FRIENDS IN SAN ROSARIO

ISTOCKMEN

THE west-bound stopped at San Rosario on time at \$:20 a.m. A man with a thick black leather wallet under his arm leather wallet under his arm
left the train and walked rapidly up
the main street of the town. There
were other passengers who also got
of at San Rosario, but they either
Souched limberly over to the railroad
ending-house or the Silver Dollar saloon,
or joined the groups of idlers about the

Indecision had no part in the move-ments of the man with the wallet. He was short in stature, but strongly built, with very light, closely-trimmed hair, smooth, determined face and aggressive, gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing eastern style. His hair denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority. After walking a distance of thres squares he came to the center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood, the materials are to the content of the cont one, forming the hub of San Rosarios life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the postoffice. Upon another Rubensky's clothing emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National Into the First National bank the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National bank of San Rasoria the newcomer walked, never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashler's window. The bank opened for business at 9, and the working force was already assembled, each preparing his department for the day's business. The cashler was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Hank doesn't open till nine," he remarked, curtly, but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours.

"I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will you kindly receive my card?"

The cashler drew the small, spotless parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTLEWICK,

parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTLEWICK,
National Bank Examiner.

"Oh—er—will you walk around inside, Mr.—er—Nettlewick? Your first visit—din't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was ponderously introduced to each employe in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier—a middle-aged genileman of deliberation, discretion and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Turner round again, pretty seen," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now, for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

"Mr. Turner and I have been ordered by the controller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his declaive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in southern Illinola and Indians, I will take the cash first, please."

The second of th

kind of a sign—if you'd just say, "Bob. I understand," why, it would make it lots easier."

"I was surprised. I don't know what you mean, Bob. I said. "Of course, you know that I'd do anything under the sun to help you that I could. But you've got me guessing."

"'All right. Tom,' was all he said, and he went back to his newspaper and 'lit another cigar.

"It was the night before court nist when I found out what he meant. I went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. I dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awoke I was standing half dressed in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family doctor the other, and Alice was shaking me and half crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had found me out of bed and missing, and had begun a search.

"Bleep-walking,' said the doctor.

"All of us went back to the house, and the doctor told us some remarkable stories about the strangs things people had done while in that condition. I was feeling rather chilly after my trip out, and, as my wife was out of the room at the time, I pulled open the door of an old wardrobe that stood in the room and dragged out a big quilt I had seen in there. With it tumbled out the bag of money for stealing which Bob was to be tried—and convicted—in the morning.

"How the jumping rattlesnakes did

was to be tried—and convicted—in the morning.

"How the jumping rattlesnakes did that get here?" I yelled, and all hands must have seen how surprised I was. Bob knew in a flash.

"You darned old snooser," he said, with the old-time look on his face, T saw you put in there. I watched you open the safe and take it out, and I followed you. I looked through the win-

narrow-gauge road that struck into San Rosario from the south. The major ocked his ear and listened for a moment, and locked at his watch. The major continued:

"Bo Bob hung around the office, reading the papers and smoking. I put another deputy to work in his place, and after a while the first sactisment of the case wors off.

"One day when we were slone in the office Bob came over to where I was sitting. He was looking sort of grim and blue—the same look he used to set when he'd been up watching for Indians all night or herd riding.

"Tom,' says he, It's harder than standing off redskins; it's harder than lying in the lave desert 40 miles from water; but I'm going to stick it out to the end. You know that's been my style. But if you'd tip me the smallest kind of a sign—if you'd just say, "Bob I understand" why, it would make it iots easier.

"I' was surprised. I don't know what you mean Rob, I said. 'Of course, you know that I'd de anything under the sun to help you that I could. But you've got me guessing.

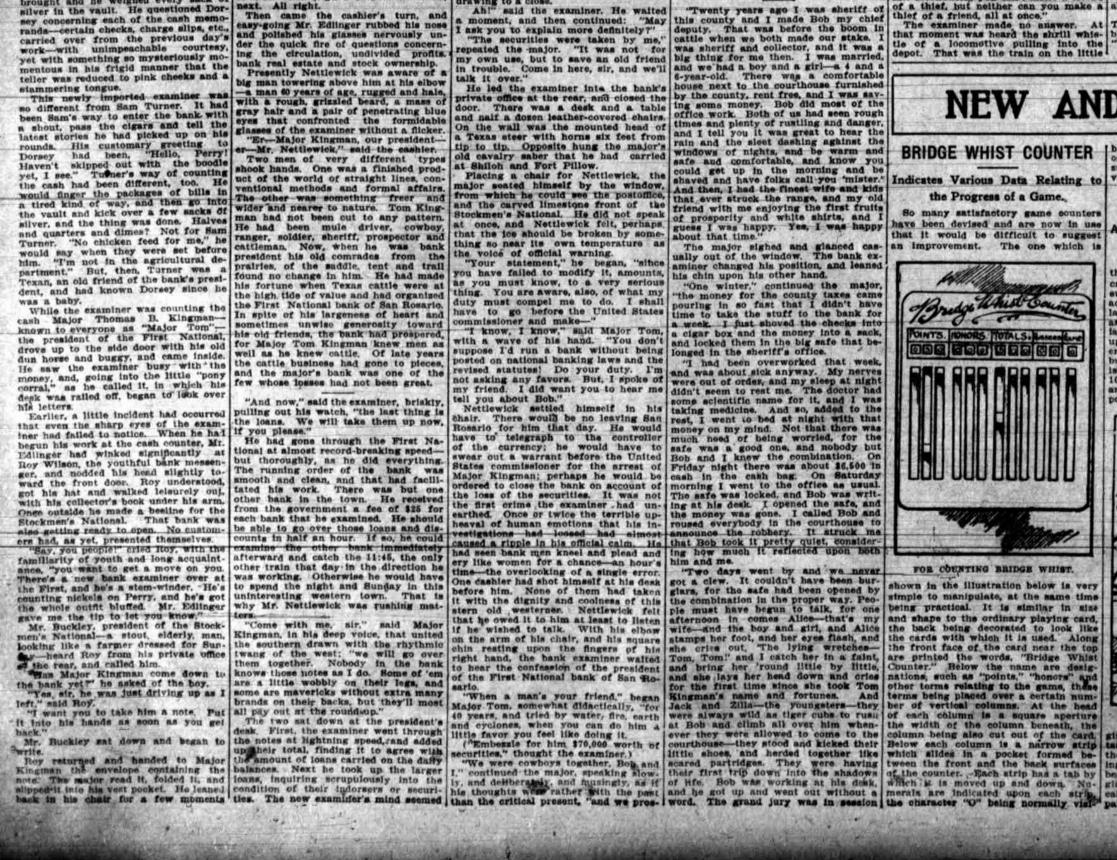
"All right, Tom,' was all be said, and he went back to his newspaper and ilt another clark."

"I' was the night before court met when I found out what he meant. I went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. I dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awake I was standing laif dreesed in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family dector the other, and Albee was satkling me and halr crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had found me out of bed and missing, and had begun a search.

"Sleep-walking,' said the doctor. All of us went back to the house, and the doctor told us some remarkable stories about the strange things people had done while in that condition.

"Bleep-walking,' said the do

Major Tom sat down at his desk, an drew from his vest pocket the note Ro had given him. He had read it once but hurriedly, and now, with somethin like a twinkle in his eye, he read again. These were the words he read "Dear Tom: I hear there's on of Uncle Sam's greybounds going through you, and that means that we'll catch him inside of a coupl of hours, maybe. Now, I wan



that, machinery for everything, is the cry of the age. Hand labor is being supplanted by machines, lifelike in their actions in every vocation. One of the latest is an apparatus for removing asphalt pavement. Every one is familiar with the tedious process of tearing up asphalt streets as performed at present. Hundreds of men are required; but it takes time, nevertheless. Here is a machine which will do as much as 100 men and do it quicker. It is like an ordinary traction engine, being transported on a movable platform. The en-





OPERATED BY THE FOOT.

PULIS UP THE PAVEMENT.

Sine operates a derrick and holsting tackle, which is placed at the end of the platform. At the ends of the holsting tackle are hooks, which are inserted beneath the edge of the partners.

Sine department and is ranked as a first-class player, one difficulty still remains unsurmountable—and that is the turning of the leaf of the music. Even accomplished musicians and artists of the first rank cannot turn a music leaf without a perceptible break in their playing, simply because it is a physical impossibility. To turn the leaves automatically is the purpose of an apparatus patented recently by two Chia cago musicians. It can be mounted on a tripod for the use of those who need this kind of music stand, or it can be attacher to planos, organs, etc. The leaves of music are turned over by metal arms, actuated by springs. These arms are successively released by a pneumatic lever, which is placed near the feet of the player, the connection between the lever and file arms being made by a rabber tube.