# Brown Bess

"I WISH I could sell Brown Bess," said Susy Ross, rinsing the dishes she had just washed.

"Oh, Susy!" cried her brother.

"What in the world do you want to sell Brown Bess for?" her mother asked, looking up from the dough she was kneading.

"I could go to the academy, mother, for two more terms," was the answer. "Then, perhaps I could—get the school at the Corners."

"Nonsense, Susy. I need you to help me," her mother said. "Keeping school is a thankless business."

"It's money," said Susy, "and I do long to help myself, and you, too. Money will do everything that needs to be done."

"Yes, that's a fact," spoke up Tom, "and there's lots wants to be done. I'd like to clear that five-acre lot for potatoes and corn, but I can't do it."

"And the house wants shingling," her mother said, plaintively, her careworn countenance taking on another shadow.

"The front door's got a crack all the way across," Tom spoke up again, "and there ought to be a fireplace in granny's room. Then there's the barn; it's all we can do to keep the hay dry."

"I know all that," said Susy. "I know the house is getting to be a scarecrow, and the barn is worse, and that's why I want to be earning. As for the shingles, I should think you could put them on yourself, Tom; yes, and mend the roof."

"Where's the shingles?" Tom asked, in his matter-of-fact way. "Where's the nails? Where's the hammer? The old one is broken past mending. And where's the money to get them with, I should like to know?"

"Sure enough," said Susy, "unless I could earn it. That's why I want to sell Brown Bess."

"And if you do sell her you won't get much," Tom said. "She's so full of her tricks—the craziest colt I ever saw."

"I'm more and more afraid to have you ride her," her mother said. "But if you should sell her, there's the mortgage to be paid in October."

"If I sell her," said Susy, quietly, "it will be to finish my education."

"That's always your cry," her mother went on, in plaintive tones; "no matter what's needed; but I s'pose we must give in. Bad as the roof is, it shelters us. What would we do without a house over our heads?"

"I'd sell the cow, too," put in Tom.

"And then grandma would just about starve," the mother supplemented.

Susy turned away from the table, angry and grieved, but she said nothing, only ran upstairs to her own room.

After helping her mother about the house she donned her sunbonnet and ran into the barn. Tom was rubbing down Brown Bess, whose bright, glossy coat shone like satin.

"Much as I can do to take care of her," said Tom. "She wants a regular groom who would break her of her nasty little tricks. See how she throws her head up, and look at her eyes flashing fire. Are you going to the store? Mother wants sugar and molasses and vinegar—and I've got to go in the field."

"Yes, I'm going," said Susy, "though I dread it, the bill is so large. If I sell Brown Bess that's the first thing I'll pay."

"That and the mortgage," said Tom. "Well, I'll saddle old Dick."

Susy mounted to the back of the slow old cart horse with gloomy forebodings. It was a warm September day. Even in the midst of her anxiety the beauty of the ride to Hillston soothed and delighted her. Every detail of the way was familiar to her, yet when she came to Silver Ledge falls and saw the white spray leaping over granite rocks and dancing among tiny islands she stopped old Dick and sat enjoying the scene as if she had never beheld it before.

"Good morning," a voice said behind her.

"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, with a start, "I didn't hear you coming."

"No? The falls are so loud. I saw you at the bend and followed. Going to town?"

"Yes, Charlie," she made reply, and in spite of herself her voice held a curious tremor.

"You're worried over something," he said, the keen lover's eyes noting the shadows.

"Yes, Charlie, a little—the same old trouble. I want to set things to rights—and—it's hard work," she said, in a low voice.

"I knew it. Why won't you leave all these matters and come with me? The house is waiting for you—and so am I. Susy, darling, make up your mind."

He held out his hand, a look of unutterable love making his rugged face beautiful.

"If father had only lived," she said. "But you know it is impossible now. Charlie. I can't leave mother—not yet—and I must finish the course at the B—— academy, and keep school at least a year before I get things straightened out."

He gave a long, low whistle, then urged on his horse, but stopped again till Susy came up with him.

"You know I'll wait for you, Susy, as long as you say, but it's rather hard on me, as I'm forehanded and ready to marry. Susy, come, make up your mind. My house is a large one. I'll take your mother and granny. Tom can run the old farm, and—"

"What! Let you support me and the family, too? Never!" and her eyes flashed. "I would never permit it."

"Well, Susy, I've declared my willingness to help you, if only you would let me," said Charlie, "but, since you won't, don't look so sad and worried, my darling. It's worth serving and saving for seven years if I can only win you at last for my wife."

"Oh, Charlie!" she said, brokenly, "your love is priceless. Only be patient."

"I'll try, and keep on hoping," he said, and they parted at the store.

The grocer met her with a smile. Everybody liked Susy. No girl more genial than she under ordinary circumstances, but to-day her face was clouded, her manner preoccupied.

"Mr. Lee, I have made up my mind to sell Brown Bess," she said, after getting the things she needed. "Do you know anybody that wants a horse?"

"Dear me! Going to sell Brown Bess! Well, I was thinking of buying a young horse for my Alice. Is she safe for a girl of ten, do you think?" the grocer asked.

Susy grew pale. She had not anticipated a question of that sore, but she answered, after a moment's indecision:

"She is fond of taking her own head sometimes. No, Mr. Lee, if I find it hard to manage her, she would never do for your little girl."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that, Miss Susy," said the storekeeper. "But I know a man who wants a spirited horse. What would you sell her for?"

"I leave that to the purchaser," Susy made answer. "Papa paid $75 for her more than a year ago, and I wouldn't want to take less than that, for I need the money very much," she went on, "and if you will be so kind as to take an interest in the matter—" She stopped, her eyes wistful.

"Why, of course I will," the grocer responded. "I'll send my boy to your house with the groceries, and he can bring the horse back with him. If anything is done in the way of a sale I'll let you know at once."

Susy thanked him and went on her way home. As she came in sight of the house, an old-fashioned, two-story building, where dilapidation was rendered picturesque by a profuse growth of ivy that covered the front porch and much of the exterior walls, she felt more comfortable as she thought over her prospects. In imagination she had her mother quite reconciled to all her plans, her school life assured and all things going on swimmingly. For who knew but Brown Bess might bring her $100, she was so spirited and handsome?

Work and home seemed brighter. The grocer's boy came for the horse, and though it was hard parting with the pretty creature, Susy, in expectation of results, bore the separation bravely.

"Can't we take a little of the money you get to shingle the roof?" her mother asked as the horse was led away.

"I hope so," Susy replied blithely.

"And you still think of going to school? Ain't you too old?"

"I'm not 18 yet," was Susy's answer. "Many girls go to school till they are 20."

"And there's clothes, to think of, dresses and bonnets and shoes."

"Oh, they'll be provided," Susy said, with a little laugh.

"An' winter's comin'—an' it's two or three miles to the 'cademy," her mother went on, each time throwing a more plaintive cadence into her voice. "Tom's clothes are terribly patched, an' mother needs flannels. I ain't so young as I was once, but I ain't sayin' anything about myself, on'y it's kind o' hard to spare you," and the lines in her mother's weak face deepened.

"Mother, I wish you could see it as I do. I must go to the academy," Susy made reply. "It's the opportunity of my life. But I tell you what I will do. If I get $100 for Brown Bess I'll divide even. Fifty dollars would go a long way, wouldn't it?"

"Well, yes, $50 would get everything we need," was the reply. "But you're never goin' to get $100. You'll be more than lucky if you get $50.

"Well, mother," said Susy, desperately, "if I only get $50, I'll divide even. It will be $30 coming in every month if I only get the school."

"I don't see's there's any chance of that," said her mother, with a woe-begone face.

Day after day Susy waited, but no word came about Brown Bess. Tom declared that he believed there was no prospect of selling her, but one day Charlie Grant drove up to the house, his face fairly beaming.

"I thought I'd bring you the news," he said, as he came in the bright living-room.

"Have they sold Brown Bess?" Susy asked, her voice trembling in her excitement to hear.

"Well, yes—that is, if you'll take the price they offer," Charlie made answer.

"Oh, I hope it's a hundred," said Susy.

"A hundred!" laughed Charlie. "Is that what you value her at? Lucky for you that I was in at the bargain. That horse will be worth thousands of dollars before long. The man who bought her trains horses for the race course. He has discovered remarkable qualities in Brown Bess as a trotter, and is willing to give you $1,000 for her."

A thousand dollars! Susy stood for a moment like a statue; then she flew into the kitchen, where her mother was making the daily batch of bread, exclaiming:

"A thousand dollars, mother! we're rich! Brown Bess is sold for a thousand dollars! You won't have to work hard this winter. Tom can get two suits of clothes if he wants them, and buy the five-acre lot. Grandma can have all the fire she needs; the roof shall be shingled, the mortgage paid off and—and—"

"What am I to have?" Charlie asked, as she stopped, out of breath, he having followed her into the kitchen.

She turned round, and, blushing beautifully, held out her hands. He clasped them both and drew her to his bosom.

"What do you think of this, mother?" he asked of the glad-hearted woman at the bread pan. "Susy is to be my wife."

"Why, I think it's a good deal better than keeping school," she said.—Waverly.

# NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

**Dolliver Appointed United State Senator From Iowa—Fatal Double Duel In Texas—Crime Runs Rampant Sunday At Dallas.**

Governor Shaw of Iowa has announced the appointment of Congressman J. P. Dolliver to be United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John H. Gear. The appointment runs to March 4, 1901. The legislature does not meet in regular session till 1902, and Dolliver's appointment is likely to be renewed to run until his successor is elected.

A Chicago packing house has received an order from the Russian government for 6,000,000 pounds of "beef on the hoof" to feed the soldiers of the czar in China. It is the largest order of its kind in the history of the Chicago meat trade.

Two small children of Charles Zunker were killed by a bolt of lightning during a thunder storm at Milwaukee, Wis.

Former Justice of the Peace Wilkerson, the alleged leader of the mob that lynched the three Humphries in Henderson county, Tex., in May, 1899, and J. A. Johns, Sam Hall and John F. Haddis, the remaining defendants, pleaded guilty at Palestine, Tex., to murder in the first degree and each received a life sentence in the penitentiary. The action disposes of all the Humphries lynching cases, eight in number. Each defendant received a life sentence.

General Baden-Powell, according to a dispatch from Pretoria, dated August 23, headed off General De Wet, preventing his junction with the main body of the enemy. De Wit abandoned his transport and took to the hills, his commando dispersing, some trekking south. Baden-Powell rescued 100 British prisoners at Warm Baths August 22, and captured 21 Boers and a German artillery officer.

Thomas Sharkey was knocked out completely in a prize-fight at Coney Island by Robert Fitzsimmons during the second round.

In a freight train collision at Kensico, N. Y., seven persons were killed and others are missing. So far as can be learned the accident was caused by the engineer of the second train running past a block signal that had been set against him. The engineer was William Sangerback of New York, and his fireman was John Cassidy of New York.

In a double duel in Polk county, Tex., a quarrel over family affairs, Gabe and Cicero Copeland were instantly killed and John and Charles Baker probably fatally wounded. The men battled at 20 paces with rifles.

Claud Barbee stole a saddle near Mescalero reservation, in Lincoln county, N. M., and started for San Andreas mountains. A young man named Hamilton pursued Barbee, overtook him at Rhode's ranch, in Eastern Socorro county, and was shot six times by Barbee. He died instantly. Barbee escaped to the mountains. Sheriff Pat Garrett, the officer who killed Billy the Kid, is on the ground and has started with Deputy Williams of Las Cruces in pursuit of the murderer.

Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries have been matched to fight at an early date.

Thieves stole $5000 worth of gold from the assay office of the Jay Gould cyanide plant at Helena, Mont. The amalgam was red hot when taken, having just come from the furnace.

Crime ran rampant Sunday at Dallas, Tex. John Bonner and Clement Long emptied their pistols at each other and James Daniels, a disinterested bystander, was mortally wounded. James Boston stabbed Jennie Lepaw in the eye, destroying the sight. Cause, jealousy. John Thrasher struck a small boy and the latter's brother stabbed Thrasher, inflicting a fatal wound. Gus Roebel, a saloon keeper, committed suicide by shooting. John Albert, a contractor, fell in the street from excessive heat and died in a few minutes.

A mob of excited Italians attacked L. B. Harlow and a friend at Hausser Junction, Wash. The friend was killed Harlow was badly injured and his life is despared.

A number of small race roits broke out in New York Sunday. The direct cause was the shooting of John Brennen, a white messenger boy, by a negro. The boy will probably die. Aside from this bruised heads was the only damage.

Sunday passed quietly at Akron., O., after the riots of the week. The militia was withdrawn Monday.

Matthew Hunter, aged 19, and Joseph Moreno, aged 16, were drowned in Toost park lake, Kansas city, while boating. They tried to change their seats and the boat capsized.

The British admirality is buying large supplies of American coal for use of the home and the Mediterenean fleets.

Fire burned the government experiment station building at the state university at Reno, Nev. It was a two-story structure, with basement. The contents were partially saved. The loss cannot be ascertained, but it is pretty well covered by insurance.

Reliable grain dealers from all parts of Indiana have collected statistics showing that the total yield of wheat in the state for the present year is the smallest for many years, and not exceeding 8,000,000 bushels against 25,000,000 to 40,000,000 several years in succession prior to 1899. The crop is a practical failure, there being but little more than enough grain raised for seeding and leaving a shortage of 1,000,000 bushels.

Dr. W. D. Turner, a wealthy physician of Pasadena, is under arrest at Chicago, and may be charged with murder. During a ride on a crowded car he became enraged at a man and they exchanged blows. The man was knocked from the car and very badly hurt.

Fishermen on the Nehalem river, Or., went on a strike recently, demanding 75 cents for large salmon, 25 cents for silver sides and ten cents for chums. The strike at Tillamook bay is still no, and there is no indication of a settlement.

A local vineyardist of Sanger has contracted his second crop of grapes to the Alma winery at Reedley for $15.50 per ton, while another has just sold 30 tons of selected Malagas at $30 per ton. Owing to the erection of quite a number of large wineries in Fresno county during the past year there is an increased demand for grapes, and the competition among the buyers is without a parallel in the history of the wine industry.


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## SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

P. of A.—Court Mt. Pitt No. 24, meets in Foresters' Hall every Wednesday at 8 p. m.
G. W. STEPHENSON, Chief Ranger.
I. L. PURDIN, Financial Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 83, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
J. R. SHEARER, N. G.
J. H. STEWART, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 8 p. m.
D. T. LAWTON, C. P.
W. T. YORK, Scribe.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 98, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend.
MRS. ETTA SHEARER, Rec. Sec.
MRS. MARTHA WELLS, N. G.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets first Friday on or before full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall.
N. L. NARREGAN, W. M.
W. V. LIPPINCOTT, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Talisman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome.
EUGENE ORR, C. C.
S. E. COLE, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend.
S. S. PETZ, Commander.
W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W., Degree of Honor—Rather lodge No. 56, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month, at A. O. U. W. hall.
MRS. CARRIE M. CROUCH, C. of H.
MRS. DELIA DODGE, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 98, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m in their hall in the opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend.
J. W. LAWTON, M. W.
N. L. NARREGAN, Recorder.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 99, meets every Friday evening in Adkins-Deuel block, Medford, Oregon.
W. H. MEEKER, C. C
JOE SHONE, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle, No. 84, Women of Woodcraft.—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Woodmen hall. Visiting sisters invited.
HASSIE WEBB, G. M.
ADA M. MILLS, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Corps No. 34 meets second and fourth Monday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited.
MRS. J. H. WHITMAN Pres.
MARY E. REEVES, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47 meets in Woodman's hall every second and fourth Monday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting Comrades cordially invited to attend.
D. R. ANDRUS, Com.
F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Wednesday in the Hailey Block.
ADDIE HALLEY, Pres.
MRS. MAY COX, Sec.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets every Friday evening in Woodmen hall.
JOHN M. ISKEW, Pres.
S. S. PETZ, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Beames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Thursday's of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers always welcome.
MRS. MARY E. REEVES, W. M
MRS. HATTIE GORE, Secretary.

## CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Saint Marks Episcopal Sunday School meets at Episcopal Church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; divine service every first and third Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Chas. Booth, Rector.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. B. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., H. L. Gilkey, supt. Class meeting every Sabbath at close of sermon, Levi Faucett, leader. Epworth league every Sabbath evening at 6:30, O. Faucett, prest. Regular weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Ladies' sewing circle every week. Missionary society meets the first Friday in each month.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. Haberly, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society at 2:30 p. m., Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock

Baptist church—Rev. T. L. Crandall, pastor. Sabbath services: Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 10 a. m.; B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; covenant meeting at 2:30 p. m. on Saturday preceding first sabbath. Strangers and friends always welcome.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and I streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7. p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Junoir Endeavor at 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Ladies Missionary Auxiliary to C. W. B. M. first Thursday 7:30 P. M. each month. Choral Union every Friday at 7:30 p. m. The people welcome. O. J. Gist pastor. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. E. F. Wilson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; Epworth League, prayer and praise meeting each Sunday at 6 p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock; Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Thursday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. E. B. Pickel, president.


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