## The Tables Turned.

ARD TALBOT sank wear-ly upon a fallen tree. The blanket swung from his aboutder by a rawhide thong fell into a forked limb. His rifle alld for-ward on the ground. Streams of perspiration Streams of

Streams of perspiration down his dusty face. He was ummit of a mountain, and a behind receded to a valley stent, densely woodsd, pro-lient, primeval and untubati-shimmering river wound A shimmering river wound igh the distant trees, and Tailsit led as he looked back upon it. inys before the river had lured from one of these summits in the of placer diggings. He was now ming, unsuccessful, half-starved net

deer suddenly appeared before not two hudred yards away, near op of the divide. It was visible dief aganst the luminous sky. ling on a small flat rock, with feet wed and head thrown sideways, way slert. The miner attered an thent orr. He had near not head curiously alert. The miner attered an impatient cry. He had seen not loss than thirty deer within the last four hours and had not a single cartridge left for his rifile. One hand quickly sought the revolver hanging at his belt, but he shook his head and sban-doned the impulse. His mouth watered as the deer bounded off. Not since morning had Taibot tasted food, and it was now 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Resuming his blanket and empty t was now 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Resuming his blanket and empty tile, he soon gained the narrow sun-parat crest and rejolced to behold gain the Okanagon valley, the plant rown buttes against the eastern hor-non, and the mighty, snow-chal peaks of British Columbia towering far to the north. For Ward Talbot was one of that adventurous band who first pen-strated the reservation of the Moses fadians in Washington territory when thrown open for settlement. Sinewy and strong was Talbot, a

thrown open for settlement. Sinewy and strong was Taibot, a young man of robust health and shrewd witz. He wore brown over-alls and blouse, with a revolver and light prospecting pick thrust in his beit; and as he stood beneath a tang-led fir, his boots in a mat of partridge berry vines, and the pendent needles trembling against the edge of his brown canvas hat, a look of perplex-ity crossed his frank and manly face. He had come over at an unexpected ity crossed his frank and manly face. He had come over at an unexpected angle and could not quite place his surroundings. A few stops farther and the charred top of a tall burnt pine rose to view. Simultaneously the young miner's face brightened. He found himself not five hundred feet from one of his own claims, the very first one he had staked out, and which he had never visited since the day he located it. The marget corner stake ocated it. The nearest corner stake was directly below him. The tents of orse-shoe camp were in sight two lies away, and an hour's walk would ke him to his own hut and coffee-

Oulte different was this northern shows. On this northern side he animal off the rock. Dashing for-struck at once soft earth and a carpet vegetable mould by quick-melting snows. On this northern side he struck at once soft earth and a carpet of thick pine grass, down which he strode noiselessly toward a barren spot where boulders projected from the ground and a white stake showed. This was made of cotton-wood, rudely squared by an axe, and upon it was penciled:

Stake Southeast Corner Post, Quarts Claim, Pillar of Fire, Located by Ward Talbot ' May 25th, 1886. in three days. Mose had not the horse and the proposed therefore was never consu-but evidently the gambler i but evidently the gambler now as-sumed ownership of the claim and was "salting" it for some speculative pur-poses, planting in the soil, fight of rich quality, which would give an inex-perienced person false opinions of the value of the ledge above. Talbot drew back and delliera

He had long since grown weary of the artifice and cheating prevalent amon miners, and was half disposed to cal miners, and was half disposed to call out and forbid any trespass on his property. But curiosity prevailed. He remained sileut and took a position where he could peer down occasion-ally upon the workman. He watched the care and craft with which the

allow in it hurset in the care and craft with which the fragments of ore were strewn through the soil, the skill with which the earth the soil correct the surface, washing off all the pick marks, and all traces of his moe-casined feet. This done, the willy trick ways seak, pick-axe and frying pan to the pack-saddle, elimbed into that uneasy sack, pick-axe and frying pan to the pack-saddle, elimbed into that uneasy seat and went off down the mountain with his rifle across his lap like any hones the prospector returning to camp. As soon as Mose was safely away, Talbot went below and discovered at once the full scope of the scheme. At the base of the bluff Mose had uncov-ored a ledge of syenife and sliver-bear ing rock ten or tweive feet wide, out of which he had picked several bushels of ore of very ordinary quality, now lying about on the edge of the chasm. Among this he had scattered ore of a higher grade but of similar formation. trought from the outside, in the hope that it might beguile some buyer into paying a good price for the claim. It looked to Thibot like a flimsy fraud. not likely to impose upon any person of intelligence. He went forward to his center stake. of silver to the ton." He went forward to his center stake.

Ipon a stone at its base still lay the baking powder can in which he had left his location notice—a method used in exposed places where paper, if nalled to a stake, would soon be destroyed by wind and rain. He found the notice

wind and rain. He found the notice untouched within, and strode back scornfully up the hill. As Talbot returned once more above the boulders and turned the corner to-ward the rocky walls, he met four deer unexpectedly, face to face. Springing forward promptly, the youth stamped-ed them into the passage way. With eager excitement he plucked his re-volver from its holster and fired. A doe fell. The others dashed back des-perately through the sinoke, passed him, and vanished over the divide. Advancing toward the fallen deer,

him, and vanished over the divide. Advancing toward the fallen deer, Taibot reflected with disquiet that Mose Tannin would hear this shot, per-haps turn back and discover his recent espial. When, therefore, the wounded deer staggered to her feet and stood olding up one limp fore-leg shrinking rom the stony verge, yet not daring

take the only path of retreat toward

and followed after. Near the center he did so the numerous deer tracks made in the wet earth. As the ground would set hard in that high altitude before the next noon, these tracks must accessarily help to hide Mose Tannin's transfers. rick

lests, mounted his pinto and the

his way through the bushes, soon found him in a mook among the boulders. Here, to Word's surprise, A rough little furnace had been built of flat stone, is which a fire was rearing. A blow-pipe, hammer, crucible, and phinis of acid hay on the rocks. Evidently a rule assay had been made of the ma-terials gathered. Mr. Claypool stepped into sight, hold-ing tiny scales in his hand and about to make record with penell in a pocket tablet. He started in confusion when he met the youth's honest gaze. Ward at once judged him to be a profressional man, or a druggist or chemist, for his complexion was pailled and his hands dainty and whits. "Well, you don't find much high ore, I reckon," sail Taibot with the freedom common to the frontier. "There's none here." Mr. Claypool appeared much offended by this blunt inquiry. He was a thin, slim, middle-agred man of cold and re-served manners, having a very crafty face. He looked at the young man steraly. "We This chain is not worth five cers. The nightly camp fire reared before Ward Taibot's hut and shed 'ts genial rays far into the recesses of the quak-ing asps, while the youth spread before his partners in a farewell banquet the choicest viands obtaiuable. His com-rades passed the sooty coffee pot with merry words, and their grissled leader sid as he which and a fresh can

rades passed the solty conce pot with merry words, and their griazie-i leader said, as he whipped open a fresh cau of potted ham: "I'm gind you'r going back to the farm, Ward, with the stake you've got, it's better for you. I'd ike to return to civilization myself, but an old miner like me can't change. You've had a queer piece of luck, and the best of it is, you were square and true yourself from first to had, and those two greedy sharps played their little game to your advantage. It isn't often that minug tricks are such a benefit to honest

steraly. "No. This claim is not worth five dollars. It will not assay ton ounces

Whereupon he slipped his uterails into a value which he slung to his shoulder, strode scross to his horse, and rode away without further com

and rode away without further com-ment or attention. Taibot was much initated by this peremptory withdrawal, but relieved to know that the stringer had not been deceived by Mpss. He was puzzled, however, when he looked at the bits of mineral left from the assay. They were deeply marked with yellow chlor-ide stain, and he know the ore ex-amined must have been rich in mineral so that the conclusion of the chemist seemed to be a strange one. He was ghal he had escaped any base tempt-ation to try and sell his claim himself at a high price on the strongth of Mose Tannin's misrepresentations, since the acumen of the visitor would evidently have folled the attempt. He started off across the hills cheerily with a clear conscience and a light heart.

heart. All that afternoon Stymer chafed un All that afternoon Stymer chated un-easily behind his bar. Mose Tannin had come in with Mr. Claypool, and the two sat by the tables, trying to close the bargain. Mose demanded three thousand dollars for the Pillar of Fire. Mr. Claypool now refused, de-nounced the claim as a more ordinary nonneed the claim as a more ordinary prospect of unknown value, and even began to collect uis baggage prepara-tory to departure on the stage the next morning. Stymer, long experienced in the mines, set them down for a pair of sharps, and understool their games. He devined that Mose had "salted" the claim. He had peered into the strang-er's baggage, by which he conjectured that Mr. Claypool, although fresh from town and ignorant of the ordinary mining tricks, had picked up a smat-tering knowledge of assaying, and had of John H. Decker's, and he and Squire Bingham concluded it would be a good place to the up for the night, and they did so. John H. Decker was one of the best judges of horseflesh in all this region of good judges. In the course of the afternoon he walked out to look at some horses his uncle had in a field, and among them saw a young mare which he fell in love with. He tried to give her a close inspection tering knowledge of assayinz, and had come unto canup hoping by stealthy tests to find some valuable claim which he could obtain for a low price. He shrewdly judged that Mr. Claypool be-He tried to give her a close inspection but he couldn't get within gunshot of her, she was so wild. Still he had so much admiration for the mare that

the next morning at the breakfast lieved the prospect worth a hundred thousand dollars, and was affecting able he said: "Uncle Johnny, I'll give you \$250 for thousand dolars, and was aresting doubt and trying to make Mose think it worthless that he might buy it for a nominal sum. Meantime, where was Talbot? Why was he not here man-aging the bargain himself? Toward nightfall the matter was conhat wild mare of yours." Johnny B. sneered at the offer. He said the mare was as worthless as she could be, but money couldn't buy her. he was known all over the country as ensed. Mr. Claypool with great show

Decker's worthless mare. Johnny B's good wife was anxious that he should get rid of her. To help the matter along she put it on the score of re-lationship. of reluctance at last agreed to pay three thousand dollars, from which price Mose would not recede. And row

ENVIRONMEN Is Well Told.

A Sunday Sermon with

A Sunday Sermon with the metry space of hex, and the base of the synce were square and the base of the synce the synce the base of the synce the synce the base of the synce the synce the synce the base of the synce the synce the synce the base of the synce the synce the synce the base of the synce the synce the synce the base of the synce the synce the synce the synce the synce the synce the base of the synce the spring, three miles from Goshen. John H. Decker was of a speculative turn and one day said to Squire Bingham that he believed a good deal of money could be made in buying up a carload or two of thrkeys, which were scarce in the market and commanding big prices. The squire agreed with him, and in November, 1864, the two started out with a team to buy up the turkeys. They intended to take in Orange and Sussex counties. In the course of their trip they came one af-ternoon to Uncle Johnny B. Decker's farm, near Deckerstown, in Sussex county. Johnny B., as he was known all through that country, was an uncle of John H. Decker's, and he and Squire Bingham concluded it would be a rood Jakes to the un for the might and sould be rained as the would per-the bing the soul of the subscience of the subsci

a side of justice, even though i stand alone. I long to enter the field against the selfishness and greed withich are mercilessly crushing the poor and driv-ing to the level of animals those who should be rising to the plane of the di-vine. Thrilled by these words the soul of the beautiful gift a woke. Sh felt a new life and a higher hope euter her being. He had suid that when his education was finished he would per-haps find her and ask her to help may out his work. This outgushing of con-fidence and implied love had come in one of those supreme moneents when intered in the recess of the conserva-tory amid the fragrance of flowers and the gorgeous splendor of tropical ver-etation, and before the blighting effects of the world had time to work upon his simple being. The next morning a telegram sum-moned the girl to her distant hom, and the two were swept apart. He entered college to finish in seducation, she did not see him again for years, but the powerful inspiration awakeded by the lofty ideal which had been photographed upon her mind, changeh her whole life. She said: "I will rise to his level; I will be werthy of his royal nature," as the moral enthwsked royal nature," as the moral enthusiasm of the young man and the vivid mental imagery called up by his burning words came into her mind. The years is very largery called up by his burning consumption of hops, which are used to high words came into her mind. The years almost entirely in the making of beer, passed away but the bleal remained is very large, often exhausting the Justice told her to keep out of American product and compelling im-if, an ever present incentive to high portations. In some years, the crops waiting for her husband, Burton C.

She grew

in England and Germany

FEET

can be moved freely in all directions

departed from him never to return un-til the judgment day. Will not the youth of our country who are now enjoying the gladness of life's spring-time listen to the teachings of those who have passed through the flery ordeal of worldly experience and re-solve to follow the dictates of their own counciences and the 'eschings of solve to follow the dictates of their own consciences and the teschings o those who love them best, instead o departing from the pathway of righ and rectitude to pursue that unrea-ignis fatuus called worldly pleasure?

When they stood up to sing the fast symm in the Florence mission Monday light, a stout dissipated-looking woman

night, a stout dissipated-looking woman with fiying hair, bonnet set on one side and an assortment of rags tied about her, stood up with them. The hymn began in the usual solemn sub-dued tone, but high above it rose the voice of the dissipated looking woman in rags. At first they could not make out what it was, but when the others towned aloring she kept right on, and

in rags. At first they could not make out what it was, but when the others stopped singing she kept right on, and then they found that it was. "Oh, My Pearl is a Bowery Girt." The woman beamed chaerfully about as she sang, and emphasized the rythm with a large dirty hand. The leader came down the side and ex-plained to her, that however merit-orious her song was, it was not in place just then and there. She politely thanked him, but with the starting of the hymn anew, she started her carol about the pearl of the Bowery. After several of these mistakes and explana-tions the leader called in Policeman Essig. At sight of the blue-coat the woman ceased and became exceeding wroth. She burst out into a flow of such language as is not often heard. It even startied the policeman, who haid hold of her and hauled her into the street. She screamed and shouted and flew at the policeman. It was a mad struggle all the way to the station home, and before Carrie

It was a mad struggle all the way to the station house, and before Carrie Borwier-that was her name-was safe behind the bars, the policeman had lost his temper, his hat, several buttons, and a part of his mustache. In Jef-ferson Market yesterday morning she was somewhat subdued but she got three months on the island. three months on the island.

The famous Evelyn Graaville, usual-ly called the Granville woman, was in Jefferson Market police court the other day. It has been many years since Evelyn was one of the famous and brilliant members of the demimonde of New York. She passed the scnith long since and is now getting to that period in the down grade where the descent is as wild and hurried and rough as the avalanche. Those who saw her that day saw this in her apaw her that day saw this in her ap pearance. She was still clean and well tressed, but her face was not the deli-

cate face that a few years back at

cate face that a few years once at tracted so many young men who went away sadder and wiser. She was arrested for loitering about the corner of Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue. She admitted to the jus-tice that she sometimes drank too much, but she denied that this was the

much, but she denied that this was the cause of her arrest. "I was standing quietly on the cod-mer," she said, "when this policeman, Repper, came up and said, 'I've been looking for you for some time.' And he arrested me. I think the police are persecuting me because they are afraid I'll testify before the Lexow commit-

The policeman testified that she was doing a bit of high kicking and wantee to fight when he asked her to stop.

to new her every now and then be elder girl looked out for the ch REPORTERS OF YORK THE THINGS AND PROPLE THEY WRITE ABOUT. The World's Police Court Write-Up Humor and Pathes at First Hand.

<text>

A score of times. When McManns, of No. 443 East Forty-axile street, got to No. 301 East Forty-axile street, on his way home Monday sights street, on his way home Monday sight as and skep awile. He was just down and skep awile. He proces away and McManus ran after his eyes and an bis shirt skeeves. He brokes away and McManus ran after him with a great hulloing and screeching that stirred up everybody and stude him the leader of a crowd. The third darted in at the door of No-813 East Forty-eighth street and then atamined the door after him. When McManus and the crowd arrived the door opened and a young man in his shirt skeeves stepped out. "The fellow ran through here and got away," and bo

"Oh, yes," said McManus; "officer rrest that man. I know him for the

The young man, who was Gahan, The young man, who was Gahan, the carpet bester, was hauled away to a cell, protesting his innocence and fol-lowed by his mother and sisters, best-ing their breasts and wailing. Now, see how the righteous triumph. Ga-han was arraigned in Yorkville, and the justice was just about to convict him when in rushed Dave Roseh, the alderman. "Hold on!" he cried. Ro-han was man the to your the to your the to your the to be to be the to be the to be to be to be the to be to be the to be to b aldernan. "Hold on!" he cried. Ro-lease the young man. He is innocent!" And Dave went on to tell how at 11:20 Monday night, which had been fixed as the time of the arrival of the crowd before the door of Gahan, the carpet beater, he saw a young man in his shirt sleeves in his conch yard. He ran out and laid hold of him. The young man was panting and trembling. Dave demanded why he was in his conch yard, coatless and panting, but the young man gave no answer. Dave questioned him closely, being con-vinced that he had done something wrong, but at the end of fifteen min-

utes let him go because he did know what else to do with him. The story of Roach, the ex-alderm leared Galuan, the carpet beater, and he and his mother and sisters fell into one another's arms and wept for joy.

Freddy Bate, of No. 46 Sixth

A Beautiful Story That RUNNING A HOP FIELD.

The miner smiled as he read this, and recalled the peculiar circumstances under which he had discovered his first

While hunting soon after his arriva in the country, he saw far up this mountain-side a dead pine burning in the brilliantly. Making his way thither in the hope of meeting white men, he reached a deserted Indian camp by the side of a little spring. The aban-doned camp-fire had ignited a pile of dry brush, and thence had communi-cated to a dead but standing pitchpine tree, which roared furiously as h burned, casting off volumes of black snoke. Here Talbot discovered silver foat and a few traces of ore in the rocks, and staked out a claim, naming ing it the Pillar of Fire. When the mining district was organized, he rehis claim, but had never found are to come up and investigate it

Talbot now descended towards the center of his claim. Here the high walls of rock converging toward a massive platform, overhanging the ledge wherein he had found ore. As he approached the walls, he heard a horse whinny, and stopped surprised. An instant later the thud of the pick, striking earth, echoed from the hill-side below. There was no mistaking the sound. It fell in regular strokes, that a sound is a source of the pick. tinkling as it occasionally hit rock. Somebody was working his claim. Talbot set his rifle on end against

the rocks at the entrance to the pas-sage-way. He took off his rolled blanket and laid it down gently. Then e drew his revolver from his belt and inspected it. The weapon was of drag-con size, carrying balls of heavy cal-ibre. He cocked it quietly, and stole forward between the rugged steps and down to the stone platform, overhang-ing the hillside.

The young miner's face had become very white. He debated his course as ne advanced. So far no claims had been jumped in the district. He had avoided disputes and brawls with the miners. He was peaceable and well disposed. But often the most peace-able men are the most dangerous when imposed upon, and now Talbot had but one purpose-to expel this "jumper from the Pillar of Fire.

He neared the shelf where the converging walls narrowed to a space not six fest wide. From this point he could see the two opposite stake-ends of his claim nearly eight hundred feet below the dealedy, and moving forward little further, he would make some center stake immediately below in None of his boundary marks had been

disturbed. Creeping forth on the irregular plat-form, Talbot peered over the edge. A form, Talbot peered over the edge. A "That's not your lookout. If it's worth three thousand to Claypool, tak few rods down the hill a man was stooping, pick in hand, working the oose earth.

Miners' rights on the frontier ar sharply defined by custom and per-emptorily defended. Any one who mps a duly recorded claim does so at his peril, and common assent justifles his summary expulsion and the right of the owner to use force if necessary. Talbot raised his pistol and prepared to hall the intruder, when a new discovery kept him slient.

The jumper was not taking ore from

Following the crimson trail, Talbou found his doe in a thicket of willows near the brook, lying dead with head extended and legs drawn in. Here he waited to see if Mose returned. It exten soon became evident that if the latter had heard the shot he had no desire to learn who fired, but had kept on toward Horse-shoe camp. Thereupon Ward Talbot shouldered

the carcass and carried it into a se cluded dell. In the gathering twi light he built a fire, cooked a haunch bargain void, since the other had not fulfilled his agreement. At last Mose of venison, ate heartily, and, rolling up in his mackinaw, law down to sleet beneath the amaracks. Three days passed ere Ward came nto Horse-shoe camp. Meantime he

had explored with success a distant ravine. Footsore and jaded, he ap-peared at nightfall before the hut where his partners sat around the fire. Talbot's partners were three sober

Tablot's partners were three soher miners, owners of a promising claim which they were developing. The youth had chosen them as associates because alone of all the camp they neither drank nor gambled. He was kindly treated, condoled with over his which marks he immediately crased, "Fifteen hundred dollars!" was the reply. Ill luck, and given a cheering supper. Then all four went wearly to their blankets. An hour later a hand shook Ward's shoulder. A voice whispered claimed against the exhorbitant de-mand. Upheld by Stymer's hints,

"Ho, Talbot! I say! Get up a ute; I've something to tell you." The young man rose on his elbow. By the dying light of the fire he saw Stymer, the burly, black-whiskered bar-keeper of the log hotel, who beckoned him to follow outside. They stood by the glowing coals together. Stymer began in a low, gruff voice: "When I first came to camp, you gave me half your can of coffee.

in his ear:

Talbot sleepily remembered some such kindness to the destitute newcomer and rejoined impatiently, "What of it?"

"I made up my mind if I could ever throw you in the way of making three ty of the surveyor, who was also a no-or four thousand dollars I would do it tary public. Mr. Cloypool had taken And now I can." Talbot was wide awke immediately. Tired of mining, he would be glad

as en with a single thousand to return home, buy a good team and engage agin in farming. He listened cagerly as Stymer continued: "Ther's a man in camp, Claypool of

St. Paul, has offered Mose Tannin three thousand dollars for the Pillar of Fire. I heard 'em talk it over on a he listed. For but hang on to min and sell it yourself. Mose never brought you that pinto, did he?" "No," replied Talbot with much dis-

If H's worth three thousand to Claypool, take his money mighty quick."

And Stymer hurried away under the quaking aspens, leaving Talbot much discouraged. For the youth, while inx-lous to sell any of his claims honestly, knew that the stranger and been be guiled by Tannin to believe the prospect a rich one, and he scrupled p take advantage of the deceit.

After breakfast, next morning, he started down the creek toward "town, On the way he heard hoof strokes com-

mediately deeded to him. Mose confessed that he had not ye received his papers from the original must let him have the mare. John owner, Ward Talbot, but agreed to you offer him \$10 more and he'll le you have her." find him that evening and effect both

Johnny B. said all right, he could have Soon after, Ward came by with the mare, provided he could catch her.'

Mose went out to him. Stymer fol-lowed anxiously to the door. Mr. Clay-pool sat within reading a newspaper. "There's your horse, Talbot," said Mose in an off-hand manner, poluting to the pinto tied to a tree cear. "My horse? I don't want the horse. That barghin was off long ago." In vain Mose expostulated, argued, raged. Ward had a right to call the drew a revolver menacingly. Stymer from the door way gave a knowing wink, and Ward, profiting by this hint, treated the threat with indifference. If Mose wanted the claim, he must buy

"What do you ask ?" demanded Mos esperately. Ward hesitated. Stymer plucked from the earth a piece of charred wood and scrawled on the hewn doorpost behind Mose's back, "\$1,500"

trotting horse, and when John saw his mother crying over the matter, Mose burst forth with fresh expostu weakened and sold the mare to Bill Thompson, known as Jersey Bill, who had heard that John H. had bought ation. In vain he stormed and de-

Ward was firm, and the angry gambler Hampton, a couple of miles away, to see if he could make a dicker for the was compelled at last to see that he must lose in this way, one-half of his animal. He gave John H. his check expected proceeds. He was hastened to this conclusion by Mr. Claypool's apfor \$360 and drove off to New Hamp ton with her. "Decker and I drove on to Goshen

pearance, who left his newspaper, drawn by the loud voices, and who frowned when he learned Talbot's identity. The youth at once suspected that the stranger was also trying to he lamenting all the time that he had sold the animal and devising scheme by which he could get her back. Wh he got to Goshen he telegraphed to the Middleton bank, on which Jersey Bill'

defraud, and all his sympathy with the supposed victim vanished. Mose now confessed that before he check was drawn, asking whether the check was good for \$360. The answer was that it was good for only \$300. could settle with the original owner and properly transfer the claim, fif-teen hundred dollars must be paid. Accordingly all adjourned to the shan-Then John H. was determined to driv straight to New Hampton and take the mare out of the stable and lead her away. Being a lawyer I knew that he would get himself into a peck of trou-ble if he undertook such a thing as pains to learn that the claim was duly recorded and Ward Talbot's right a that, and I told him so. But he was bound to do it, and while he was getclear one. Deed was made by Ward to Mose Tannin, and by Mose to Mr. ting the horse ready to start he was handed a telegram. It was from the bank and it said that Jersey Bill had made his check good for \$360. There Claypool, as Mose would not consent to a direct transfer from Ward to the

third party. "I will sell my right, but I give overybody to understand that I re-gard the claim as of little value." denever was a more disappointed, dis heartened man in the world, than Mr Decker was, and be never got over it. clared Ward openly ere he signed th "Well, Jersey Bill sold the mare, as everybody knows, to Alden Goldsmith for \$000, and Bill Bondine made her paper. The un-heard-of honesty of such a statement at such a moment amazed the miners present. Mr. Clay-pool with a cold uod made no reply, but gave Mose fifteen hundred dolthe horse that carried the name of Goldsmith Maid all over the world. And that's the way I helped to buy lars, and the cash was passed by Mose into Ward's hand.

At this point the transaction stopped PUBLICITY THE BEST POLICE albeit the documents were all signed Mr. Claypool overheard a remark from MAN.

a bystander which aroused his suspic-ions. He left the deed in the surveya bystander which aroused his susple-ions. He left the deed in the survey-or's charge until morning, when he agreed to pay the balance due. 'Great was the hilarity in Horse-shoe camp the next day. Mr. Claypool hired two experienced miners to go with him to the Pillar of Fire, where thorough examination of the ledge was made, the worthless quality of the claim die, President Charles W. Ellot, in Fa the worthless quality of the claim dis-closed, and Mose Tannin's artifice un-covered. Then ensued a furious scene The jumper was not taking ore from the claim. He was putting ore in! Such was undoubtedly the case. He had turned over consideratic earth run-ning in a straight line downward from the ledge whereon Ward Talbot stood, and out of a grunny sack of ore the stranger was sprinkling the soll, cor-trand undeceive him. Again the horse whinned. Talbot saw it now, a calico or pinto tide in the bushes. He knew that horse, and, peering again at the toiler beneath, recognized him also, and understool. The man below was Mose Tannin, a hanger-on in Horse-shoe camp, reported to arro bie matter better. The man below was Mose Tannin, a hanger on in Horse-shoe camp, reported claim, he saw a horse tied to a fir near

"Now, father," she said, "here's Jo thinking and noble resolves. tatelier and more lovely all the time the foreign brewers make heavy drafts your namesake and nephew, and yo must let him have the mare. John nder the aspiration of the ideal of a on the United States and the New san, brave and manly nature striving York grower has nothing to complain against error, injustice and heartless greed. This idealization of a human "So John H. counted out \$200 and

being with soul ablaze with fire from the altar of truth and glorified by love

quickened the sleeping god-nature within her, and in time connected her sout with the divine life wihich calls the humafa spirit upward as the sun calls forth the planted seed. The high-"So John and I went out into the lot Squire Tom used to say, "and tried to surround the mare. We chased and circled and tumbled around that lot for an hour, with old John B. stand ing at the fence enjoying the scene est thoughts, the noblest aspiration ext thoughts, the nodest aspirations were the companions of her dreams. Broad and gentle sympathy and deeds of loving kindness characterized her the, Wherever she went she left a fragrance sweet as the breath of migo-torate, while in her search for knowl-edge she learned to think broadly and basis foot. The shoemaker uses no last, but turns the unfinished shoe with his feet, while his hands are busy shaping it. So the carpenter holds with his great too the board which he is cutting, and the woodturner handles and almost bursting with laughte After a while, when we were both al-most ready to drcp, we got a corner of her, ran her into the barn and put a halter on her. When we led her out a captive, John B. wanted to back out and coaxed and coaxed John to let hi have the mare back, but John hau great ideas ahead for the mare, and

edge she learned to think broadly and justly. Four years passed away and she refused many suitors because they fell so far below her ideal. "Someday he will come," she said, "my royal sould lover, and I must be worthy of him." She was visiting friends in the city one day and they met, but the man who stood before her was not the one who had talked so grandly several years before. stuck to the bargain. We led the mare behind the wagon, to John's father's and there John ran up against a snag John's father and mother know tha lots of horsemen had been trying to

buy the mare, because they thoug they saw a great future in her as years before. "Have you forgotten your dream of a noble life—to champion the cause of humanity," she asked with suppressed trotter, although she had never been in harness. The old people were op posed to John's being concerned in a

emotion. "Oh," he replied, "that was the sen-timental dream of a boy, and it has given way to the practical occupation of life as we find it. In Rome you have the mare and had come over from New to do as do the Romans. I have learned that if a man is to have a good time in this life he must not be a prude, and he must make money." At the blac of the blac and the blac of the hlp is also peculiar, and this renders it easier to use the toes in handling the objects by enabling the Hindoo to

in this life he must not be a prude, and he must make money." She asked him to be frank and to tell her if the new life suited him. He easily than we can. A similar forma

tell her if the new life suited him. He said: "I may say frankly, no, I have never seen the rare, high pleasure I felt before entering upon this new life. I have burned up the best of my being and an really a wreck. At college I came into an atmosphere of moral death. High impulses and lofty ideals were laughed at. I yielded to the lower voice of my nature, turned the key upon the heaven lighted chamber of my heart and descended to the baseof my heart and descended to the base- of an ape or a monkey. The great ment of my being. I desired to ac-quire money, and from college I went into speculation. I have made much and lived a clubman's life. The world dexterity of the Hindoos is not to be ment of my being. I desired to accalls me a fine financier, my asso-clates a good fellow, but since seeing taken as an indication of Imian de scent. you I feel how miserable a thing it is

INSTINCT OF BIRDS

to be a fallen man." This story is given to illustrate two great truths which scorer or later every deep student of life comes to appreciate. It demonstrates the power of the ideal and the influence of the

divines can preach. Ever since the world began there has been a certain class of people, who, being governed by their own selfish and grasping nathe end of about an hour the took the brig's course, and disap-peared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in tures, sneer at everything that is lofty and high souled. They see nothing the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they that is worth anything in life except the gratification of worldly desires. They sneer at and rid'cule the high returned at noon, the sailors scat-tered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become ideal life because they have no contame that they hopped about ception of its splendid compensations. The youth who has been properly decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing hap-pened. The flock came flying swiftly reared by a loving mother and a grave but indulgent father and who has been taught to revere the beautiful and the toward the brig. Every bird seeme taught to revere the beautiful and the good, is sent to college where the gild-ed youth of the land are ready to laugh at and ridicule his most cherished ideals. There is no more powerful weapon in the hands of mersons who at and ridicule his most cherished ideals. There is no more powerful weapon in the hands of persons who desire to turn one from the proper course than ridicule. The youth holds who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape out bravely at first, but the tide against

he is serving a sentence for murder.

Monday night. He is one of that joy-ous fraterally that hangs about the Rialto and wears good clothing and tolls not nor spins. "Chicago May", the gayest of the gay in Tenderloin, invited him to take a drive with her William Andrew Thomas Lynch, th of on the score of market prices. New York Post. seaman poet of the Incless bark Hakon Jarl, whose elegate effusions, compose in the stress of the foundering hurr in the stress of the foundering hurri-cane, were printed in the World does not need a hurricane to bring out his genius for rhyme. He is over in the Scandanavian seaman's home, and af-ter profound reflection upon his very wretched, shipwrecked, moneyless con-dition, he gave tongue as follows: and two of her "lady friends." Freddy accepted and the four drove and drove and drove until the cab bill was \$3.50. Then the three "lady friends" dis-embarked and saying, "So long, Fred." HINDOOS HANDY WITH THEIR In the native quarters of the town of India the strange spectacle may be seen of a butcher seizing a piece of vanished around the corner. Freddy stood on the sidewalk with his cane meat in his hands and cutting it in two with a stroke of his kulfe held between the first and second toes of his foot. The shoemaker uses no last, in his mouth as if in a trance. He was rudely aroused by a thundering Of all the lives that I have seen The worst of all my own has been. kick from the cab man. If that did not flower under the kis

of the poetic muse then there never was a poetic muse. It's the best thing on life since the good old British poet pessimist rose and observed: Seeing as I'm so soon done for, Wonder what I was begun for.

kick from the cab man. "Come, come, pay up!" Freddy protested that he had been invited to drive by the "ladics" and refused to pay. He was dragged to the police station, and, in searching him they found one reason why be didn't pay. In Jefferson Market yes-tenday the justice listened with len-lent cars and discharged him, recom-mending the cab man to look up "Chi-caro May." Mat Carney, a young rag peddler who lives at No. 518 East Eighteenth street, which is in one of the tene ments of Bug Row, went to see his sister, Mrs. Frank Redmond, Monday

ago May." It is said that May spent the whole of Monday night travelling from one resort, drinking and teiling her prac-tical joke. But she may have to pay the \$0.50, and that is a good deal to sister, Mrs. Frank Redmond, Monday night, and, after quarreling with her, drew a knife and plunged it into her abdomen. He made no effort to get away, and was in the police station cell even before his sister reached Bellevue in the ambulence. To make a pay for sport with such a wo creature as Bate.

sure case against him, they took him up to the hospital yesterday and brought him before his sister, who was groaning, and evidently midway between life and death. The moral of this story is-wait until after the election to make unpleasant remarks about the police, when you are within reach of a policeman's club It seems that there was a fight be "He did it," she said. "He is the

one that stabbed me!"

tween two racing touts in Broadway, in front of the Coleman house, Mon-day night and Special Policeman Coyne was there to smooth down the crowd. A man named William H. Olimstead who was much annoyed, first at being retarded by the fight and second at having the fight stopped just as it was getting interesting, fell afoul Carney laughed and turned away. "So long, Mary," said he, "I hope you'll have a pleasant death! They can't prove the murder on me." The sister must pass through a dam

gerous operation before there can be any hope of her getting well.

second at having the light stopped just as it was getting interesting, fell afoul of Coyne with his tongue. "You fellow!" said he, "tell me where was the Tammany police while that fight was in progress?" and he re-peated it so loudly and so vehemently that Coyne arrested him. In Jefferson market vesterilar (lime tend her to nay The re-arrest of Bridget McMahon, know indifferently as "Chimpanzee" and the "Queen of Beggars," calls atention to the fact that New York is infested with an unusually numerous and persistent gang of beggars just now. They haunt the clubs, they loiter about the cab stands, they prowl on market yesterday Olmstead had to pay \$10 for his indiscretion.

the edge of the crowds that pour from the theatres. They are fairly well dressed, as a rule; they are persistent. FILLING VACANCIES IN THE ORCHARD.

especially if the man they approach is accompanied by a woman, but they are more polite than the flerce vaga-bonds that haunted the night streets As usually practiced, the filling of vacancies in orchards tends only to losses; loss of the cost of the trees, loss of the labor of setting, loss of

are more polite than the flere vani-bonds that haunted the night streets last winter. Bridget, the Chimpanzee, so three months in Jefferson Market yesterday, and the police are going to be more active in bringing in her subjects. Tevery one who has chanced into the sixteenth ward of Brooklyn has seen or heard of that huge old goat, who is so popular and so privileged that he is known in all the ward as The Goat He belongs to no one, because the ward belongs to him. He ambles about hos sing a beard as ample as a Kansar senator's, and wherever he goes he is welcome. He sleeps in the back yard of Sam Schaffer's grocery, at No. 32 Lorimer street, and if you are in a most easily by waiting on a box in front of the grocery until he returns from his rounds. Sunday the goat went abroad as mutal, and was beset by George Roset and William Meyer. One of then hedd the sasanit other thay pore sinaty cussedness." They were arrainged in the Ewen street police station yester-day, as if they had assanited a human being, and were held for trial.

berry plants four feet.-American Here is a little story that, for those

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and colo

the mental horizon of youth color life for all after years. They are the well springs which water the thought garten of the soul. The above story contains as good a sunday sermon as the most able of livines can preach. Ever since the

carly environment. A well known writer says that the ideals which fill the mental horizon of youth color life for all after years. They are the well which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen

out bravely at first, but the tide against him is too strong and he gradually turns from that which he had con-stituted in his own mind his life work, and joins the great throng of pleasure seekers. He forgets the schemes of hope and pride which his youthful heart had first reveled in, and becomes trampled in the dust and whose glor-trampled in the dust and whose glor-trampled in the dust and whose glor-trampled in the dust and whose glorhanger-on in Horse-shoe camp, reported to earn his money mostly by gambling and trickery. Two weeks before, in a cursory talk around the evening fire in front of the log hotel, Mose had of-fered to trade his pinto horse for the Pillar of Fire. Taibot agreed, provid-ed the pinto was delivered to him with-