

RED MOUNTAIN NUPTIALS.

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

When the westbound stage drew up at Crawford's that April afternoon, a solitary passenger alighted—a tall, strong-featured young man, who carried himself with an air of determination. Billy Crawford, lounging in the doorway of the barroom, languidly smoked a stubby clay pipe, looked at the arrival critically. He noted the man's face, the chalky whiteness of his cheeks, the dark rings under his eyes, and the gaunt hollows in his cheeks, which made the cheek bones glaringly apparent.

Billy had seen many such arrivals before. Generally, though, they lacked the combative look of this man's bearing seemed to suggest; they were prone to wear a tired, hopeless, often frightened look. Generally, too, they went back in a few months by the stage again—in a long box on the trunk rack behind.

Billy was mentally figuring how long it would be before this one went back in such fashion, when the young man strode briskly up the steps and accented him.

"Are you the proprietor here?" Billy "reckoned" he was.

"Accommodate me here?" The young man shouted out his questions with no waste of words.

"How long?" said Billy, removing his evil-smelling pipe.

"As long as I like the place," said the other; "maybe all summer, maybe a year, maybe longer."

Billy thought to himself, "Maybe four or five months at the most," but he said, "Guess so," replaced his pipe and, pecking up the vulgar slang of case, led his guest within.

From behind the closed blinds in the second story of the little red-shack stage station which Billy Crawford had christened the "Red Mountain Inn," someone else had watched the arrival of the stage, and that someone was Araminta Crawford, Billy's daughter. She saw the determined-looking man with his almost defiant air and his pale, sunken cheeks. As her father was showing the way upstairs, she noted the man's spasmodic cough, and her heart was filled with sudden pity at the thought of his coming to that deserted corner of the world to die, for despite the reputation of the climate of Red Mountain district as a healer of damaged, breathing apparatus, Araminta had seen the long boxes on the trunk rack too often to put much faith in it.

At supper time the young man was the sole guest in the smoky dining-room. Araminta was waitress as well as cook. When she came into the dining-room the guest fixed his eyes upon her. She was good to look upon; dark, well formed, with a fullness of figure and an unstudied ease which youth and life in the open air had given her.

Crawford came into the dining-room for a moment to inquire concerning his guest's comfort. He indicated his daughter with a wave of his hand.

"My daughter, Minta, Mr.—er—Mr.?"

"Deming," the guest supplemented, turning to the girl. From that moment Jack Deming dated the beginning of his recovery.

In the days that followed, Deming saw much of the girl. He found her frank, unaffected, good-hearted, yet with a keenness of mind which accorded all with the narrowness of her surroundings. Her father and the men who came to the inn were gross and coarse. Aside from the old negro woman, who assisted about the place, there was not a woman within twenty miles.

Yet the girl was womanly, quiet and possessed of a native refinement and a frankness which Deming found irresistibly charming.

The weeks flew past and Deming improved. He was much in Minta's company, and the more he saw of the girl the deeper grew his interest in her. He showed her his diploma from Yale and told her of his life in the world outside, while she listened eagerly for every detail. They walked together

they fished in the stream at the back of the inn; they set up a target and tried their rifles, and the girl proved to be a far better shot than he. Meanwhile his lungs mended, and he developed a very common form of heart trouble, of which Minta was the cause. There could be but one ending to it all. One October night Deming sought Crawford, who was smoking sleepily in the deserted barroom. Deming made known his intentions, and Crawford came suddenly from his somnolent mood and swore roundly.

"No," said Crawford, "Minta marry a consumptive—a tenderfoot consumptive. No, sir, she is going to marry the son of old Jones, who runs the stage route. That was arranged years ago. He's got money to burn and nothing the matter with his lungs."

Deming turned angrily on his heel and left the room. Outside in the moonlight he met Minta, who laughed when he told her of the interview, whispered a few words into his ear, and then ran swiftly into the house.

Late next afternoon, when the stage drew up at Crawford's, Deming stood on the porch saying good-bye to Billy. He thought swiftly into the house.

"No hard feelin', I hope," Billy was saying.

"None at all, I assure you," Deming replied, with a twinkle in his eye, for behind Crawford's back he saw Ed Dempsey, the stage driver, helping a woman into the coach.

Twenty minutes later after the coach rattled off towards Red Mountain, Billy called his daughter.

"Minta! he belloved through the house. 'Where in tarnation is the girl?'"

"I done seen her getting into the stage, suh," said the colored girl, twisting along below. Deming and Minta, looking down the bluff, caught sight of a solitary horseman riding madly along the rocky path. Deming leaned out of the window.

"Crawford's coming up the trail," he shouted. "It's Ed in your pocket, Ed, if you land us at Madison Flats ahead of him."

Dempsey let out his team until the coach rocked and swayed, and the only other passenger, a thin, nervous man, clutched the seat and gasped.

Then they heard Ed shouting to the team. The pace slackened as he set brakes hard. Instinctively Deming opened the door and pushed Minta before him. At the same moment there was a crash, the coach toppled over, and he found himself pinned beneath the other passenger, who could not move.

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he caught sight of the Wilson family and stopped suddenly.

"Come here to the fence, Jim," called Mr. Wilson, cordially, as he advanced with outstretched hand. "Let's have an end of this thing. I'll change my poultry yards to this side of the house, or you change yours to the other. We can easily fix things, as there won't be any more trouble."

"And that Carlo of yours is too good a dog to be kept on one side of the fence," responded Mr. Wilson, heartily. "My boy Ed's been mooning for him the last six months. Can't you all come over to supper?"

"I guess so; can't we, wife?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Wilson, hugging the baby close; "but tell Sallie not to put herself out any."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

VALUABLE QUALITIES OF PEANUT FLOUR

Found To Be a Splendid Medicine and a Nourishing Food.

Wrapped in its somewhat uncouth casement, there is in the common ground pea a storehouse of medicinal and food products. Chemistry is unfolding its values. When the Caesar of Russia, a few years ago, had his armies fed on a preparation made from the pinder or ground pea, at once wholesome and palatable, with economy as an additional point of merit, the entering wedge was driven which has since been opening an increasing public appreciation of the value of this humble farm product.

Germany saw it, and today the Kaiser's army is served regularly with bread and porridge made largely from the peanut. German chemists, under the direction of the Government, have been for some time endeavoring to extract from the pinder a substance which would be a substitute for the ground pea for service in concentrated, palatable liquid form.

Some time during 1901 Dr. D. H. Ramsaur, then of Rome, Ga., conceived the idea of an elixir of peanuts as a soda antacid beverage, but all his experiments proved to be failures, for the reason that, while he did succeed in making the elixir, it would not mix with water so as to form a pleasant drink. In January, 1902, W. B. Nether, Ph. G., formerly of Canada, became associated with Dr. Ramsaur, and opened a laboratory in Anderson, S. C., and continued to pursue these experiments with the same end in view.

In what he calls "peutering," he has an elixir which contains a large percentage of the medicinal and food properties of the pinder, and is capable in all proportions with carbonated water or plain water, and at all temperatures. One part of the elixir to seven of water affords a most delicious draught.

The pinder contains oil, starch, gluten and many other chemical compounds. None of these is readily assimilated by the system until they have been digested. To aid in this process the pinders are first cooked, then digested by a chemical process similar to that used in the manufacture of malt, but slower and more thorough than that which goes on in the stomach of the human or other animal.

The next step is to segregate the digestible from the non-digestible portions. The digestive agents employed are pepsin, pancreatin, diastase, hydrochloric acid and others. The excess of hydrochloric acid is removed by the use of sodium carbonate, which tends to support the indigestible fats and forms with the hydrochloric acid common salt, which goes to the bottom, while the soapy substance which is insoluble rises to the top and is easily skimmed, or may be removed by means of a centrifugal machine.

Now we have the good juice ready for incorporation into the elixir. This juice of itself is a most palatable, but in order to be rendered palatable, requires only to be combined with tasty, palatable aromatics. But the greatest care must be taken to preserve; for while there are many tasty flavors there are few that are entirely reliable. In these days of synthetic chemistry one scarcely knows whether his pineapple extract came from the fruit or from the laboratory of some chemist. Only the purest extracts are safely used, and the most important employed in the manufacture of pinder is derived from the pinder itself.

Aside from the juice obtained by the digestive process above described there is also obtained in this latter case from the roasted pinder an extract of high medicinal value. Together with the medicinal and food properties of the pinder, it is incorporated into the elixir, and is an active builder of tissue, the most important addition to the elixir. The strength of the system, and its power to resist contagious diseases depends largely on the percentage of white corpuscles present in the vital fluid—Scientific American.

HERE IS PROOF

That Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Will Cure Indigestion or Dyspepsia of Any Stage or Standing.

"I had dyspepsia for over nine years. I tried the best doctors in the place and never got relief. I had to starve myself from eating. No tongue can tell what I suffered."

"I bought six boxes of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished taking them I could eat most anything and sleep comfortably, which I never expected to do in this world."

This is the statement of Mrs. James Bradley, of Smith's Cove, Digby Co., N.S. It is but one of thousands that prove beyond a doubt that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure indigestion and dyspepsia of any stage or standing. Proof like this is worth more than all the theory in the world.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets not only relieve, they cure to stay cured.

ARE YOUR CORNS HARDER TO REMOVE than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

The country might be happier if all legislators were forced to boil down each of their speeches to a single paragraph before delivery.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

The world makes advancement through individual Cains learning how to do things. "You are a Caine," says my brother's keeper.

THE HEALTHY glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Grease. An external rub, it is an effectual medicine.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RING

The Love Story of a Splendid Turquoise.

Life of a Frenchman in New Mexico Given for Treasures Gleaned for His Sweetheart.

Since his return from Mexico, J. C. Thompson, district passenger agent for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in Chicago, has been wearing a ring set with a stone of wondrous beauty—a pure, perfect turquoise of unusual size and brilliancy. It has excited no little comment among connoisseurs, and the expert who set the stone asked whether it was obtained. Behind the story lies the tale of a sudden flush in the turquoise mine, and with pleading in his eyes begged "monsieur" to "grubstake" him.

"I'll do it," De Mulles; how much do you want?" was Mr. Thompson's answer.

The little Frenchman threw down his razor and hugged his visitor, lather and all, in his delight.

Three long months, alone in the mountains, going from rock to rock, from crag to ravine, higher, even higher up the jagged sides of the Orgaños, picking up a pile of stones, and looking fiercely into the pieces for the bright gleam of the turquoise, and then one day he appeared again in Las Cruces, half starved, ragged and with torn, gauntured hands.

He had strength enough left to find Mr. Thompson. "I almost had him," he cried. "I was almost there, and if the fool, he not give out, I brought back the turquoise. Send me once more, monsieur."

Mr. Thompson outfitted the half crazed man, and promptly forgot all about him. He reached Las Cruces again six months later, and had hardly established himself in the town when De Mulles rushed up to him. "I have a turquoise for you," he said, and he soon learned the language and became known to all the travelers and tourists.

The young Frenchman was smiling and happy, rolling out in soft accents the bars from a love song, regardless of heat and dust and other Mexican discomforts. He saved his small earnings that he might one day return to the land of his birth and to his widowed mother. Wals & Co., dealers in Navajo blankets, Mexican drawn work, opals, and topazes, sent many a customer to the sunny young barber.

The dark eyes of a Spanish senorita peeped from under her drawn veil at De Mulles one day and his song grew more tender and dreamy. Sometimes he would break off in the middle of a bar—in the flow of his dreams.

Inez Merriam lived with her father in one of the best adobes in the village. They ranked above the barber in station, yet the soft eyed Inez watched for his passing to and from the shop and listened for his song with quickened heart beats.

De Mulles realized the passion he had aroused in the girl's breast almost as soon as he recognized his own deep love for her. Then, before the acquaintance was hardly begun, the senorita's father swept down and forbade the barber to cast so much as a glance toward his daughter. She was, he affirmed, affianced to Senor Vilque, a Mexican, owner of many fine horses, and whose chief accomplishment was his excellent man-handling.

Poor De Mulles submitted in outward meekness, but grieved secretly, and then told his troubles to the men he shaved.

50 Tablets for 25 Cents At Your Druggists

Two Dumb Peacemakers.

There had been a coolness between the Wilsons and Bakers almost from the time they began to raise chickens for market. It was not on account of rivalry in trade—oh, no—they did not care for that, but just because the chickens ignored such obstacles as boundaries and fences.

As the cause of complaint was the same on each side of the line it would almost seem that the two families might have called things even. But the trouble was just this: Wilson kept his hens on the east side of the house, and on the other side of the line fence was Baker's vegetable garden; Baker kept his hens on the west side of the house, and just beyond the line fence was Mrs. Wilson's flower garden. Now, Baker did not care for flowers, and Mrs. Wilson could not see any point of comparison between a few of his chickens scratching among Mrs. Wilson's plants and his own choice vegetables being over-run by Wilson's hens. On the other hand, Mrs. Wilson could not understand why a few chickens in Baker's "old cornfield" should make her keep silent about the destruction of her beautiful flower garden.

Under such circumstances there was nothing for them but open rupture, and this was strengthened and extended by the ostentatious aversion of the girls and the open hostility of the boys.

In the Baker family this member who objected to the one member of the family with the whole strength of his grievous little heart, and in the Wilson family there was another who ignored the little heart and in the Wilson family there was another who ignored the little heart and in the Wilson family there was another who ignored the little heart.

Ed Baker was a pale, fragile little fellow of 9, who depended on a pair of spunk-crutches for support. Carlo Wilson was a chubby, brown-faced Newfoundland of 4, who delighted in a wild race across the fields or a hilarious scamper among the squawking fowls. Baker the feud they had been devoted friends and companions; now they gazed at each other from the adjoining yards, one with silent wilderness and the other with impatient bark.

Sharing Ed's affection with Carlo was a high-spirited Black Spanish rooster, which was the lame boy's own special property. Hidalgo, as he was called, had evidently many ideas that were above the common run of poultry yards, and among them was a habit of standing on one foot and listening intently whenever the piano was played, and of keeping the front yard clear of intruders. He and Carlo were under a treaty of peace, but to all other dogs he was a terror. Fear was unknown to him, and on several occasions he had attacked tramps with such fury that they had retreated with hands before their eyes.

Back of the Wilson-Baker house was a will swamp, broken by rough ridges and briar thickets. Small game was abundant here, and not infrequently the boys killed a rattlesnake, and even a coon. Carlo often accom-

panied them, and against his New-England nature, came to the aid of the considerable interest in hunting.

One afternoon two of the Wilson girls took their baby brother down to the lower end of the lot for a romp on grass. Ed Baker was sitting on his back steps watching them. One of his brothers were in the swamp, and Carlo Wilson was with them, for he could hear him barking. Hidalgo had been picking contentedly about the yard, when suddenly he uttered a note of defiance and drew directly toward the fence to Mrs. Wilson's flowers. But even this did not appear to suit him, for after a little desultory picking he started intently toward the girls.

Before he reached them there was a call of "Carrie!" "Mary!" from the house and the girls ran in, leaving the baby cooing on the grass. They were only gone a few moments, but when they returned Hidalgo was springing up and down near the baby, his feathers fluffed and his eyes blazing like a vortex of fury. The girls screamed and then stopped with white, terror-stricken faces and came rushing out, and what he saw made her state and baby with a cry of horror. Then her husband appeared from somewhere behind the house.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he called.

When he reached the scene Hidalgo was smooching his feathers with strange, exultant, little chuckles and gurgles, and on the ground before him lay a huge rattlesnake dead.

"Ugh! what a monster!" cried Mr. Wilson. "Who killed it?"

"The rooster!" gasped Mr. Wilson, fearfully. "He saved baby's life. I'll never show him again—never! He can live in my flower beds after this if he wants to."

Exulting voices were now heard approaching through the swamp, and presently the two Baker boys emerged from the briar thickets into their yard, with Carlo bounding beside them.

"Oh, father!" they heard one of the boys call, "we've got the coon that's been catching our chickens. Carlo killed him."

"That so?" cried Mr. Baker, as he came hurrying down his steps; "then Carlo's worth his weight in gold." That

was a high-spirited Black Spanish rooster, which was the lame boy's own special property. Hidalgo, as he was called, had evidently many ideas that were above the common run of poultry yards, and among them was a habit of standing on one foot and listening intently whenever the piano was played, and of keeping the front yard clear of intruders. He and Carlo were under a treaty of peace,