BY HUGH HERDMAN

66 WELL," eaid Dick, "I'm mighty glad you boys run across them two mules today. They broke pusture last July, and I haven't seen hide or hair of them from that time to this. want to tell you, boys, the slickest hing on this earth is a mule. The only slicker thing is two mules. I wonder they let you round 'em up. How did you

"We worked a game on 'em," replied "Me and George was ridin' 'long Antelope Crick this afternoon, when we run acrost a big bunch of horses. We looked 'em over putty careful, but couldn't see none with our brands on, and we was a-goin' to ride away, when George he gave. 'Heo, I believe they's a mule in that bunch. I'm a-goln' to cut in and see.' So in George goes, and, by grab, if he don't scare up two mules, both of 'em with our brands on. Them two, ornery, long-cared cusees was a-huggin' the mid dle of that herd and a-keepin' their heads down clost to the ground, so as we couldn't see their years. We tried to cut em out of the bunch, but it wa'n't no go. So, finally, I tells Hen to pretend we was after something else, and then when we got a good chance to rope one of the rattalls. And we did. We chased a old fleabitten mare 'round there for awhile, till the mules got to thinkin' we'd give them Then all of a suddent, I roped one of 'em. Jumpin' Jeremiar, but you oughter seen him tryin' to get out of that noose before it tightened on him. Talk about your contortionists. They ain't in it with that mule. But it didn't work. I had him, and as soon as the noose begun to shut his wind off, you oughter seen him come trottin' to me and sayin', 'Please, mister, don't choke me.

"He was plum eager to be nice then," George Interrupted. "And you oughter have been there and seen that other mule. Soon as the one was caught, the other one stuck up his head and blew his dinner horn some strong. Seein' the friendship between 'em, we thinks the other will maybe foller if we taken the one off. So away we goes. It looks fer awhile as though we'd missed our guess. The other one didn't budge. He jest stood there with his snoot up in the air a-singin' 'When Johnnie Comes Marchin' Home, while the one we was leadin' answered back with 'Good-bye, Little Girl, Goodbye,' till we was out of sight. But we badn't no more than got over the brow of the hill till here comes that other ule, hell-bent-fer-election on our trail. No single blessedness fer that mule. He'd stny with his partner, even if it meant Work.

"You bet," replied Dick, "They are mighty chummy, and always were. Even when they were little colts, they never left each other fer a minute except when they felt in need of a little liquid refreshment. That's what made me name them 'Moody' and 'Sankey.' That was a lucky shot, too, for they both grew up to be pretty good singers. I never see them together without thinkin' Frenchy and pardner.

"Frenchy? Oh! yes," Hen said, "he was the feller that drunk the quart of whisky to keep his pardner from gettin drunk, wasn't he?"

That's the man. This was in early days out here on the plains. The construction gang was at work on the railroad in Dakota and Montana, and, of there were a lot of all kinds people followin' 'long the line. Frenchy and pardner were among this crowd of camp followers, only they were a little bit better than the average run of 'em.

ment to keep a whole regiment busy straightenin' out. And when one got into trouble, that meant that the other would get into more tryin' to get his chum out. So, it came pretty near bein' a continuous performance with them. But they kind of seemed to enjoy it; in fact, I don't think they ever were happy unless they were in some sort of mix-up.

"Frenchy was a French-Canadian, and a big ocean-g had trapped all over this part of the launches, etc. country. He was 'bout six foot three and weighed 300 pounds, and wasn't afraid of name. They always went by the firm defense if he wished to do so.

Sir Thomas' expenses have always been heavily augmented by his lavish as 'Him,' we gained no information from that source.

"One day down in Dickinson Frenchy got to tryin' to drink the barkeeper out of business, and of course, like everybody who goes up against that game, he was gettin' the worst of it. Now, Frenchy, when he got full, had a habit of gettin' out in the middle of the street, takin' off his hat and carefully layin' it down, and then struttin' up and down and wavin' his fists in the air. Every once in a while he would stop, look all around jump up in the air, let out a warwhoop, and yell, 'I'm se best man in se countree, Kees me, Anne!" And the fuller he got the carefuller he was about pardner. He became awfully afraid something would happen to 'Him,' especially that he would get too much nose paint. After every wheres, he'd make as straight a line as his shiftin' load would let him for the nearest saloon, and haul pardner out, oftentimes much against pardner's decided preferences.

Well, this day he had pulled pardner dozen times. But pardner was dead set the red and flery, and every time Frenchy would let go of him he'd wobble back to the saloon. Then Frenchy would repeat the performance. Finally pardner begun to get tired of the interruptions and got mnd. But Frenchy wouldn't listen to pardner. Then pardner sailed into him. He couldn't reach high enough to hit nchy in the face; so he started in by kickin' him on the shins. Frenchy was so much surprised at first that pardner got in several dick-mallin' raps before Frenchy woke up to what was goin' on. Then he grabbed pardner by the shirt collar and shook him. Did you ever see a great big Newfoundland dog shakin' a little bit of a fice? Well, that's what this



Most of 'em were mavericks from the States, and were good and careful that nobody put a brand on 'em.

Well, they were just like these mules, always together, always abartin what they had or boped to have, and pretty near always in trouble, 'cause between 'em they could stir up enough deviluation of the state of them of the state of them of the state of them four or five times and had them wound together so tight they couldn't move. Then he sets on his horse and as solemn as a preacher gives them a solemn as a preacher gives them a solemn as a preacher gives them a licture on how little boy pardners mustn't get mad at each other and fight. All the time they were swayin' had happened Joe had loped round much interested in tryin' to make the other stop that before they knew what 'em they could stir up enough deviluation to keep a whole regiment busy.

straight down and of course hundreds of the buffales were killed. After the

make you believe anything he wanted to almost. They called him Shorty because he was about six feet two. He had bright blue eyes and a big, deep, bass voice that would make good on a four-flush any time. Shorty knew it was dangerous to try to string a crowd like that, but before he got through he had managed to let all but Frenchy and pardner know it was a josh.
"Well, he was tellin what happened to him over in the Rockies. He had told us some pretty tall stories, and we all begun to see that he was indicated. we all begun to see that he was just doin' all this so as to stalk Frenchy and pardner, who were sittin' there, destroyin' the nosepaint and takin' in

"Another time, over in Wibaux,

Shorty Smith, who had just rode in them in Salt Lake.

all that Shorty was sayin'. At last, when he thought everything was all right, he sprung that old yarn of Bridger's 'bout Salt Lake. Never heard of Bridger? Why, he was the feller that discovered all this country. He was a great liar, too; and whenever he told anything he had saw or done everybody knew it was a lie. That's why, when he went back to the States and told the people about what wonders he had found out here in what is now Yellowstone Park, they didn't pay no attention to him. He tried to make 'em believe 'bout them geesers and mud wells and ink pets and the falls and the canyon, but they just said to themselves. Oh. that's another one of Bridger's lies, and wouldn't listen. "Well, this time Shorty was tellin' Bridger's story bout Sait Lake, only he told it as though it had happened to him. He said that one day as he was ridin' 'long up in the Sait Lake country he saw a lot of lojuns runnin' a big herd of buffalo 'crosa the prairie. He couldn't savvy the game at first, 'cause they He couldn't didn't seem to be shootin': but bye-and-

tell you. Shorty says, 'it didn't take no time till that meat was all corned nice from down the trail, got to tellin' 'bout his experiences. Shorty was a most and fine. And now, whenever I'm in that convincin' sort of a cuss, and could part of the country and run short of meat I just take a ride over there and get all I want." "Well, sir, you ought to have been there to see Frenchy when Shorty got through. He jumped up, waved his hands the way them Dagoes do, and after orderin' drinks

cut off the choicest pieces of meat and put

'And I jest want to

for the crowd, shouted 'Ah, ha, se grand countree! I go zere zis night. Come!" And he grabbed pardner by the arm and started out. But pardner was not ready to go, and made a fight. But Frenchy wasn't very drunk, and in 'bout three minutes he had partiner hog-tled. Five minutes later he had him packed 'cross his pony, head on one side and feet on the other. Then, getting on his own pony, he started west, takin' pardner along with him, and payin' no attention to his cussin' and pleadin'. They got as far as Glendive that night, where some crazy fool gave the loke away, and spotled a nice, long trip that Frenchy had planned for himself and pardner. The next time Frenchy saw Shorty he was goin' to shoot him, but Shorty, with his honest eyes and his big, serious voice, convinced him it wasn't a joke at all, bought a few drinks for the two inseparables and made everything square in no time.

"But there came a time when Frenchy and pardner took different trails. They had to separate, though I haven't no doubts that they have since got together again and are sharin' whatever they get, just as they used to do. It wasn't one of these talked-over, arranged and agree-todisagree separations. It was purely un-

expected and awful sudden,
"Well, this is how it come about. Maitese Cross ranch, and before the off in his calculations on the time Marquis de Mores built that house up on "And what became of pardner." the butte, or put in his slaughter-house. The Northern Pacific had worked its way on through toward the West, and all along the line there was semethin doin all the time. The Government had ward a big high bluff. By this time the buffalos were all stampeded, and it wasn't no trick at all to send 'em pilin' over troops scattered along the road to try to keep some kind of order on the right of way, so the work could go on. Maybe that bluff. It was 'bout two hundred feet Injuns had got all the skins and meat ful than ther otherwise would have been, but it always struck me that whenever they wanted, Shorty says, he went down

more of them soldiers was in it. Still I'm not sayin' they didn't help keep some

"Well, there was a company stationed at Little Missouri, as the post was called just at the end of the bridge 'cross the river from Medora. One day French; and partner come in from the range with money in their pockets, and of course they begun to irrigate their throats, and the more they irrigated, the more thes wanted to. So by the time that night come, they were primed and cocked. Pardner was more inclined to fail down somewhere and go to sleep. But Frenchy always felt like gettin' out in the middle of the road and darin' the world to come at him. Well, he had announced several and sundry times that he was to best man in ze countree, and had commanded Anne, whoever she was, to kiss him; but all his efforts had been useless. No one all his efforts had been useless. No one had come out to dispute his title to cham-pionship, and Chiamity Jane, the only woman in town, didn't appear to be look-in' for kisses. So Frenchy pulled his guns and started to shoot out all the lights he could see. Naturally he was seein' three or four lights where there was only one, and it took several shots before he found out which several shots before he found out which was the real light. So the way he kept pluggin away must have sounded like a young war. Course he wasn't doing no real harm, he wasn't on the warpath, and could shoot straight enough not to hit anybody. The only danger was that somebody would get mad at him for dousin' the glims, and would shoot back. Then there would

Well, the soldiers they heard the firm', and pretty soon here comes a Corporal and two or three privates, just plain huntin for trouble, it seemed. By this time Frenchy had got thirsty again and went into Arkansas Joe's saloon. Pardner had somehow disappeared, and mayba Frenchy was half-way lookin' for him Anyway he went into Arkansaw's place, He hadn't more than got inside when the soldiers come in a-lookin' Frenchy was standin at the bar when they come in, and they were right on top of him before he knew it. Course he wouldn't have been caught so easy if he hadn't bare been caught so easy he hadn't been drunk. But they got

the drop on him and took his guns away almost before he could turn round. They started to march him away, but he wouldn't go. They took hold of him and tried to pull him along, but he was as stout as a horse, and they couldn't make much headway with him. Then they begun to treat him rough. And finally the Corporal clubbed his six-shooter and hit Frenchy over the head. That made Frenchy good and mad. He didn't have no weapons, but all the same he sailed into them soldiers some strong. And all the time he was yellin like a mad bull for pardner. But pardner didn't up. Frenchy and the soldiers were pulling and haulin' and wrestiln' all over the room, and Frenchy wasn't gettin' much the worst of it, although they were four one against him. The soldiers were all clubbin' him with their six-shoc or tryin' to, and Frenchy was bleeding an ax in the corner, and, grabbin' it up, he smashed the Corporal over the head with it and brought him down cold. He was just raisin' it again to land on another soldler when one of them shot him through the heart. He fell forward and rolled over on his back.
"Just then pardner come runnin' into

the room. I reckon some one had told him 'bout the fight, or maybe he had heard Frenchy's call. Anyway, he busted in just as Frenchy flopped over Without lookin' at the soldiers, he rushed over to where Frenchy laid, threw himself flat on Frenchy's chest and cried: 'O Frenchy, you son-of-a-gun, you'll be in hell in a minute and a half."

"Frenchy rolled his eyes round, gasped all took place at Medora, long before once and cashed in his chips, and we all Roosevelt come out there and took up the allowed that pardner was bout a minute "And what became of pardner?"

"Oh, he was plumb lost without Frenche, He just went 'round huntin' trouble. One had shot Frenchy, but he had too none-paint aboard, they said, and missed his aim. Then the soldier dropped him. and he went hurryin' off to join Fren the binecoats did keep things more peace-ful than they otherwise would have been. His always suspicioned that maybe he ful than they otherwise would have been. was some and skinned all the rest of the buffalos, there was any shootin' or killin', one or Frenchy."

Things Money Cannot Buy

were brought across the sea, including said about the subject of their talk, but a big ocean-going tug, a tender, various there wouldn't have been if the story had

Sir Thomas has spent a vast deal nore money to win the cup than any anything that ever lived. The other one of the pair was a little, sawed-off, dumpy feller. Nobody knew where he come from but that was the way with most men here in those days—and nobody knew his name. They always went by the firm other one man has laid out, either to

> entertaining, which has included, in-variably, about every one who cared to avail himself of the cup-challenger's hospitality on board his racht. No doubt, say his friends, he has understood very well that his guests have included many never invited, but that has made not the slightest difference to him. His expenditure of good nature has been as remarkable as his pouring out of good money, and not a few Americons have sympathized with him in his three crushing defeats.

Croker Failed to Get Into the King's Set

R ICHARD CROKER'S fruitless atmoney, to make his way into the English racing set, headed by the exalted proclamation, if he didn't see 'Him' any- personnge who was the Prince of Wales when Croker began and is now King Edward VII, has been almost pathetic Through Heutenants of one sort and another Mr. Rockefeller has lately tried hard to stem the flood of public disapprobation. Mr. Addicks was conaway from the thirst-quencher bout a stantly seeing to it that the public knew his side of the story all through on helpin' Frenchy reduce the supply of his 16 years' Senatorial fight. Lawson and Lipton had their own spectacular ways of keeping the public informed of the progress of their battles, but Croker said never a word about his at-tempts to butt into Edward's circle from the day he began till the Jay, a few months ago, when he gave it up as

> to reside there for the remainder of his natural life, some time after the de-feat of his candidate for Mayor, Edward M. Shepard, by Seth Low in the me rable Republican tidal wave of 1900. Toe Tainmany chieftain had plenty money at the time, and apparently he thought that by expending it liberally

a hopelessly bad job.

been guite true. Edward's extreme dislike of being quoted in the newspapers is so well known that no one who really had met and had a long conversation with him would dream of giving any of the details to the press. No British newspaper man would like to publish such details, even if he were to come in possession of

Edward and the self-deposed Tammany dictator had met face to face once onli that when they met. Croker saw th the other man's cigar was out, and that the extent of conversation on Edward's part was a "Thank you," in reply to the proffer of a light.

Yet, for a while, Croker got on very comfortably. He fitted up his farm at Wantage handsomely; he established a modern dairy upon it; he got together a ne string of racehorses; and he made money on the English turf. According to one Alexander S. Innes, who served as Croker's overseer for some time, there were at Wantage in 1902 30 horses, not on of which was worth less than 2000 guineas, while the star of the stables, bought from Earl Rosebery, was well worth the purchase price of £4000. Ac-cording to this same authority, Croker's winnings on the British racetrack for one year were £23,000, or about \$115,000. There were deductions to be made for expenses. but after these were made there was still

According to Innes and others the former Tammany boss cut quite a wide swath of a sort in England for some time. He kept about 120 hands busy all the on his estate; he drove and rode; he fested a good deal of interest in the local politics of Wantage without taking nal part in them, of course, and when a "tout" invaded his etables to get inside information about the Croker

Through other channels, mainly Amercan friends of Croker who have visited in general and Wantage in particular was epeatedly wafted to these shores. But ne day, to the constarnation of his friends remaining in New York and the unfaigned delight of others who had consed to revers him, the appalling intelligence came that Croker had been ruled he applied it. off the British racetracks at the King's

little bit of a fice? Well, that's what this looked like. Frenchy kept a-shakin', but pardner kept a kickin', and we all come pretty near dyin' from inughin'. But it wasn't no laughin' matter with them; they was dead in earnest.

"Well, I don't know how long they would have kept that up, if somebody hadn't stopped them. We was all as-hangin' onto posts to keep from fail
"Well stopped them. We was all as-hangin' onto posts to keep from fail
"Well, and had instructed him to bid for a horse which the King was known to desire for himself.

Croker had attempted to win his way falled. Had he possessed tact, as well as money, and falled. Had he possessed tact, as well as money, and had he used his profile of the sort of ideas that make lapton used his when anxious to gain royal favor. Croker might at least have with the star points in yonder sky."

Those who know Lehr and his standing for a horse which the King was known to desire for himself.

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in England. Sir Thomas, it will be re-membered, got his title by contributing a large sum of money for a dinner to the poor at the time of the Queen's jubilee. Croker's retirement to Ireland after the King had snubbed him, and his rumored mpending return to America are well known to the public.

Mere Money, Society and Harry Lehr

THE cynically-minded often point to the career of various millionaires no born to the social purple who get into the most exclusive circles apparently by reason of their wealth alone.

But the society folk laugh this assump tion to scorn. They may that mere money never got any one into society, no matter what the public believes, and declare that without tact and some knowledge of the society game the richest man that ever lived never could get in. For every multito social prominence they point to some one else, either now living or of a wealth. The success of the descendants of those who have falled in the past doesn't count, they say; it only proves that the descendants learned the game be

fore making the attempt.-It would be perilous to name any those now living who are said to have tried and failed, because tomorrow morn-ing's paper may tell of the engagement of the son of some one generally supposed to be hopelessly out of the runnit to some girl whose family is a pillar the society structure, or of the sudden social acceptance of some entire family whose members have been supposed to be permanently distasteful to the elect

But that money in great amount is not at all necessary to acceptance by the elect the is clear from the careers of two men-king Ward McAllister, deceased, and the living and but astonishing Harry Lehr. McAllister when a "fout" invaded his etables was relatively a poor man all his life, see the master of Wantage soundly a Philadelphia widow. McAllister, it is newhipped him. retainer. He managed various notewor-thy social functions in about the same way that an undertaker conducts a funeral. Before long be was actually the authority to decide who should at tend the most exclusive receptions, balland other gatherings. His phrase, "The Four Hundred," attracted an immense amount of attention to the class to which

At first this could not be credited, but confirmation came all too soon. For a while some mystery was maintained as to the King's reason, but later it became known that Croker had sent a man to a horse sale and had instructed him to bid for a berse which the King was known.

and who, sometimes, wearles her ac and who, sometimes, wearies her ac-quaintances by making the noble animal the sole topic of her talk. At the dinner party she lived up to her blue china so well that everyous was hored beyond en-durance. No matter who broke the thread of her horse talk, she took it up again immediately, and by the time the dinner was half over there was general despair. At that stage of the proceedings Lehr.

who had not uttered a word about any thing, broke in with this: "A borse is an oblong animal, with four egs, one at each corner." -Everybody iaughed consumedly at this

sally; the horsy bostess saw the point, and from that time till the dinner party broke up the conversation was devoted to variety of topics.

At another time when with a party of swell bathers. Lehr, who had donned a bathing suit like the rest, would venture into the water only far enough to wet his toes, he explained his reluctance to do so anying: No, the water isn't too cold; that

isn't what's the matter. But you know it's so saity, and i'm so-o-o fresh!"

Lehr is known as "the lamb" by his intimates, because of his almost invariable good nature, but he sometimes loses his temper, nevertheless. He is particularly averse to being "snapped" by amateur photographers, and once at Newport, when a woman not "in society" pointed a camera at him and his wife while they were out driving together, he stopped the horses, jumped to the ground, rushed up to the amateur photographer, and roundly scolded her. Had she not been a wom-an, he said, he should have insisted on taking her camera away from her to find out what was inside.

woman hadn't the least idea who he was when she focussed her picture-box on Lehr, his wife and their turnout, She had no notion, as he suspected, of offer-ing the resultant picture to a publisher. and attempted to take it only because the thought the picture would be a pretty one. It may be added that it wasn't a

It is apparent that Lehr knows the society game, DEXTER MARSHALL.

Gay Little Dandellon. Agnes Lockhart Hughes, in The Coast.

Where did you come from, pray?"

"How came you with hair like threads of gold, Oh, sweet flower, tell me this?"

"And the jewele that gleam on your ruffled Are they gifts from a sulter gay?"

"Why in your youth have your curis of gold, Turned to such slivery white?"

"Oh! Where will you go, when the gram

Hubbard's "Little Sermons,

Aphorisms by the Editor of "The Philistine."

Board of Strategy never fights: s

Woman's Congress always does.

That for which we clutch we lose.

Self-preservation prompts men to

move in the line of least resistance. Men do not lack strength; they lack the will to concentrate.

A little seriousness is a dangerou thing; too much is absolutely fatal.

Aboltsh fear and you can accom plish whatever you wish,

We are not punished for our sins

but by them. The man who is always having his

feelings hurt is about as pleasing a companion as a pebble in a shoe. Life is expression, and we are en

Jeavoring to express the beauty that is in our hearts. This life is full of gladness and, mayhap, it is the gateway to another, and to live well here is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good, and we are not

Truth is so mighty that its potency has sometimes turned the heads of those who taught it.

nfraid.

Speak well of everyone if you speak of them at all. None of us is so very

If you would have friends, first learn

to do without them.

fences the next day.

Priests are not allowed to marry, be cause if they did the secrets of the confessional would be called over back

Our speech is intelligible only to our own. I enter into no arguments and deal in no apologeties. If you do not comprehend me without explanations, you never will with them; explanations do not explain, and arguments very seldom convince.

And as the years go by and count themselves with the eternity tont lies behind, I shall not be here; and my laughter will do as I have done and as you have done-stand by an open grave and ask in anguish; "If a man

S OCIALISM is simply the Golden life, shall be live again?" And the falling clods will give no sign, and the winds that sign and sob through trees will make no reply; but hope and love

> A woman can forgive a heating, but to be forgotten-never.

will noswer yes.

Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the

The province of art is not to present specific message, but to impart a

Genius is the capacity for evading

A CRIMINAL-One who does by illegal means wont all the rest of us do

Sister of the Suds.

Brisbane Bulletin.
The woman of the washtub.
She works till fall of night;
With soap and suda and soda
Her hands are wrinkled white.
Her diamonds are the sparkles
The copper fire supplies;
Her onals are the bubbles.

That from the suds arise, The woman of the washtub

Has bont the charm of youth;
Has lost the charm of youth;
Her hair is rough and homely,
Her figure is incounth;
Her temper is like thunder,
With no one she agrees
The children of the alley,
They cling around her knees.

The woman at the washtub, There was a time when lightly Her feet flew in the dance. Her feet were sliver swallows Her lips were flowers of fire

O woman at the washtub, And do you ever dream
Of all your days gone by in
Your aureols of steam?
From birth till we are dying

You wash your sorded duds, O woman of the washtub! O sister of the sudat

One night I saw a vision
That filled my soul with dread—
I saw a weman washing
The grave clothes of the dead.
The dead were all the living.
And dry were lakes and meras.
The beamen at the washing,
She washed them with her tears.

I saw a line with banners Hung forth in proud array—
Hung forth in proud array—
The banners of all battles
From Cain to judgment day:
And they were stiff with slaughter
And blood from hem to here,
And they were red with glory,
And she was washing them.