

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were falling... And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear... Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence of a benignant spirit standing near...

BIG BILL.

Back of Laramie, Wyo., there is a range of hills that would be called mountains anywhere else. Here you can find deep gorges, ravines and valleys...

I was lounging on the ground a few years ago in front of the little cabin smoking peacefully, and listening to the wind sighing through the willows and pines...

"As far as I know, Big Bill and me were the first white men who herded sheep up here in the hills," said the occupant of the cabin...

"We came up here from the home ranch down on the Laramie river and built this cabin and the corral in '77..."

"You had better take this, Jim. I ain't used to handling such lambs."

"Jim reached out for the child, but he clung close to Bill. A flush of pride comes into my pard's face, and he looked up and said..."

"What's the kid's name, Jim?" "But before Jim could answer the boy said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big fellow looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then at her husband..."

"About a month after we were down in Omaha we saw a man from the ranch riding up, and so we went over to see what was the matter, for it was on Thursday and we thought something was up..."

"You heart's broken, too, ain't it, Shep?" "He lay there for a long while, and the moonlight came out from behind the clouds and bathed the hills and the valleys with the soft light..."

"That's all I said, but Big Bill understood me. Every Sunday when the men from the ranch didn't come up Bill used to walk clear down there and get the letter that would be sure to be there for him from Jim, and he would bring it back up here, and we used to work pretty hard to read it, even if it was written with a typewriter..."

"I saw there wasn't any use of talking, and so he shook hands with me and started out over the hills for the ranch. He drew all the money coming to him, and I didn't see or hear anything from him until along toward the close of the summer, when one evening, as Shep and me were sitting out here, and I was puffing my pipe, I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Big Bill..."

"I didn't know him at first. He had on store clothes. His hair was short and he only wore a mustache. He looked like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he had a cough that pained him terribly..."

"So Bill got a job working on the grades, but he told her he was just resting in Omaha, and every Saturday night he used to give her nearly all his earnings, and just starved himself and slept in a tent with the horses out in the suburbs at night in all kinds of weather, and breathing the dust and dirt all day and the stable at night, and not eating at all regularly, his health broke down and he was taken to a hospital..."

"This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I am glad to see you."

"No wonder you married, Jim," says he.

"You had better take this, Jim. I ain't used to handling such lambs."

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Bill thought it would be big fun to surprise him. When we got into Omaha we were kinder scared, seeing all the people and the rattle, but a policeman comes up and asked us who we wanted, and we told him the name of the firm Jim worked for and he explained how to get there. Bill and me started out and crossed the viaduct. I believe that's what it's called, a big bridge over the railroad tracks, and when we got to the other end and walked around a bit we saw the sign up and we crossed over and went in. There were lots of men working there, and Jim was standing up talking to a girl who was a-writing like a congressman. When Bill saw him he walks right up and shoves out his hand and says in a loud, cheery voice: "Hallo, ole Jim, how be ye?"

"Jim just looked up and then jumped a yard and grabs Bill's outstretched hand in both of his and then he grabs Bill's arm like a politician all the time. He excused himself for a minute and reads a little more to the girl and then he introduced us to three or four people and got his coat. The girl turned around and commenced hitting a machine and Bill went up and took off his hat and his long hair fell about his face and he said: "That's one of those typewriters, ain't it, miss?"

"And the girl looked up and smiled awfully nice and says, 'Yes, sir,' and then Jim came along and we left. We went out, and I'll be switched if I could see how Jim could find his way around with all the wagons and people and electric cars, but we got on one of them trains and rode for about half an hour and then we got off and walked up a hill. A pretty little house stood up above the street and we went up, for that was where Jim lived. The house was fixed up in great shape, and as Bill and me stood there kind of awkward the curtains were shoved aside and a young lady came in. She stood for a second, and Jim just said "my wife," when she stepped forward with the sweetest kind of a smile and taking my pard's hand and says: "This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I am glad to see you."

"Bill just looked all broke up for a minute and then he turned to Jim: "No wonder you married, Jim," says he. "Jim and his wife just laughed, and while they were enjoying themselves a little child came into the room and ran up to his father, and he took him up in his arms and kissed him and then set him down on the floor, and he ran over to where Bill was sitting in one of those big chairs and climbed up in his lap, and Bill held him like he was glass, and he was pleased if he did feel foolish, and the kid ran his little hands through the big man's beard and long hair, and seemed to enjoy it immensely, and pretty soon Bill turns to Jim and says he: "You had better take this, Jim. I ain't used to handling such lambs."

"Jim reached out for the child, but he clung close to Bill. A flush of pride comes into my pard's face, and he looked up and said: "What's the kid's name, Jim?" "But before Jim could answer the boy said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big fellow looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then at her husband and he read the answer in their faces, and then he pressed the child close to his bosom, and two big tears came into his eyes and fell on his cheeks. We felt at home right away, and that afternoon Jim got a carriage and drove us all over the city and out to the fort. Bill looked awful happy sitting on the back seat with Mrs. Jim, and the kid and Mrs. Jim laughing softly and talking merrily while her husband and Bill spoke of when Jim was up here in the hills. We staid there for three days, and Jim just showed us all the big buildings and took us up to one of those swell clubs and introduced us around as though we were millionaires instead of poor sheep herders, and a reporter gave Bill a great write up too."

"About a month after we were down in Omaha we saw a man from the ranch riding up, and so we went over to see what was the matter, for it was on Thursday and we thought something was up. He had a letter with a black margin from Bill and he tore it open and it was from Mrs. Jim, saying that Jim had been taken suddenly sick and had died. Well, sir, Bill just took the letter in his hand and turned around like one that's paralyzed and he walked straight over yonder under that pine tree where he and Jim had laid so often and threw himself down on the ground. I looked after the sheep, and at sundown I drove them all up here into the corral and then Shep and me went over, and the dog, when he saw Bill lying flat on the ground with his face in his arms, gave one long and agonizing howl and began licking Bill's face and Bill reached up and pulls Shep right down by him and said awful soft like: "Your heart's broken, too, ain't it, Shep?"

"He lay there for a long while, and the moonlight came out from behind the clouds and bathed the hills and the valleys with the soft light, and it fell upon Big Bill, lying with his head on the dog and sobbing to himself. It was almost morning, and the moonlight had died away, and the eastern heavens were tinged by the light of the rising sun and a soft wind stirred the willows there by the brook, and murmured through the pines, when he arose and come over here to the cabin. I was so dead tired that I had slept all night, and when he opened the door I was just getting up. "Jake, he said, 'I have got to go down to Omaha.' "Because," he said, 'you know Jim was pretty extravagant and he didn't get much of a salary, and I wouldn't be surprised if his wife and the kid was pretty hard pressed. I must go down and look after them, for I know Jim would like to have me do so.' "I saw there wasn't any use of talking, and so he shook hands with me and started out over the hills for the ranch. He drew all the money coming to him, and I didn't see or hear anything from him until along toward the close of the summer, when one evening, as Shep and me were sitting out here, and I was puffing my pipe, I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Big Bill..."

"I didn't know him at first. He had on store clothes. His hair was short and he only wore a mustache. He looked like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he had a cough that pained him terribly. He had walked all the way up from Laramie, and as he was pretty well pegged out I didn't say much to him, but just got him something to eat and put him to bed. He used to sleep like an ox, but all night he was restless, and pitching backward and forward on the bed. Next day he told me that when he got in Omaha he went up and saw Mrs. Jim and the kid and that she was all broke up. You see Jim had spent money pretty freely and when his debts was paid she didn't have a cent, and Bill told her that Jim had lent him a lot of money, which, of course, was not so, and that he would pay it back now. You see, if Bill had offered to have helped her she wouldn't have taken a cent, but as long as she believed Bill owed the money it was all right."

"So Bill got a job working on the grades, but he told her he was just resting in Omaha, and every Saturday night he used to give her nearly all his earnings, and just starved himself and slept in a tent with the horses out in the suburbs at night in all kinds of weather, and breathing the dust and dirt all day and the stable at night, and not eating at all regularly, his health broke down and he was taken to a hospital. About this time an old aunt of Mrs. Jim's died and left her a pile of property. Mrs. Jim kinder suspected something was wrong with Big Bill, but she couldn't get anything out of him, though she tried awful hard. She loved to tell Bill the next Saturday night when he came, but he didn't come, and she couldn't guess what was the matter until she saw by a paper that he had been taken to the hospital. She went up there to see him and he was delirious, and when he was out of his head he told all about what he had been doing, and it liked to have killed Mrs. Jim. When he got better she used to take him out driving, and said she would pay him back, and she did make him take about a hundred dollars, and she was just bound he would be paid in full, and so he skipped out and came back up here."

"For a while he was a good deal better, but his cough got worse, and by and by he didn't pretend to do anything but just walk around with his head down and his hands behind him and talk about Jim and little Bill and Mrs. Jim, and he would lay out there in the cold night air with his head in his hands, looking up at the star dotted heavens and listening to the wind moaning through the pines. I got a letter from Mrs. Jim asking if Bill had come up here and how he was, and I managed to write back how he was. Well, one morning Bill didn't get up and I saw that he was pretty bad, and so I didn't go out with the sheep but just left them in the corral while I attended to Bill. Along about noon I heard Shep bark, and looking out I saw a carriage coming around the mountain there, and I thought it was a doctor which the old man had sent up, but when it drew up Mrs. Jim and little Bill got out."

"Is there anything the matter? He isn't dead, is he?" she asked me. "I have come and will take him back where he can have the best of medical attendance. I can never forget what he did for Billie and I, just for Jim's sake." "I didn't say anything, but just pointed into the little cabin, and she and the kid went in and leaned over him. He opened his eyes, and when he saw her he tried to raise himself, but he couldn't." "Am I dead?" he asked. "No," said Mrs. Jim, "Billie and I have come up here for you, and we will take you back with us to Omaha, where you will soon get well."

"You are very kind," he said, and then smiled softly, drew a heavy sigh and died. Mrs. Jim leaned over him and her tears fell upon his face as she kissed him, and little Bill and me were crying too. We buried him next day, when the men came up from the ranch, out there under the tall pine, where he and Jim used to lie so much, and where he spent so much of his time after he got back from Omaha, and a few days after Mrs. Jim came up in a carriage from Laramie, acting as the guide for a man who brought up a stone for Bill's grave."

There were tears in the eyes of the old sheep herder when he finished, and we arose and went over to the grave. The wind was sighing a requiem through the tall pine tree, and the little stream was murmuring the sweetest music as it ran along over the rocks. In the moonlight I read on the plain marble slab the simple inscription: "BIG BILL, ONE OF THE NOBLEST OF MEN." -R. A. Eaton in Omaha Herald.

The Dangers of a Doctor's Life. Eighteen thousand doctors are now required to guard the health of the British islands. Few of them spend the evening of their days in competence and retirement. The doctor's life is the most dangerous of all, and, on the average, the shortest of all. It is even more dangerous than the soldier's. Exposed to the contagion of fatal diseases, to cold, to night air, to accident, it is not to be wondered that he falls early in the battle of life. In every little town may be found clergymen, officers, brewers, grocers, tailors, schoolmasters, jewelers, shoemakers and even peddlers, who end the evening of life in affluence and ease. But how seldom the doctor. He generally dies in hagness. -London Tit-Bits.

When small bodies get in the eye, like cinders, dust or chips of stone, a horse-hair loop will frequently do what pulling one eyelid over the other fails to accomplish. Pure gum arabic, in weak solution, may be poured into the eye, which requires a cold bandage afterward. In case of lime, use lemon juice and water at once.

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is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

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