***0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0**

His Peculiar Pleading For His Father's Life.

There were five men of us and a boy in the far western stagecoach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days. We called the boy Jim because his fa-ther did. We knew his father to be Colonel Weston, banker, cattleman and mine owner. The colonel wasn't a man to whom a strang would take at first glance, and even per four days of his as could say we liked company none ou came to study him w that he was revengehim. When ful and rele ess. The boy was frank, good natured, and you g to him as soon as you his big blue eyes. His age t 10, and he had wit and was about 10, and he had was knowledge beyond his years. We had ret 20 miles to go to reach the terminus, and the hour was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the coach came to a sudden halt as it toiled up hill. Next moment the driver called to us: "All you folks what don't want your

heads blown off had better get down and line up. We've been stopped by a We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from our fire. It seems cow-ardly when you read it, but to get

down and submit to be robbed was the wisest thing to do under the circum-Little Im was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the colo-

nel. I saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down. The robber had a double barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was and then advanced upon us. He carelessly into each face until gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble. The boy had no sooner looked into the road agent's face than he cried

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton-Mr. Pelton Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to you. Where've you been this long

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight."

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr.

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back in line and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice

was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your prompt ness in climbing down and lining up, and I think I'll let you off this time The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back. "W-what do you want of me?" asked the colonel in a voice which quavered.

"I'll tell you later," was the reply.

As the coach started on we looked out to see the three standing in the road. Little Jim still had hold of his father's hand, but had reached out the other and caught the robber's sleeve.

When we had gone 200 feet, the road turned and shut them from our view. At the disappearance of the stage the man turned on Colonel Weston and pointed to the hillside on the right and

"Move on that way. Jimmy, give me wour hand, and I'll help you along.' The white faced colonel entered the pines and held a straight course up the hill. Behind him came the robber and his son. The boy had been full of curiosity at first, but presently he was awed and frightened by the looks cast

Two or three years before he and Mr. Pelton had been great friends. Mr. Pelton had been manager for his father. One day there had been a bitter quarrel, pistols had been drawn, the heriff had rushed in, and Mr. Pelton ad fled to escape arrest. He rememed his father calling the fugitive s and of men being sent out to hunt wn. All this came back to him they followed the father up the and though he knew noth-'s vengeance there was a ber ordered the colonel to until they finally

could neither die nor go away until

had killed you."
"It will be murder—cold blooded r," replied the colonel as he fold-

ed his arms.

"If it was murder a hundred times over, I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's rave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from statice on a false charge? I'd kill you if 1,000 men surrounded me." The colonel was silent for a time. He

did not look at his boy, but past h The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after awhile to look at the robber.

There was another look strange to

him. It was a set determination to kill the look of a man who had hated and

"Take the boy away first," said the colonel with a touch of entreaty in his

"Yes; that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to de with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there? Well, go up there and see what is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go." The boy crossed over to his father in puzzled way, and the father lifted d him. When he put him up and kiss him down, he said to him:

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I'm awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him 'way off here? I was saying only a week ago that I wish'd he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?

Little Jim started off for the rock. was back again to say to the robber: "And I want you to make me a new water wheel, and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't

come back, I don't know what I shall "Perhaps I'll come back." whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Moth er told me if I ever met you I might peak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way to ward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the robber and quietly said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

'Yes; before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver. won't be murder, Colonel Weston. It'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive

vou?" The colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his eart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jim. Half way to the rock

tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death: waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedar-

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a mo ment. When little Jim returned, he found his father sitting as he had left

him and gazing into the woods. is it, father?" he asked. "What's the matter with you and

where is Mr. Pelton?" The man rose up slowly, took his boy's hand in his, and without a word in answer he led the way down to the

The Dry Battery.
The dry battery, so called, has almost completely supplanted the older wet battery for electric bell work, etc., on account of its greater convenience and lack of the disagreeable, sloppy Somebody has defined a dry battery as

one that is always wet inside and a-wet battery as one that often dries up. It is precisely so; the dry battery is permanently wet inside. It is generalmade up of a zinc cylinder or cup, in which is supported a carbon stick or rod, surrounded by some porous substance, such as "excelsior" or other fiber, mineral wool or plaster of paris. This is saturated with the active chemical, sal ammoniac generally, in a solution made stiff with gelatin. The whole is then sealed with pitch or some similar compound and is ready for use. ities and so cheaply that when one

mes exhausted it is simply thrown

kerchief into little wads and ropes, A HUMAN LIFE and he knew by that that she was dis-

A ship that throbe along in dire distress tracted about something. "I know you think I'm a silly to fee this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that some-body tried the kitchen windows while I

A bud that opens brilliant at the dawn, Flings sweet perfume a moment and is

A book whose pages turn with each new day Till time has read the tale and cast away. A mask worn till a passing play is done To cloak a wraith and hide a skeleton.

A lie, whose ghostly semblance is conce Till in a shroud its untruth lies revealed

A story that is told ere tis begun, A song that only whispers and is done

A thing that chains the lightnings and that st The deep, the elements its messengers. Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud That quakes at storms and trembles at a cloud

-----CIPID WITH A JIMM'

That comes and goes on wings unseer That grows to fill a grave and feed a —James Foley, Jr., in Bismarch

How a Husband Discovered Her Worth to His Wife. BY HELEN FOLLETT.

When John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore, no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two ecame engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical pose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was decided by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked

to the queen's taste. as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one sided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, eing selfish and possessing a thistledown intellect, fancied that it would ot do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up er nose—it stuck up of its own accord, by the way-and went her usual pace of bullyragging and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that-

what John thought didn't matter. But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world; but, strange to say, he was be coming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow But when she did realize it the blow was something fearful. It had been e had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think"

her opinion that even though she were to sell his best clothes to the rag man up some new Indian and bear stories to or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same-

faithful, adoring, enduring. One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went down town to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse nan that. Once in a great while when John's old vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old time tactics. Mrs. John would in return comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge John's heart would sink, and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers.

trips were his only dissipations.

his old friend were discussing some He went to the 'phone.
"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please? I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out, and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight. At home he found his wife sitting

curled up on a little settee looking your rheumatism?"

very much as she had looked when "No. I once ran for a political office very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and en- but that was before rheumatism had treated and kissed her into saying asserted itself."
"Yes." The was twisting her hand-

part of the officer of the watch

and Navy Journal.

body tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peeking out from behind a

and was peeking out from behind a window shade listening to a conversa-

tion that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat oppos telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house. "I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'm, I'll go through your

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocket book while she clambered from one

window sill to the other. Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the door below were unlike those eard when Hendrik Hudson played ninening in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shrick, such as the stage eroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window and with the helm of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the mat-

ter?" The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with, "The flat's een robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of bath robe go scooting through the library out into the hall and down the

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at

"John, what do you think? The flat has been robbed, there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen win-They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's sealskin. And the silver's all gone, and the houseoh, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes."

John continued to read his Spencer.

Silence of five minutes. "John," she spoke very softly. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here? John smiled sadly. "You won't go off on that hunting

rip, will you?" 'Well-ll-ll," he drawled uncertainly. "I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick or the baby or my grandmother's

set of china. And—I'm not a bit afraid when you're here—honest, I'm not."

John's chest swelled up. This was mething new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his evolver. Then he tried the dining room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled up as it did

vhen he was a lad at school. He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her

in the eves. She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she zy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head

and he'd never have known it.
"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I fill want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar scarer God bless the man that stole those things down stairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, but it's a mighty fine thing

for me." And they lived happy ever after or had for a week, as the burglary only took place that far back.

"Stupid" British Officers. The Duke of Wellington once declared that there was nothing so stupid as a gallant officer, and a correspondent of the London Times complains that while the British officers are as brave as brave can be they are mostly "stuout of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of Mrs. were his only dissipations.

ly kills anybody. It is otherwise with a naval officer. If he is careless or stupid, he will in all probability not only taken place 15 years back the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull.

He went to the 'phone. come to dismal grief himself, but will with him. An easy going colonel or general may tolerate shams in field days and maneuvers, but the admiral or captain who wants to sleep with some confidence that he will not be waked by a collision or a stranding cannot make light of neglect

"Did you ever try mud baths for

DID NOT CHASTISE HIS WIFE

"Mawnin, jedge!"
He was an old, undersized darky with He was an old, undersized darky with lips like a pair of purple radishes. He had a determined look in his eyes as he shuffled up to the desk at the police court the other day and doffed his hat with an air of old fashioned southern courtesy. "Good morning, Sam. What can I do for you this morning?" said the judge. "I jes' wants to inquish what a man gets dat done whip his wife."
"He ought to be hanged," said Justice Hall severely.

"But dat aim't what I wants to know, jedge. I wants to find out what de sentence o' dis coht am. Don't keer nuffin 'bout what he oughta git."

"Well, if a man was brought up before me charged with beating his wife I surely would give him the limit, and that would be \$50 and costs."

"But dispose a man had provocation, jedge; dispose he was jest folced to it, what would it be?"

jedge; dispose he was jest lonced to as what would it be?"

"If the provocation was very great, I might make it \$10," admitted the judge.

"Das all right, jedge; das all right, an I'ze suah willin to pay dat fer de privilege o' knockin thundah out o' dat ole 'ooman o' mine." The old fellow went down into the pockets of his ragged trousers and began to haul out dimes, nickels and pennies and pile them up on the desk before the astonished justice.

"What's this for?" inquired the judge.

"Dat's to pay my fine, jedge. I specs to be befol de coht tomawoh fer whippin my ole 'ooman."

my ole 'ooman."

The judge put the money into an empty tobacco bag and laughed quietly to him-

The next morning an old negro scarcely recognizable as the one who had been in the day before edged his way up through the crowd of prisoners before the judge's desk. He had one arm in a sling, an eye bound up and court plaster crossed on different parts of his countenance. With the well hand he carried a cane to steady himself, as one leg was sadly in need of

His name was not on the docket, but he watched his chance and caught the judge's eye. "Mawnin, jedge."

"Mawnin, jedge."
"Good morning, Sam. Did you carry
out your evil design of yesterday?"
"No, sah, jedge. Dat's jest what I'se
come to tell you about I'ze done changed my min' about whippin my ole an I'ze come to git my money back. De ole 'coman an me has done made up. Dah she am, jedge, dat la'ge, han'some lady in de reah o' de coht."

in de reah o' de coht."

He pointed to a colored woman that weighed in the neighborhood of 300 pounds and stood nearly six feet tall, who displayed a double row of ivories as she smiled broadly.

smiled broadly.

The judge gravely handed the old negro the bag containing his \$10. He said nothing, but watched the old fellow force his way painfully through the throng to his waiting better half and deposit the bag in her outstretched hand. Then she took him by the well arm with a not too gentle grasp and led him out into the

The Evolution of Signs.

Emblematic signs, consisting of tools and utensils of trade, are of a primitive origin and became a necessity in the early ages to inform the illiterate public of the particular business or occupation carried on within. Thus a gilt arm wielding a harmone informs us where the guidbaster particular business or occupation carried on within. Thus a gilt arm wielding a hammer informs us where the goldbeater lives, and the sign of the golden fleece was the emblematic sign of the draper and tailor. One of the signs originally used exclusively by apothecaries was the well known mortar and pestle, these being implements for compounding drugs.

The ancient custom has not been entirely abandoned, and numerous emblems, such as the watch, the boot and others, are still in vogue in many of our large

are still in vogue in many of our large cities and more especially in the small towns and villages almost everywhere. towns and villages almost everywhere. At a later period, as art began to advance and develop, there came a gradual and growing demand for pictorial signs, which ever since have become very popular and almost indispensable. Afterward came the inscriptive or written sign of today, which is the adopted standard all over the entire world.—New York Times.

Gladstone's Levity. While Mr. Gladstone interested his audiences immensely by his endless flow of animated remarks and brilliant historical criticisms, he failed altogether to convey to them the sense of great ness. Every one left his society pleased, amused, perhaps delighted. cannot imagine anybody quitting it impressed with reverence. There was in deed a levity sometimes observable about him which was very antagonis tic to reverence.

Dr. Martineau himself told me how disappointed he was when, meeting him after his great return to power, he said to him, "What an opportunity you have for the great work before you-the consolidation of the empire!" Mr. Gladstone shrugged his shoulders and said: "Oh, I don't know about that The clerks in the colonial office have got too much to de already."-Contem porary Review.

Hired the Press Censor. The average newspaper man is usu ally about as quick witted as the next one. This was pretty well illustrated when the Chicago Record was placing its foreign correspondents. George Ade was sent abroad by Victor F. Lawson

for that purpose. Ade did all right until he got into Servia. There he found all the newspaper men in jail for political offenses. He was in a quandary, so he cabled to Mr. Lawson: "Newspaper men all in jail. Press censor very strict."

Lawson promptly cabled back: "Make press censor correspondent."
And Ade did it.—Inland Printer. al worth \$250,000 one

little 25

once in their history as a na-Spanish achieved a naval that was at the battle of in 1571, when, with the aid Venetians and Genoese, they anni-

rter of a mil-

there .-

the point im-

hilated the Turkish fleet. The greatest troubles in life are those which do not happen.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's"

assurance of health. For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Blood Purifier—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." Mrs. Henry Wall, Clinton, Ont.

Strength Builder—" Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." David McGeder, caretaker, Colt Institute, Galb. Ont Hood's Sarsapartla

Never Disappoints Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and mly cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparille

Dr. Clarke's Wise Dog. The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke used to tell this amusing story of his

dog:
"At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was conwary to my wishes. So whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay o attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He ertinent manner, the reason evidently eing that he knew he was doing what was wrong and did not like to be found little on my nearsightedness in his

Why It Needed Revision "To whom do you intend to give the villam's part?" asked the dramatist. "Walker, of course,"

"What! That stick?" exclaimed the dramatist.

"He's the only one available," explained the manager. "Then give me back my play," said the dramatist.
"Surely, you don't intend to with-

draw it," protested the manager.
"Oh, no," answered the dramatist.
"I only want to revise it. The villain isn't killed off until the last act as it



Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be STREAKS twenty

older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair

may always be restored to its nat color by us

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops fall-ing of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

\$1,00 a bottle. All druggists. "I have been using Ayer's Hair igor for over 20 years and I can eartily recommend it to the public s the best hair tonic in existence." heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence." Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON, April 24, 1899. Ector, Tex.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address,

Occk's Cotton Root Compound