

IN THE WOODS.

When winds are wild or steep and plain And Nature's beauty seems to wane...

THAT CLOCK.

It was a lovely pretty thing, formed of bronze, with a couple of Cupids in attitudes of charming abandon...

"Oh, George, what a lovely clock!" "Yes, Annie, dear," replied he, "it is really beautiful."

"How I wish," said she wistfully, "that you could afford to buy it, that you could make such a splendid ornament for the parlor mantelpiece."

"I would be only too happy to do so, but you know, Annie, I'm a young merchant, and whatever resources I have must be strictly devoted to business."

"There is my card," replied Mr. Mayblossom, taking the bit of pasteboard out of his cardcase.

"No matter, then. Give me the parcel." He took the clock, and having reached the sidewalk called a commissionaire, who happened to pass by.

"You will take this clock to this address," he said, handing him the parcel and a card from the commissionaire which still held in his hand.

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed he in some surprise, reading the address. "Miss Priscilla Danvers, dressmaker, 210 — street."

"Miss Priscilla Danvers, dressmaker, 210 — street." "Well, now, who'd think that such a fine gentleman would be sending clocks to dressmakers?"

"What a lovely clock!" exclaimed Priscilla, noting the direction of her eyes. "Isn't it lovely? And it was just sent to me as a present by a gentleman who loves me ever so much."

her" thought the dressmaker. "Can't you know my Augustus, and would he be paying her any address? I must ask him when he comes."

"That clock," cried he, pointing to the innocent cause of all these complications. "Why—why," stammered she. "Did you not send me that?"

"I send you a hundred dollar clock," explained he in tones of bitter scorn. "I, with a salary of \$10 a week? You cannot deceive me. You know that Mr. Mayblossom bought that clock at my store this morning. You know that he sent it to you, and you received it. You took this costly present from a married man."

"What could it mean? He went to his wife's room. It was empty. There was no clock on the mantelpiece. Ah, what was that? A letter addressed to him and in his wife's handwriting. He hastily opened it and read:

"Forever farewell. By the time you read this letter I shall have returned to my parents. Your debt is discovered. I have married. First, I went to the dressmaker's and saw the clock there, and then I went to the jeweler's and made sure that you bought it and sent it to me. You are a liar, Augustus."

"Here's a fine mix up," muttered he, "and all because my wife happened to place her dressmaker's card among mine when she was arranging my cardcase yesterday. Well, I suppose I'll have to go after her and explain."

"Mr. George Mayblossom—I need only state that Miss Priscilla Danvers is, or rather was, my affianced wife to prove my right to call you to account for your infamous conduct of today."

"Hoity, toity," cried Mr. Mayblossom, fairly convulsed with laughter. "A deal, as I live! Hilar! What clock anyway? I wonder what will turn up next?"

"I will," exclaimed a voice melodramatically. He looked up from the challenge he was reading and beheld Priscilla standing before him, wrathful as a Nemesis and holding the unlucky clock in a threatening attitude.

"Mr. Mayblossom," said she, "I have come here to tell you that I want none of your presents. If I had known that you sent me that clock, I wouldn't have received it. It has already robbed me of my lover, and you can take your infamous gift back again."

"What she had said the poor clock to the floor, and the glass globe was shattered into a thousand fragments, the pretty Cupids lost their arms and heads, the carved flowers were broken, and nothing remained of the beautiful but unlucky timepiece save a mass of ruins."

WAR ON MOONSHINERS

Waging a Vigorous Campaign in Western Arkansas.

DEPUTY MARSHALS MURDERED.

United States Revenue Collectors in Battle Array Against a Formidable Band of Illicit Distillers—Interesting and Picturesque Details of the Guerrilla Warfare.

"Hold up your hands, stranger! You're killed!" The stranger holds up his hands, and from a thicket in front slowly emerges a long, lean, sunburned and lanky fellow...

And so the merry war goes on, all sorts of romantic episodes, such as breaking machinery and sets of horse devices, breaking the record of chasing and fighting. United States Marshal Abner Gaines complains that he is hampered by the limited appropriations for the work he has to do.

It is not hard to see the case from the moonshiners' side. From time immemorial the simple method of a still, some stout moonshiners have manufactured their few spare bottles of corn into a very pure form of whisky, and thus earned a few hundred dollars a year.

Two of the bravest men in the government service, Deputy Marshal Thomas H. Grison and Deputy Sheriff Martin of Polk county, have been killed and several others wounded, while the moonshiners at least as many more have gone the same road.

The valleys are remarkably fertile, yielding 60 bushels of corn per acre, and the level soil is well adapted to the raising of cotton. The soil is very valuable, and it is a question of a few years when the region will have become an active industry.

Just now, however, the moonshiners of all the states east of the Mississippi have possession of the wild sections, and, aided by the moonshiners of the United States a merry war. The Indian Territory, just to the west, furnishes a splendid market for the whisky, despite the stringent laws against its sale, and the average Arkansian is not inclined to question the origin of the liquor he drinks if it is good.

When Hon. John C. Cook entered on his duties as internal revenue collector for Arkansas, he learned of the prevalence of illicit distilling and organized a series of raids which have given occasion for some of the most brilliant bushwhacking in the history of the service.

When the officers drew near, the moonshiners fled, and the officers followed them to the establishment. That belonged to the sugar basin. From there it would be removed to stir the cup's contents as it was prepared by the hostess and started down the long table.

Here is a story W. F. Blood tells about an occurrence no farther away than in Loganport, Tenn.

An advertisement met many years ago I had arranged for a company at Dolan's theater, and so after the custom, it became necessary for me to ascertain all the points possible about the theater, depth of stage, height of ceiling, paper, and the position of the lights, and the seats in the orchestra. So I put the question to Dolan.

How to Preserve Leaves and Plants. To preserve leaves and other parts of plants properly they should be placed in a shallow tin or paper, and the paper should be changed every day for two or three days. They should be dried as rapidly as possible by passing a warm fan over the paper each time the change is made.

LAWSLESS ENTERPRISE

Train Robbers Have Had a Very Prosperous Year.

EXPRESS COMPANIES ABOUSED.

They Will Ask Congress for Assistance in Suppressing the Outlaws—Train Robbing an Exclusively American Institution. Why it Does Not Flourish in Europe.

There are no train robbers in England. The "body," with its accompaniment of dark faces starting from the woods and the appearance of a mob at the door of the express compartment, with the command, "Throw up your hands!" is unknown on the continent of Europe.

There are a number of train robbers in the United States, and they are not thought of their being arrested and tried for their crimes. Transfers of treasure from the Bank of France to the Bank of England, necessitating two railroad journeys and a voyage across the channel, are almost weekly occurrences and involve vast sums of money.

The American train robbers come of a race of bold, audacious, reckless men, accustomed to taking their lives in their hands, familiar with the rifle and the revolver from childhood and ready for any desperate deed to accomplish their aims.

But the stage drivers of those old California days were equally ready with the gun, and it was the custom for the passengers to turn in and help protect the road. Sometimes the passengers were robbed even of their clothes, and Bret Harte has told of a bunch of them who once drove into Calaveras wearing nothing but the skins of their animals.

It took more men in those old California days to hold a stagecoach than are now required to hold up a modern express train. And it is likely, in physical courage and readiness for any desperate deed, that the stage robbers of California were a superior race of men to those who now lie in wait for the whistle of the express and put a dynamite cartridge on the track to warn the engineer.

The modern train robber is therefore the professional successor of the California inventors of the game, which has been steadily improved with time. Thus the use of the dynamite cartridge at Aquia Creek to blow open the door of the express car and terrify the passengers' agent was something of a novelty, and as train robbers would express it, "the bluff worked."

When detectives go upon the trail and one of the gang is arrested who tells the truth or part of the truth, thus letting the public in behind the scenes, the force of the modern train robbery is apparent. It is then seen how a little gang of two or three men, absolutely at the mercy of an equal number as well armed as themselves, stopped an express train and terrorized perhaps hundreds of passengers while they blew open the safe and made off with their booty.

But the situation is far from absurd as it presents itself to a passenger looking over the glistering barrel of a revolver. He is not disposed to argue the bona fide of the case with a tall, lank man who has the drop on him. He gives up his wealth with alacrity and dispatch and is glad of a chance to get off with his life.

Europeans may smile at the nerve of a trainful of passengers who thus surrender their wealth and at the supineness of express agents who give up the keys of the safe, but it bears an entirely different aspect when the train is stalled in some lonely wood, where confederates are supposed to be skulking behind every tree. There are few such woods in Europe.

This is the reason why train robberies like that of Aquia Creek are confined to America. The European countries are thickly settled. Farms and houses are close together. The train hardly leaves one village boundary before it enters another. The stations are near together, and assistance is at all times close at hand. The various neighborhoods are so thickly populated that a gang of train robbers could not make off with their booty. They would all be surrounded and apprehended within a few hours.

Upon the other hand, the physical characteristics of railroad travel in the United States afford every opportunity for this kind of lawlessness. Towns and cities are far apart. For hours at a time the road runs through a wild and desolate country.

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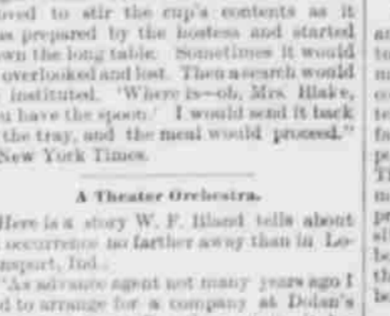
REVENUE COLLECTOR COOK.



UNITED STATES MARSHAL GAINES.



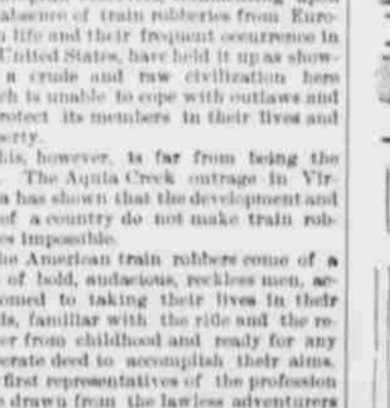
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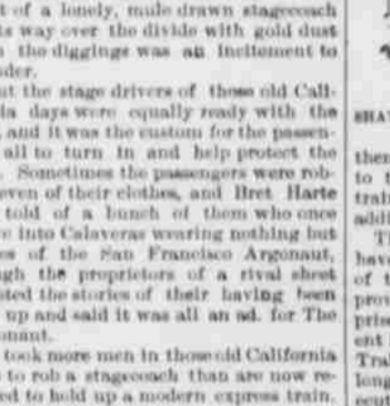
A Theater Orchestra.



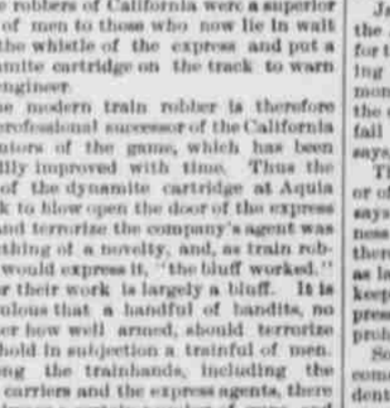
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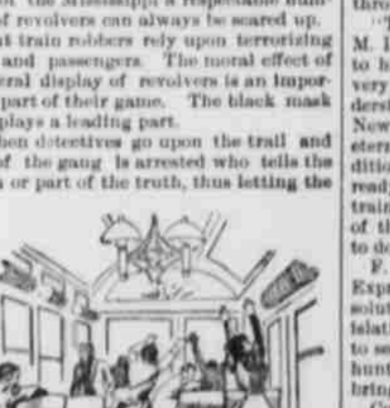
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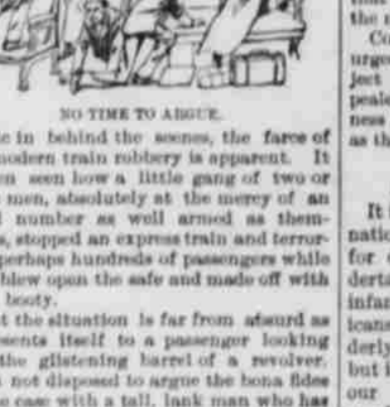
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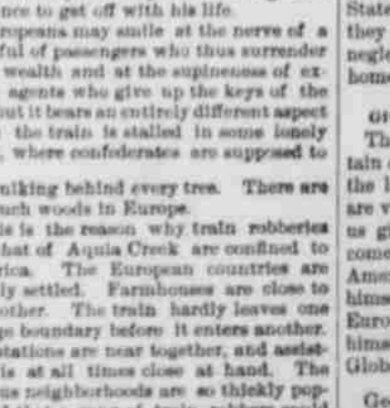
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