

## THE CASE OF . . . - - - CAL VANPORT.

T twenty-two, Cal Vanport, | about a year ago that he shouldn't try six feet tall, strong, swarthy to see Helen no more. I thought they'd and handsome, was at once be a fight that night. The 'squire he the most interesting and the called Cal a shiftless loafer right to his most unpopular character in face and swung his big cane real all North Pisa, N. Y. He threatenin' like. Then the 'squire said dwelt with his mother, Irish by birth, Helen didn't think no more of Cal than washerwoman by trade, and reliet of a yellow dog. Cal kep' still till then, the only pure-blooded Hollander ever but at that he picked the 'squire up known in the village, in a white-wash- just 'sif he'd been a baby an' kerried ed cottage fronting a little-used side him out in the street, a-kickin' an' street. Aside from Deacon Orcott, of a-wigglin' like all possessed. the Freewill Baptist Church, who was too old to work, and, besides, had a try to see the girl. But he told the less loafer" got round after round of little money laid by, and old John Tom- 'squire that he'd better not mention her the heartlest cheers. linson, who lived in the big white name to him no more when he was house across from the postoffice and a speakin' about yeller dogs if he want- sound, Cal was painfully hurt. A broad was rich, being worth \$10,000 at least, ed to keep out of trouble, an' the 'squire red gash across his face showed that and maybe more. Cal was the only shet right up an' went home. Cal does he would probably be a handsome man grown man in the place who seemed to sometimes seem to have a bit of spunk no more, and the moment after he was have no regular occupation. Hence his in him, but you'd think he'd be 'shamed relieved of Filchener's weight he stag-

Then he does go out into the field and nothin'." pull, sometimes, though he didn't last year. When he's a min' to be kin do more work 'n anybody I know, for he's here, but you never see him a-pitchin' field; not even when such men as Suofferin' two an' a ha'f a day to save their crops.

"No, sir; he'd ruther live on his poor he does is to go'n git the clo'es in a basket before she washes 'em, an' kerry 'em home afterward. You kin see 'im a-doin' that every mornin' an' every night reg'lar. What he does in the middle of the day is a myst'ry to everybody. Some days he goes a-fishin', but that's mostly on Sundays. Week days he gen'ally shets 'Imself in the house jest to loaf, I s'pose. I sh'd think 'twould make him 'shamed to hear the sound of the scrubbin' when his mother's to work over the washboard an'

he's layin' round, a doin' nothin'.
"Some day the boys 'll all git mad 'n run him out, unless he braces up and zoes to work. When that happens North Pisa 'll git a notice in the county paper, sure."

In spite of the wagon-maker's story, I found it hard to dislike Cal Vanport without knowing more concerning him, and I invited talk about him from various village magnates. But the testimony thus gathered was all of one sort. It was clear that all the men of North Pisa both hated and despised him as an utterly worthless vagabond. The feeling of antagonism between Cal and his kind, however, was "like a fug handle, all on one side," as I found when I came to know him personally. If ever there was a man who bore nobody ill it was Cal Vanport, and before I had met either Cal or his mother face to face I perceived that some of the women of the place held the young man in better esteem.

"They may say all the mean things they want about Cal Vanport," said Mrs. Miggs, the sturdy old blacksmith's wife, who had two grown sons of her own, "and I won't deny that it does look like small potatoes and few in the hill fer him to live on his mother's earnin's, as he 'pears to; but they'd be some happier mothers in North Pisa if friend. A mouth or six weeks laterall sons was like him. I know some young men in this village that work ain't near so kind to their mothers as new position in the community at once, he is. When Mis' Vanport was younger an' Cal' was a goln' to school an' she used to go out to wash, which she don't do no more, she told me he never spoke everybody could say as much for their Billy Filchener, the fruit farmer. fact, they were clopers, one having run boys. I told my man yistiddy an' it would be willin' to have their boys a invited, and everybody came, for such jured husband and the injured wife armade him mad, that some folks I know little lazier if they could only say what social gatherings were rare enough rived from Kentucky and caused the Mis' Vanport kin, but they can't," she there. Of course I, being the village docconcluded, in a tone clearly showing a tor, was invited with the others, and, and woman had never seen each other desire to be confidential, which I care of course, I went, though I arrived late fully ignored by promptly bidding her and went away early, being called to good-day.

The more I heard about the washerwoman's shiftless son, the more I liked him, somehow, and the wagon-maker told me a story two or three days later that added to my interest.

ing in front of his shop and pointing across the street to a tall, good-looking young woman, undoubtedly the handdaughter of 'Squire Woodmansle, and to attend my patient, and I noticed as he even traveled a thousand miles you think the brute had?" when she was in the same school here I drove past the Woodmansle house again to help a couple of men trade in the village that Cal went to, the two that its windows were still brightly wives."-Kansas City Journal. got to thinkin' a lot of each other. Of lighted, though the guests were rapidly course, her folks didn't like the idea of going home. As I drove slowly by 1 her marryin' a washerwoman's son, caught sight of a tall, broad-shouldered and so they sent her away to school for figure, standing in the deep shadows of Australia is the overland telegraph a year or two. At that time most folks some shrubbery. It was the figure of kinder sympathized with Cal, but now | Cal Vanport. I herd him tell 'Squire Woodmansle for this one and that one. All seemed than herself, so she can pretend to look right here in front of my shop one night to be accounted for, when suddenly the up to him.

ery, "Where's Billy Filchener?" was raised. The next minute he was seen in a second story window, to which he had struggled, gasping for breath and with his clothes on fire in half a dozen places. If he had not been scared out of his senses he would have jumped and saved himself, for he was not more than twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, but as it was he was as helpless as if he had been a thousand feet up. There were shouts that he must be saved, of course, but nobody seemed to understand how it could be done, and while the talk went on the fire burned more flercely.

It was then that Cal Vauport came to the front. Knowing him as I had come to know him, I should not have been surprised at what followed had it been the girl in danger. I must confess, however, that under the circumstances I was thoroughly dazed. There were no ladders handy, and hardly time to raise them if there had been, for Filchener had evidently fainted, and if rescued at all must be rescued quickly. Cal saw that in a flash, and instead of waiting to discuss things with anyone he whipped off his coat, threw it over his head to protect himself from smoke and flame as much as possible, and rushed straight into the burning house. There were yells of, "Why, it's Cal Vanport! him?" and the like, and while Stop these were still sounding Cal himself appeared at the window with Filchener in his arms.

Then Cal disappeared to fight his way down the stairs to life and air again, for he dared not jump with his heavy burden. I thought he would never get out, but he did, though it seemed hours before he staggered through the door with Filchener, comparatively unscathed. It had all taken little more time "It was then Cal said he shouldn't than it takes to read it, and the "shif"-

But although Filchener was safe and to let his mother work so hard an' he gered and fell unconscious. I had "You see, doctor," Jabez Ruggles, the do nothin'. Why, say, the washings Jumped from my buggy, and I ran to wagon-maker, explained to me one day. that little old woman 'll do in one day him, but Helen Woodmansie was there soon after I began practicing in North are sometimes big enough for two or before me and she dashed water Pisa, "Cal ain't got no gumption. In three like her. Some thinks she has a brought from the well into Cal's face, fact, he's-wal, what you might call machine, but nobody can't git no furth- while I hastily bound up the gash beshifless. He won't never work none er into her house than the front room, fore taking him to the little whiteat all, 'ceptin' when the beans is ripe. late years, and nobody can't find out washed cottage, which was not far away. Helen went with me to the cot-At about 12 o'clock one night the next | tage, and insisted on remaining while week my doorbell rang furiously, and I completed the dressing of his wounds. when I went down I found Cal Van- It was Helen, also, of all the North Pisa the ablebodiedest man anywhere round port waiting for me. His face was pale folks, who first learned what I had and he was evidently much excited. found out some time before. Mrs. Vanno hay, nor a-workin' in no harvest He said his mother was very ill and he port had a washing machine, indeed, hoped I'd hurry. I found her not nearly but it was human and not wood and pervisor Bulger or Dencon Warboys is so bad off as Cal had feared, though she iron, and its name was Cal. His mothwould have to stay abed some days, er's health had long been so bud that and preparing some medicine with my he dared not leave her alone, and, beown hands I gave Cal instructions for sides, he had found that with his great old mother than to work, an' about all giving it and started to go. Cal follow- strength he could earn more at the washboard than in the field, and all the "Nobody must know mother is sick," time he had been held to be a "shif'less



"STAGGERED THROUGH THE DOOR WITH FILCHENER."

you why. Doctors have to keep a good money, with which in time he meant many secrets, and I guess you can keep to go away from North Pisa and begin mine. Then Cal Vanport told me his own

ed me into the yard.

along in the fall-all North Pisa knew hard enough an' save their money that and when the facts came out he took a It all happened at a party given at 'Squire Woodmansie's home in celebration, so it was understood, of an engagement to marry that had at last verely. The supposed bride to be seemwants to marry," said Ruggies, stand- ed quite out of sorts when I saw her, supposed to be. The first pair of elopand I wondered if, down in her heart. she was thinking of Cal Vanport.

returned to the village from the drive

he's growed up so shifless like they Suddenly there was a cry from the 1972. Almost the whole 2,000 miles of don't no more. Her folks is a tryin' to house, then a bright light and long its length was through uninhabited git her to marry Billy Filehener, the tongues of flame began to leap from the country—much of it a waterless desert. berry farmer. He's a likely chap, with windows. In an incredibly short time The wooden poles were prepared at the his land most paid fer, but somehow the entire upper part of the house was nearest available places, but some had Helen she don't seem to care much fer ablaze. In an instant there was the to be carried into the interior, and the him. Cal Vanport ain't got no chancet, wildest confusion. Men and women total cost was \$1,850,000. though, and he ain't a-tryin' none, ran screaming from the burning strucneither; he aln't got enough gumption. ture, and there were frenzied inquiries

he said earnestly, and I'm going to tell | lonfer" he had actually been saving all over again.

This is about all there is to tell about story. It took him an hour or more, but the case of Cal Vanport, except that he it made him more interesting to me got well in good time, that he was ever than ever, and it won for him a devoted afterward the most popular man in North Pisa, and that when Helen Woodmansle was married Billy Filche-Cal Vanport's story as well as I did, ner was not the bridegroom.-Rocky Mountain News.

Swapped Couples in Oklahoma. A sensational case with a funny side is reported from El Reno, A couple arrived at the principal hotel and regisbeen arranged between Helen and tered themselves as man and wife. In Everybody of any standing in North away from a wife and the other a hus-Pisa and around about for miles was band. In the course of a week the inarrest of the pair. The deserted man before, but while waiting for requisition papers from Kentucky they stopattend a patient. In spite of the rumor, ped at the same hotel, and formed an there was no formal announcement. acquaintance. Having a common grief, though all the men winked knowingly they became interested in each other, whenever they saw Billy Filchener in and on the day the requisition papers his Sunday go-to-meetings and the tight were to arrive they astonished the offiboots, from which he was suffering se- cers by cloping on their own account. going to Texas, where they are now ers were released from fall, and the Kentucky officer returned home, after It was an hour past midnight when I informing the local paper that he One Wife Too Many.' The rest of the "hoped a rattlesnake would bite him if article is torn off. How many wives do

> Long Australian Telegraph Line. Among the most remarkable works in

continent, which was completed in

A woman prefers a husband taller

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Saylngs that Are Cheerful to Old or Young - Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Getting at the Facts. "This coffee has its good qualities as well as its bad points," remarked the dyspeptic boarder as he called for a

"Indeed?" querted the landlady. "Yes," he continued; "the best that can be said about it is that it contains no chicory."

"And its worst point?" asked the "Is that it contains no coffee," was

the ungallant reply. A Last Request, He-And am I to understand that

Sho-It is. He-Then life no longer has a charm for me; I shall hang myself. She-Will you grant me a favor? He-Certainly, Name it. She-Discontinue your existence else-

where; papa objects to your hanging

your refusal is final?

"'Ow do they make fee cream, Jem-

"Wy, they bakes it in a cold oven, o'

Why He Keeps at It. "Bosh! Don't tell me you can't quit chewing whenever you want to. If you can do it, how does it come that you keep right on?"

"Sh-h-h! My wife has never caught me at it as yet."-Cleveland Leader.

Easily Arranged. "Dear Charlie, if I marry you, will you get up and make the fires in the

"Darling girl, we will get married, in the summer. Before winter you will get used to the idea of making the fires yourself."-Chicago Record.

Changed His Mind,

"I thought you said, before the war broke out, that you intended to enlist?" "I did intend to, but just before the first call for troops was issued my wife's mother got a chance to go to Europe for the summer."

Too Much for Her. Gertrude-How are you getting along with your Spanish lessons?

ent-I've had to give for the present. My teacher has nervous prostration.

Gertrude-Why, how did she ever come to get that?

Millicent-While riding downtown in a street ear the other day she over heard a young man pronouncing the names of some of those Cuban towns.

Finally Explained. "Why do you spurn my wealth?" the

"Yes."

aged millionaire asked. "I do not spurn your wealth," the beautiful girl answered, "I merely spurn the conditions that go with it."

A Screw Loose Somewhere. "So those people who have moved in next door pretend to be from Boston, do they."

"There must be some mistake, I beard the madam calling to her little son Arthur last night and she didn't pronounce his name 'Awthuh.' "

Dangers of a Hasty Toilet.

Fireman-You're safe now. Not hurt anywhere, are you? Rescued Party-No, no; Ab'm no hurt. Ah'm no hurt. (Catches sight of

his nether garments.) Eh, mon, but

Ah've got a rare twist!-Sketch. One Wife Too Mans. "Alfonso," sald Mrs. Midns, "here is a heading in this paper that says, 'Had "One, probably," was Midas' prompt

Other Years, Other Titles, "Daughter, who is this Mr. Eugene Wadsworth Carrington that is calling

reply.-Exchange,

on you so often?"

"Why, paps, he's the boy we used to call 'Buster' when he lived next door."

Too Much. Mrs. Gooding-I hear that your girl has left. What was the trouble? Mrs. Wilby-Oh, it was on account of her bleycle.

Mrs. Gooding-I shouldn't think you'd object to that. Most of them have | Louis Globe-Democrat. wheels now, you know.

Mrs. Wilby-Yes, but she wanted my husband to pump up her tires.

The Light that Failed.

Softleigh-Miss Cutting-Clara, you are the light of my life, and-" Miss Cutting-Pardon me for interrupting you, but did you ride over on

your wheel this evening? Sofileigh-Yes; but why do you ask? Miss Cutting-Merely to warn you to look out for the police on your way home, as you are liable to be arrested for riding without a light.

"Codfish Balls."

No Doubt True Wheeler-I wonder what has become of Walker; I haven't seen him for a

Ryder-1 saw his wife yesterday. She said he was learning to ride a wheel. Wheeler-How's he getting along? Ryder-On crutches, I believe.

fomething for Nothing.

Dixon-Hiffkins seems to be enjoying the fortune his aunt left him. Iffxon-Why. I understand he lost it all in a wheat deal six months ago. Dixon-So he did; but it has supplied him with a never-falling topic of conversation ever since,

How He Managed It. Al. Wright-My wife and I used to quarrel nearly all the time, but now we have the most peaceful home you ever

Henry Peck-Indeed! How do you manage it? Al. Wright-I simply make my wife so mad she refuses to speak to me.

He Is Still Figuring on It. He-Yes, I really feel as if I ought to

do something for my country. She-Oh, well, I think you have done something for it.

He-I don't know when or how. She-Why, you were away in Europe all last summer, weren't you?

After the Quarrel. Mr. Plimley-Ah, yes, every day I am reminded of the fact that a man's dog is his most steadfast friend and admirer after all.

Miss Sharpson-Well, you know, dogs have no sense of the ridiculous.



"Bridget, did you fix that sugar buck et so the ants could not get in?" "Yis, mum. Of tuk th' handle off th' cover."-Up to Date.

A Feminine Marvel. He-Your friend Mrs. Haskins is the most original woman I ever met. She-Indeed! What have you discovered about her that is strikingly orig-

inal? He-Why, when she hasn't anything to say she doesn't talk.

Vexation. Her Mother (to bride-elect)-What!

frowning on your wedding day? Bride-Elect-I'm in a quandary. If I go to the altar smiling people will say I'm simply crazy to get Charlle, and if I look solemn they will say I already regret the step. What shall I do?-Tid-

A Financial Prescription. "Doctor, why do you advise me to do so much walking in hot weather?" "I thought if you saved car fare you might pay it on my bills."

Horrors of Combat. "This war has simply ruined me." "How's that?"

"The helress I was courting has got engaged to a soldier."

One Man's Opinion. Little Alfred-Pa, why do some people call it Sabbath, instead of Sunday? Pa-I guess they're afraid the public

wouldn't find out that they were religious if they didn't call it that. He Didn't Guess "Well," said the onthusiastic new un cle, as he peeped into the crib, "I suppose you'll call it Dewey, of course?" "No," said the baby's proud papa, "we've selected a better name than

"Oh, Hobson or Schley, I presume?" "Netther. We are going to call it Blanche, after its mamma."

Champagne from Apple Parings. The practice of the economics in the fruit-raising sections of the west has developed a new article of export. Until recently the orchard owners and the evaporator managers did not think of utilizing the cores and parings of apples. They occasionally sold them to the jelly-makers or fed them to the hogs, but more generally allowed them to accumulate as refuse in great heaps, which slowly fermented and decayed. This year in many places the parings and cores are being saved. They are spread out in the hot sun and dried, after which they are packed in large sacks and held for buyers, who gather them up and send them away in car lots. The destination of the dried parings and cores in these large quantities is France. It is no secret that the refuse of the orchards of the Missouri valley and the Ozark country is now largly employed in the manufacture of champagne by the thrifty winemakers of the vineclad slopes of France.-St.

A man loves to eat and a woman eats to love

PAINTED ON A CLIFF.

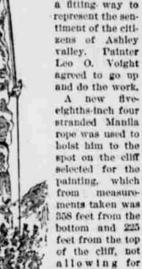
Sentiments of Utah Citizens Expressed in a. Unique Way. William Gibson of Vernal, Utah, was

taken with the idea that to paint the motto, "Remember the Maine," high

upon the face of

a cliff in Ashley

canyon would be



of the cliff, not allowing for stretch of rope This would show BRAVE GERMAN DOthe cliff to be twenty-eight feet higher than the Washington monu-

The start was made from a ledge sixty feet from the base of the cliff. When Mr. Volght was raised about 100 feet from the ledge the twist in the rope caused him to whirl around very rapidly and, to use his own expression, the cannyon was full of cliffs. There were cliffs to the right of him, cliffs to the left of him and cliffs all around him. It looked as if he were turning fast enough to throw his boots off.

The children yelled, the women screamed and some shed tears of sympathy for, as they supposed, a doomed man, but the twist was soon out of the rope and the brave German was hoisted to the right point and did his work according to program.

DESERVES MUCH CREDIT.

Wisconsin Boy Who Won Fame for

Bravery in the War with Fpain. Carl W. Jungen, the licutenant of the navy who was in command of the Wampatuck when that little auxiliary boat was used to cut the cable from Santiago to Kingston, is one of the few survivors of the Maine disaster, and a braver man does not wear the button. In a war full of incidents like those that have made this war unique, exploits must be of an extraordinary and unheard of character to attract attention. Jungen's feat in cutting the cable under a shower of Spanish shells has been dwarfed by other dramatic matters, but not even Hobson was braver than were Jungen and his men on the Wampatuck. For fifty minutes the little tug worked at the cable, while a Spanish gun poured a continuous fire upon it, supplemented by a fusiliade from soldiers on the shore behind forti-



fications. Jungen's name has been freely mentioned in the dispatches, and he deserves all the credit that will be given him. Cutting a cable is a prosale job, but the Wampatuck and ber men made it a spectacle. Jungen is a Wisconsin boy, and was raised to his present rank in 1805.

SOME VERY OLD PISTOLS. Small Firearms of Long Ago and How They Were Used.

The fact that the government regulations do not provide for its naval officers any prescribed style of pistol has caused a renewed interest in the sidearms worn by our present heroes. Notwithstanding the circumstances, no naval man in authority is without his faithful little pistol, and many of the



deadly weapons are handsomely finished. It is said, however, that the workers of a couple of centuries ago put more elaborate skill in the decorations of the arms of those days than is used now. But now the wish of the bearer is to own a thing of usefulness rather than beauty, and no one presumes to compare the rapid, fatal little implements of to-day with the clumsy, slow, blundering arms of the early days of the pistol.

At Close Range. Hattle-So you and Jack quarreled did you? Ella-Yes; he said something that I

didn't like, and I told him we must be strangers henceforth. Hattle-And did he fall on his knees and ask you to forgive him?

Ella-Not he. You see he-that is, his knees were occupied at the time. Some men are always out when their

country calls.

The bleyclist gets there with both

CO. H'S MASCOT.

Fouth Dakots Volunteers Have a Goat for a Constant Companior

On the transport St. Paul, which went from San Francisco to Manila, was a passenger entered on the purser's list as "one carrier pigeon." What might have been a white-winged messenger was, in fact, nothing but a billy a fitting way to goat. Billy was booked as a carrier represent the sen- pigeon because army regulations do not provide for passage of goats. The cudchewer is the property of Co. H of the South Dakota Volunteers. He was taken to San Francisco from Watertown when the regiment was ordered to join Merritt's troops. Co. H was



the crack one in the South Dakota National guard, and was better known as the Governor's guards. Billy has been a constant companion of the soldiers

When he sailed for Manila the animal wore as natty a blue blouse as any volunteer ever put on. Also there was a bouquet of flowers on his head, and around his neck he wore an amulet with this inscription:

"I'm a butter from the hills of South Da-

As frollesome as ever wore a whisker; 'm a fighter and the very kind of a goat a Human being in front if should walk brisker."

He knows intuitively those who are entitled to salutes, and if any other person tries to give him orders he does not hesitate to butt them. When an officer stands in front of him and orders him to attention, he will rise on his hind legs and make a dignified salute with his right forefoot, balancing himself the while and looking as military as possible.



Sin.-It is the duty of the church and of Christian people to fight sin of all kinds.-Rev. P. C. Curnick, Cincin-

Live with God.-We were created to love and live with God.-Rev. J. K. Montgomery, Presbyterian, Cincinnati, Ohlo.

Sectionalism.-We foster sectional feelings no longer. Fraternity is re-instated.—Rev. F. B. Cherington, Congregationalist, San Francisco, Cal.

Heip.-Whatever helps to strengthen the nation helps also the cause of true religion.-Rev. A. V. G. Allen, Episcopallan, Cambridge, Mass.

Mercy for All.-The love of Christ passeth knowledge; none are beyond the reach of infinite mercy.-Rev. Mr. Barber, Baptist, Columbus, O.

To-morrow.-To-morrow belongs to our Heavenly Father; I would not know its secrets if I could,-Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y. War .- I am not war's apologist. No man who tries to follow Christ can, because war means fight, and fight means kfil.-Rev. J. M. Scovill, Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without God.-If the Bible had nothing to stay the hunger or quench the thirst, then indeed is man without God. -Rev. C. C. Hall, Presbyterlan, New York City.

Education.-Through civilization 90

per cent of humanity are left free to erve in the grander interests of education.-Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y. Evolution.-Evolution is opening the doors wider and wider to freedom and

admits a "living will" in God and man.

-Rev. T. T. Munger, Unitarian, New Haven, Connecticut. A Lack of God.-Men are turning wearily from organization and ritual because there is not enough of God in

them.-Rev. F. James, Episcopallan, Philadelphia, Pa. Great Helps.-Pleasant greetings and cordial hand clasps from the laity do more for a church than powerful ser-

mons from the preacher.-Rev. Frank Crane, Methodist, Chicago, Ill. Woman.-There is no cause in the world that can fully succeed if woman sets herself against it. No cause can

fail if she unitedly supports it.-Rev. F. Goodchild, Baptist, New York City. Belief.-Believe in God and in man and trust and serve them. Believe in

purity, in love, in honor, in usefulness, Be brave and full of hope.—Rev. J. W. Atwood, Episcopalian, Columbus, O. Cotton Mills in Switzerland.

In Baar, Switzerland, there is a 10. 000-spindle cotton mill run by electric power from the khone, which river is only a few hundred feet away. Three motors are kept, of which one drives the openers, cards, combing machit drawing and flyer frames, and supplies 260 lamps; the second drives the mules and the third the ventilating fan and

Men with wheels in their head are of a mechanical turn of mind,

It's a mean man that isn't a here in