With a Posse Comitatus.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: "No, I ain't trailin' none now with posse comitatuses; I know when I've got enough, an' I had my fill down White Hills way some time ago," said Paystreak Johnson, as he turned his other side to the camp fire. "No, I've got no objections to tellin' you about it; it's been on my mind a right smart chance of the time sence it happened, an' it don't hurt me none to talk it over; seems like the more that knows it the better I feel. But I've got to tell you one story before I get to the right one, though they both go together.

"Six of us was comin' over on the stage from Wickenberg, intendin' to go into the hills where a new strike had been made. An' right here let me say that when you've got fair prospects where you are, stay with 'em. I've noticed in my thirty years in the hills that you always hear of richer strikes jest over the divide, never in the camp where you're at, an' nine times out of ten they're fakes; nothin' in 'em. You pack up an' go trapsein' off, leavin' good prospects for poorer ones, 'n' I guess the odds is greater 'n' I said, for I've been chasin' these new strikes for thirty years, 'n' what have I got?

"'But, as I was sayin', there was me 'n' Doc Cutler 'n' Sim Weever 'n'—but then you don't know 'em. They was six of us men besides 'Shagbark Bill,' the driver. Why, 'cause he was always eatin' shagbark hick'ry nuts; he'd send back east for 'em. There was another passenger, a little, old, white-haired woman, with the kindest, softest face, lookin' jest like all of us remember our mothers did the last time we see 'em. Doc Cutler 'n' Sim Weever was devils for drinkin', 'n' they both had big flasks of territory whisky in their pockets, but when they see who was in the stage they never touched a drop. Later on I see Doc stowin' his'n away in his pack, an' Weever throwed his'n away as we was walkin' up a heavy grade. An' when she'd speak an' sort of smile soft you jest had to take off your hat.

"She was comin' out from York state to visit her son. He'd been out here quite awhile, and when he writ last he was doin' well. That was eight months before, an' she hadn't heard from him sence. She'd been livin' 'round with her married daughters, but he was her only boy, an' she wanted to see him. She had writ for him to come home, but had got tired waitin' an' was comin' out to su'prise him. James Richards, mightn't any of us know him? No'm, we couldn't jest recollec' of anybody by that name, as we was strangers somewhat in the camp we was goin' to, but we' lowed she'd have no trouble in findin' him; we'd help her all we could. Howsomever we 'lowed among ourselves that she'd have a tough job. You see they was lots of young fellers that 'ud come out to the territory to turn a corner in the world, an' unless you had mighty pressin' business an' was willin' to run the chances you wouldn't ask 'Buckeye Ned,' 'Albany Bill,' 'Kentuck Pete,' 'Missoury Sam' or any of 'em what was the name their mothers gave 'em. We was thinkin' of this when she 'lowed that mebbe the postmaster'd know him. Why, of course, dern our fool souls, why didn't we think of that; but, then, none of us had had any truck with the postoffice so long that we'd about fergot they was such a thing.

"Along in the afternoon, after gettin' up a steep grade, I climbed into the seat with Bill to smoke, an' he says, low-like, 'I wish to the Lord we was safe through Bowlder Canyon,' an' then he p'inted to a tall, thin smoke on a butte off to the right.

"'Injuns?' I asked.

"'Yep,' says Bill; 'White Hills 'Paches. They's a gang of bucks left the reservation last week, an' I'm a-feared they'll get us in the canyon. When I get to the top of the canyon I'll pull up an' let on like I'm fixin' the harness; you get the boys out, an' we'll talk it over.' Bill drawed up, an' we both got down. I give the boys the wink, an' up nigh the leaders' heads we held a council. We decided to get back in the stage, careless like, an' get our guns handy—every man had a repeater an' six-shooter, an' if they jumped us Bill was to cut the hosses loose, mount a leader an' go for help. If they got Bill first, then another of us was to try it, an' so on. You see we preferred to do our fightin' in rough ground ruther than in the open below, where we'd been dead-easy marks. When we struck the top of the grade, Bill braced himself, throwed off the brake, an' away we went down the canyon faster'n that stage ever went before. We hadn't let on to her, but 't'wasn't long till Bill let out a yell, an' we knowed he'd sighted 'em.

"'Get down in the bottom, ma'am,' said Doc, quick-like; 'don't get skeered, little Injun surprise, that's all; we'll soon be through it.' Then we piled the cushions 'round her, got our guns ready an' waited. 'Twasn't more'n a minute till we felt Bill drawin' up. 'They've blocked the trail at the bend, boys,' he hollered, 'but I can jump it with a hoss. They're on the north side; they's a hole in the south bank, part way up, jest opposite. Lay low an' I'll draw their fire when I get started, then you can run for it.' In about a minute Bill had cut the hosses loose, was on the off leader, an' goin' down the canyon hellity-split, an' yellin' like mad.

"We opened the door on the fur side, an' Doc he took her up, sayin', 'we've got to run fer it, mother, but don't be skeered; we'll look out for you same as if James was along.' Two of us were first, then Doc an' her, an' then the other three boys. About twenty-five feet up was a hole worn by water, an' we got to it while they was a lookin' after Bill. We could all scrooch into it, an' we put her back against the wall, an' rolled some loose bowlders in front so they'd kinder protect us by layin' flat. The 'Paches come for the stage, but they never touched it; we plugged some of 'em, an' the others took to the hills on t'other side, screechin' like devils. Above 'em was a granite cliff, straight up an' down, but they was a lot of big loose bowlders at the bottom, an' they got behind 'em. Well, sir, it was hot, blisterin' hot, the afternoon sun a beatin' down on us there in that hole, an' not a breath of air could reach us; an' them devils on t'other side kep' a plunkin' away at us; they had to shoot up kinder, an' by layin' close they shot over us.

"We kep' a shootin' fast, for we didn't want 'em to know how many they was of us, for they might make a rush, but she sorter handicapped us by prayin'. When the shootin' an' yellin' first began she got kinder trembly, but got over it an' 'lowed somethin' 'bout God bein' as close to us out there in a Arizony canyon as he was in York state, an' then she went to prayin'. You see, the 'Paches 'ud only show a arm or part of a face behind a bowlder, an' 'twas necessary to shoot close, but when she commenced to pray they seemed to be a kind of mist gether in the hind sights an' sometimes we shot plum wild. Course, she thought she was doin' all right, good soul, an' how was she to know, bein' a stranger, that the White Hills was forty miles outside of the knowledge of God, an' them red devils over there a-shootin' at us was the pick of old Satan's own imps, a-runnin' wild an' killin' for the fun of it. But it seemed to cheer her up some, an' we didn't count on it much; we figgered more on makin' our cartridges last till Bill got back with a gang of boys from the station—if he git there. If he didn't—well, the mist cleared out of the sights sudden when we thought of what might happen to that white-haired mother, an' if they'd been any way to get her out of there we'd been plum willin' for the Injuns to make a rush. As 'twas, all we could do was to grit our teeth an' draw a little finer. This made 'em stay hid more, an' for awhile they wasn't much shootin', an' she said:

"'I had heard nothing of Indian troubles for a good while, and I thought by the papers they were good and peaceable now.'

"'Them 'Paches ain't never peaceable, ma'am,' said Doc, "though I 'low some of 'em are good now,' an' he kinder grinned as he looked between his bowlders at four or five half-naked bucks a-layin' in the sand in the bottom of the gulch. She was back against the bank an' couldn't see 'em.

"'Do you think the driver got through safe?" she asked. It was gettin' 'long toward night, an' we was gettin' anxious.

"'We're hopin' he did, ma'am,' said Doc. 'We ain't see no sign that he didn't.'

"Doc was a-layin' next to me, an kep' a-cranin' himself to look down the canyon. I told him to be keerful, but he was gettin' uneasy. Every time he did the bullets 'ud bite into the bank around us an' clip off pieces of the rocks. The last time he did I heard somethin' go' chug.' I knowed the sound, an' looked at Doc jest as he sunk down on his breast.

"'They dead sure got to me that time,' he says, kinder between his teeth an' clinchin' up handfuls of dirt an' rocks.

"'Where?" I says.

"'In the breast; I guess I'm done up; no, don't pull me back; it might worry her; let me lay here flat." We didn't know jest what to do, only to look closer for a chance to play even.

"'Twasn't long till she noticed somethin', an' says: 'Why, what's the matter with Mr. Cutler?'

"'Why, it's the heat ur—ur—somethin'; he's kinder sick—it affects some people that way.' But a little red streak a-tricklin' over the rocks from under him made me out a liar.

"'Why, no,' she says, 'he's been hit,' an' about half raised herself to go to him when one of the boys reached around, ketchin' her by the dress an' pullin' her down jest as about a handful of bullets hit the top where her head showed a second. They thought they hit, an' yelled some, an' about that time I 'low we got five for one.

"Well, sir, nothin' would do but she must look at his hurt, so we got on our hands an' knees an' wriggled him back. She opened his shirt, an' there 'twas—a forty-four hole jest to the right of the center of his breast. She took off some kind of a kerchief she had around her neck an' washed the blood away with water from a canteen an' took Doc's head in her lap an' bathed his temples an' washed the powder smoke an' dust off his face. She wasn't tremblin' none now, but she was white, an' the tears kept droppin' soft-like on Doc's face. He didn't know nothin' about it, though, for he had fainted dead away. 'Poor boy,' she said, 'he may have a mother some place, an' it might have been my Jimmy,' an' right there every one swore to himself that if James Richards was in Arizony we'd find him—if we got out of that hole alive.

"'Twasn't long after that we heard a clatterin' comin' up the canyon an' then a lot of yells an' shootin'. The 'Paches on t'other side broke cover an' went up the canyon, an' right there we got in our work handsome, plugein' it to 'em at every jump. Whenever we got one, he'd go up into the air, turn over like a jack-rabbit an' come down in a heap. But down in the canyon they was a lively scrimmage. They was a big party of bucks, an' knowin' Bill 'ud be back, they was a-layin' for 'em. But Lord, 'Paches are no account in a stand-up fight, an' they broke like sheep. When they come by we had our innin's, an' jumpin' out of the hole joined the boys in the fun.

"Bill had rid the big bay leader, an' jest as he got to the bottom of the hill two bullets struck him in the flank and Bill caught one in the arm; but the hoss kep' up for nine miles, an' Bill run the other one on foot holding his arm. Nearly everybody at the station turned out, an' they wasn't too many then; as 'twas, they lost three men, the postmaster an' two miners. We hitched upthe stage, put our three dead on top an' her an' Doc inside, she holdin' Doc's head all the way. He'd kinder come to an' tried to let on it wasn't much, that he'd get over it; but he seemed to rest easier with her soothin' his for'ed an' talkin' to him easy an' soothin' like.

"We got him to a room in the stage tavern an' sent for the camp doctor. He dug around an' got the bullet out an' thought mebbe he'd pull through, but Doc kep' a pickin' at the blanket an' callin' for his mother an' Pete Jennings says, 'I've watched lots of 'em go over the divide, doctor, an' they always go that way; when they take to pickin' at the blanket an' callin' for 'mother' they are dead sure goin.' No, sir; Doc's down to bedrock, an' not a sign o' color; he'll peg out to-night, shore.'

"James Richards' mother she come to the room jest as Doc was callin' wild like for his mother; she jest stopped a minute in the door like she was makin' up her mind, an' we all took our hats off an' waited. 'Mother,' said Doc, kinder pleadin' like; then she sorter choked somethin' back, an' with her eyes shinin', went straight up to Doc's bunk. 'Here I am—my son,' and then she laid her hand on his fore'ed. Doc was delirious like, but he smiled kinder easy an' didn't call for mother no more.

"Along in the night his mind cleared some and he roused up; he knowed he was hard hit, an' felt himself sinkin'. 'Would you mind holdin' my hand, ma'am?' he said, 'it will kinder help me over the rough places in the trail I'm on.' She took his hand and he was quiet for a long while, then he opened his eyes, an' said: 'They's a song, ma'am, I ain't heard for twenty years, an' more, not sence I left—home; it begins, "There is a fountain—" would it be askin' too much for you to sing it, ma'am?' The white-haired little mother cleared her throat easy like, an' started the tune. They wasn't one of us but what knowed the tune an' tried to help her out; but it brought back so many things to us that we jest choked up an' quit an' stood there with the tears runnin' out of our eyes, leaving' her to carry the tune through alone. After she'd finished Doc says "Thank you, ma'am,' and in a little while we see he was about gone, but he looked up at her, still holding her hand, an' says in a sort of whisper, 'Would you mind kissin' me, ma'am? you've got a boy an' know the reason I ask.' She bent an' kissed him. 'Thank you, ma'am. I'm almost—over—I'll sure strike color—to-mor—' Then he sort of stiffened, slow like an' 'twas over.

"After the funerals we all hustled for 'James Richards,' but nobody knowed him, an' the postmaster, bein' killed in the fight in the canyon, could give no information. The third day after we had been there the down stage from the Rough an' Ready camp with bullion aboard was held up, the driver hurt, an' the guard killed. Miners turned out, an' I was one of a posse. We struck the trail, an' 'twasn't long till we come up with 'em, three of 'em. We struck 'em in the mornin' among the rocks, an' durin' the forenoon dropped two of 'em, but the other stood pat. He held out till long toward night, then made a break for water, an' we plugged him. He tumbled over the rocks, lettin' his gun fall, an' we knowed dead sure we'd got him. He didn't last long. 'Boys, you've got me all right, but for Christ's sake, don't hang me; I'm dyin' now,' he gasped. 'I was goin' to quit after this deal, an' go back east, but the cards went against me. They's a few little trinkets in my cabin that I wish you'd box up an' send back east to Mrs. Elmira Richards——'

"'Great God, are you James Richards?' blurted out Sim Weever.

"'Yes; why?'

"'Oh, my God, if we'd only knowed—nothin',' says Sim, as I jerked him back.

"'You'll find the address in the cabin; just send the things back, an' tell her I was killed in a mine accident or by Indians, or something—anything but this—for the love of God, won't you?'

"'We'll shorely try an' square things for you with your mother, Jim.'

"'Thanks, boys—it was—my last—sure—'

"We waited a minute, then one of the boys stooped over him, picked up his hat an' covered his face with it.

"How was we to know that Curly Jim, stage robber, cattle thief an' gambler, was James Richards? Then after we knowed it who'd tell his mother? I 'low they was as nervy a set of men there as they was in any camp; men that could look over the muzzle end of a rifle an' meet your eyes through the sights without a wink, but they wasn't one of 'em with nerve enough to go down to that tavern, an' tell that waitin' little old white-haired mother who an' what her son was, an' how he died; no, sir, not one of us."

"How'd we get around it? Lied, sir; lied like hoss thieves, every man of us. Said we'd found out that James Richards had gone to California six months before; we got one of the boys to play his old pardner, an' he done it up handsome; told her all about it, an' how Jim was always talkin' of his old home an' mother, an' how, soon as he made a little more, he was goin' back home; was not goin' to get married, but to take care of his mother, that he would try his luck in California awhile, and then go back home. Told her what a great big-hearted feller Jim was, an' how everybody liked him. We all stood around an' upheld him in it, too. Well, the little mother cried some, an' then said she'd go back home an' wait for him. I tell you, we all done some fast swallerin' when she said that. We got action on her little trunk once when she was out of her room, an' I'll bet she went back with more money than she come out with. We went through his cabin, but they was nothing there worth saving but a little old Testament, with her name writ in it and her photograph, an' we thought it was best that them things went with him.

"That's why I ain't trailin' none now with posse comitatuses, not if I see 'em first," and old Paystreak drew his blankets farther back from the fire for the night.

IN THE PASTOR'S STUDY.

Layman—Doctor, why do you preach in such a loud voice?
Rev. Thirdly—Well, this church is a long way from heaven.

FRENCH CALLING COSTUME FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

Many of the reception and smart street costumes this winter are trimmed with white, but the white is covered with appliqué or trimming of some sort so as not to look cold and unseasonable. An especially smart gown of deep mauve cloth, equally effective in poplin or velvet, is made with the sheath-like skirt, flaring at the foot, full in the back, and long enough to touch all around. Around the foot is a broad band of white cloth or satin on which is an elaborate pattern of braiding, violet and black; below the white are three bias folds of the mauve cloth, and above it a very chic braiding. The waist, which is all of the white, is covered with the appliqué and braiding so arranged that the white surface shows to advantage; it fastens at one side under a straight band of deep violet velvet on which is braiding. Instructions for the cutting of this gown are given with the cut patterns issued by Harper's Bazar where it appears. The stock-collar and belt are of folded bias velvet of the deep violet; the sleeves are plain, with wrists finished with lace ruffles. Quite separate from the gown, but made to wear with it, is a collar of fur and lace. The muff of fur is tied through the centre with deep violet velvet, and has a lace bow fastened with a long buckle of rhinestones.

The hat is of steel-embroidered velvet trimmed with three black ostrich plumes, and under one side of the brim a full rosette of red velvet.

BEYOND THEIR LIMIT.

Ichabod—These prize-fighters talk mighty big about what they will do to each other.
Lubberly—I should say so, and I don't believe one of them could put my baby to sleep.

KNEW RED WAS IN IT SOMEWHERE.

"I thought you said he was a well-read man?"
"No, I said he was an Indian."

HOW WEARY WANDERER GOT EVEN.

1—Weary Wanderer—All right, Mr. Boodle, if ye won't help me I'll get even wid you ter night.

2—Now, den, I'll make dese tracks in de snow fer his wife ter see.

3—Boodle's Wife—How dare you, George? Look at those foot prints, and you told me only yesterday that you would never drink another drop.

WHEN HE BECAME EXPERT.

Old Vet—Boys, I bet I ken beat erry one uv you runnin', en I'm nigh on to eighty-four.
Little Alec—Hully Gee! you ort ter; you had practice in de war.

another physician, and he treated her steadily for a year without doing her any good. In fact, it seemed that she was continually becoming worse. He finally gave up the case as hopeless, and advised us to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her, as he said that they were the only thing that would benefit her.

"I procured a couple of boxes of the pills, and found that their use helped her considerably. She kept on taking them till she used about a dozen boxes, with the result that she was entirely well, and since then there has been no symptoms whatever, of her old trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly a wonderful medicine, which did a wonderful good in Clara's case, doing what several physicians failed to accomplish."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Children's Cute Sayings.

"One little child," said the Sunday school teacher, "can fill a whole house with sunshine." "That's so," shouted the smallest pupil. "Brother Willie pulled the window curtains down yesterday, an' mamma 'panked him good an' hard."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A little girl at Sunday school, being asked what it meant to bear false witness against one's neighbor, replied: "It's when nobody hain't done nothing and somebody goes and tells it."

A little 4-year-old girl, after hearing the story of the massacre of children at Bethlehem, and being much touched by it, asked: "Wasn't it selfish of God to save his own little boy and nobody else's?"

Grandpa—Don't get scared, Willie; the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump up and roar so. Willie (easily)—Oh, I ain't afraid of him, grandpa; papa's the same way when his meals ain't ready.—Tit-Bits.

"Does it overhang the river, Mr. Windsor, like they do in Collyrado?" "What do you mean, George?" "Why, sister said you was working the biggest bluff in the country."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Now, Johnnie," said the teacher, "tell me what an engineer is?" "He is the man that works an engine," replied Johnnie. "Correct," said the teacher. "Now, Tommy, can you tell me what a pioneer is?" "Yes, sir," answered Tommy; "he's a man that works a piano."

"Mamma, what is hereditary?" asked little Robby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for a definition suited to his years. "Oh, I know," he exclaimed. "You mean a spankin', don't you, mamma?"

Farmer Hopkins' Evidence.

He Tells About the Suffering of His Daughter.

A Victim of Nervous Prostration and Neuralgia, Saved After Her Physician Abandoned Hope.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.: While in the neighborhood of Rugby, Indiana, recently, a reporter was told that Miss Clara Hopkins, daughter of Mr. Dennis Hopkins, a prominent farmer of Bartholomew county, had been the subject of a remarkable transformation. The reporter decided to investigate and learn the particulars. He was driven to Mr. Hopkins' splendid country home, where he had an interesting conversation with that gentleman regarding the illness of his only daughter.

"You have been correctly informed," said Mr. Hopkins, "for Clara has indeed had a severe siege. She tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and they did her more good than all other medicines together that she ever took. A few boxes of that medicine accomplished the cure of a case in a few months which had baffled physicians for years.

"About three years ago her health began to fail. The doctor who attended her said this was caused by weak digestion. This produced nervousness, which was accompanied by neuralgic troubles, which at first was located in the nerves about the heart. Of course this was a dangerous location for any such trouble, and she rapidly grew worse, notwithstanding that the physician was treating her. This continued till a year ago last November, at which time she was almost constantly confined to her bed.

"The neuralgia became gradually worse, and finally she was a confirmed victim to it.

"Nervous prostration set in, and she was soon all run down. Her blood was impure and watery, and her complexion became sallow and colorless. She had no strength, and the least noise irritated her, she was so nervous. We had