

## How Old Man Haines Lost Patience.

The red gentleman with the feathers in his hat and the telegraph wire bracelets became too impudent in his demands for cigarettes, and as he had been detected in the act of appropriating a wooden handled skinning knife, valued \$1.50, five minutes before the post trader walked around the counter and kicked him energetically out of the store and half way around the hay corral. It spoke volumes for the post trader's activity that he was able to do this, for it is no easy matter to keep within kicking range of a properly scared Crow Indian, for the distance that he covered, to say nothing of performing the act itself. Therefore the post trader was breathless when he returned and had to lie on the counter with his head on a bolt of pink striped calico to recover himself. The old bullwhacker, who had been watching the race from his seat on a nail keg, with a grin on his wrinkled mahogany visage, complimented the advance agent of commerce on his achievement.

"I wuz suthen of a foot racer myself when I wuz younger an' limberer than what I am now," he said, "but I dunno that I ever seen the time that I could have done better than that. I'm regardin' it purely as a physical feat, however. I'm not sayin' that you showed a strikin amount of judgment. When Young Man Afraid of His Breechcloth has got knotted up with green rawhide an' the squaws are fixin' the fire for the grand barbecue, maybe you will regret your peripatetic activity an' cuss the day that you humbled the proud spirit of the noble Injun warrior. Is this shebang insured?"

"You was never introduced to me," rejoined the post trader. "I've got a half inch of callous on the soles of my feet, an' I come into this country from the headwaters of Bitter creek along of J. W. Hancher an' Ed Phernett on the rest of them desperados. I've got relatives by marriage among the Crows an' Ogallalas, an' I've drunk more alkali water an' eat more dog an' buffalo berry than any white man this side of the big Minnesota. I didn't bring my outfit in here in the spring of '90. What did you expect me to do—give that greasy, tin tagged coyote my stock of cigarettes to keep him good tempered?"

"An' if you had you wouldn't have forfeited his friendship," returned the old bullwhacker. "As it is I've got an idee his heart is bad, an' he won't come an' see you no more. An' Injun has got his feelin's the same as a white man has, an' I reckon you would get hostile if any hombre booted you from blazes to breakfast because you ast him fer the means of soothin your nerves. You injured that Crow in a sensitive spot, Ike."

"I done my best to," said the post trader.

"He may belong to the Badface band an' have hair in his tepees," continued the old bullwhacker in the same grave tone of reproach, "but at the same time he's a human, an' as a human it's your play to extend the right hand of fellowship to him instid of the sole of your number nine. Hain't they got no Sunday school liberies out on Bitter creek? Hain't you never read about the settler who found a poor, starvin' redskin out in the snow plum exhausted an' took him inter his shack an' fed him up a whole lot an' warmed him an' then turned him loose with a grub stake, an' when the Two Kettle outfit exhumed the tomahawk an' raised merry Cain scalpin an' burnin through the paleface settlements an' the good hearted granger was raked in the Injun that he had saved sashays in an' rescue him from a turble death?"

"I've read them stories," said the post trader.

"But you don't believe 'em," said the old bullwhacker. "You ain't sanguine concernin the good that there is in your fellow man. If you git a bad deal, you decline to chip in an' lay down your hand instid of callin fer cards an' drawin to the ace."

"I don't draw to no two spot in the hope of completin a flush."

"Well, my the'y is that there ain't no galoot so low down but if you treat him with kindness an' keep him close he'll show the good that's in him. Did I ever tell you about old man Haines an' Gus Minnick? Well, it goes to prove what I wuz a-sayin. Old man Haines lived out on Blue

creek apiece above where it empties into the Platte, opposite the mouth of Ash Hollow, where Harney cleaned up the Sioux. He wuz jest about the most benevolent old duck that ever ripped up tough sod with a helky, corn or bulis. Long sufficin wuz'n no name fer him. He had two boys that wuz jest like him, an' his ole woman wuz worse'n he wuz.

"One fine, cloudy evenin Gus Minnick an' Todd Blakey comes along an' rustles ten head of old man Haines' ponies an' wuz hikin south with 'em when they met up with a crowd of Injunit strangers who were driftin back down Prairie Dog into Kansas after an on-succesful pursuit of some north bound boss thieves. The boys had too many brands in their bunch, an' one of the strangers reckoned Blakey, so they tied their feet under their horses' bellies an' headed fer the nearest timber. They give Blakey the first swingin in an wuz adjustin the grass rope to Gus' neck when old man Haines comes up with his biggest boy, Arch. They had been hot an' close on the trail all the time.

"As soon as they explained who they wuz an' identified their ponies, the boss stranger allowed that there wuz'n no reason why the ceremonies shouldn't proceed, an' he throwed the other end of the rope over the limb.

"Why," says the old man, "you hain't got to hang that poor boy, air you?"

"I reckon I am," says the boss stranger, cheerfull an' gay.

"I don't believe it helps a man to hang him," says Haines. "You jest give him up to me, an' I'll take him back to the ranch with me an' surround him with moral influences an' keep him out of bad company. He's got good in him, an' I'll bring it out of him an' make a useful citizen of him."

"Well, the long an' short of it wuz that he begged so loud that they let Minnick go, an' old man Haines started back with him. On the way he talked to Gus like a father, an' told him how wrong it wuz to rustle cayuses when he could get 'em himself by workin honest fer 'em. He made Gus a present of the ten that he had stole as a starter an' offered him good wages to work on the ranch.

"Gus staid there fer two months, an' then he got inter a argument with the biggest boy about breakin a colt an' slot him up an' lit out. Old man Haines wuz real provoked about it, but he jumped on a horse an' put out fer Minnick an' overtook him at Box Elder. As soon as Gus seen him he throwed down on him with a Winchester, but the old man told him to behave himself an' quit monkeyin with firearms.

"I sh'd think you'd seen the evil of them sort of actions after killin Henry," he said.

"Did I kill him?" says Gus.

"Yes, you did," says the old man as severe as he knew how. "An' I sh'd think you'd be ashamed of yourself. I don't wonder you feel as if you didn't want to look me in the face after such actions. All the same, I don't want you stragglin off where you'll get inter bad company, so you jest come right back home with me. We've got to have them colts broke, an' we're short handed now."

"Well, Gus knowed how forgivin the old man wuz, an' he went back, an' they all avoided the subject of Henry, so's not to hurt his feelin's. He staid on a month longer, an' then because the old woman burned his cakes fer him he brained her with the skillet. The other boy told him that that wuz'n no way to do, an' Gus got mad an' massacred him with the butcher knife an' then set fire to the house an' lit out.

"When old man Haines got back an' found out what had happened he said that it wuz enough to make a man lose patience, but he wuz sot in his ways, an' he said that he would make a good citizen of Gus in spite of hill an' high water. So he went out after him again an' coaxed him back, an' everybody said that Gus was a changed man from that time forward, as meek as Moses an' honest as the day."

"Are they livin there together yet?" inquired the post trader, with some interest.

The old bullwhacker took a large chew of tobacco before replying. Then he said: "I wuz hopin you wouldn't ast me that question, becuz it might seem to millerate against my the'y. The truth is that the old man sent Gus to town one day, an' Gus come back with a jug of whisky fer himself, but he forgot the old man's smokin tobacco. The old man said that it showed selfishness an' ingratitude on Gus' part, an' he allowed that he must be poor material anyway, an' he had done the best that he could with him, but that settled it. They wuz standin by the woodpile at the time, an' the old man had the ax. I come along jest in time to assist at the funeral.

"Still I never took the old man's view. I reckon that Gus jest forgot."—Chicago Record.

**Good Advice Hard to Follow.**

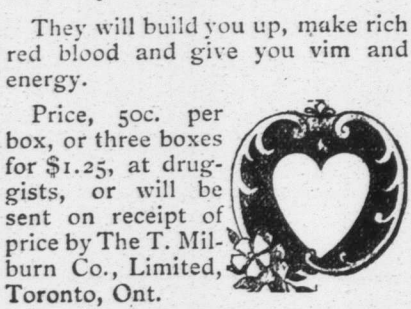
Extreme worry comes from trying to bear all the cares of a lifetime at once instead of letting each day's evil be sufficient unto itself. If we could live our whole life in a few hours, it might be consistent to think it all over in one night. There is no past, there is no future, for doing or accomplishing. The present time alone is for action, and the order is and always will be one thing at a time. This one thing must be done on the instant in whatever circumstances we find ourselves.

Not that we should be forgetful of the past or careless of the future. The

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former has been our faithful schoolmaster; the latter holds for us the issues of life. That we may act intelligently in the present it is essential for us to look forward as far as the future can reasonably be predicted, but not to worry.

A degree of anxiety may be founded upon facts that point almost inevitably to future difficulties, but a large part of the forecast of trouble is groundless, as is proved when things do not turn out as expected. Overanxiety is always crossing bridges before they are reached, and it will stay awake all night borrowing trouble from the remote future.—Chautauquan.

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## MOTIONS OF THE HANDS.

**How the Railroad Ticket Seller Reads Character in Them.**

A ticket seller at an "R." station announces himself by wrenching the hand-thrust into his little window; not as a palinist would, studying the shape, the length of fingers or the joint measurements. The motions of the hands interest him.

"Do you see that woman on the platform?" he asked. "I'll bet she's a close one. How do I know? Why, she's been coming to this station for years. She never offers more than a dime and puts out one finger and at the same time tells me in a positive tone 'Just one.' She holds on to the time in a lingering way, as if she hated to turn it loose. I know she gives it a parting squeeze. And she snatches the nickel I slide out as if she was afraid some one else would try to get it.

"The impatient man is standing just behind her. I'd like to live with him. He flings his money at me as if it burned his fingers, reaches out for his ticket and claws at the window ledge if I delay a moment. Then he rushes it up and runs through the turnstile. No, it is not because he is in a hurry. He always does the same way if there isn't a train in waiting distance.

"Then there's the generous man. He throws down some money, doesn't wait to count his change and is off. I sometimes forget the change and leaves it. Once he gave me a dollar, got his ticket and rushed to the train. I saved the 50 cents for him, and next time I saw him I gave it to him. But he pushed it back good naturedly and said: 'Oh, never mind! Buy my baby some more.' With it and give her my compliments, she's got an honest daddy."

"The timid woman puts down her change in a hesitating fashion. "And the careless woman—she waits until she gets to the window to hand her change. Then she dives down in her pocketbook and fumbles about, pulls out samples and truck and sometimes drops her nickel after she succeeds in finding it and has to look all over the floor for it, while the people behind fume and fret. There's generally something the matter with her gloves.

"The cautious woman gives everybody the filmbags. She takes out her money deliberately and insists on handing it to me with precision, which she accomplishes by gingerly putting her thumb and forefinger through the little hole in my window. When I give her the change, she counts it carefully, sometimes twice over, to be sure there is no mistake, and she never seems aware that she is blocking the way. She is never in a hurry, and if a train or two go by while she is getting this matter straight that doesn't worry her. Her maxim is one thing at a time, and she prides herself on not making mistakes.

"Another character in our business is the man who has a good sized bill. He looms up just as a train is approaching, and the line behind gets as wildly excited as if that was the only one for an hour. It takes some time to give out the change and for him to count it, but he manages to catch the train every time. People behind him don't. That's where the trouble comes in.

"Then there is the transfer fend who asks a hundred questions about how to get to a certain place, and then goes over the same conversation with the gateman. What has that to do with hands? Nothing, except that I've been at this stand

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## THE WRITERS.

Mr. Paul B. Du Challa has announced that he will go to Russia, probably, this spring, and gather material for an important book upon the condition of the czar.

Thackeray's daughter is writing again, a series of essays this time dealing with charming but forgotten books. She calls them "Blackstock Papers" after the good fairy in her father's inimitable little tale, "The Rose and the Ring."

While Mascagni was arranging for the simultaneous production of his new opera at six Italian cities he spent 20 successive nights in railway cars. He was unshowered and looked the worse for wear and generally unkempt—not quaint, however, for it seems that the composer is decidedly fat, so much so that he grows weary when twisted about his corpulence.

Jeremiah Curtin of the bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, widely known as the translator of "Quo Vadis," has returned to this country after a tour of the world, in which he closely studied an interesting Mongol tribe known as the Borjats, who, to the number of 200,000, inhabit the country to the west of Lake Baikal. Mr. Curtin says Steniewicz will soon issue in English a sequel to "Quo Vadis."

On the occasion of the queen's death Sir Edwin Arnold, who owes his title to the royal favor, contributed a seven column obituary notice to the London Telegraph. It was a creditable feat in journalism, worthy of the best traditions of fast work and a finished composition. Whether he is composing love lyrics to Musme maidens in Japan or turning Buddhism into verse or writing prose against time the aged author is equally facile and versatile.



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