

The Salting of the Tio Juan

By WOLCOTT LE BEARD

CHAPTER III.

THE afternoon was slowly away. Joyce paced the little veranda restlessly, keeping at the same time a sharp lookout over the town. Once he thought he saw Tom, accompanied by a group of excited men, passing down one of the streets, but only a glimpse was to be had, and the distance was too great to make sure. As the sun slowly descended toward the dry mountains that bounded the plain, so the anxiety of the young easterner grew. From time to time Old Mrs. Elkins would come out on the veranda and, shading her eyes with her hand, would glance rapidly over the visible portion of the town. These visits became more frequent as one hour after another passed by.

At last the sun went down, and with-out any twilight interval the blue evening came. Old Mrs. Elkins announced that supper was ready, and Joyce went into the house and seated himself at the table, but he ate nothing and made an excuse to return to his post on the veranda.

It was quite dark. The stars were shining brilliantly, as were the lights of the distant town. In one place, where the blacksmith had been setting a tire, there glowed a circle of deep red coals. Half unconsciously Joyce had heard the rattle of the dishes as Old Mrs. Elkins cleared the table. Then he became aware that the rattling had stopped. He looked through the window and saw that the room was empty. Joyce could stand the strain no longer. Stepping lightly into the house, he picked up his shotgun and, opening the breech, saw that the cartridges were undisturbed. Then, snatching the barrel and the stock of the door and down the road toward the town. He walked rapidly, his spirits rising at each step at the thought of possible action and that familiar feel of the weapon in his hand.

Across the piece of vacant ground where the fire had been heated some one was waiting and was whistling as he came. As the dim red light from the circle of glowing coals fell upon this person, Joyce saw that it was Tom. There was a stir in the deep shadow of the blacksmith shop. A voice cried "Hands up!" Instantly Tom leaped aside in order to get out of the light, drawing his pistol as he did so. At the same instant there came from the shadow a red spot of flame and a sharp report. Tom threw up his arms and fell backward as though struck by a hammer.

Four men darted from the shadow. Throwing the gun to his shoulder, Joyce fired at two of them, giving a barrel to each. The range was long for a shotgun, even though it was throwing buckshot. One of the men fell, then struggled to rise. One of his comrades helped him to his feet, and they both vanished in the darkness. Standing for a moment, Joyce darted forward, remaining as he had never run before. The two remaining men stood their ground, and as soon as they could see him they both fired and missed. Joyce swung the empty gun around his head and threw it, striking one of the men on the breast and falling him.

As the other man leveled his pistol for a second shot Joyce stooped and, rushing forward, caught him with a fistful of lead around the waist. He was lifted from the ground, and with all the impetus of the rock and with all the strength of the big tenderfoot's trained muscles he was thrown backward into the circle of coals. He shrieked frantically. His clothes were smoldering in a dozen places as he rolled out of the fire and lay writhing on the ground beside it.

Then three pistol shots cracked in the darkness, with scarcely an appreciable interval between them. The man who had been hit by the gun and who, pistol in hand, had risen on one elbow, shrieked, fell back and lay still. Old Mrs. Elkins bubbled into the firelight. A carriage bolt supporting an empty holster was buckled around her waist. In her hand she held a heavy pistol, with a faint wreath of smoke still curling from its muzzle.

Best Joyce hummed like a hive. One shout answered another, and there was the sound of many running feet. Joyce was dazed. He was dimly conscious that the ground was fast turning to a sea of fire. Then he asked some one if Tom was dead and that he was really dead, but to be a fool, but to beg carry Tom home, which he did, on the way he heard Old Mrs. Elkins ask him why he had not used the Derringer that was in his pocket, and he owned with shame that he had utterly forgotten that it had been there.

Then he sat by the little kitchen waiting for news of Tom. It was hours before Old Mrs. Elkins appeared.

"No, he won't die. He'll get along all right, I reckon," she said joyfully, anticipating his question. "You done beautiful beautiful. Tawm an' me is mighty proud of you. You don't mind, do you?" she asked apologetically, timidly stretching out her hand. Joyce shook it gratefully. "Heard the money you got for the mine," said she after a moment. "That's what he was held up for." "Count it?"

Joyce took the buckskin bag that she held toward him, emptied the gold pieces that were in it on the table and did as he was told.

"Why, this is half as much again as I paid for the mine," said he as he finished counting. "Old Mrs. Elkins nodded.

"That was Tawm's bargain what he was a talkin' 'bout," she said proudly. Joyce quickly separated the coins into three equal piles. "That's your share and Tom's," said he, pushing two of the piles toward her.

"Tawm an' me ain't in the mine dot in business," answered Old Mrs. El-

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Minor Defect.
Weaver: What do you think of my verses? Bilkins has the face to say they are not pretty.
Grumble: They come mighty near it, then. They at least possess two of the three leading elements of poetry. The lines begin with capitals and they end with rhymes. The only thing that is lacking is the ideas; that's all. Boston Transcript.

Continue Talk.
"Look at that little terrier," said the St. Bernard. "He seems to be all out of breath. Gracious, how he is puffing!"
"Yes," replied the mastiff, "his lungs seem too strong for his little body."
"In other words, he appears to be too small for his pants."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Very Life-like.
"I see you have a photograph of my wife, Mrs. Pyle Onstyle, in your show case. It's very like her," said the old lady caller.
"Yes," replied the photographer, somewhat bitterly, "and she hasn't paid me for it yet."
"Ah! That's still more like her."—Philadelphia Press.

A Question of Why.
Baldy Moore: I understand that young d'Anber is so devoted to his art that he sometimes misses his meals.
Calvert: I know he missed his meals occasionally, but I had heard a different reason assigned for it and more professional—Baltimore American.

Consulting.
"But I can't go like this," Joyce remonstrated. "There are a hundred things to prevent. I haven't got my things packed, even. Then I want to hear what the doctor says when he comes, and I ought to be here to testify against those men when they're brought to trial. I must stay for a few days anyhow. Really I can't leave you in this way."
"You'll go on that train," replied Old Mrs. Elkins. "You promised. Your things is all right. I packed 'em myself, an' Tawm had 'em taken down to the cash shed, all ready. Tawm washed 'em a dozin, too, for me, one of the same train as you go by, so they ain't no way to see him. But I know just as well as he does 'bout a huilt like Tawm's. Theah won't be no call for any testifyin'. The boys is out aftah them men now, an' they can't help but git 'em. I reckon we bettah staht. I'll walk down with you."
Still remonstrating, Joyce was started for the train before he fairly reached it. Old Mrs. Elkins had calculated the time well. There was barely time for him to buy his ticket and get on board and none at all for thoughts of final backsliding. He stood on the rear platform as the train drew out, waving his hat in farewell to Old Mrs. Elkins, who stood looking after him as long as the train was in sight. Then, with a deep sigh, she hurried home.

"The doctor was already lending over Tom when she reached the house. She passed quietly through his room and out by another door.
"How's he comin', doc?" asked Tom faintly, looking up at the physician.
"All right. Don't talk," answered the other sharply.
"Thought through the stints?" inquired Tom again.
"No," the ball glanced on one of the stints, as you call them. Don't talk, I tell you. You'll be all right."
"I got ter talk for a minute. Then I'll plug myself. Listen. I want you ter see her—Old Mrs. Elkins. Savvy? There's someboddy dead wrong with her."
"All right. Now shut up," replied the doctor.
"No, this is his dead level. She ain't sick, but look at 'em! Tom labor on, 'bout someboddy's got off jus' the same. She's cryin' all the time, an' she's off her feed. She never did that way till now. She wanted ter git that tenderfoot 'round the house yere, an' she did, an' every time as soon's he went she cried. She didn't think I ketched on, but I did. Then she's bust-ter git him 'outer the place yere, changed right 'round, an' she did git him ter see 'jus' now, an' now he's gone show cryin' again. I see her when she come through the room a minute back. She's sure sick somehow. You ter ter that, will you?"
The doctor nodded, and Tom closed his eyes and was content.

A GIRL'S NATURE.
Little Signs That, It Is Said, Reveal Phases of Character.
Much of a girl's nature is betrayed by the little act of brushing a speck off a man's coat. If she picks off the thread or imaginary bit of lint very carefully between the thumb and forefinger it is an indisputable sign that she is a woman of a very practical and economical character.
On the other hand, if a girl should brush the coat lapel of her fiancé very softly and tenderly with the second and third finger of her hand in her endeavor to remove an invisible speck it is a sure sign that she is more sentimental than practical. The man who marries her will live in a continual atmosphere of romance and had householding.

There is still another type of girl who will brush the speck off a man's coat with a broad sweep of the hand in which all the fingers and thumb play a part. She is in all probability an athletic girl who excels at tennis, golf and the links and who will prove a high spirited, strong minded woman after marriage.

Then, again, the girl who puts a glove in a man's coat with her hand held faintly upturned from the wrist and the flower held in the tips of her fingers is sure to be something of a coquette, while the maid who gives you only the tips of her fingers when she greets you in the drawing room or public street is probably an ambitious girl.—Chicago Journal.

The Game of Life.
Life is a queer game of blind man's bluff, played in a mist on a mountain top, and the players keep dropping over the precipices. But nobody heeds because there are always plenty more, and the game goes on forever. H. Rider Haggard.

WOMAN AND FASHION

For Young Girls.
Fancy Etons, with skirts to match, are eminently becoming to young girls and are to be greatly worn during the coming season, as they have been during this one. The excellent model illustrated is adapted to a wide range of

She Thought Him Tact.
The late Louis Fleischmann, the millionaire baker, not only distributed food to poor men in the "bread line" he had established in this city, but he also got these men employment. He went among them and conversed with them, and the delicacy of his questions to them, the care he took not to hurt their feelings, was remarkable. One day he said:
"The more unfortunate and wretched people are the more sensitive they are, the more easily they are wounded. The public does not bear this fact enough in mind."
"And yet it is a fact that is continually being proved, sometimes pathetically, sometimes humorously. It was proved humorously to a friend of mine last summer in Scotland.
"He was making a walking tour. He was climbing mountains and viewing lakes and torrents. One morning on a quiet road he met a young woman, tall and comely, who walked barefoot.
"Surprised, my friend stopped the young woman and said:
"Do all the people hereabout go barefoot?"
"She answered:
"Some of them do, and the rest mind their own business."—New York Tribune.

Had the Symptoms.
"A friend of mine, an overworked editor," said Senator Dewey, "took last summer his first vacation in seventeen years.
"He went to a rugged New England district, a quaint village that nestled at the foot of great mountains on the slope of a deep lake.
"He arrived on a bright, fine morning, and so greatly was he pleased with the grandeur of the scenery and with the pure and perfumed air that, setting out for a little exercise, he

Winter House Gowns.
The smartest house gowns must be on loose fitting, graceful lines, and even a hint of ermine is not evident unless in the skirt around the skirt and the multitude of platted and gathered pomes in lace or chiffon that are requisite to the finish of the skirt. It must be understood that these bouffes and ruffles are never on the skirt, but under the gown itself or else on the underskirt, always so arranged as to hold out the skirt, but not as part of the trimming.

Fashions in Gloves.
Dainty pearl gray gloves for prome wear and the pale tan and champagne white ones that are so modish have colored linings or smart colored gauntlets with pretty little button fasteners to match. The Biarritz glove, with its elastic run through at the wrist, is a pattern that always gains a steady amount of popularity.
Two button dogskin are worn with walking suits, and the lighter shades are most in vogue.

Gallone Trimmings.
Fancy galloons are a favorite trimming for both velvet and cloth gowns and wraps. Trimming makers have never before made so many or such exquisitely dainty styles in galloons and beads. Bits of color twinkle in and out between the heavy coarse meshes of the braid in a way that adds wonderfully to the charm of the gown.

Street Costume.
The severe tailor gown shown is made of chestnut brown cheviot. Both skirt and coat open on the side and are

SEVERE TAILOR GOWN.
fastened with large buttons covered with cloth. The coat is tight fitting. The skirt has a plain front gown, but sides and back are laid in wide plaits.

Crownwell Collars and Cuffs.
Very wide crownwell cuffs and collars are of stiff linen, dotted with embroidery, done with macerized thread.

The Selfish Man.
A bachelor one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

Even Then.
Think twice before you speak, and even then nine times out of ten the world won't lose anything if you keep still.—Somerville Journal.



FANCY ETON WITH SKIRT.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Why It's the Tuesday After the First Monday in November.
Why should the law prescribe the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November? Instead of saying "the first Tuesday?" Like many other small things this provision introduces an interesting picture of the past.
Although the constitution requires the electors in all the states to meet and choose a president on the same day, it was not until 1845 that a law was passed by congress providing that the electors should be chosen on the same day throughout the United States. When William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate, in 1840, New York began to vote on the first Monday in November, and the polls were kept open until Wednesday night. Election day in Massachusetts was the second Monday, but before that day, in this instance, enough states had voted to decide the contest. The National Intelligencer of that year records that several thousand aged and infirm Whigs in Massachusetts did not bother to go to the polls.
Delaware voted a day later than Massachusetts, Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania were among the early voting states. Alabama was one of the last. This diversity, combined with slow methods of transmitting news, left the election results in doubt for many days.
The system was not satisfactory. The states that voted early had an undue influence on the result. Especially was this true as communication became more rapid, and by 1840 an enthusiastic editor told the news from Philadelphia had been brought to New York in thirty-five hours. "This," he added significantly, "is a sign of the times."
Congress accordingly decided to establish a uniform day. The original bill named the first Tuesday in November, but it was found necessary to harmonize this with the requirement that not more than thirty days should elapse before the meeting of the electoral colleges in the different states, which had been set for the first Wednesday in December. When Tuesday is the first day of November, December will have no Wednesday till the seventh. The interval is thirty-seven days. Under the law as it was passed in 1845 not more than twenty-nine days can elapse between election day and the first Wednesday in December. Under the law of 1847 the electors do not meet to give their votes until the second Monday in January—Youth's Companion.

'TRICKS OF THIEVES.
Clever Schemes That Aid in the Perpetration of Crime.
"Theives resort to clever methods in order to get away with the goods," said an old police officer, "and I am firmly convinced that if the criminals of the world would devote the same amount of time, talent and patience to thinking out uplifting and advantageous schemes for humankind they would in many useful ways. But somehow the mind of the criminal seems to be sharper, if I may say it, and bolder and quicker than the mind of the honest man. The fact may be explained in any number of ways. In the first place, the criminal has nothing to do but think out some plan of getting something that doesn't belong to him. That is his special business. Quite naturally the plan he works out under those circumstances will often startle even the oldest men in the police departments of the country. Who would have thought of the wire saw, a thing so small that it can be slipped in between the layers of the shoe sole, but the criminal who found in it a ready, convenient and infallible means of escape? He is constantly thinking up some new scheme. Here we find a man and woman in a jewelry store. The woman carries a parrot with her. The bird suddenly gets away and the jeweler is afraid the parrot will break something. He tries to catch it and succeeds after a short while. A small purchase is made. The man and the woman leave. Result, several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry gone. It was stolen during the excitement over the bird. Good scheme, eh? Yet it is but one out of a million worked by the clever degenerates of the world."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

YOUR MORNING DRAM.
Let It Be a Glass of Water and Enjoy an Inside Bath.
Drink a glass of water when you get out of bed in the morning. Never mind the size of the glass. Let the water be cold if you will. Some people prescribe hot water, but that isn't necessary. You may have washed your face already and relished the experience. You may have taken a cold plunge into the tub and delighted in the shock and its reaction. The best use of the tooth-brush has left your mouth clean and the breath sweet. But you are dirty still.
Drink a glass of cold water and enjoy the sensation of being clean inside. All that is luxurious in the cold bath cleansing the outside is artificial. That which should prompt the glass of water after sleeping is natural.
Drink a glass of cold water in the name of cleanliness. It becomes one of the shortest and easiest of toilet duties. It is swallowed in a second, and in five minutes it has passed from the stomach, taking with it the clogging secretions of the alimentary tract. It has left behind the stimulus that goes with cold water, and, by filling the arterial system to the normal, it puts a spur to the circulation that has to a Lincolnton lady, upwards of eighty, with whom he is to have £8,000 in money, £300 per annum, and a coach and four, during life only."
Sometimes the notice merely describes the bride as a lady with a "good portion" or a "rented fortune." One of the latest notices was in Aris' Birmingham Gazette, July 14, 1890, which recorded the marriage of Mr. Canning, undersecretary of state, to Miss Scott, worth £100,000 fortune."—London Telegraph.

Liked Wooden Ships.
Admiral Farragut was a "very old fashioned sailor, with a strong prejudice in favor of wooden ships," says Captain F. S. Hill in his "Twenty Years at Sea." "The admiral had gained his victories in such ships and declared himself "too old a dog to learn new tricks." In the Mobile fights his flagship was the wooden ship Hartford, though he was urged to take the new ironclad Tecumseh. It was a noteworthy coincidence that the Tecumseh was the only vessel lost in the battle. She was sunk by a torpedo and went down with her captain and more than a hundred of her crew.

NATIONAL ELECTION DAY.

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Gems In Verse

Fate's Answer.
"What is the time?"
A little child asked on a fair June day.
"It's time to play," said Fate,
And, romping merrily, it went on its way.
"What is the time?"
A boy asks, half in earnest, half in jest.
"It's time to think," said Fate,
"To hold the chain of knowledge link by link."
"What is the time?"
The boy to manhood grown now eager asks.
"It's time to love and wed," said Fate,
"To hold the heart procession to the altar."
"What is the time?"
A father with grave face is asking now.
"It's time to strive," said Fate,
"To toil for others and for others thrive."
"What is the time?"
At last an old man, bent with years and care, the question puts.
"It's time to die," said Fate,
"And in the earth which nourished thee to lie."
And this was the last question and reply.
The last and earthy scenes,
Yet who shall say
That in some gentler clime—
I know not where, and unknown—
Fate's answers will not follow those of Fate?
All the spheres of an endless day,
Answer indeed, but not like those of time—
Him, brief and harsh of sound—
That fills of love that hath no mete nor bound.
—C. G. Augustin in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Good Morning.
"Good morning, my little boy,"
"The dawn of the dawn is in the sky,
The grass of the meadow is wet with the dew,
And the robin is singing on high.
The sun of ambition not yet
Has come with its purple rays
To bring you the pain, the pain and the sweat
Of the noontide of passion ablaze.
No sign of the cloud rack appears,
No hint of the sickle of doom—
Its lightning of loss and its tempest of tears
And the darkness that falleth too soon.
Then follows the bow of that peace
Which paints the departing of light,
When pleasures and labors and sorrows
Must cease
In the infinite calm of the night.
Good morning, then, little boy blue,
The flush of the dawn is in the sky,
The grass of the meadow is wet with the dew,
And the robin is singing on high."
—Frederick A. Wright in Critic.

Between.
Life means to us a thousand different things;
The highest meaning is the one we miss,
And yet a warning voice among strange slugs,
"Life is sterility's parenthesis."
—Grace H. Boulette.

GREAT THOUGHTS.
They Have the Gift of Immortal Youth and Strength.
The influence of the law of action and reaction can be traced more clearly in those everyday human affairs which come under our individual observation than in the greater movements of mankind which are often imperfectly recorded. We act and are acted upon. The people we meet make an impression on us; the impression may be for the moment or it may last through life. Bloom, fragrance, grace, harmony, beauty, majesty, affect us accordingly; deformity, imbecility, distress, cruelty, affect us unpleasantly. The plea of the unfortunate, the thought of our visitor, the opinion in the newspaper, the issues of the time, impress us in accordance with our moods or natures. Certain words, tones, sights, awaken echoes within us of old happiness or pain.
There are words and tones which produce beautiful results—the lullabies of the mother, the endearments of the lover, the voice of sympathy, the enchantment of music, the messages of the poets, the trumpet calls to honor and duty. And there are words which produce misunderstanding, confusion, aversion, anger—the words of whining, complaining, fault finding, of envy, jealousy, slander, of malice, intolerance, brutality.
The response to the public speaker is coöperative to his power. If he be dull, the hearers are scattered; if he be convincing, courageous, forceful, the audience will kneel, and he may rescue them to laughter or tears, to indignation or fury, to generosity or sacrifice. He may change the opinions and convictions of some and the course of the lives of others; he may even save a city from slaughter or make a state. If his thought be really great, it may live through many ages, stirring generation after generation. The reaction of moral or physical force may be prolonged; it may even gain force with time, indicating its connection with some stupendous primal energy. The echo of a great physical convulsion dies quickly, but the echo of the words of Confucius and Buddha, of Plato, Seneca and Christ, still lives. The voice of Socrates before his judges kindles men whose ancestors were untamed savages when Socrates spoke. Buildings decay, monuments fall, rivers run dry, races decline, but a great thought suffers from no impatience or decrepitude; it has the gift of immortal youth and strength.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

SYMPATHY.
Sympathy is food to a starving heart.
Sympathy is two hearts pulling at one load.
Sympathy is the staff on which trouble leans.
Sympathy is the cream that rises on the milk of human kindness.
Sympathy is sorrow's hour is like the gentle rain to drooping flowers.
Sympathy is the least the rich may give, the most the poor can offer.
Sympathy is the blossom grown from the costly bulb called personal suffering.
Sympathy is a well toned instrument that readily responds to notes of weal or woe.
Sympathy is the most powerful human magnet for attracting and holding friendship.
Sympathy is perfect forgetfulness of oneself in true feeling for the unhappiness of others.
Sympathy is love's healing balm spread by rivers run dry, races decline, but a great thought suffers from no impatience or decrepitude; it has the gift of immortal youth and strength.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.