

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE CLAIM JUMPERS

(Original.)

Ben Hallowell was returning to his claim. He had been to Frisco for a month trying to induce some one with means to "grubstake" him, but had failed. This was not because he did not have a good claim, but because the capitalists he met did not care to look into it. Ben was very gloomy. A year before he had married the girl of his choice in the east and a week after the marriage had returned to his mining operations. He had hoped before this to bring his Susie to him, but the fates had been against him. And now his failure to secure means with which to prosecute his work made him doubly despondent.

Before him, coming on horseback, the broad rim of his felt hat flapping with each lurch, was a man whom he recognized as Andy Kitchen, the owner of a claim not far from his own.

"Howdy, Ben?" said Andy, grinning affably, and without lessening his pace added, "Yer claim's jumped."

"What's that to laugh at?" called Ben sharply. "How many of 'em?"

"Two. But one on 'em I reckon you can handle without trouble. He's a little easer. 'Other may down you."

Ben would have asked more questions, but Hallowell seemed to be in a hurry and rode on. Here was more trouble. Ben was a peaceful, plodding man, beloved by his neighbors, and the last man in the world to fight except for his rights. But he was not a man to suffer imposition. Besides, he had strong faith in his "hole in the ground" and relied upon it to unite him a time with his beloved wife. He rode on, considering what he should do. He had no faith in peaceful measures, for jumpers were not respecters of justice and usually did not jump a claim unless prepared to maintain their ground. He finally concluded to reconnoiter the jumpers from a distance and watch for an opportunity to catch them apart.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning and a bright summer day when Ben left the road and struck a trail through a wood which led to his claim, now but half a mile distant. The birds were singing in the trees, and everything about him was so peaceful that he approached the encounter before him with still greater reluctance. His young wife was ever present in his thoughts, and he could not dismiss a picture of her anguish if it were fated she should bear that he had been killed by the jumpers. After going as far on horseback as he dared, lest he attract attention he dismounted and proceeded on foot, pausing behind a tree in sight of his claim and his cabin beside it.

There was no one about, but the cabin door stood open, and smoke issued from the stovepipe chimney. Between two trees swung a hammock. In the

center of this was a bundle. Ben eyed all this cautiously, listened till he was convinced that there was no one present, then boldly went forward. Curious to learn what was in the hammock, he pulled apart its sides and revealed a roll of blankets. But as the blankets contained something, he pulled aside a corner covering one end of the bundle and revealed—

Well, what Ben revealed was no more striking than the expression of his face on seeing it. The stern look he had worn up to this moment melted into one as kindly as, more kindly than, had ever rested on his features. He looked down into the face of a sleeping baby.

For a time the diminutive creature slept on, then began to stretch its little legs and fling its little fists about, at last opening a pair of blue eyes, which it fixed intently on Ben.

"Reckon you're the little jumper," said Ben, giving the baby his finger to clutch. "I hope the big one is no more formidable. If your dad has taken my property I don't see how I can have the heart to dispossess him."

By this time Ben was on his knees beside the baby, making all kinds of grimaces and saying all kinds of ridiculous things to show his good will and attract the child's attention. Then a sudden thought struck him. He remembered Andy Kitchen's grin when he announced that the claim had been jumped.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "Suppose the big jumper is a woman!"

For a moment his face fell. If this were so, what an uncomfortable situation! Even the shooting he had expected was not so bad as that.

He was so engrossed with this thought and the baby, in whose face he fancied he could trace something pleasantly familiar, that he did not hear a footstep approaching. Then he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Instinctively his hand flew to his revolver as he turned.

He looked into the smiling face of his wife.

There are certain scenes as well as emotions that are indescribable. Neither the scene nor the emotions in this case can be painted in words. Never was man more completely turned from the passion of strife to that of love. There was one long embrace that it seemed would never end, then a gradual relinquishment, after that explanations.

Susie had prevailed upon a relative to furnish means with which to prosecute Ben's claim, besides funds to enable her to take them to him herself. A letter telling him of her intended journey had arrived the day after his departure for Frisco. Susie on her arrival, finding him gone, quietly took possession of his cabin and waited his return. When he came she had gone for water.

Ben's claim turned out a bonanza. In time he organized a company to work it, and he called it the Little Jumper. OLIVE PENNEWELL.

LEO'S LIFE IN VERSE.

Poetic Side of the Great Pontiff's Character.

A BRIEF EULOGY HIS FIRST POEM.

At the Age of Twelve Young Pecci Addressed It to Father Vincenzo Pavani—When Twenty Years Old, He Wrote What He Then Believed His Death Song—A Tribute to New Art of Photography.

Of Leo XIII, the man, genial, affectionate, cultured, with all the qualities of head and heart to make him humanly lovable as well as revered through the dignity of his office, the world knows best through his poems, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

He began writing Latin when he was twelve years old. No biographies, however exhaustive, give, or could give, so clear an insight into the inner heart of the great pontiff as these fine outpourings of his spirit.

The first literary production of the schoolboy of Viterbo, in later years to become pope, was a brief eulogy of Father Vincenzo Pavani, provincial of the Jesuits, who was visiting the village. The author, who was then just twelve years old, was baptized Joachim Vincent Raphael Aloysius Pecci.

The poem reads:

Thy very name, Pavani, Vincent styled,
Was mine—a little child.

What mighty virtues thou didst well pursue,
Would I might follow too!

The next poem was written eight years later, in 1830. It is entitled "On His Sickness" and is a remarkable commentary on his will power:

A youth of twenty years—how sickly and how spare!
Ah, to what natural shock my flesh is here!

Haply to utter here my memorable grief,
May being, if not succore, some sad relief.

Through sleepless nights in vain I fretfully compose
My weak and weary limbs to seek repose.

My food no strength affords; my drooping side complains
Of light, and oft my head is racked with pains.

Soon my parched limbs a wasting ague chill;
Anon with torrid heats of fever fill.

Haggard and wan my face, and laboring is my breath;
Languid I walk the way to dusty death.

Why shall I cheat my heart and years a plenty crave
When Atropos compels the dreaded grave?

Rather my soul will speak: "O Death, where is thy sting?
With gladness I await thy triumphant!

The passing shows of life shall not disturb my peace,
Who long to taste the joy that cannot cease.

"Happy the exile's feet to press the fatherland;
Happy the storm tossed bark to gain the strand!"

As illustrating the lofty and ascetic habits of the retiring young student the following "Repelling of the Wanton," put into the mouth of one Ruggero, is interesting:

With red flaming cheek, with gaudy array,
What snare dost thou plan? Amaryllis, away!

For a poison of asps is under thy tongue,
And a hideous ulcer thy bosom hath wrung.

A charming tribute to the new art of photography was written in 1867, while Leo XIII was archbishop of Perugia. It is:

Sun wrought with magic of the skies,
The image fair before me lies;
Deep vaulted brain and sparkling eyes
And lip's fine chiseling.

O miracle of human thought,
O art with newest marvels fraught,
Apelles, nature's rival, wrought
No fairer imaging!

In 1830, when but twenty years old, young Pecci wrote what he then apparently believed to be his death song. Although he had more than threescore and ten years to live—years filled with an activity of which his delicate frame seemed then incapable—he sang with cheerful joy of the approach of death. The following poem has been translated as follows:

Scarce twenty years thou numberest,
Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade!
Yet pains, when charm'd by verse, seem half allayed;
Recount thy sorrows then in mournful hymn.

Waker till latest night, thy limbs in vain
Court headed rest, nor sleep nor food restore
Thy strength outworn, thine eyes all darkened o'er,
Dejected sink, while racked the head with pain.

Fever consumes thee; chill as ice congeals
Or parched with burning thirst. Pallid as death
Each several feature; tells the weary breath;
Through all thy fainting form the languor steals.

Why dream of future years, with promise bland,
While swift fate urges? Then I said:
"No fear!
My spirit shall quell! Draws death indeed so near?
Cheerful I wait to grasp his bony hand.

No fading joys allurement offer now;
All undelayed, I pant for bliss supreme!
Glad as when wanderer's footsteps home return
Or seaman when to harbor veers his prow.

Indiana Forestry Reserve.
Indiana will have a forestry reserve of 2,000 acres upon which trees will be grown for distribution while young, under the observation of a school of forestry.

PLAN FOR DUSTLESS ROADS

Important Experiments Being Conducted by a British County.

An important experiment is being made by the West Sussex county council, in England, with a view to constructing a road which shall be dustless, have a smooth surface and resist percolation of water, says a special cable dispatch from London to the Chicago Inter Ocean.

The piece selected for the experiment is near Horsham. The stones used were Cherbourg quartzite, and in order that they should be thoroughly dried they were placed upon iron plates over a fire in the council's shed at Horsham. After the stones had been well heated they were spread out and allowed to become somewhat cool.

Then they were deposited from five inches to six inches thick on a wooden platform and covered with tar-five gallons, with a little pitch, being sufficient for a ton of stone. The stones were turned over and over, so that each had a coat of shining black, and afterward placed in a heap to mature.

At the present time the stones are being carted to Monksgate, on the Brighton road, and spread to an average depth of about five inches. They are consolidated by a ten ton steam roller, and clean sand is sprinkled over the surface just for a covering. About 100 tons of quartzite has been treated and will be sufficient to lay down a length of from 125 to 150 yards of road. Four hundred gallons of distilled tar, with which was mixed a little pitch, have been used.

The Potatoes' Paradise.

Aroostook county, Me., is called the potatoes' paradise. This year the crop will range from 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 bushels, of which the greater part will be shipped away. Last year the price averaged \$1.70 a barrel.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Sunflower seed adds luster to the plumage.
Ducks should not be allowed free access to water until they are six weeks old.

If the fowls can have a free run they will find their own feather making food.

Feeding young poultry in their house will cause them to frequent it oftener, and they can be more easily shut up in it when desired.

One of the best plans of management, during the summer especially, is to have two sets of roosting poles and change them every week, setting them outside when not in use. Flat perches are much better than round ones.

FREAKS OF KANSAS RIVERS.

Channels of Several Streams Have Been Changed by the Flood.

The recent Kansas flood in the Kaw river changed the channel of the stream very much and formed some new lakes, says a Topeka dispatch to the Kansas City Times. Near St. Mary's the river cut across a bend some seven miles around, the new channel being less than a mile and a half in length. The old channel is now a lake. Near Manhattan the river was shortened by two cuts. One leaves the old river bed a lake of several miles in length and the other is not much smaller. Both at Lawrence and Topeka new channels were formed, but the waters are to be diverted from these into the old courses.

There is hardly a ten mile stretch along the Kaw river where cutting has not been done by the swift currents—lopping off a short bend here and opening a new channel there. It is impossible to estimate what the total of this shortening will amount to, but it is no small number of miles. Another result of the flood was the gouging out of innumerable holes in the level bottoms far from the channel proper, some of them very deep.

A New Shell.

The latest explosive shell has the greater part of its interior filled with lead, which, when fired, is melted by a burning composition, so that when the shell bursts the molten lead is scattered to a considerable distance, and the smallest particle causes a nasty wound.

First Woman's Literary Club.

What is commonly considered the first woman's literary club in the United States was organized by Frances Wright at New Harmony, Ind., in 1825. This in turn after a lapse of twenty-five years was succeeded by the Minerva society, founded in 1859.

THE YACHT RACES.

King Edward is wishing Sir Thomas well, but refusing to put up any money on the Shamrock.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The new Shamrock is said to be the handsomest boat that has yet been brought over by Sir Thomas Lipton. However, it is the watch, not the camera, that is to test its merits.—Washington Star.

The international race is likely to be won by the yacht lucky enough to cover the course without going to pieces on account of structural weakness. The original America was a seagoing craft. After this year perhaps the yachtsmen will return to that kind of vessels.—Buffalo Courier.

\$5,000. Reward for the Arrest and Conviction of—

—the parties who originated and circulated, the rumor that "Force" Food contained drugs or other injurious ingredients.

\$5,000. additional will be paid to anyone proving that "Force" does, or ever did, contain any drug or other injurious or unhealthful ingredient, being composed solely of Wheat and Barley, with a seasoning of table salt, steam cooked, flaked, and roasted.

Do us the justice, if you question the absolute purity or healthfulness of "Force," to send a package to the Health Department of your city for analysis.

The "FORCE" Food Company. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Chemical Laboratory, University of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.
HERBERT M. HILL, Ph. D., Analytical Chemist and Assayer.

Boston, June 25, 1903.

The "Force" Food Company, Buffalo, N. Y.:
GENTLEMEN—A rumor having reached me that your product, "FORCE," contained injurious ingredients, I took the occasion to analyze it in the interest of my own family and of some friends who are liberal users of it.

It may interest you to know that I found it consisted exclusively of Whole Wheat, Barley and Salt, and is absolutely free from any injurious elements whatever.

Permit me to express my sincere regret that such a serious and baseless rumor should gain footing with the public.

You are free to use this letter in any way that will help to do your product justice.

Yours truly,
WILBUR L. SCOVILLE.

Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Boston, June 30, 1903.

To Whom It May Concern:
At the invitation of the "FORCE" Food Company, of Buffalo, I have visited their Mills and made a careful examination of the materials from which "FORCE" is prepared, and the processes which convert it into its finished condition.

I found that "FORCE" consists exclusively of what my previous analysis indicated, viz.: Whole Wheat and Barley, with a flavoring of Table Salt, flaked, cooked and sterilized by 800 degrees of heat.

A feature of the manufacture which impressed me considerably was the fact that the process is entirely mechanical, the food being prepared, cooked and boxed by machinery, without ever coming in contact with the hands or clothing of the mill operatives.

I was also gratified to note that an experienced Chemist daily supervised the entire output, and that each day's manufacture was also tested by an expert cook.

Signed, WILBUR L. SCOVILLE, Professor of Theory and Practice of Chemistry.

See page 148 of "Cereal Breakfast Foods," Bulletin No. 84, of the Maine Experiment Station, a State Institution, which has analyzed "FORCE" with other foods, in the public interest.

Copy will be mailed free on request.

Refer also to Canadian Government Bulletin 84 on similar subject, pages 6 and 26, for analysis showing that "FORCE" consists solely of the most wholesome and nutritious ingredients.

Any inquiries concerning this subject will be cheerfully answered by
THE "FORCE" FOOD COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

<h3>STATE LINES.</h3> <p>In shipbuilding Pennsylvania stands first and New York second, while California is a good third.</p> <p>The number of persons in the penitentiaries of Iowa per 1,000 population has doubled in fourteen years.</p> <p>Indiana will have a forestry reserve of 2,000 acres upon which trees will be grown for distribution while young under the observation of a school of forestry.</p> <p>One of Missouri's unique industries is the growing of a kind of corn whose cob is specially adapted for pipes. A group of farmers in Lafayette county raise it extensively. One field of twenty-five acres produced 1,126 bushels of corn, worth \$336, and the cobs sold for \$198. The average per acre was \$21.36.</p>	<h3>TRAIN AND TRACK.</h3> <p>Austria is to have a transcontinental railway from Adelaide to Port Darwin. The railway from Caracas to Valencia, fifty-five miles, has eighty-six tunnels.</p> <p>Berlin local trains now have special compartments for "passengers with dogs."</p> <p>The average cost per year of maintaining a locomotive is \$659 for shop labor and \$859 for roundhouse, the total being \$1,518.</p> <p>Demand For Turbine Engines. Faith in the new steam turbine engines is shown in the fact that two manufacturers have contracts to furnish in the aggregate approximately 540,000 horse power capacity of them.</p>	<h3>PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.</h3> <p>Mme. Rosa Bonheur was seventy years old when she painted her best picture, "Horses Trampling Out Wheat."</p> <p>Mrs. Mary Holland Kinkaid, the author, is described as "a winning, frank spoken, attractive woman, who has led a strenuous life."</p> <p>Henri Willem Mesdag, the Holland painter, has decided to offer his famous collection of paintings to the Dutch people. The collection is valued at several million forins.</p> <p>The oldest author in England is Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self Help," who has just turned ninety. Dr. Smiles has now surpassed the age of Landor, who lacked a few months of being ninety when he died.</p>
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