

UTTER FOLLY IN SEPARATE ACTION.

"Dishonest Leaders and Peanut Politicians" Cannot "Prevent a Coalition."

Corvallis Times, Dec. 22.

Yamhill leads off in a union of reform forces, and the example set there last Saturday, when the Democratic and People's and the Union-Bimetal in parties joined issues for next year's Oregon elections will probably overshadow events that will happen elsewhere in the state. "The utter folly of either of the reform elements in attempting without the aid of the other two to overthrow the gold party next year is fastening itself upon the rank and file of the three parties, and it will be difficult for dishonest leaders and peanut politicians in either, to prevent a coalition."

"With a senator and two congressmen, with a full state ticket and the legislature as the stakes, it will take a vast amount of convincing, juggling, and conspiring for so-called leaders with nests to leather or axes to grind, to fool and delude the people into disunion, demoralization and impotency."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "HOODLUM."

The old pro-freader was holding forth upon the question of typographical errors and their occasional influence on posterity. The word "hoodlum" is an instance of this, he said. Out in San Francisco twenty-five years ago there was a notorious character named Muldoon, who was the leader of a gang of young ruffians. They were a terror on the community, and about as tough a lot of citizens as you could find on the coast. A reporter who had been assigned on a story in which they had figured, undertook to coin a word designating the gang. He reversed the name of the leader, and referred to them as noodlums, the compositor mistook the n for an h, and as hoodlums, the word passed the proofreader, and now hoodlum is a recognized word, and will probably survive.

FAKE ADVERTISING.

Eugene people are getting shy of fake advertising propositions. The one here the other day failed to make all connections. He succeeded at Albany, as witness the Democrat:

"Another advertiser has just done the city, and a good many invested small sums, getting little promised in return. He left the town with some bills unliquidated. As our people always go into these things with their eyes open there is no particular reason why there should be any very big kick coming."

A Portland jury has decided that an insurance company must pay a loss about which were very strong probabilities of collusion and incendiaryism. The trend of recent decisions is to compel the payment of insurance where there is the least evidence that an honest loss has been sustained. It is the business of the insurance companies to compel their agents to guard against over insurance and to consider the character and surroundings of the men with whom they do business. Such decisions have the effect of making insurance companies more careful, and is a benefit to the general public in that the insurance firebug seldom fails to destroy other property than his own when he kindles a fire.

European powers, without exception, have war vessels in Chinese waters, also are getting them there in short order. The keen scent and sight of the buzzard are never responsible for his loss of carrion. If a partition is down on the programme each wants a share.

Why are the bankers in favor of the plan of Secretary Gage? Because Mr Gage proposes to give them all the money they are willing to receive and loan if they will allow the government the privilege of safely keeping and paying interest on what the government owes them in bonds.

BEND BENEATH THE BLAST.

When sorrow's tempests round us rose And overhelm the soul,
Oh, trust thou not in worldly pride Or seek the tempting bowl,
But with a firm and trusting heart Bend low beneath the blast,
And be above who chasteneth thee Will raise thee when 'tis past.

The lofty oak, the mountain pine, So stately in their pride,
Must bend or break before the storm That on the night winds ride,
While the meek willow lowly stoops Before the raging blast,
And lifts its head in beauty decked When storms and clouds are past.
So thou, oh man, must lowly bend When sorrows round thee press!
They may be angels in disguise To lead to happiness.
Oh, trust to him who rules above And bend beneath the blast,
And he will raise thy drooping soul When storms of life are past!
—Finley Johnson in New York Ledger.

HIS LAST PUPIL.

"The best thing you can do," said my doctor, "is to take bicycling."
"As present, of course, one bicycle," said the man of the world.

"You're missing the finest possible enjoyment by not bicycling," said my athletic friend.

In fact, wherever I went I was met by bicyclists who longed to make others bicyclists. It was not for health, nor for fashion, nor for exercise that I finally took to the machine. It was simply from the pressure of public opinion. When I had finally given in and made up my mind to spill my clothes, bruise my body, and ruin my temper by learning to ride, I sought out my athletic friend and asked him to tell me if there was any instructor whom he could especially recommend.

"Yes," he said, "there is. There is one man, Barkinstone by name, who has quite a small shop in the Enderdown road. He knows more about the bike than any two other men in England put together. I would not dream of buying a new machine myself without consulting Barkinstone about it, though he would charge me a guinea for his opinion."

I said that that seemed rather a lot of money.
"My friend confessed that it was so. But if you want the very best you always have to pay for it. Barkinstone's thorough, that's what he is. He never advertises and never makes any fuss, but on his terms alone he always has more work than he can do. He never employs an assistant—except, of course, in his work-shops. If he consents to teach you, he will charge you \$5, no matter how few or how many lessons you may require. It seems a good deal of money, I dare say, but then remember that if you pay for Barkinstone you get Barkinstone. He does not hand you over to some under-teacher who knows nothing of the real science of the thing, and he will turn you out perfect. Your style will be absolutely correct. You will ride easily and confidently. You will thoroughly understand the mechanism of your bike, and if any trifling accident occurs be able to put it right for yourself instead of rushing off to a repairer. Don't do it unless you like, but if you do I can guarantee that you will get your money's worth."

"Well, I'll tell you. I learned to ride all right, as I thought then, from a friend of mine. After I had ridden for about a year I met one of Barkinstone's pupils, a lady, and when I watched her I felt dissatisfied with myself and uneasy about my riding. I got an introduction from her—he won't take a pupil without an introduction—and went to Barkinstone. 'Look here,' I said, 'I want you to try me and see if I ride properly.' He put me a lot of tests, and I thought I got through most of them fairly well. 'Yes,' said Barkinstone, 'your machine doesn't suit you, and your saddle's not right. You get along anyhow and ride like the average man.' 'What do I want?' I asked. 'Two finishing lessons at a guinea each,' he said. I took them, and I never spent money better. I gained in comfort, gained in speed and got an understanding of the machine that was alone worth the money."

That decided me. With an introduction from my athletic friend I sought out Barkinstone in the Enderdown road. He was a tall, thin man, with a low lip and inquiring eyes. He heard what I wanted and then looked up entries in a notebook. "I'm full up for a fortnight," he said. "You can take the course then if you like. I shall require the \$5 in advance and a written promise to keep my system of tuition secret. That is my usual custom." I gave him the money and the promise and said good morning.

"Wait a minute, sir," said Barkinstone. "I must have a machine exactly right ready for you to learn on. Step this way." He took me into another room, weighed me carefully, measured me frequently and accurately and told me exactly what clothes I was to get. He had a model suit and explained it to me. He had a tame tailor, who was intrusted with the making of these suits. He would not risk his secret by allowing you to employ your own tailor.

At the end of a fortnight I returned to him.
"I paid altogether (exclusive of a moderate charge for the clothes) \$5 to Barkinstone, \$5 for tuition, 1 guinea for choosing a machine for me and 2 guineas for procuring, altering and fitting a special saddle. In four days I could ride straight up a stiff hill without bending my back and with my hands off. I could take my machine to pieces and put it together again. On the fifth day I rode 40 miles without feeling particularly exhausted. Now, I am by no means an athlete, and I am particularly slow at learning anything. In short, Barkinstone was expensive, but he was also the most amazingly clever and thorough instructor that the world has yet produced. I sent him four pupils, and the last of them had won three months before Barkinstone could take him.
At a rough guess I should say that Barkinstone was making from \$50 to \$60 a week clear profit. I heard indirectly that he was investing largely in house property.

unnecessary but strictly legal lamp and rods off. The first few miles I went slowly, with my hands in my pockets. Then I settled down to some good hard work. I had not taken any particular note of the direction in which I was going, nor how long I had been riding, when I thought I heard a village clock in the distance strike one. Then I glanced at my watch and found that it was indeed an hour after midnight. I decided to ride on to the village and then turn back and go home. The road here stretched long and white. On one side was the low stone wall of a park, on the other was a steep, downward slope covered with grass and brambles. I noticed in the distance a tiny spark darting hither and thither, occasionally stopping suddenly and then zigzagging again.

As I came nearer I perceived that this spark was a bicycle lamp and that the machine was being ridden by some one not expert, some one who occasionally collapsed and desperately recommenced. Nearer still I drew. The cyclist was visible now, his shoulders hunched, his knees turned to and his insteps well over the pedals. I prepared to dodge, and it was as well I did, for just as we met he gave another lurch and came at me. I escaped him, and he went bang into the wall, shoved himself off with one hand, shot across to the other side of the road and tumbled straight down the embankment. Then from motives of humanity I got off my machine. I called down the embankment, "Are you hurt?"

After a moment a voice came from the middle of a bramble bush: "Not much. The bike's—er—rather entangled, but I can manage. Don't stop for me."
However, I leaned my machine against the wall, took off the lamp and climbed down the embankment with it in my hand. Against the bramble bush was the rider, stooping down and rubbing his shins. Beside him was a lump of mixed machinery that had once been a bicycle. He looked up as I approached, and the light of my lamp fell full on his face.

"Barkinstone!" I exclaimed. "Barkinstone of the Enderdown road, by all that's miraculous!"
"No, no," he said, "my name is—er—Brown."
"Not a bit of it," I replied. "You taught me to ride, and I know you. You're Barkinstone."
"I knew this would happen one of these days," he said to himself mournfully. "Yes, sir, it's so good to say otherwise I'm Barkinstone."

"And the amazing part of it is you don't talk in the least as if you were drunk."
"I'm not drunk. I know my business well enough—see—look at this." He took a couple of tools from his pocket. Then he picked up a bundle of spokes, some scraps of tire, a handle bar and what was left of the saddle, and in a very few minutes had made a bicycle out of them. "There, does that look as if I were drunk?"
"No," he said. "It doesn't. And, drunk or sober, nobody but you could have done it. But why did you ride like that?"
"Because I can't ride any better. In fact, that ride tonight was the best I've ever done. I've never been so far before without falling off."

"Still I don't understand. You taught me to ride. You have taught hundreds to ride."
"Yes, but I can't teach myself." "You have a theory of riding that is absolutely correct. It has been tested."
"Yes, the theory is correct in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. I'm the thousandth. Was I riding properly when you saw me?"
"You were pedalling very unevenly and badly. You clung hard to the handles. You kept looking at the front wheel."
"Oh, you needn't go on. I was doing everything I oughtn't to do. I know it. The theory falls with me because I am the thousandth case. Do you think it takes any courage to learn to ride the bicycle?"

"None whatever—not in the least." "I'll put it in a different way. Can you conceive of a want of nerve so terrible, a physical cowardice so great, that it might absolutely prevent a man from learning to bike, or at any rate cause him to take years over it, where other men would only take days?"
"No, I can't."
"Very likely not, sir. But I suffer from just that want of nerve, just that physical cowardice. I stand beside the machine and my nerve's all right, and I know all there is to know about riding. I've only got to put my foot on the step and my nerve's gone, and in a moment I've forgotten everything. Then I flounder about and come off and hurt myself and break things."

He limped up the embankment to the road, carrying his machine and refusing any assistance.
"Going to get on again?" I asked.
"Oh, yes! I've got perseverance and moral courage if I haven't got physical courage and nerve."
He placed his left foot on the step, propelled the machine in a slow curve with three convulsive kicks with his right foot, rose slowly into the air, then slipped off the step and came down in the road with the machine on top of him. He was apparently quite used to this kind of thing, for he observed in an unmoved voice from under the machine, "There was one thing I forgot to mention, sir."

"Well, what was it?"
"You would do me a great favor," he said, rising slowly, "if you would for the present keep this incident a secret. You know what the public is, sir. If the public knew that I could not ride, it would never believe that I could teach other people to ride. I am about to retire. In another six months I shall be able to give up the business and live in comfort in a fine house in the country for the rest of my days. After that it doesn't much matter what you say, for no pupil has ever been dissatisfied with me. But until then it might spoil business."
"But why give up your business? You're far too young a man to retire. What interest have you got in the country? What would you do with yourself?"
"Learn the bicycle. I shall be my own pupil. It will take me all my life. Good night, sir. Well, thanks—if you'd just give me a hand."

He relit his lamp. I held the machine while he mounted and then shoved him off. He vanished like a diamond pointed cork-screw, more or less in the direction of the village.
He has retired now. The grounds of his country house are secluded by high walls. I am told that inside an asphalt track has been constructed. It hurries to fall on asphalt.—Woman at Home.

MARY ELLEN.

Mary Ellen looked over the tops of her glasses as if deliberately summing up the merits and demerits of her visitor. Her faded, rather pretty face, outlined by crimped dark hair, gave no sign of agitation.

"It's been 15 years, hasn't it?" she said, pondering.
"Fifteen years," he assented, with plaintive emphasis.
He was a thin man, with a large, bulging forehead and a face tapering almost to a point at the chin. He pulled at his sooty brown mustache and looked at her as if waiting for an answer. His rather womanly hand was really pitiful in its bonliness.

"You ought not to have wasted 15 years on me," she said, with a faint, tearful smile.
"He shifted his feet on the floor in protest."
"Fifteen years is a good long time," she meditated. "Seems like it oughtn't just to go for nothing."
She took off her glasses and touched the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief. "Well," she said meekly, "I can get on with 'most anybody and make myself satisfied with 'most anything. If you are so set on it as all that, I reckon this time I'll have to say yes."

He looked at her for a moment as if dazed. His face shone as he caught her hands in his, and his chin trembled. "Mary Ellen!" he said.
She looked at him with the same tearful smile. "It certainly does sound funny, Mr. Haskins, to hear you call me 'Mary Ellen,' without any 'Miss.' It's mighty hard for settled people like us to change in their ways."
"You have always been 'Mary Ellen' to me," he answered rapturously, "no matter what I have called you. And now I've got you," he said, an exultant smile dancing on his face.

"Getting married is a mighty risky thing," she remarked. "But if we'll learn to have patience and do our duty I reckon we can manage to get along together."
"Yes, I reckon we can," he said happily.
"You certainly did hold on," she continued, with the air of one reviewing a game at which she had been beaten.

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you," he hastened to add, shocked at the words, "but it mightn't be best for you. And I don't want to have it on my conscience that I begged you into it. What do you think of it, Miss Mary Ellen?"
"I don't know what to think of it," she said, scarcely opening her lips to speak.
"Don't you mind about disappointing me. What is one disappointment, more or less, in this uncertain world?" A short, involuntary groan escaped him, but he involuntarily went on with elaborate cheerfulness. "And 'twon't be your doing, don't pointing me. I'll be all my doing, don't pointing me. You feel like you oughtn't to see? If you feel like you oughtn't to break your word and all that now, I'm giving right up myself, here and now. I'm giving you up, not you giving me up."
His face was radiant with the glory of renunciation.

She stared down at the carpet and spoke not a word.
"And now, if you ain't happy it won't be any fault of mine." He wiped his brow and drew a deep breath with an air almost of triumph. "That was a mighty short engagement, wasn't it?" he added, with an unsteady little chuckle.
He glanced about him with a sprightly air. "Speaking of crooners," he remarked casually, "they had a striped kind at our house last year that was mighty pretty. I wish now I'd thought to get you some roots, but the yellow ones are mighty pretty too. Did you ever see the striped kind, Miss Mary Ellen?"

"I don't remember," she said briefly.
The subject so obviously failed to interest her that he cast around in his mind for another. "I'm glad the fruit trees have not been blossoming so early this year," he observed. "If they hold back a little longer, we'll have a good chance of a crop. Last year certainly was a bad year. You ain't feeling very well today, are you, Miss Mary Ellen?" he inquired, with tender solicitude. "I reckon you didn't sleep very well last night," he suggested, waiting for her answer.
She did not speak.

"I was mighty troubled myself," he continued. "But don't you worry about that now. That is all over. There ain't a sparrow hopping out yonder in the trees that's any finer than you are. And as for taking back your word—" The muscles around her mouth worked for a moment. "I haven't taken back my word," she said.
"No, of course not," he assented cordially. "I ain't your way to take back your word. That's the reason I take the back track in it myself." He arose and offered her his hand.

"Well, I reckon I'd better be getting on." His hand closed convulsively over her limp fingers, and a pang of pain shot over the thin face that betrayed his emotion. He looked at her wistfully. "I ain't saying that I ain't sorry it couldn't be," he said.
The household wondered at the cessation of the visits of "Aunt Mary Ellen's" bean, but no explanation was forthcoming.
"Where's Mr. Haskins, Mary Ellen?" her sister ventured. "Don't you reckon he's sick or something?"
Mary Ellen winced. "I haven't heard anything about his being sick," she said.
She was standing at the window looking down the street. She drew back with a little flush on her face, but with studied deliberation. "There he is now," she said, "but maybe he's just passing." She cast an eye on the glass and touched her hair with agitated fingers. "You let him in, Fanny Belle," she said to her young niece, who regarded her in silence. "I ain't quite ready."

She paused a moment at the foot of the stairs, as if to catch her breath before she entered.
He was standing, looking eagerly at the door. They shook hands in solemn silence. "Have you got real well, Miss Mary Ellen?"
"I haven't been sick," she said.
The subject admitted of no more discussion.
"Fanny Belle is getting to be a mighty pretty girl," he began again. "Don't these young ones grow up fast? She'll play the wild with these young fellows before long. She's mighty like what you used to be."
"Ah!" she said.
"How's Mrs. Waggoner, Miss Mary Ellen?"
"Sister Mely is very well, I thank you," she answered.

He pondered for awhile in silence. "I haven't seen you all for right long," he observed in an offhand manner.
She made no reply.
"I thought maybe somebody had been sick or something had been bothering you," he suggested.
She said nothing for a moment. "Everybody's been pretty well," she finally responded.
He looked mildly at her, evidently at the end of his conversational resources.
She laid the hem of her handkerchief in folds.

"Speaking of Sister Mely," she went on suddenly, "I don't know what I'd do but for Sister Mely. There's nobody to be depended on like our own born relations. I don't know whether you ever do get to understand people you wa'n't raised with."
"Yes, that's so," he assented, not without perplexity.
"Some people are so excitable," she proceeded, "that you never know just where to find 'em. If Sister Mely says a thing today, she'll stick to it tomorrow."
"You are mighty that way yourself," he said.
She flushed over her face and neck. The blood rushed to his own face as he saw the drift of her thoughts. "Nobody's any stricter about a promise than you are," he said in a reassuring manner. "You'd stand up to it if it killed you—if you wa'n't let off."

She glanced at him and looked away. "I don't know how you know all that," she said.
He seemed a little bewildered, as if he had lost his bearings in the conversation.
Her glance again turned to him for an instant. "I don't generally make promises 'twould kill me to keep."
A sort of flash passed over his face as he looked at her. "It seemed mighty hard on you the other night—that promise did," he began unsteadily. "Wa'n't it hard on you, Miss Mary Ellen?"
With the eagerness of the drowning man who sees a straw he clutched the arms of his chair so that his knuckles whitened. "Wa'n't it hard, Miss Mary Ellen?"
She sat rigid in every muscle, gazing solemnly into her lap, but in spite of herself her face flushed and softened. "Not so very," she answered in a sweet, faint voice. "Annie Steger Wilson in Ladies' Home Journal."
The day that Phillips Brooks died the mother of a little child came into the room where the little one was playing, and holding the bright face between her hands, said tearfully, "Bishop Brooks has gone to heaven." "Oh, mamma, how happy the angels will be!" was the reply of the child.

A JUMPED CLAIM.

"Just as we go to press," announced the New Boston Clarion in its first issue, "we learn that Ben Fargo's claim has been jumped again. Ben's return is expected tomorrow, and we predict that he will attend to the eviction in his usual prompt and thorough manner."
"No fault could have been found with this item except perhaps that it might have been a little indefinite to the uninitiated. New Boston fully understood it. 'Who's jumped it this time?' asked Colonel Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka general store.

"Dun know," answered the mail carrier. "Didn't stop to find out. Smoke was coming out of the shack, and a seamy looking linchpin wagon and a pair of rickety ole mules was standin by."
"Waal," predicted Colonel Pride, "about five minutes after Ben gets there them rickety mules'll be pulling that scandalous looking wagon away from that claim."
"You bet!" agreed the citizens.
"Pears like Ben Fargo's claim is allus been jumped."
"And unjumped just as often," said the colonel.

"Had to laugh, the other day, as I was ridin past," said Mr. Cy Hickson. "Feller from Missouri'd jumped the claim that time an was bakin a johnny cake in Ben's skillet. 'Five minutes to git your johnny out of my skillet,' says Ben. 'The year 1901 will find me right yere,' says Missouri. Says Ben, 'This is my claim, an—' 'Mebby 'twas 'fore I jumped it,' broke in Missouri, turnin over the johnny cake. 'Yes, an 'twill be soon's you unjump it, which'll be in 'bout three minutes,' says Ben. 'Crack your whip,' says Missouri. 'I'm able for you, I reckon; 'sides, the law's on my side, an—' 'Hang the law!' broke in Ben an called in. They tangled, an in about two minutes Missouri found he'd made a mistake. Fer awhile I 'lowed Ben'd drive his head into the ground. Then, after takin him around awhile, Ben sat on him. 'Whose claim's this now?' says Ben. 'Your title to it pears to be a very strong one,' says Missouri. A little later Missouri had his team hitched to his wagon an was a-eatin his johnnycake as he drove away."

Mr. Ben Fargo, returning to New Boston the following day, became aware that his claim had been jumped.
"Well," he said, half aloud, "I am in a hurry to get to New Boston, but I reckon I can spare time to start this jumper on his way. Not overly well fixed," he commented as he left the road. "Wagon don't look safe, and the mules seem rickety, but they brought the jumper here, and they've got to— Hello, here!"

The presence of the object that he had almost ridden over surprised him a good deal more than the presence of the jumper. It was merely a little grave, roughly rounded up in the midst of the long prairie grass. The clods of the ragged little mound showed that it had been there only a short while. A tattered prairie rosebush had been planted at the head of the tiny mound. The tips of its leaves had withered and the blossoms it had borne at transplanting were yellow and shriveled, but one bud had opened, and the ragged little flower, striving its best to be bright and pure, lay on one rough, black clod of the ragged little grave.
"Baby!" Fargo muttered.
At that moment a woman left the shack and came toward the grave. In her hand she bore a cup of water. Her eyes were swollen. Fargo started as he saw her face. Scarcely glancing at him, she returned the salutation and bent and watered the ragged little rosebush.

"Your baby?" Fargo asked awkwardly.
"Yes," the woman answered, choking with her oppressed feeling. "She was all I had."
She flung herself prone on the grave, embraced the little mound and sobbed aloud.
Fargo looked uncomfortable. "Now don't cry so. I—you—where's your husband?" In the shack?
"No," lifting her face from the clods. "He's dead. I was on my way home. The baby—well, I dug the little grave myself. I had no coffin, and I buried her in her little nightgown. I cannot go on yet—oh, it seems as if I could never go! Maybe the owner would not object if I lived in the shack a little while till Fargo squirmed a little unlesly in his saddle. After a little I must start on toward Indiana."

"What part of Indiana?" Fargo blurted.
"Champion county. The little crossroad village just below Fountainville."
"Ever know'd a darned fool there named Fargo?"
"Ben Fargo? He wasn't a fool, though. He—"
"Yes, he was too! Got mad at nothing! Ought to have been shot on the spot."
"No! He—we—"
"Mary, don't you know me?"
"Ben Fargo."
"Yes. A darned fool. Got mad at nothing."
A little later the dispossessed owner of the shack was smoothing up the mound that covered the child of the person who had jumped his claim, and the jumper sat on the grass near by looking less desolate.

When, later, Mr. Fargo was passing the Eureka general store, he was stopped by Colonel Pride.
"Did the jumper cut up rusty, Ben?"
"Nope!" Fargo answered shortly, moving away.
"Go without trouble!"
"Nope!" More shortly.
"Reckoned he was able for you?"
"Nope!" Farther away.
"Waal, then, what did?"
"Nothing. There yet," Fargo turned the corner.
Hickson, the mail carrier, as he was going from New Boston, saw Ben Fargo smoothing the baby's grave and marveled thereat. When he returned from the trip, he retailed the news to the prominent citizens.

"Waal, I'm beat," announced Colonel Pride.
"Me too," agreed several.
The attempt to interview Ben Fargo when next he appeared was not a brilliant success. That personage informed them, first, that whatever occurred at his claim was the business of no one but himself, and, second, that he was both able and willing to thrash any man who desired to make it his business.
No one acknowledged to a desire. But one day the Clarion published the following item of interest:
"Married, this morning, by Rev. Mr. Prouty, at the claim given to the bride by the groom, Mrs. Mary Stone and Mr. Benjamin Fargo."
And this time Ben Fargo's claim staid jumped.—Exchange.

Up to Date Treasures.
The girls don't bleach their hair any more. They have it "Klondiked."—Philadelphia Record.