BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

"That Bell"—By Hillard Eaton

BY HILLARD EATON.

BERRY was a boy of many characteristics. The most notable were an amazing love of sleep and a desperate activity when awake. He seemed to lay in a fresh stock of energy every time he had a nap, and although the most difficult boy in school to waken, when he was awake he was irrepressible.

It was Winter. Berry found that season of the year did not agree with his constitution.

"This getting up in the middle of the night is killing me," he remarked one day at dark to a group of sympathizers. He had the whole school on his side in this particular matter, for work before breakfast in Winter was decidedly unpopular. At half-past seven every boy had to be at his desk, putting in an hour at mathematics before prayers and breakfast.

It was pitch dark at seven, when the big bell rang as a signal to rise. It is curious how difficult it was to hear that bell in Winter. Berry never heard it; he scorned to rise till twenty minutes past seven. He could dress in ten minutes, and had been known to do it in five. On such occasions his personal ablutions were apt to be rather neglected.

"That old bell is at the bottom of it," remarked Culverwell, another boy, who found that the heavy clang disturbed his slumbers.

"It's John who's at the bottom of the bell," put in Millward.

"It's time they pensioned him off and sent him to a hospital for incurables," said Berry.

"He's a hopeless job," said Millward. "I spent half an hour one day trying to make him understand that I was willing to stand him a quarter if he'd give us a few minutes grace in the morning. But he's as deaf as a post, and though he took my quarter he rang us up more punctually than ever next morning."

"I wish he'd hang himself with his bellrope," said Culverwell.

They eyed the offending bell, which hung idly in its turret, built over what was once a stable, but was not part of the school buildings.

"I wish we could muffle the old thing," said Millward, looking wistfully up. "It's freezing hard, and it will be fierce work getting up tomorrow."

Berry had been silently inspecting the building.

"Tell you what, fellows," he said at last, "I believe I could get up there if I had a ladder. Out of the small classroom window, jump on to the ledge, then creep up the roof by the chimney, then a ladder over the space to the turret. If you fellows will hand me the ladder, I'll go!"

They were all dumb for a moment at his aduacity. Then Millward said:

"How are you going to get into the small classroom? It's always locked in playtime."

"So 'tis," assented Culverwell.

"Then I must get up to the ledge with a ladder, and then pull it up after me."

"You're a plucky one!" exclaimed Millward, in admiration.

John was having his dinner, and was not likely to be disturbed by any noise, for he was stone deaf. The boys found and hauled out his ladder almost from under his nose without his hearing a sound. Culverwell kept watch while Millward held the ladder for Berry to ascend.

It was a plucky if not perilous feat to attempt in the dark. But Berry was abounding in pluck, and the spirit of the adventure made him keep his nerve. He soon found himself on the ledge, and managed to haul up the ladder after him. It was an assistance instead of an encumbrance in crossing the roof, and he soon was within a dozen feet of the turret.

The boys below anxiously waited for his reappearance. But he had a job before him. His idea was to unship the tongue of the bell. He had a glorious reward if he could succeed, for John would never know if the bell rang or not.

Berry worked the tongue this way and that, but it was a difficult job. The inside of the bell was as dark as the inside of a wolf, to use a hunter's simile; he had to feel everything. And the metal was terribly cold.

However, at last he managed to unhitch it. He deliberated what to do with it now he had it. He put it in his pocket, and descended as quickly as was consistent with security.

"Off with the ladder," was his first order.

They soon had that in its place again. Then they felt safe from detection.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Millward, alluding to the rusty tongue which Berry exhibited.

"I think I shall leave it at the bottom of the tower, so they'll think it dropped down."

"Let's hope they will," said Culverwell, dubiously.

"At any rate I'll take the chance," continued Berry. "We shan't get called till past 8 at the earliest."

Next morning Old John sought his bellrope punctually at 7 as usual, rang away steadily for three minutes, and then retired to his den. One or two boys woke from sheer habit, but, hearing no bell, went to sleep again. The rest slumbered peacefully on.

The whole household was asleep. How long every one would have slept cannot be known, perhaps till 9, for when one depends on a bell for waking one waits for the accustomed sound. But dogs are not like human beings, and Fido, who always had his breakfast at 8, began making a great disturbance at a quarter past.

Fido woke his mistress, the doctor's wife. She looked at her watch—8:15. She was surprised beyond measure, as there was a strange silence everywhere. But the clock on the mantelpiece confirmed her watch, and two minutes later the bells were ringing in a manner which brought the servants out of their beds with a jump.

By 8:30 every one, boys and all, had been awakened, informally, for the bell refused to make a sound. John was summoned and was at last made to understand what was the matter. He asseverated warmly that he had rung the bell and went on a tour of inspection. He found the tongue on the ground, and, obtaining a ladder from the gardener next door, fastened it in its place again before it was time to ring for school.

"Never had such a gorgeous sleep in my life," said Millward warmly to Berry.

"Pity the trick can't be played twice," remarked Culverwell.

Something that day put Berry in a peculiarly reckless mood. More than that, he did not get his usual afternoon nap; he was disturbed by an inconsiderate master, who wanted to know when certain lines were going to be handed in to him. So 5 o'clock found Berry ready for any deed requiring more cheek than usual.

The bell! It struck him directly after he had written his last line. Whatever might happen he would have one more good long sleep.

He did not need his two friends; he knew his way now. In five minutes he had captured the ladder and placed it against the wall.

He was just stepping off it on to the ledge when he heard footsteps beneath him, perilously near. If he attempted to draw up the ladder the noise might attract attention. His only chance was to keep quite still, in the hope that the ladder couldn't be noticed in the dark.

At last he managed to unhitch it.

But it was. Old John happened to have finished his dinner earlier than usual, and was on his way to fetch an armful of wood.

"Now, who's been taking my ladder?" he said to himself. "Suppose it's one of them boys wanting to get their balls off the ledge."

He put the ladder on his shoulder and marched off with it.

Berry listened in horror. He did not know it was John who had captured his only means of retreat; whoever it was, he must throw himself on his mercy.

"Hi!" he called out, in a voice meant to combine a shout and a whisper.

There was no response.

"Hi! you there!"

It was a shout this time, and no mistake. But it had no effect.

Berry knew now it must be John. It was no use to shout. He tore off a piece of plaster and shied it in the direction of the retreating figure.

It struck the ground close to John, but he did not hear it. Poor Berry was left alone on the ledge, 14 feet from the ground.

He couldn't drop, for there was a grating just beneath him; besides, he could not lower himself from the narrow ledge. He might have done it in daylight, but not in darkness.

It was an uninviting night, and not a boy was out of doors. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable and remain where he was till something happened.

He knew well enough what would happen. After dinner there would be muster; he would be unable to say, "Here," and inquiry would be made, resulting in his capture and punishment.

Everything fell out exactly as he had anticipated. And by the time he was assisted down he was so cramped and frozen he would have welcomed a caning on the spot to warm him.

Intentionally, or unintentionally, the authorities did not connect his being on the ledge with the outrage on the bell of the day before. He received the usual punishment for missing muster, but beyond that nothing was done.

Probably the master who captured him considered he had already suffered punishment enough. At any rate, Berry was of the opinion that he had bought his extra hour's sleep rather dearly.

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"Don't Fight Without Flag"

BY HENRY S. EMORY.

THE name of Sergeant John Jasper has always been mentioned in American history among the brave soldiers of the Revolution; but the grand record of this uneducated youth was not fully known until it was revealed at the centennial celebration of Fort Moultrie by General Kershaw of Confederate fame.

John Jasper was born on the Black Mingo, or Black River, in South Carolina, and was among the first who enlisted in the celebrated Francis Marion's company when less than 20 years of age, and at once he displayed that daring courage that placed him in the front rank of that little army of Revolutionary braves.

Sir Henry Clinton and Major-General Cornwallis, with 3000 British troops, composed the land forces for the attack on the city of Charleston, S. C. Five English men-of-war were anchored within that beautiful bay. Sullivan's Island, in the harbor, was the rendezvous of the Colonial troops. Among these was the Second Regiment of South Carolina Infantry, commanded by Colonel William Moultrie. Against any further approach of the enemy these men erected a rude fort on the island, and named it Fort Sullivan. It was constructed of palmetto wood and sand, which would not today resist a single minor shot from a battleship or a cruiser. On the southeast bastion of this rude fort was planted the flag which has, from that day to this, been the pride of South Carolina. It was a blue field with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned that strong American word—Liberty!

When the fort was nearly complete, and the full force of the English army was known, a strong pressure was made upon Colonel Moultrie and his men to evacuate their position, they being assured that the whole command would be annihilated. But no words of entreaty or threats could induce officers or men to leave the rude garrison they had so zealously and faithfully erected. Sergeant Jasper was one of the garrison, and when he saw the bright Palmetto flag placed thereon, he said he "would defend it with his life."

On the 28th of June, 1776, the British troops and men-of-war opened their batteries on the little fort, and for a moment defeat seemed certain. The quaint old General Horry, in one of his private letters, wrote: "Such a sudden burst of flame and thunder could not but make us feel very queer at first, especially as we were young hands, and had never been engaged in such an awful scene before. But a few rounds brought us all right again and then, with heads bound up and stripped to the buff, we plied our bulldogs like heroes."

All day long this engagement continued, and never for one moment did the Colonial troops think of retreat or surrender. It was when the fire was the hottest that an incident occurred which infused fresh energy into the hearts of those American soldiers, and at the same time gave Sergeant Jasper a name that will live as long as American history is read.

The flagstaff was struck by a ball from the enemy, and, after tottering for a moment, fell forward, and the crescent flag seemed lost.

A feeling of despair naturally came over every soldier in the fort, and many believed that it was an evil omen. This feeling, however, was soon dispelled. Sergeant Jasper cried out to Colonel Moultrie, "Don't let us fight without a flag, Colonel!" and, with consummate bravery he leaped upon the parapet and thence down to the beach amid a perfect storm of shot, and recovered the flag. Attaching it to a sponge staff, he remounted the wall and deliberately fixed it on the southeast bastion.

Not long after Sergeant McDonald fell mortally wounded. As he was being borne from the platform he exclaimed: "I die, my brave fellows, but do not let the cause of liberty die with me." Sergeant Jasper exclaimed: "Let us avenge this brave man's death." Night closed this gallant defense, and, although the cannonading was continuous and of great severity, the Americans sustained the loss of but 11 men killed and 25 wounded.

Two days after the battle Governor Rutledge, General Lee and a large company of patriotic friends from Charleston visited the fort and complimented the heroes of the hour. On this occasion the young wife of Major Elliott presented the regiment a pair of colors, one of blue, the other of red silk, beautifully embroidered by the women of Charleston. As she handed them to the Colonel she said:

"Your gallant behavior in defense of liberty and your country entitles you to the highest honor. Accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment, and I have not the least doubt, under heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty."

Colonel Moultrie replied, saying that, "The Second Regiment would always carry them into action, and that they never would be tarnished by any act of theirs."

Now, see how nobly that promise was kept! On October 9, 1779, at the siege of Savannah, one of the flags was fixed on the British lines by Lieutenant Bush, who was immediately shot down. Lieutenant Hume attempted to set up the other and was also killed. Lieutenant Gray, in supporting them, was mortally wounded. It remained for Sergeant Jasper to accomplish this heroic work, but in doing so he received his death wound. He brought the standard off, however, yet the pair were finally taken by the British troops at the fall of Charleston. Sergeant Jasper sacrificed his life for his flag and country. His last words were: "Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to the regiment."

Thus died one of the bravest men in martial story. He is spoken of as a modest, quiet and obedient soldier, and what better character is wanted in public or private life, in business circles, or in the quiet home? On the occasion of Governor Rutledge's visit to the fort in Charleston harbor he presented Sergeant Jasper his own sword as a mark of his distinguished respect. He also offered the young soldier a commission, but with many thanks he declined them both, saying that "his lack of education unfitted him for any higher position than the rank and file."

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He Deliberately Fixed It on the Southeast Bastion.

Cry of the Little Brothers.

E. B. Barry, in Our Dumb Animals.

(The good St. Francis of Assisi called all animals his little brothers and sisters.)

We are the little brothers, homeless in cold and heat,
Fourfooted little beggars, roaming the city street,
Snatching a bone from the gutter, creeping thro' alleys drear,
Stoned and sworn at and beaten, our hearts consumed with fear.
You pride yourselves on the beauty of your city fair and free,
Yet we are dying by thousands in coverts you never see.
You boast of your mental progress, of your libraries, schools and halls;
But we who are dumb denounce you, as we crouch beneath their walls.
You sit in your tinseled playhouse and weep o'er a mimic wrong.
Our woes are the woes of the voiceless; our griefs are unheeded in song.
You say that the same God made us. When before his throne you come
Shall you clear yourselves in his presence on the plea that he made us dumb?
Are your hearts too hard to listen to a starving kitten's cries?
Or too gay for the patient pleading in a dog's beseeching eyes?
Behold us, your little brothers—starving, beaten, oppressed—
Stretch out a hand to help us that we may have food and rest.
Too long have we roamed neglected, too long have we sickened with fear.
The mercy you hope and pray for, you can grant us now and here.

An Adventure With a Wild Bull

I HEARD THE THUNDER OF THE HOOFS BEHIND ME.

BY CHARLES JOHNSON.

THE adventure which I am about to relate occurred when I was, as near as I can discover, between 11 and 12 years old. At that age I was exceptionally tall and swift by comparison with my contemporaries, and the exercises of a life spent on a wild seacoast had made us hardy and strong. To spend the greater portion of every Summer barefooted and but half dressed was our greatest delight, while it unconsciously developed, by the greater freedom given to our joints and muscles, an agility akin to that of the goats which we often chased in their own rocky haunts.

The English town of Peel, at that time, possessed but one building whose architecture rose above the level of a cottage, to-wit: its ancient castle. The old red sandstone houses were built on either side of the paths which once formed the winding tracks from the castle islet to the country in shore. The streets were scarcely wider than the spoor made by the old-time men-at-arms and fishermen. Many of the quaint little houses were thatched, and on old red sandstone house with a thatched roof is a pretty picture. Round, smooth stones from the sea beach formed the pavement of these erratic roadways and made walking, if free from mud, at once uncomfortable and insecure. The stranger often lost his way in the intricacies of the zigzagging lanes, but, unlike what he might meet in many places, he never came upon anything worse than a good, stiff smell of old fish.

In one of these curving and narrow streets in close proximity to the quay stood the butcher's shamble of the MacCumbers, two strapping fellows of over six feet in height, who could handle a sledge hammer or a bothersome heifer as easily as they could turn a herring on their plate.

One stormy Autumn day a fully-grown pure white bull stood outside the long entrance to the shamble, with his nose to the ground. Some animal sagacity or superheated action of the brain doubtless told him of the danger that lay at the end of the dimly-lighted passage he was being persuaded to enter.

He was a fine specimen of an athletic bull, who could, as the sequel will show, take a fence like a hunter.

Island fishermen accustomed to work on the land in Winter, are well acquainted with the ways of cattle, and with the assistance of a crowd of these men, the brother butchers urged the terrified brute, who was unfettered by any rope, through the lobby of the dwelling-house to the slaughter yard beyond. Here he must have been met by some grewsome sight, and, with tail erect and clearing a passage for himself, he rushed down the winding street, headed straight for the beach, and plunged into the stormy sea, paying as little heed to the ground-swells as if they were waves of prairie grass.

Half the entire population of the town quickly collected along the shore to witness the struggles of the bull in the billows, swimming straight away from shore to sea.

It was plain that the animal had gone mad. I stood beside the brothers and heard them say so, and heard them give their valuable purchase up for lost as he swam an undeviating course out to sea. But the cold sea water must have chilled his overheated blood, for, after swimming about half a mile out, he turned and came back in the midst of the breakers, pausing not a second on the beach, but hurrying up for the crowded shore road with snorts of rage and exertion.

In such scenes of terrifying excitement there are often comedies. A little fisherman, not many inches over five feet, who spent the stormy days wildfowling, ran up to meet the bull as he came through the open way from the sea beach to the road along the shore. Before the bull reached the opening Thomas was seen in a crouching attitude under the seawall, peering round the abutment as cautiously as if he were waiting for a bevy of ducks. He had not long to wait. The bull dashed through and Thomas sprang at him, not with spear or a drawn sword, and with a mighty grip caught him, not by the horns, but by the tail.

There is but one scene which gives a true idea of what followed—a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail. In thus attempting to stop the career of the mad bull, Thomas had adopted a squat position and held on with commendable bravery, while he bounded and rebounded, having the same shape as an ordinary teapot, his extended arms answering for the spout of the kettle. The pace of the bull not being appreciably lessened, it became evident to every beholder that he was not even aware that the gallant wildfowler was in attendance.

From the way in front of the bull the bravest made good their escape, but the rear was brought up by hundreds of running boys and men. I put the boys first, because the men were soon winded; and the first of the boys was one who was known by the sobriquet of "The Deer."

As the particular event which followed more closely concerned the Deer than any other, I will relate the circumstances in his own words:

When the bull came to the end of the shore he bounded up the headlands like a wild buffalo, followed now by nearly every man in the town who was not too old or a cripple. Behind these came women, bareheaded, or with divers colored shawls over their heads. The bull, like a panic-stricken soldier, heeded nothing but his determination to escape death.

As excited by the chase as any hound, I had so far outstripped my fellows as to be within a few feet of the bull when he cleared a fence in his path. Without vaulted over after him,

pausing to consider the situation, I

When I landed in the field I was but a few feet behind the bull. A few yards brought the bull to the precipitous edge of a quarry. Seeing his danger, he wheeled to the right-about so suddenly that I was nearly impaled upon his horns before I could pull myself up. At that instant many of the best runners were a few yards behind me and some scores of other boys were tumbling over the fence like so many packs of hounds.

There was not time for reflection. There was not the infinitesimal part of a second to consider what to do. Whether I acted from instinct or from the habit of dodging my pursuer, I cannot say; but if I had started back to seek safety in another vault over the fence there would have been a great slaughter of boys that day! It is probable, however, that I had no time to turn back; I was within the volumes of hot breath which came from the animal's nostrils and his horns were lowered to toss me, when I sprang off at a tangent and sped up the field—the pursuer pursued.

The field inclined slightly down to the seacoast and the gateway to it opened onto the highroad above. Like the hare which dreads to leap a fence when the hounds are close upon him, I sought refuge in my own speed and an open gap.

I saw the fence along the field rapidly become black with masses of human forms. I became conscious of a loud din of voices yelling to me incomprehensible things. I heard the thunder of the hoofs behind me; close—very close behind me. That is all. I thought not of father, or mother, or life, or death. I felt no fear. I had no trembling of the nerves or nervous pulsation of the heart. I have since measured the distance I had to run. It was 188 yards up an incline. When I was half the distance I saw that the gate was closed. I remembered that I could vault it with a run.

The crowd seemed unable, or unwilling, to render any assistance. If Thomas could but catch the bull's tail now! But Thomas had been left on the shore road hors de combat.

Presently another little man, and singularly enough another Thomas—I think I ought to give his name, it was Colvin—sprang on the gate and held out his hands to catch me when I made the spring he evidently thought I was preparing for. This man plainly risked his life, for the bull was not more than ten feet behind me in all the chase, and a slip or a loose grip would have meant that bull, man and boy would have come crashing in to the gate together. It is more than likely, too, that the headlong pace at which I ran would have made it impossible for me to take the gate without shortening my stride and threading my way a little, and that might have been fatal.

I think that it is fair to say that no athletic festival of ancient or modern days ever furnished a more exciting race for the spectators. A wild shout announced the success of my race for life as I leaped clear into Colvin's arms and carried him, or was swung by him, to the road beyond. At the same instant the baffled bull swerved round and, running through a gap into the next field, still kept up his mad career.

By this time one of the butchers had arrived with a rifle. Posting himself behind a fence in a line facing the running bull, he fired at a distance of about ten yards, and the bull fell at his feet with the mark of the rifle bullet through his skull.

The death of the bull was a merciful one and I went down with the crowd to see him as he lay, the symbol of animal beauty and force, endurance and speed, conquered by ingenuity and a superior intelligence.

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Old Mr. Jackson's Money

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN THE CONSTABLE ARRIVED.

THE village was asleep as Tommy ran through the streets to reach the house of Constable Stevens. Upon arriving there he knocked loudly on the door and had been banging away for five minutes when Mrs. Stevens raised a window and after finding out what was wanted she replied:

"Well, you will have to go farther. My husband's brother, who lives a mile out on the Grafton road, is very ill and Mr. Stevens is there to sit up with him. You will have to seek for him there."

For a moment the boy thought of returning home and fighting the stranger, if need be. Then he thought of arousing two or three men and having them return with him. He had it in his mind, however, that the constable was a great man and the only one that could do anything, and after a moment's hesitation he started off down the road as directed. The road was slippery with frost, and though he ran as never before it took him a long 20 minutes to cover that mile. By the time he had got the constable out doors and related his story more than half an hour had gone by since he left the miser's door.

"I don't see anything to raise a rumpus about," said the Constable, when he had heard the story. "If the stranger said he was Old Jackson's brother then he probably is. If he was after money, then the old man may have been owing it to him. You say they talked about Henry being in prison. I guess you were scared and got things twisted."

"But I tell you Mr. Jackson is awfully scared of him," protested Tom. "I never saw him scared of anybody before. He didn't want me to leave the house. Even if it's his own true brother he's afraid of him. I think he'll be killed before we can get back there."

"That's all bosh, but I'll go along with you. This isn't a town where people go around killing their own brothers or any one else. Don't be in a hurry, now. Just take your time and we'll get there all right. You say the stranger had false whiskers on?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess not. I guess you sorter dreamed that. When a boy's scared out of his boots he sees lots of things that are not so. If you think the stranger is a bad man then I ought to stop at the house and get my handcuffs and revolver. When I have those with me I'm not afraid to tackle anybody."

"But you'll hurry, won't you?" pleaded Tom.

"Oh, there's no rush. We shall get there to find the two brothers talking away as friendly as you please. If you are so very anxious you might run on ahead. I'll be following you in about five minutes."

What ailed the Constable was that he was a bit scared. He had never had occasion to arrest a man in his life, and no matter what he had said to the boy, he had a feeling that the stranger was a desperate man and up to some mischief. Therefore, he dallied in his house for a long ten minutes, while the boy went on ahead. The Constable had covered only half the distance when he heard Tom shouting, and as he quickened his pace he caught the shouted words:

"Hurry up, Mr. Stevens! The door is open and Mr. Jackson is lying on the floor! I believe he has been killed!"

"What further nonsense is this!" growled the officer as he slowly approached and looked over the lad's shoulders into the living-room of the old house.

The lamp was burning on the table, and by its light they could see the old man lying on the floor with one of his legs doubled under him, while the rocking-chair in which Tommy had left him sitting was also upset. There was deep silence over everything, and after a minute spent in looking in from the doorway the Constable, to his shame, whispered:

"You go in first! You know the house better than I do. The old man may have fallen to the floor in a fit!"

Tommy Clark advanced and bent over the old man. He had never seen a dead person before, but one look told him that Old Jackson was no more. The old man's necktie and collar had been torn off, as also the collar of his coat, and those things, together with the upset rocking-chair, plainly showed that there had been a struggle. As a matter of fact it was easy to see from the cuts and scratches on his face and the finger-prints on his throat that the miser had been choked to death.

"It was the man who called him his brother that did it," exclaimed Tommy, as he looked at the Constable.

"I shouldn't wonder, but that's a matter that must be looked into," was the reply. "I'll stand here by the door and you run uptown and arouse as many people as you can. Tell them to hurry. Tell them there has been a murder. Tell them I am here and will probably catch the murderer before morning."

Half an hour later there were 20 men in the old house, all anxious to know all about it. Tommy was made to tell his story over and over, and all were deeply interested except the Constable. He wanted it to be understood that he had taken the leading part in the affair and must have all the credit. The body of the old man was lifted up and laid on the bed, and while one was suggesting that this, and another that that, should be done, the weeping boy suddenly cried out:

"Why, the man has broken open Mr. Jackson's trunk and made a search of the rooms! Don't you see he has even been down cellar and left the trap-door open?"

"Aye, he came to rob as well as murder," answered one of the citizens.

"And what are you doing, Stevens?" asked another. "Are you going to let the fellow get away."

"No, I ain't," replied the Constable, as he moved over and took Tom by the collar. "This is the guilty party!"

(To be continued.)

The Uplift in Cactus Center.

Denver Republican.

Sence the Country Life Commission called
upon our rival town
There's a heap of old-time notions that'll
nevermore go down;
We've cut out the type of rancher—and of
all types he's the worst—
Who thinks that irrigatin' means a-quenchin'
of his thirst.

We have told our shootin' sheriff of our
back-to-natur' needs,
And he's used the hoe, promiscu'us, on our
growth of human weeds;
We have closed the gamblin' places, and
the good-by sign we slips
To the youth whose Springtime fancy lightly turns to poker chips.

We have had a hoss-thief raisin', and the
neighbors all agree
That a more upliftin' session this here place
will never see;
And we've painted, sence we started, several pairs of high-heeled boots,
All the pairs containin' Trifles of our gunfightin' galoots.

So we've put our bid in heavy for free seeds
from Uncle Sam,
And we're goin' to have a college and an
irrigatin' dam;
We'll show 'em that for farmin' that is
sciences and way up
Cactus Center's got the deadwood on that
measly Spotted Pup.