VALUE THY FRIEND.

beart, why fare on any faither quest, Or seek delight of gain in worldly ways? For theo let (uure wait - the present praise, alue thy friend, o'er all the worls the best. Is smile at morn is the bright hours' behest. For musing twilight walks, the dusk delays. Blest love in life! how gladly pass the days. Blest love in life! how gladly pass the days. Blest love in life! how shares a friend's quick the ile of one who shares a friend's quick thril

thrili At noble doed, his dreams of storied lands. His joy in happy investor tear for wos; me who knows, unexpressed, thy latent will; With benedletton and close clasp of hands Doth point the pathway where thou fain

would'st go! -Douglas Dane in Boston Commonweaith

THE SILVER BULLET.

In 1869 Lawrence Nutting was a United States marshal in the southern district of Virginia The state was at that time fairly overrun with outlaws of all classes Bushwhackers, highwaymen, counterfeiters and "moonshiners" nestled in all the countryside among the mountains and far from towns and cities upon lonely roads, while gamblers and desperadoes swarmed in and about the settlements. Crime was frequent, and the life of a United States officer was a series of stirring adventures involving great danger. and demantling as great tact and per-

But Nutting proved himself worthy and fit for the office. A young man of tem-perate habits, quick wits, splendid physque and dashing courage, he was never at a loss how to act; and the vermin that infested that region soon learned to hate and to fear him intensely.

Many were the expeditions which the officer had led, many his escapes, and many the prisoners safely captured and walled by his efforts: but one man evaded him The shrewdest and worst moonshiner" of all was still at large. Despite all his efforts, Nutting has not yet secured Ruloff Allen

This man was known throughout the state. His cureer had been that of a criminal from his birth. In the fastness of southwestern Virginia he manufactured whisky on a grand scale, and was the owner of a dozen or more "queer stills." and snapped his fingers at the

Several times had Nutting sought this quarry. twice he had actually canght him, yet twice he had escaped, and at the time of which we speak he was still

Nutting sat at his office window one evening musing, half dreaming, when are fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly A stranger stood before him.

"The United States marshal?" said he. interrogatively.

'Yes, sir," said Lawrence, rising. "Be seated What can I do for you?"

'I would speak with you alone," he of importance to communicate. "This office is out of hearing from the

street," replied Nutting, "and we are by ourselves. You can speak freely."

The other drew a couple of cigars from his pocket, offered one to the marshal and lit the other himself Nutting followed his example Then the man drew his chair nearer, so that he sat between the officer and the desk whereon lay his belt and pistols, threw open his coat so that the butts of two heavy revolvers might be seen, and blowing the smoke from his eigar said in a quiet tone to his

"You are desirons of arresting a noted moonshiner, one Ruloff Allen, are you mot?

"There's no doubt about that." said the

You can permit it-you *civilization* can prevent it I am an outlaw Very well I will cease outlawry. I will torn over my stills to the government, will swear a great oath-and will keep it, too for my own interests demand it-to become a worthy citizen, and if you will accept the prodigal son and kill for me the fatted call of pardon, all will be well I came here to ask you to intercede for me. Will you do so?"

Nutting hesitated a moment. This man was a veritable Robin Hood! Could ting slowly he trust him?

The other spoke again

"Such assistance from an official is what I need, and I can pay for it. If you will get a free pardon for me I will give you five thousand"-'l cannot do it."

Allen's face paled, and his hand crept toward his hip: then restraining himself. with a scoffing laugh, he said:

"Be it so. Then we are enemies o you and the law; you to me. Remember my fifteen minutes, and beware when next we meet?

He threw his cloak about him, buckled his pistols at his waist and disappeared, but as he left the room a little piece of metal fell from his person and rolled unnoticed upon the floor. A minute later the ring of his horse's hoofs sounded through the night as he rode toward the mountains

The morning following, as Natting entered his office, his aged servant bowed low before him, extended his brown and wrinkled hand and said in an awe stricken voices

"Foun dis on de floor, massa. S'pose him your'n: bad ting, massa, bad, ef ye low old nigger to say so."

The marshal leaned forward in sur-prise Lying in the outstretched palm of the black was a silver pistol bullet.

"Why, uncle." said he, taking it, "this is not mine! "Not your'n, massa? Tank de Lord!

l'se pleased, I is, massa. Foun'it yer. dough Dat ar's a sweyside bullet. massa," he continued, lowering his voice ships in the midst of white and seething tillows. "I know 'em. My ole massa he had one cast an' carried it many years. Dey neber kill no one but de fellers dey's made for. Massa John, dough, he didn't get a chance for to use his'n," and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a smile, as he examined the silver sphere. "That's a new idea to me. Why make a special bullet, uncle? I should think one of those deadly enough." And he pointed toward some of the heavy cartridges belonging to his own pistols which lay on the table near.

"Dey mought miss, massa. You know de debil cares for his own, an' dis bullet is made by his help, at night, in de grabe yard, an' can't miss. I knows 'em massa. I'se seen 'em afore." Then. drawing near, he whispered. "I'se made 'em!'

"And did they do their work?" said Nutting, laughing lightly.

"Dey did, massa. The officer now opened a drawer in his desk and took from it an old fashioned

dueling pistol, which he had picked up somewhere, and fitted the bullet into its rusty muzzle. "It's just the thing, ancle. Bring me my flask, and I'll load it with the suicide

bullet. It's best to have it handy by if I get the blues." He laughed again. The servant obeyed. "No use to fix 'im massa. "Twon't

only kill de one who it's made for, shuah, an' ye couldn't shoot yourself wid it, no-

action to the word, "and this afternoon the open window upon the face of the we'll try it at a mark If I miss a half dead, while Nutting, white and Nutting's cigar never stirred in his dollar at a dozen paces I'll give up that tips; his hand did not quiver nor his your right. If I hit, your 'suicide bullet' is no better or worse than a leaden one." "All right, massa, but you won't hit." Just as Nutting completed the charging of the weapon a visitor called, and it was thrust hurriedly into a pigeonhole His face bears a scar across the in the desk. His visitor's business detained him from the office until night, and the plan of the morning was forgotten The dueling pistol with its silver missile lay unnoticed for months in the The days and weeks passed, summer came and went, and fall ripened the year. A dozen times had the marshal large, fierce and radiant, and his bill is organized expeditions and scoured the short and strong. He is somewhat country, seeking the notorious Allen. larger than the black faced redbird of but each time he had returned unsuc-cessful One final effort, however, was closely in shape and in the way he flies. but each time he had returned unsucto be made. Certain information which he knew to be rehable had at last, he felt sure, put the outlaw in his hand, and he looked to his horses abuse and londed at last, and he looked to his horse's shoes and loaded his At his orders mounted guards-men on whom he could depend-patrolled all unlike himself when caged .- Philadelyou should know who I am. I will not the roads. Upon the porrow at dawn, with a posse of seven fearless mountaineers.

beneath an immense hood and a pair of green spectacles, toward Nutting. "Yes, madam," replied that worthy,

"I've come a right smart' piece to see ye, for an old woman. I'm true grit, 1 am, but a-getting wore out. These yer mountains are a sight steeper than they was forty years ago," and she sighed. "But see here, I'm on business, I am. I want to talk to ye. You don't know me. I reckon?"

"I cannot say that I do." said Nut-

"I reckon not, as ye never see me before. I am Mrs. Allen-Bethsheby Allen-and my boy, he's Ruloff Allen. Ye hev heard of him, mebbe?" and she paused and gazed cunningly into her listener's face. "Yes, I know him," and the man's

brow darkened. "Wall, now I tell ye. It seems yer on a raid arter him tomorrer-ye see 1 know a thing or two-an' ye've got the boy badly cooped up this time, shore. Not but what he'll fight, and some on ye may catch suthin besides moonshiners. My boy is smart, he is, I tell ye, an' he'll tote ye round considerable afore ye gather him in: but he's cooped all the same, and I'm afeared ye'll catch him or kill him. An' I'm his mammy, ye know." The old hag paused and wiped her eyes. She was a woman even yet, and Nutting's heart softened toward her.

"What can I do in this matter, Mrs. Allen?" began the marshal. "Your son

"Never mind what he is, you can save him. He's trapped, catched, cooped. But he's my boy, an' I want ye to let him go. Take his stills an' his whisky —take everything, but let him go, an' I'll give ye my word—it's good: Bethsheby Allen never broke it yet-that in less than three days we'll be"

"Mrs. Allen, that is impossible. I'll try not to hurt your son, but capture him I must and shall."

"But if he should capture you, what then?

At these words the green glasses fell, the hood was thrown back, the bent to a whisper, while his eyes rolled like form became straight, and before the eves of the dazed officer Ruloff Allen himself stood, a look of deadly hatred on his face, a heavy revolver in his out stretched hand.

Silence reigned a moment as the young man gazed into the deadly tube before him

"I came here to give you one last chance, and myself the same!" half hissed the moonshiner. "That chance is lost to both of us. I go back to the mountains and outlawry-you retire from active service. Can you pray? If so, do it now. In three minutes I shall kill you.'

Slowly Nutting's eyes ran about th room. Escape was impossible-help would not come. A single cry meant instant death-he was lost! His heart sank.

Suddenly the butt of the old dueling pistol came within the circle of his vision. Cool as his would-be murderer, he turned to him and said. "Will you let me smoke once more?"

The fellow eyed him sharply. "Smoke? Yes, one cigar," he said at ORGANS,

length. And lowering the muzzle of his weapon, he thrust it into his pocket to supply his victim's wants.

"I have some here," said Nutting ; and like a flash his hand shot upward to-ward the pigeonhole where lay the old dueling pistol.

"Down with your hand," cried Allen. It was too late. There came a sharp and ringing report, a single cry, a dull and sickening thud upon the floor, and all was over.

"Well, uncle, I'll load the smoothbore, anyway," said the marshal, suiting the rifted clouds without, looked through

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趣

"I am the man."

breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deeply he was moved; his eyelids dilated then he langhed, soft replied the old darky. and low

You-you Ruloff Allen! My friend, I now Allen. His hair is red: yours is black. chin: yours a beard His teeth are broken; yours are perfect The joke is good, but you are not Allen."

The other hesitated a moment, then striking a wig from his head, a beard desk from his chin, and removing a single false tooth, he turned again to Nutting. red haired and smiling.

And now?

"You are Allen."

For a full moment neither man moved. It was as though two large tigers gazed at each other. Then the outlaw said:

"Listen! I am armed; you are not. I am fully as desperate a man as the report makes me. I am as strong as you. looked to his horse's shoes a post try to arrest me, for I shall then pistols with unusual c. re. be obliged to kill you. I came here to have a private talk, but it was necessary colest you if you will do the same by me, and give me fifteen minutes to

escape when we have finished." Nutting measured his chances. Unarmed in the presence of a man to whom murder was not new, he deemed prudence the better part, and replied:

"I agree." "Good," said Allen, removing his own pistol belt: 'your word is equal to mine. We shall both be unarmed. And now 1

use with the throbbing passion of a wlessness which made the man what

The other listened breathlessly, the darkness shrouded both, and the cigars were finished long before the story was

At length, however, the visitor paused and then concluded as follows: "So have 1 fived—as a wild man al-

most: and that life has the past five years been more a mania than ever before, but with a method. I am and have been he arose to offer her a chair. She acso widely different. you will say, from all the world, except that my search was without the pale of the law. And now "Ye are the gov'ment man, I reckon?" all the world, except that my search was without the pale of the law. And now the end has come. I am rich. I have enough, and now I desire to return to brown and wrinkled face, half hidden New York Recorder.

he was to storm the very stronghold of the mooushiners, and tomorrow night would find a vacancy

ranks of the illicit distillers. The expedition had thus far, Nutting believed. been kept a secret. Because of this he looked forward with strong hopes of

papers, documents and duplicate reports filed neatly away before him, he sudfiled neatly away before him, he snd-denly noticed the butt end of his old be both amused and instructed.-New dueling pistol, half hidden in one of the York Herald. compartments, and as the remembrance of how it came there flashed over him he

was about to draw it from its hiding place when a shuffling step at the door arrested him, and an instant later an aged and bent woman entered the door. The hour was late, and Nutting re-

seeking money, and money only. Not cepted it with a whine of thanks and

trembling, held in his nerveless hand a smoking pistol.

The silver bullet had found its mark and returned to its owner. The United States marshal was saved .- True Flag.

The Pretty Blue Jay.

Beyond question the blue jay is the prettiest of American cone bills. As his name indicates, blue is the predominant color of his plumage, and it runs through all its most beautiful shades along his back and tail until it merges into silver white on his breast. He has a heavy, pointed crest of dark, yet brilliant feath large, fierce and radiant, and his bill is Opera House Block, 3d St. notes are tender and sweet, "too-loo-loo, too-loo-loo," as if his mate's name was Lulu. He cannot be tamed, and is quite phia Times.

Advantage of Poor Clothes

If you want to deal with New York wear poor clothes or send somebody else. The well dressed man who carries about in his personal appearance the signs of prosperity will often be compelled to pay double. He will frequently be made the victim of various kinds of extortion. rearshal, and as the twilight fell and as the night came down he told of his life might never sit at that desk again. He have a soft heart for each other hand, the poor a weird, strange history aver live in

ush price for goods or service. If you don't believe this, try it on

A Crime Detected.

"The detectives are looking for the letter box robbers and are on the right track." she read from the morning paper. "Gosh!"

"What's the matter, Uncle Ephraim?" "I knowed it," ejaculated the old man. "I knowed it. I suppose I've got to give myself up. Nothing else to do." "What's the matter?"

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