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Shop and Office—At 1011 First Avenue, near Ferry Landing.

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"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

## SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

## THE SONG OF SHIPS.

The sky made a whip of the winds and lashed  
the sea into foam.  
And the keen blowing gales tore the flags and  
the sails of the ships that were plunging  
home.

Of the ships that were tossing home on the  
black and billowy deep,  
But who shall reach to the wrecks, the wrecks,  
where the ships and their captains sleep?

Oh, wrecks by the black seas tossed,  
In the desolate ocean nights!  
Lost, lost in the darkness! Lost  
In sight of the harbor lights!

The sky made a veil of the clouds and a scourge  
of the lightning red,  
And the blasts bowed the masts of the ship that  
fared where love and the sea gulls led;  
Of the ships that were faring home with love  
for the waiting loved ones.

But where is the love that can reach to the  
wrecks where the ships and their cap-  
tains rest?

Oh, ships of our love, wave tossed,  
In the fathomless ocean nights!  
Lost, lost in the darkness! Lost  
In sight of the harbor lights!

There was once a ship of my soul that tossed  
over a stormy sea,  
And this was my prayer, when the nights  
gloomed drear: "Send my soul's ship safe  
to me!"

Send my soul's ship safely home from billows  
and blackened skies!  
But where is the soul that can reach to the  
depth, the depths where my soul's ship  
lies?

Oh, ship of my soul, storm tossed,  
In the far and the fearful night!  
Lost, lost in the darkness! Lost  
In sight of the harbor lights!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

## THE TABLES TURNED

"A darn dude!" snorted Joe Dalzey  
contemptuously.

That was the general verdict from  
all the boys when Phil Ames made his  
appearance among them at Middleton's  
ranch.

Della Middleton had returned home  
from the city, and Phil had come with  
her to the ranch, where her father wel-  
comed him as the son of one of his  
friends and companions of other days.  
It was soon whispered also that Phil  
was a suitor for Della's hand, and that  
alone was sufficient for him to be watch-  
ed closely and criticised by the cow-  
boys, who, every one of them, were  
ready to swear by and to do anything in  
their power to please the queen of  
the ranch, Miss Della Middleton.

Phil Ames, at a first glance, looked  
rather effeminate, but upon closer ob-  
servation he proved to be quite other-  
wise. There was not a surplus ounce  
of flesh about him anywhere, and his  
frame was well knit and strong. More-  
over, Phil was a pleasant, easy going  
fellow whom nothing seemed to disturb,  
and whose temper was the sunniest in  
the world.

Therefore a couple of weeks at the  
ranch was sufficient for Phil to gain  
the good will of everybody around the  
place. Even Joe Dalzey, the most criti-  
cal among them all, had to admit that  
he was not half so bad as he looked and  
might improve into a right good fel-  
low if he staid at the ranch long enough.

In the rough play among the cowboys  
Phil held his own easily and often turn-  
ed their rude jokes so that they lost  
their sting, or fastened the laugh on  
him who had expected to see Phil made  
ridiculous.

Joe Dalzey considered himself the  
leader among the boys on the ranch,  
and they seldom ventured to differ with  
him in his opinions, which he never  
failed to express with all the decision  
and emphasis he could muster.

One evening after Phil had been at  
the ranch nearly a month Mr. Middle-  
ton came into the house where he and  
Della were together.

"I have to send a squad of the boys  
over to Bald prairie tomorrow, and I  
don't know where in thunder I'm going  
to find a cook to go with them," he  
said.

"What is the matter with Edmunds,  
papa?" asked Della.

"He is down with the chills, and that  
puts him out of the question. There is  
Andrews, too, gone off to town and  
won't be back for a week," said Mr.  
Middleton.

"Can't you get one of the others to  
cook?" asked Della.

"Why, there isn't one of them can  
make a biscuit that wouldn't choke a  
dog."

"Suppose you send Dinah and my-  
self with them? We could manage, I  
reckon," said Della, laughing.

"But what would become of us who  
have to stay at home?"

"Do your own cooking or starve,"  
laughed Della.

"I'm afraid it would be the latter  
most of the time," said Mr. Middleton.  
"No, I've cooked for a camping outfit  
before now, and if the worst comes to  
the worst I can do it again, only I can  
hardly spare the time."

"I'll go and cook for them, Mr. Mid-  
dleton," said Phil. "I suppose it is  
only coffee, bacon, biscuits and a batch  
of cornbread occasionally."

"You cook!" exclaimed Mr. Middle-  
ton. "Why, my boy, they'd mob you at  
the first meal."

"Why do you think so?"

"Your cooking would drive them to  
it. They would have to do it in self  
defense, you know—kill you or starve  
to death themselves."

"They would have to do neither, I  
assure you," protested Phil, laughing.  
"I am a better cook than you think. I  
hope you have not forgotten that I staid  
in the mountains of Colorado nearly the  
whole of last year? I did the most of  
the cooking for the three of us there,  
and, if I say it myself, there was no  
one ever turned up his nose at what I  
placed on the table."

For awhile there was a lively discus-  
sion about Phil going as cook with the  
cowboys, but he finally gained the con-  
sent from both Mr. Middleton and Del-  
la, and it was decided that he could  
go, provided he would not blame them  
if anything went wrong. The next  
day therefore he drove away in the  
wagon containing the raw materials on  
which he was to display his art as a  
first class cook for a cowboy camp.

"If Phil comes out on top in this ex-

capade," laughed Mr. Middleton, look-  
ing at Della, "I shall have no objection  
to him as a son-in-law."

"He'll do it, papa," said Della,  
blushing prettily.

The cowboys had struck camp and  
pitched their tents at the first branding  
pen.

They had eaten the first supper Phil  
had cooked for them, and they had en-  
joyed it, praising it in unequivocal  
terms.

One of the boys had occasion to go to  
the wagon for something after supper  
and saw something white, neatly fold-  
ed, lying to one side. He picked it up  
to see what it was and found it to be a  
white shirt with a highly glossed front.

"A boiled shirt!" he exclaimed.

For a moment he hesitated, then he  
rolled the shirt up carefully and took it  
to where his companions were sitting  
or lounging around their tent.

There was a whispered consultation.

"Some of you kindle a fire," said  
Dalzey. "I'll get the branding irons.  
A couple of you fellows had better go  
over to where Phil is busy and keep  
him there as long as you can."

The fire was kindled. The branding  
irons were put into the fire, and when  
they were sufficiently heated the boys  
went to work and "run" every brand  
they knew upon the white shirt spread  
out upon the ground before them.

There were numbers and letters and  
combinations of both. There were the  
"rail fence," the "bull's head," the  
"antlers" and the "jug." There were  
circles and semicircles, bars and double  
bars, with all their variations, and lines  
straight and crooked in every possible  
position and curve.

Altogether it was an artistic piece of  
work, covering every inch from hem  
to neckband and outward to both ends  
of the sleeves.

The next morning when Phil got up  
before daylight to prepare breakfast he  
found the shirt spread out, fastened to  
the hind end of the wagon.

He looked it over carefully and smiled.  
"I forgot to put it back in the valise  
yesterday evening," he mused to him-  
self as he was hurrying with his work.

"I was somewhat surprised when I  
found it among the other clothes, but  
in the hurry of packing it must have  
slipped in somehow accidentally."

During the time he was cooking  
breakfast he chuckled to himself fre-  
quently, and once or twice laughed out  
loud as he thought of the plan he was  
forming to pay the boys back in the  
same coin they had given him.

From day to day pieces were cut from  
the branded shirt, which Phil had left  
hanging to the end of the wagon where  
he had found it. The boys watched  
the pieces disappear, until on the even-  
ing before they were ready to break up  
camp and return home there was nothing  
left of it but the seams and wrist-  
bands.

"What's become of your boiled shirt,  
Phil?" one of them asked.

Phil looked around and viewed the  
remains of it.

"It looks like somebody has been eat-  
ing it," he said laughingly. "At any  
rate, there are only the tough parts of it  
left."

That was all they could get out of  
him just then.

They returned to the ranch the next  
day, and the boys, with one voice,  
praised Phil's cooking very highly to  
Mr. Middleton.

"Bestest cook we ever had," cried  
Dalzey.

"And he takes a joke like a man,"  
put in another.

Then they told Mr. Middleton and  
Della, who had just joined them, how  
they had treated Phil's white shirt, and  
how he had apparently enjoyed the joke  
as much as any of them.

"Let us have a look at it," cried  
Della, laughing and clapping her hands.

Phil went to the wagon and held up  
before them what remained of the shirt.

"But what became of the rest of it?"  
Della asked.

"I fed it to the boys," replied Phil,  
laughing now. "They thought they  
didn't like boiled shirt, but I noticed  
that they devoured a good piece of it  
every day. Every morning I cut off a  
good slice, chopped it up fine, fried it,  
brownied it, scorched it and ground it  
up and put it into everything I set be-  
fore them. You have their own words  
for it that they liked my cookery—boiled  
shirt a la Phil Ames."

For a moment there were some low-  
ering brows, but when Dalzey stepped  
forward and gave his hand to Phil the  
clouds vanished.

"Phil," he said, "you're a brick!  
Hope you will stay at the ranch always,  
and when the day comes, darn my pic-  
ture if I don't wear a boiled shirt and  
dance at the wedding."

Della and Phil looked at each other  
and blushed, and Mr. Middleton laugh-  
ed heartily. —John P. Sjolander.

## Snow In Switzerland.

Some of the mountain railroads in  
Switzerland find it advantageous to  
open long before the snow melts on  
their upper parts, and to do this an  
enormous amount of snow has to be  
shoveled away. One May, when the  
road from Glion, on Lake Geneva, up  
to Rocher de Naye was opened, the  
cars ran for some distance between  
walls of solid compressed snow 12 to  
20 feet high.

When the work began, one of the up-  
per stations had disappeared, and it was  
supposed that it had been swept away  
by the winter storms. A rounded ele-  
vation was recognized as the site of a  
water tank, and from this the position  
of the station was determined, and ex-  
cavations were begun. After digging  
down six feet the shovelers struck not  
the foundation, but the roof of the sta-  
tion, which was in its place intact.

## The Origin of Tariff.

Tariff was originally the name of a  
Moorish chief, who, having a port in  
Spain, near Gibraltar, was accustomed  
to levy toll on passing vessels. His  
toll became a regularly understood  
thing, and the amount was added to  
the price of the goods.

## Going to Jail In a Hack.

One of the most surprised men that ever  
slept a night in the city jail is a resident of  
a nearby town. He came to Helena not  
long ago, and starting out with a consid-  
erable sum of money soon became utterly un-  
conscious of his surroundings and laid  
down to sleep in the middle of Main street.  
An officer found him there, and calling a  
hack put him into it and took him to the  
city hall. He was searched and nearly \$200  
was found on his person. Out of this the  
hackman was paid, and the visitor was  
given a bed in the jail. The next morning  
he was duly sober, and after breakfast he  
was told he could go, no charge being made  
against him.

"I wonder what I did with my money?"  
queried the man.

"How much did you have?" was asked.

"The last I remember I had \$167," he re-  
plied.

"Well," said the court clerk, "here is  
\$163.50, and counting the \$1.50 you paid the  
hackman that makes it all right."

The man took the money, counted it, put  
it in his pocket and stood for a moment or  
two apparently in a brown study. Finally  
he turned to the clerk and asked:

"Did I come to jail in a hack?"

"You did most assuredly," said the clerk.

"Well," said the lodger, "I have heard of  
a good many fools in my life, but I believe  
I am the biggest. The idea of a man hir-  
ing a hack to take him to jail!"—Helena  
Independent.

## A Long Wait.

Salut-Foix, the French poet, had a large  
income, but was always in debt. Much of  
his time was spent doling his creditors.

He sat one day in a barber chair, with his  
face lathered and ready to be shaved, when  
one of his largest creditors entered the shop.

The man saw Salut-Foix and angrily de-  
manded the money due him.

"Won't you wait until I get a shave?"  
quietly inquired the poet.

"Certainly," answered the other, pleased  
at the prospect of getting the money.

The poet made the barber a witness to  
the agreement and calmly wiped the lather  
from his face. He wore a beard to his dy-  
ing day. —New York Herald.

## He Laid In Wait For Him.

The piano tuner was coming gayly up the  
alley, when he was accosted by a stern vi-  
saged man, who inquired:

"Say, mister, what'd yer charge for tuning  
a piano?"

"Three dollars."

"Here's \$3.50; just trot to the next street."

"What's the matter?"

"The piano next door is out of tune, and  
they don't play on it now. They're waiting  
for you to come round. That \$3.50 is for  
you not to go round."

The piano tuner whistled and walked  
softly away, and there is silence still in the  
alley. —Detroit Tribune.

## A Tender Soul.

"Casar! You don't have sympathy for a  
man who's justly kicked out of his club,  
do you?"

"Why shouldn't I? Isn't he club foot-  
ed?" —Chicago Record.

## Not His Evening.

Young Spoonamore—If I should call this  
evening, Miss Kitty, will you be in?

Miss Kitty—Yes, Mr. Spoonamore, but  
—but so will Mr. Hankinson. —Exchange.

## The Power Behind the Throne.

"Isn't Huggles a man of very decided  
views?"

"Great guns! yes, his wife decides all of  
them for him!" —Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Life's Misery

To many people who have the taint of  
scrofula in their blood. The  
agencies caused by the dreadful run-  
ning sores and other manifestations  
of this disease are beyond descrip-  
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equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for sero-  
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POZZONI'S  
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Combines every element of  
beauty and purity. It is beauti-  
fying, soothing, healing, health-  
ful, and harmless, and when  
rightly used is invisible. A most  
delicate and desirable protection  
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teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.  
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dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its  
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far distant when mothers will consider the real  
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-  
stead of the various quack nostrums which are  
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,  
morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful  
agents down their throats, thereby sending  
them to premature graves."

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favor upon it."

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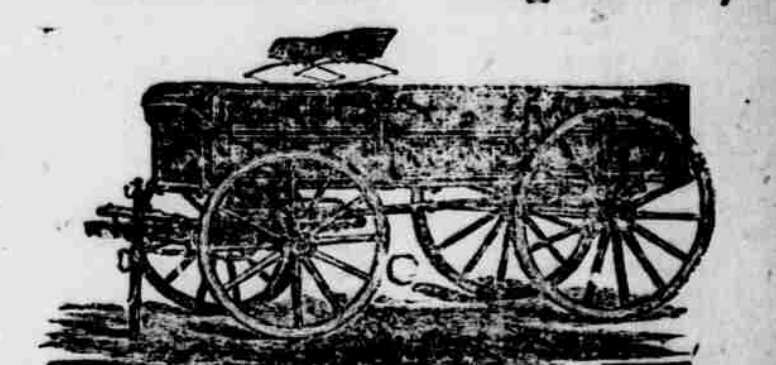
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