

BOTH GOOD.



"Has she a good figure?" "Yes, and so has her father."

CIRCLE RANCH'S NEW HELP.

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

The west line's to have a new rider, remarked one of the young men who sat in a little cabin far south of the Red river one rainy evening. "What's the matter with the Mexican?" "Got too smart on Keating and he fired him. Some relative of one of the owners is coming out."

watch of us and bosses us while riders change our best. "And what does that mean?" "Look here," and Jim drew a crude diagram on the table top with his knife. "This ranch is forty miles on a side; there's a cabin at each corner, and every night these two men at opposite corners. To-night we are at C and the others at A. To-morrow night Frank here will ride to B and so will his chum; I will go to D and so will my chum for that night. The next night we will be back at C and A again, as we are now. So you see we have a change of bed-fellows every night and ride over our line once every day, returning over the same course the next."

But almost in an instant it changed. A tail snapped somewhere, or a branch broke, and Jim jumped from a grass clump—no one knows how it happens—and suddenly every head was raised and every ear was pointed forward. What a sea of nervous faces and branching horns it was!

Then, with a long, leaping trot, which soon broke into a canter, a few leaders started south; others followed, becoming more frantically as they ran, until the whole herd was in motion and Lorne had on his hands a full-fledged stampede. The cattle were already near the south fence, and his pony could overtake them in time to turn the leaders. With a crash the mass of flesh was hurled against the barbed wires, and the strong strands snapped like cords. A few of the cattle fell, but the others ran tranquilly over them and on into the adjoining lands.

Lorne followed, close to the heads of the leaders, and steered the front ranks toward a thick grove of timber half a mile distant. Reaching it, the herd was soon tearing its way, stumbling and hindered, through the grove of black-jacks. It was a worst feature was over. "What's that?" exclaimed the rider, as he saw through an opening another herd grazing beyond the timber. He had understood that there was no occupant of the lands south of Circle Ranch. He rode to the open prairie and could make out the brand on each animal—a large capital H. What surprised him more, however, was the figure of a man on horseback among the strange cattle; he rode a powerful gray horse; it was Keating.

The foreman had already discovered the coming of the stampeded herd, and was riding toward the excited cattle. His brow darkened as he recognized Lorne. "I thought you had the west line," he broke out furiously. "I have, but the cattle were running this way and I followed them—" "Seems to me we are short on this side," said the foreman, as he saw the Circle brand—the mark of the big ranch on which he was working.

A DARK JOKE.



Miss Quest—Doctor, can you tell me the cause of this eclipse? Doctor—No. I'm as much in the dark as you.

and so sincerely that it was a shame even to smile, but I could not help it. I assured him that I would explain to the "Great Father" why it was that he hadn't gone to help him in the war with Spain, and I assured him that the government would not feel that he had broken any of his promises.

TOO MUCH FOR AN OSTEOPATHIST. This Much Battered Individual Wandered into the Wrong Shop. Chicago Times-Herald: "Are you the doctor that makes new bones grow?" asked a man who had waited a long time in the outside office of a leading physician.

Stone in Her Stomach. From the Gazette, Blandinsville, Ill.: The wife of the Rev. A. R. Adams, pastor of the Bedford Christian church at Blandinsville, Ill., was for years compelled to live a life of torture from disease. Her case baffled the physicians, but to-day she is alive and well, and tells the story of her recovery as follows: "About six years ago," said Mrs. Adams, "I weighed about 140 pounds, but my health began to fail and I lost flesh. My food did not agree with me and felt like a stone in my stomach. I began to lose all over until I thought I had dropped."



The First Rabbi of the Season.

THE DIFFERENCE. "He wouldn't bend his knee to anyone." "I know, but he crooks his elbow a whole heap."

so close to the earth that escape seemed impossible. Again and again he shouted and again and again did he stop and listen eagerly.

He rode on without more words, all the time puzzled and wondering whether or not the two bunches of cattle belonged to the same herd.

year's shipments," he remarked to Keating. "Well, it was a hard winter and we lost a good many—here, look out, there."

BI NOSE APOLOGIZES. Explains Why he did not Enlist—No Can't Swim. Chief Big Nose, of the Assinaboines, was anxious to help the "Great Father" in his war with the Spaniards.

ON THE FLY. She—And has the fly really eight thousand eyes? He—So scientists say. She—I wonder he can't see what a mince sauce he makes of himself.

Jetsam—I hear your brother has lost his position. I am sorry, but I suppose he can find another. Jetsam—I am afraid not. You see, he was a detective.