

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY.

Bad Honoring Bet to Blackeyed Sue. Oh, leave your stupid head, do. And just for once try my way. Pull up your roots, dear, every one. And plant yourself, as I have done. Along the busy highway.

OUTWITTED BY A WOMAN

When John and I were married we began housekeeping in one of the flats down near the "ferry." People said we were foolish to try to run an establishment of our own on a thousand dollars salary, but John neither smoked nor drank, and my mother had taught me all the little economies of housekeeping, so we managed to get along nicely, and every month something was added to our nest egg in the savings bank.

Job Shultz, who for years had been fireman down at the china pottery works, occupied half of the flat we had taken, and though both he and his wife belonged to the uneducated, hardworking class of German emigrants, they were sober and honest, and proved to be very good neighbors indeed. By some strange freak of nature their twin children, Franz and Gretchen, were born mutes.

When we formed their acquaintance they were about eight years old, and seemed to enter into all the sports of childhood with as much zest as their more noisy companions. Still, it was pathetic to watch the little things going round so silently, and it was out of sheer pity for their forlorn condition that John and I undertook to master the deaf and dumb alphabet.

John learned readily, but it was a long time before I could make my fingers speak so as to carry on a conversation intelligently. My final triumph gave me much pleasure to the little "Dutchies" as to myself, and, as I shall show you, I was afterward amply repaid for all the pains I took to give them enjoyment.

We had been married five years, and in spite of the gloomy prophecies of some of our would-be advisers, John was junior member of the firm that once employed him, and the suite of rooms in the flat had been exchanged for a pleasant residence in a very respectable part of the city.

John looked after the business interests of the concern, and as he was obliged to take many unexpected trips, I was often left for several days at a time with no other company than the servants. I protested a little at first, but I was reasonable, and soon became accustomed to the loneliness.

One cold, stormy night in February, just after the shutters had been closed and the curtains drawn, John came in hurriedly, and without speaking went quietly upstairs. I was surprised, for he did not usually leave the store until 8 o'clock, and it was then but half-past 6.

When he came into the parlor a few minutes later I inquired anxiously if he were ill. Before answering he closed the door leading into the living room, and then, drawing a chair close to mine, he said in a low voice:

"I did not mean to say anything to you about it, Marion; but you are such a brave little woman I am sure I can trust you.

"An attempt to blow the safe was made last night, and the adroit way in which the would-be burglar managed to cover up his work leads us to anticipate a repetition of the visit tonight. In order to thwart the gentleman's designs I have brought the money and valuables home, and have put the box containing the treasure in the lower drawer of the secretary that stands in our room."

"How much money is there in it?" I asked, trying to speak in my natural voice.

"Nearly fifteen thousand," answered John, in a whisper.

"Why didn't you put it in the bank for safe keeping?" I asked uneasily.

"That was the arrangement; but Brown, the assistant cashier, whose business it was to attend to it, forgot his errand until the bank was closed," replied John. "Don't worry anything about it, dear. You are the only one outside of the firm that knows what disposition has been made of the money, and tomorrow it will be placed in the bank."

I was satisfied with the explanation, and thought no more about the box up stairs until after the clock had warned for nine, and it is not probable that I would have thought of it then had not John been ordered off on one of his midnight journeys. Just before he started he put the key of that box in my hand, saying:

lank figure that emerged therefrom. As it was, the first intimation that I had of the presence of an unwelcome guest was a hoarse whisper in my ear: "Where is that iron box which your husband brought home from the store this evening?"

Opening my eyes, I was almost paralyzed to see bending over me a hideous face, the most fiendish one I had ever seen. There was a bright fire in the grate, and I had a fair view of the villain; but before I could move or utter a cry the cold muzzle of a revolver was pressed against my head, and that same voice hissed:

"Stir, or make a noise at your peril! You are in my power, but if you do as I tell you I will not harm you in the least. I want the money in that box, and, fair or foul, I intend to have it."

Fully realizing my helpless position, I told him where it was, hoping that in some way I might make my escape while his back was turned. I was just measuring the distance to the door with my eye, wondering if it were possible for me to reach it unseen, when a key turned in the hall door below, and my heart throbbed hopefully; for that light, quick step that came bounding up the stairs could belong to no one but John.

In an instant the robber was back among the curtains at the head of my bed, and just as John opened the door he whispered: "If you betray me in any way I will kill you both."

"I left my watch lying in the bureau, and as the train is an hour behind time, I concluded to run back and get it," John said, by way of explanation. "If there is anything in the world that a man hates when traveling, it is to be without a timepiece."

"Did you find it?" I asked, huskily, hoping that he would request my assistance in the search.

"Yes, here it is, all right. Don't get out of bed, dear; you will catch a chill. How are you getting along?" returned John.

"The stupid fellow!" I thought. "Why will he not give me a chance?" but my lips faltered. "Very well."

"Then as our eyes met I said, with my fingers: "For heaven's sake, do not leave me, John. There is a robber behind the curtain of my bed; but he will kill us both if we try to escape."

Without seeming to notice what I had said, John turned round and replenished the fire, saying as he did so: "You must keep a good fire all night, Marion. It will keep you from feeling lonely in my absence. Abram must bring another bucket of coal before he goes to bed."

With the poker in his hand he crossed the room and touched the call bell; then taking his stand before the fire he said with his fingers:

"Rest easy, dear; I'll not leave you alone for a moment."

Directly after Abram made his appearance and John sent him for the coal, calling after him to bring the heavy shovel, that the fire might be securely covered.

When the big, stout fellow returned John said aloud: "Marion, please jump up and find that package you wished me to leave with Cousin Marie. I may have time to run across the river when I am in Chicago."

I did not wait for any other command, but sprang past John into the wardrobe just as he said:

"Seize the shovel, Abram, and help me brain that scoundrel who is hiding away behind the bed curtains."

Abram obeyed, and then John spoke again—this time to the man who was waiting among the shadows to despoil our home.

"Step out and show your guilty face if you wish to leave the room alive," he commanded in a tone of authority.

The next minute the wretch stood before John, begging piteously for his worthless life.

When the mask was torn off, John stepped back in amazement, for in the features of the outlaw he recognized the assistant cashier, Henry Brown.

WILLIAM AND HIS SMILE.

The Chicago Police Meet an Original Character in Overalls.

The most original character with whom the police have had to do for months struck town on Tuesday. His name is William Rexford, and he hails from a farm near Sioux City, Ia. William is a blonde faced, long eared country boy of nineteen years, wears blue overalls, a black hat and thin, expressive, guileless smile.

After leaving the train William bought a fifteen cent dinner, and then found himself penniless and alone in a strange city.

But William was not dismayed. He trudged along Milwaukee avenue, gazing at the sights and attracting no small degree of attention himself. He stopped to look in the window of George Toborg's gun store. Then he grinned more broadly than ever and entered the store.

He priced several revolvers and finally selected a large double action one and said he'd take it. He also said he would take a box of cartridges, and started to load the weapon.

The proprietor anxiously interfered and offered to do the loading himself, fearful that this guileless country lad did not know how. Then Mr. Toborg explained how the weapon worked and handed it back to William with a "four dollars, please," smile, which made William grin broader than ever.

"Hand over yer cash, mister," said William, still smiling, and leveling the loaded revolver at the proprietor's head.

He threw up his hands and gasped, "Murder! murder!" and fell, rather than run, the whole length of the store and out of doors. There he found Officers Dietz and Rossiter.

The two officers, with dark lanterns and cocked revolvers, searched the rear of the store for the guileless William, and then groined their way down to the basement. William was behind a post, revolver in hand. He received the officers with his habitual grin, and threw up his hands, remarking:

"Well, I'll be gosh darned!" William is lodging at the Rawson street police station, where he has already become a great favorite. He has confided to his new found friends that he thought it would be an easy matter to replenish his pocket-book in Chicago by holding up people. He said he was "down to Omaha" a couple of years ago, and "held up a well dressed feller and pulled \$500 outen his pockets."

"But," continued William, in smiling confidence and giving his overalls a hitch, "they ketch'd me and sent me up for a year. Then I went back to farmin'." On my way back to Chicago I stopped off for a week ag'n and had just fair luck."

William says he has no "pertickler" objections to going to Joliet "for a spell."—Chicago Tribune.

Trials of a Popular Teacher. A young woman who teaches school in a neighboring town is now suffering from the results of a strange act of kindness that she recently performed. The young woman thought it would be a nice thing one pleasant, sunny day not long ago to give the children of her class an outing. There were about thirty in the class, and they were all youngsters of tender years.

She informed them at the noon hour that she would take them for a walk in the afternoon, and at the request of several who wanted their little brothers and sisters to go along she gave permission to all of them to bring their friends if they chose. This was what caused all her trouble. She did not know how popular she was and what an attraction the prospect of a walk in the fields was to the children of the neighborhood.

When school was over she started out with her class. The route had been previously announced, and as they went along they met contingents of the friends of the members on every corner. These all fell in line and swelled the procession until it became of really, remarkable proportions, considering that it was under the charge of one young woman. Everything went fairly well in the city, but when the fields were reached the children broke ranks and scattered and the young woman was unable to control them, although she did her best.

The weather changed and the rain began to fall, and the young woman gathered her charges about her as best she could and started for home, the children straggling along after her. The rain was not serious, and most of the children, dropping out of line as it neared their homes, reached their mothers in safety, but in the hurry some straggled and were lost, and through the early hours of the evening their distracted parents sought for them, finally discovering them in the police station. The young woman is now receiving a great deal of blame for letting the children go adrift, and she says that probably she deserves it, although it seems to her to be rather hard, in view of her kind intentions.—New York Tribune.

A Warrior Monk. Probably the most notable of neophytes was the Viconte Guy de Brissac, one of the best known and most popular of Parisian clubmen. His achievements on the turf as the owner of a small but exceedingly choice stable were only equaled by his successes in the saloons and bondoirs of the gay capital, and if ever there has been one who has merited description as a spoiled child of fortune, Guy de Brissac was the man. A year ago his fiancee, whom he worshipped, died of a rapid decline—that strange malady which seems to enhance and eternalize the beauty of its victims, and to illumine their eyes with a strange light.

She rests beneath a snowy marble cross in the pretty little cemetery that nestles among the pine trees at Arcachon, and today her lover, the pleasure seeking, skeptical and worldly Guy de Brissac, who had disappeared from all his accustomed haunts since her death, turns up at Biskra, on the borders of the great desert, in the guise of the newly converted Warrior Monks of the Sahara.—Harper's Weekly.

A Bird of Ill Omen. Among all classes of people in Great Britain there is a widespread belief that the common white pigeon is the herald of death. Thus, a white pigeon alighting on a chimney or flying against a window betokens the death of some occupant of that house. On account of this curious belief, the English housewives cannot be persuaded to use pigeon feathers about their beds.—St. Louis Republic.

She Got Well. Invalid Wife—I'll have to die, George, goodby! Husband—Oh, don't, Liza. Think of another woman!—to be brought in over your children! Invalid Wife—I'll get well if it kills me!—New York Epoch.

In a Warm Climate. Doctor—Well, how do you feel today? Patient—I feel as if I had been dead a week. Doctor—Hot—Eat—Life.

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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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