GOING WES

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\*2.36 a. m. L. .. Express ... \*1.11 p. m. \*3.32 p. m. ... .. Express ... \*1.05 a. m. \*Daily.

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‡ Daily except Sunday; \*Daily.

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Pasquale," with unusual care and
walked off the stage perfectly satisfied,
pausing at the wings to listen to the
applause. To his utter amazemen'
there was not a sound of approbation.
He strode into the dressing room muttering that he would not respond to an
encore; he would refuse to sing another
song. Still the house remained silent. song. Still the house remained silent.
"No," he cried to those about him; "I refuse to sing again. I refuse to respond to the encore."

Barbagelata, who was more clever

than the ordinary servant, humbly approached and said:

"Signor Brignoli, you sang that like an angel. The people could not appreci-

The old fellow nearly wept.
"Barbagelata," he exclaimed, "give
me your hand. I did not know you were such a musician. Taglianietra. I must introduce you to Barbagelata, my servant," turning to "Tag," who stood near by. "He is a great musician. He appreciates my singing more than all those fools' \$100 REWARD, \$100.

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**PASSING** 

By CURRAN R. GREENLEY Copyright, 1902, by McClure's Newspaper

Through the long hot summer Miguel's tepee had stood in the little grove of stunted mesquite a few hundred yards from the gate of the corral. It had been a long drought, and the cattle grew thin on the brown wisps that should have been tender grass.

John faced the situation as best he

could, but he growled and grumbled through the scorching days and tossed in restless sleep through the sultry, endless nights. Rusty Pete swore louder and drank deeper, while Miguel prayed to his "Lady of Guadaloupe" to send the cooling rains, making sundry promises the while that were writ in water.
Bright Eyes, lazy and shiftless as

ever, lounged in the open door of the tepee, while the papoose, now past the swaddling blanket, tumbled around her feet like an overgrown kitten.

Down in the corral there was the rattle of the dice. John made it a point never to interfere with the men so long as their games were orderly, and there were many idle hands on the Aloho just then.

Pete lounged in a corner of the men's quarters by himself. The battered old



MIGUEL SPRANG ACROSS THE OPEN, RUST!
PETE AT HIS HEELS.

face had grown more sphinxlike than ever. Grim, silent, as if weighed down by some tragic secret, he kept to him-self, and the boldest among the Aloho outit did not care to question Rusty

There were many traditions of himthe ride through the night to save the neck of Miguel, when it became a ques-tion of his own life before the dawn; the strike at Jose's, where he had made the stand and driven the drink maddened crew into the corral and there held them until the fumes of bad whisky and pulque had passed. Herein came a part of the mystery. When Jose had endeavored to thank him, Pete had floored the whole crowd by sonnel of Jose's ranch. And the most startling feature was that in his excitement the vernacular of the border slipped aside and he spoke in the cultured tones that betrayed the college bred son of the east. He had never for gotten his mask since.

Pete rose and turned toward the south, his lean body at "attention," like a statue, a full minute, his eyes fixed upon the southern horizon, "Fire! Fire!" The shrill cry brought the mass of men swarming from the corral, and the air was full of exclamation and question. Pete stood still, one bony hand pointing toward the horizon, where a misty blue haze was seething up. John, roused from his siesta, came sleepily lounging across the patio. One look, and he yelled to the men; "Get to the plows! Every man to his pony, and God help us to fight it!"

Inside the corral the ponies were tethered. As one man the eyes of the whole outfit turned toward them, the purpose of flight written on their faces. Then Pete sprang forward.

Then Pete sprang forward.

"Men of the Aloho, there's no use in playing the coward. You ean't get away, and if you could you would have to leave the women. If we can't save 'em, we can die with 'em. The first man that turns his pony to the north won't need no pony."

This dictum was delivered without the quiver of a muscle in his quiet, even voice, and the men knew Pete.

Round and round, in a widening circle, they drove the ponies lashed to the plows any fashion—cow pony, buster, thoroughbred, all strained and tugged alike as the plows turned the hard baked soil, and the blue line, that was now a fiery serpent curling its length over the crest of the mesa, approached even nearer.

nononononononononon | and fought away from the plows and the blinded men that still forced them

> Closer still. The long file broke, and the ponies galloped into the corral, there to huddle in a frightened bunch. The plows were left where they fell, and the men staggered toward the and the men staggered toward the house. Then a shout went up, and they stood still peering through the smoke. The door of Miguel's tepee was thrown open, and Bright Eyes, with the papoose clinging to her skirts, stood in the doorway. The woman must have slept through all the din and only awakened to her dancer. din and only awakened to her danger when too late. For a moment there was an awful silence, broken only by the roaring of the fire that was hardly ten yards away from the tepee, which stood just without the plowed line.

Then a long tongue of fire shot out toward the canvas wall and licked greedily up to the roof pole. With a savage yell Miguel sprang across the open, Rusty Pete at his heels. Over the plowed ground the men sped. Mi-guel had reached Bright Eyes and was struggling back, when Pete yelled, "Where's the kid?" Too late. The fire had wrapped the canvas walls in a sheet of flame, and the little brown baby was nowhere to be seen. Then, before the eyes of those who would have held him back, Rusty Pete plunged through that blazing doorway. It was all over in a minute. A dozen men had reached him when, blind and staggering, the papoose under his arm, Rusty Pete fell in the new made furrows.

Overhead the clouds had formed unnoticed in the human vortex that surged below, and as the wall of flame reared its crest as if to leap across the stretch of plowed land the very heavens opened up. Down came the blessed rain in sheets, and the thirsty, fire

cursed earth laughed in very joy.

All over. But in a darkened room Rusty Pete lay dying. He was suffer-ing greatly, but toward the last became conscious and, beckoning to John, whispered something. John turned to the boys that lined the room, the dark faces heavy with grief. "Boys, he says 'Goodby,' and don't forget Pete. He wants to be alone with me.'

They filed out slowly, with many a backward look. Outside Miguel sobbed and cursed in a breath at the stold Bright Eyes, whose carelessness had brought Pete to his death.

Rusty Pete lay still a little time gathering strength for the effort; then he reached out his hand. "Alleyne."
John started. The tone belonged to the man he had not known. "You have been very patient with me, and as the tide of a useless life goes out we are man and man. There is no excuse for the past, and I will not burden you with my history, but when I am under the ground mail the picture to the address that you will find at the head of the letters. Those you can bury with me." John took the little package from Pete's breast, and Pete went on:
"There is nothing else. But will you
write a short letter and tell her how I write a snort letter and tell her how i died—not," with a bitter attempt at a smile, "how I have lived?" After that he was still for a long time. The gray dawn lay over the fire scarred mesa like a kindly pall, and as one long, rosy arm shot across the sky Pete sprang from the bed. "Harvard! Harvard! Rah, rah, rah! The crimson wins!" He fell back on the pillow. The shadows came down on the great dark eyes, and Rusty Pete had "passed."

In his book, "Bar, Stage and Plat-form," Mr. Herman C. Merivale, whose father was permanent undersecretary for the colonies and one of whose uncles was a rival of Niebuhr in scholarship, tells of an amusing experience of another uncle of whom the world has

heard little.
This Mr. Merivale was a thorou giving Jose a talk on the folly of keeping barrels of whisky in easy reach of such devils as the compound of Indian and greaser that made up the perpurchased a country place, intending personally to supervise the crops. To this end he asked advice of a bucolic friend, a man of many acres, who com-plied and began with the kitchen gar-

"Now, look at these," said he. "You have a fine crop of these. First you must do so and so in July, then such and such things in September, and next year there will be something to

"Quite so," assented Mr. Merivale politely. "But I must begin at the beginning. In the first place, what are

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" gasped the country gentleman.
"Haven't the faintest idea," said Mr.

Merivale cheerfully. "These are—potatoes!" his friend re-plied, divided between amusement and amazement.

Two Texts.

Two stories are told in Harper's Magazine of ministers' stumbling on texts of a humorous personal application.

One was a very young minister, having charge of his first church and preaching a series of sermons on the life and utterances of St. Paul. The last one of these was given just before last one of these was given just before taking his leave, and during his absence he expected to take unto himself a wife, his engagement having been announced. After turning over the leaves of the Bible thoughtfully he said, "I invite your attention this evening to these words of the great apostle, 'I am ready now to be offered up."

The other minister was a widower who had remarried within a year after his first wife's death. His friends and congregation thought him very expeditious, and on the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could

now a nery serpent curling its length over the crest of the mesa, approached even nearer.

The smoke grew stifling. The whole world was ablaze, long fingers of fire that crept out and pointed the way for the vanguard to follow, closer and closer, until the murmur grew to a sayage roar, and the ponies screamed ditious, and on the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could scarcely control themselves. He rose in his place in his pulpit and said, "My beloved brethren, you will find my text in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, "Our light affliction, which is for the message and the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could scarcely control themselves. He rose in his place in his pulpit and said, "My beloved brethren, you will find my text in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, "Our light affliction, and on the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could scarcely control themselves. He rose in his place in his pulpit and said, "My beloved brethren, you will find my text in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, "Our light affliction, and on the next Sunday, when his text was announced, they could scarcely control themselves. He rose in his place in his pulpit and said, "My beloved brethren, you will find my text in the seventeenth verse of the fourth chapter."

A Busy Official.

Our host was showing us through his hub. In one room we found a haggard nan, surrounded by a score of steno-raphers, typewriters and messenger-

graphers.
"I am going to the Flipp Theater to see the new burlesque," announced another new-comer.
"Boy," ordered the haggard man, "run out to Mr. Smith's and tell his wife that he will not be home to-night, because he has to attend to a perplaying education. has to attend to a perplexing column of

"Now on earth that you ever get now of such an ingenious man?" we asked. "Oh, it was easy," said our guide. "He has been married aix times."

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THOMAS SOULLARD Office lately occupied by Edwis Bell, Victoria Block.

GOING RAST

boys.
"I am going to sit into a little game of poker," said a club member who rushed into the room.
"Send word to Mr. Jones's house that he is detained down town to pass judgment on an exhibit of pictures," said the haggard man to one of the stenographers. T E WABASH BAILBOAL CO.
NG WEST EAST BOUN GOING WEST 

"I am going to attend a quiet little wine-supper," whispered a third new

"I am going to attend a quiet little wine-supper," whispered a third new-comer.

"Send a note out to Mr. Jobson's, saying that he will be compelled to endeavor to find that perplexing balance to night," ordered the haggard man.

"Who is he?" we whispered as our guide drew us on.

"He's the official excuse-inventor," explained our guide. "It's a new idea of ours, to have our excuses for absence from home of such a nature that they may be said to be absolutely true."

As we left a club attendant hurried in and said:

"Mr. Buffer got into a little fight down street and won't go home until his blacked eya is fixed up."

"Send word to Mrs. Buffer," ordered the excuse-inventor without a moment's hesitation, "that Mr. Buffer has accepted an invitation to witness a demonstration of applied art."

"How on earth did you ever get hold of such an ingenious man!" we asked.

"Oh. it was easy." said our guide. "Ha

When a man finds he holds the bal-ince of power there comes a feeling of importance which is apt to lead him

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