side of a precipice that dropped a sheer 200 feet to the sandy ravine below.

As he rode over the trail, lost in thought, Warren was dead to external sounds. He did not notice the flitting of his horse nor his frightened whinnies. He had no intimation whatever that any one was approaching along the trail from the opposite direction. And yet not a hundred feet ahead of him a horse and rider were rounding the curve of the mountain. Neither noticed the other until they were fifty feet apart. Then by some strange intuition both raised their heads. Recognition was instantaneous and instantaneous, for the man ahead of Warren was Ralph Henderson.

The faces of both men paled with fear. Not in years had two men met on that narrow trail, and it seemed some strange intervention of destiny that it should be Warren and Henderson. While the face of the cattlemen grew anxious, that of Henderson became quickly overshot with a crafty cunning.

"Hello!" he drawled pleasantly. "Hello!" muttered Warren crossly. "Well, what are we going to do about it?" the city man continued. "It looks as if you'd have to go back." "Not by a sight!" snapped Warren. "There's no turning about for either of us. We'll have to manage to pass each other. The place seems pretty wide here."

"Flip a coin for the inner side," suggested the other, suddenly reaching a hand into his pocket. "Right!" agreed Warren, "but let's have a look at it first." Henderson's face turned scarlet and he stayed his hand. "I declare, I'm all out of coin," he rattled sheepishly. "Here's an eagle," replied Warren, with narrow eyes. "Heave her up! Heads I pass on the inside, tails I pass on the outside."

# THE YELLOW GOURD BANK.

## The Riches It Received at the Cost of a Great Sacrifice.

By FRANK H. SWEET.  
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"Hello!" called. "Kin ye manage it I send down a rope?" "Hello!" Warren yelled back. A minute later the end of a larrik came whirling down through space. Warren caught it, made it fast about his body, and then, clinging to it with both hands, ordered the man above to hold away. A few moments later he crawled up over the ledge and lay panting for breath at old Jim Patterson's feet.

"I seen the bull thing, Bill," began the latter as he undid the rope about the man's body. "Henderson will swing for me or I'll shoot him on sight. I was comin' along mile behind him an' I seen him jab the buckskin and then scoot." But Warren was unconcerned before the man finished speaking, and Patterson lifted him up on his pony after great difficulty and started down the trail for home.

When Warren next regained consciousness he was lying on a bed in a dimly lighted room. Soft hands were bandaging his head and soothing words fell from the lips of their owner. Warren opened his eyes and took in the situation at a glance. "A man gets kinder hungry to see 'em again," said Conway. "Yep; kinder hungry."

"Sh!" she murmured, touching a finger to his lips. "He has not been here. Evidently he has skipped the country. Father has told me all about it—the honorable way in which you acted and Henderson's treachery. You have indeed behaved splendidly."

"Sue!" cried the man eagerly, starting up. "Be quiet," she admonished smilingly. Then she added, "Your probation is over, and you have come through it nobly."

Builder of the Great Wall of China. To superstitious notions Chin added the lust of luxury, his life being a blaze of oriental magnificence. He built a wonderful palace, which has been described in the Imperial History as having certain gorgeous annexes attached at intervals, the whole extending over a distance of hundred miles. In consequence of his life of luxury perhaps he became more and more a prey to superstition, and it may be that because of this he completed the Great Wall. At any rate, history records that in time he would be overwhelmed and destroyed by outside enemies. So he mobilized an army of 300,000 men to work on the Great wall and if necessary to fight in his behalf. Chin's dream, evidently was to inclose his massive empire in a rampart which should have the shape of a horseshoe, with the heel corks at the ocean shore. He did not plan to parallel the coast with a wall, doubtless considering that seaside an ample protection to a country vast and densely populated. The wall is not for modern use. It is an ancient fossil, the largest fossil on the earth. But, for the most part, it is a dividing line between two civilizations and between two eras. In space it cut off the herdsmen of the north from the tillers of the south.—William Edgar Gell in Harper's.

Why She Was Glad. A young Louisville man who was out west not long ago has returned, telling a yarn which he admits is not at his own expense, but which he declares to be about one of the most interesting experiences of even his checkered career.

"I was walking along the street in a western town," he said, "when suddenly across the way I saw a Louisville girl whom I recognized immediately. She saw me, too, and I expected her to bow rather coolly and distantly, as had been her wont back home. I was considerably astonished, therefore, when she dashed across the street, seized me with both hands and fairly bubbled over in her delight. I was so surprised, in fact, that I commented on it."

"I'm glad to see you, too," I said when I had managed to extricate myself from her exuberant greeting; "but, to tell you the truth, I hadn't expected to see you so excited over my appearance. You always treated me rather as a leecher at home, you know. What has caused your change of heart?" "She was nonplused for only a moment and then explained, 'Mr. Smith, I've been away from home so long that I'd be glad to see even a dog if he came from Kentucky!'"

"I let it go at that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Difficult to Do. A teacher in one of Brooklyn's public schools is a stickler for cleanliness. So often have orders come that cleanliness must be observed among the boys in her class that some of the urchins have even inquired of their parents what it means to manure their finger nails.

# THE SAFFRON PLANT.

## It is Among the Very Oldest of the Vegetable Products.

The particular species of crocus that has from its dried stigma, a product known under the name of saffron, is Crocus sativus, which is wild from Italy to Kurdistan. Saffron may be reckoned among the very oldest of vegetable products, being alluded to in the Song of Solomon among other spices of Lebanon. The name crocus is Chaldean or Greek and was first used by Theophrastus of Eresus about 350 B. C., and that it was a well known and admired flower in Greece soon afterward is shown by Sophocles, who mentions the "crocus of golden beam" in his "Cedipus at Colonus."

The word saffron seems to be a corruption of the Arabic name "al zabafaran," and the product itself was first imported into England as a spice or condiment, being also used as a color or dye for silks and other fabrics of the eastern looms.

At a later date, exactly when is not known, the plant itself was cultivated in England, more especially in Essex, in which county the name of Sturton Walden remains in evidence of the fact. Again, we have in London Saffron Hill, which formerly was a site included in the bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn, once famous for its saffron beds as well as for its strawberries. Today, however, saffron is but little used.—London Chronicle.

# SUGAR AND CANDY.

## Satisfy the Cravings of the Children For Sweets.

Children may eat too much sugar, and they may also stay too long in their bathtub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air, but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air or discouraged from indulging in them?

All that is needed, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success Magazine, is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, not prohibition or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "lose himself" if left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet.

Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter cake and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits are almost free from this craving for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves on surfeit, and can usually be treated with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

Parker House Rolls. Materials.—Three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of lukewarm water, one yeast cake, two cupfuls of new milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, two egg whites and six cupfuls of flour.

Way of Preparing.—Scald the milk and add to it the sugar, salt and butter. Let stand until lukewarm, then add three cupfuls of flour and beat for five minutes. Add the dissolved yeast and let stand until it is a very light, frothy mass, then add the egg whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and the remaining flour. Let rise again until it is twice its original bulk, place on your moulding board, knead lightly and then roll into a sheet half an inch thick. Take a large biscuit cutter and cut the dough into rounds. Brush with melted butter, fold over and press the edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart. Let rise until very light and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.—National Food Magazine.

A Duck of a Man. Ellen Terry and Mr. Baifour met for the first time at the table of Henry W. Lucy in London. During the ensuing conversation Miss Terry remained strangely silent. Presently the Unionist leader had left for the house of commons, and Ellen Terry at last found her tongue. Her host was relieved to find that she had not been bored. Bringing her closed hand down on the table, she exclaimed with a glance toward the door through which Mr. Baifour had passed, "I think that's a duck of a man!"

Advantages. "I suppose you are glad to be free again?" The ex-convict sidestepped a trolley car, dodged an auto and looked nervously toward a clanging ambulance. "Oh, of course, of course," he said. "But let me tell you a man in prison feels mighty safe."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Drawback. "Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I suppose?" "Oh, yes." "Saw icebergs and such things, eh?" "Yes, but I missed the billboards, I can tell you."—Washington Herald.

Caution Extraordinary. "You have a night key?" "Of course," answered Mr. Meekton. "Only I'm so careless that Henrietta keeps it locked up in the safety deposit box so that I won't lose it."—Washington Star.

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A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen in Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isoretto museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained boulder and appears to be about two feet eight inches long by one foot broad and nine inches through in the thickest place. A rusty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

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The skeleton was buried by a mob in the year 1662 during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing disease. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely composed of the bones of a spider which he held in his hand, and below with teeth to the number of sixty-four, the each of which would have weighed two ounces."

Cavaller Scroy claimed to have found a skull on Tenerife that had sixty teeth.—Westminster Gazette.

Animal Mimicry. Observers of nature are frequently struck with the singular resemblances of insects to leaves, dried sticks, etc., and these likenesses are supposed to have grown out of the necessity of protection against or concealment from enemies. An interesting example of this kind of resemblance was brought to the attention of the Entomological society in London by a naturalist, who exhibited a spider found inhabiting some rocks near Cannes, on which were also fastened the cases of a species of moth. When at rest the spider exhibited almost precisely the same form and color as the moth cases surrounding it.

Can't Beat 'Em. As usual, he was monopolizing the newspaper. "Please let me have the woman's page," she said. He carefully tore off a page and handed it to her.

It was a full page advertisement of a military opening, and he chuckled at his own little joke. "Still, she was wronged. She went to the opening, and he paid the bill.—Chicago Post.

An Ample Test. The insurance agent—Sure your heart isn't weak? The insured one—Oh, yes, yes. The agent—Ever test it? The insured—Yes, indeed. I watched a fifteen inning ball game with the score 1 to 1.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Open Confession. Aunt—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that? Tommy—Please, it was so dark, aunt, I didn't see that one!—London Punch.



HERE is the furniture dealer who read a clothier's ad. and by it was led to spend for clothing the selfsame bill. That he got from the dry goods merchant's till, where it had been placed when the butcher bought. And paid with the bill that he had got when the grocer with him had settled his account. With the money the honest workman paid. P.S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff. Will always advertise his stuff.

# Why Lightning Rods Are Pointed.

The reason a lightning rod has a sharp point is because a fine point offers no resistance to the discharge of electricity and