

How the Elder Lost His Bet

By CHARLES C. WADDLE

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JIM DEHUS, the big, boyish county sheriff, leaped out of his buggy as he drove up to the door of the farmhouse and, springing up the steps, swung Mabel into his arms, pressing his lips to hers repeatedly.

"There's one because you're wearin' pink," he cried gayly, "an' another because it's my favorite color, an' another because today's Sunday, an' another because you're so pretty, an' another—oh, another just because you are you!"

Laughing and protesting, the girl finally struggled from his bear-like hug. "Oh, Jim," she scolded in mock pettishness, while she smoothed down her ruffled bouffant, "whatever does make you believe so? Suppose some one should see us?"

"Who's to see? The old man's away. I met him down the road as I came along, an' he gave me a look 't' d' our sweet dream."

The sheriff, he it understood, was old Simon Unger's pet aversion. Simon, being the chairman of the Republican county committee and the senior elder in Mount Sinai Presbyterian church, regarded Dehus, who in so far as he had any religious affiliations was allied with the Methodists and was in politics a Democrat, as a brand reserved for the burning. Insurmountable as were these objections, however, Unger cherished a deeper cause of complaint against the young official. Dehus had had the hardihood to woo the old man's only daughter, and to Simon's disgust Mabel had seen fit to look with favor on his suit. This added point to his old fellow's already sharp animosity.

"By the way," inquired Dehus carelessly of the girl as they sat talking, "who was that entitled chap I see with your paw this afternoon?"

"Oh, he's from New York. Says he's cousin of George Story's, the cashier of the First National bank up to town. He came here right after dinner today an' he wanted to buy a farm. So paw took him over to show him that piece down beyond the big meadow."

"On Sunday?" ejaculated the sheriff in amazement. Then he commenced to laugh. "What would the good brother over at Mount Sinai think of that?"

"I say so," responded Mabel, tossing her blond curls. "Course the man said he had to be gettin' back home tomorrow an' that it was now or never, but I don't see that that takes off any from the sin of it. Paw's awful religious when it comes to anything else, but he's a Sunday, but if it's his cousin, he's even talkin' about makin' me stay home from the camp meetin' tonight. He says a Metho'dy camp meetin' ain't really no better than a country fair, just phess for flirin' an' cuttin' up an' all manner of Sabbath breakin'."

"Sho!" commiserated Dehus. "The mean old hunk! Why, I've been bankin' for a week on us gettin' there together. Joe Branson an' Kittie Reynolds an' Al Thompson an' the crowd 's goin' to be there. You git around him no way."

"I'll see," she answered, "I won't say anything more about it till supper, an' then I'll coax him hard. Maybe if he makes a good sale to the stranger he'll be in a better temper."

"Well, I'll come after you anyway on the chance," returned her lover, and then, with many lingering farewells, he took his departure.

An hour or so later old Simon came home and announced that he was ready for the evening meal. He had hurried in once before shortly after Dehus had left, and Mabel had heard him turning over some papers in his desk, but he had almost immediately hastened away again without giving any explanation of his errand to the girl.

Now, as he came up on the porch, she noticed that he carried a small tin box under his arm, and had she observed him more closely, she would have discovered an undue elation in his manner, a greedy sparkle in his deep-set eyes, a suppressed excitement in his whole bearing.

He seemed to be afraid to trust the box out of his sight a single moment, even carrying it to the table with him and setting it beside his plate. Mabel was accustomed to his vagaries, however, and made no remark. In fact, supper was eaten almost in silence, Simon lost in contemplation of his acquisition, the girl cogitating how best to introduce anew the subject of the forbidden camp meeting.

Before she had her plea framed to her liking the old man addressed her. "Mabel," he said, "let me see the key to that little box I keep my deal an' mazzellings in."

Eager to please him, she hurried to get it, and then watched him curiously while he unlocked with it the box beside him. Unger raised the lid and peered in. At first a look of blank bewilderment came over his features; then he commenced excitedly to scratch inside, using both hands to tear out the masses of crumpled paper which seemed its sole contents. Finally coming to a folded note which lay upon the bottom and hastily scanning it, he raised a pair of wild, haggard eyes to his daughter.

"I've been robbed!" he gasped.

"Robbed, paw?" cried Mabel in consternation. "How?"

"That man Story bunked me." He stuttered in his excitement. "Hang him!"

Nothing could have brought home his inability to Mabel like this. That he, the senior elder in Mount Sinai church, should break forth into profanity betokened a cataclysm in nature which she was powerless to meet.

Just then, however, she heard the grind of wheels upon the gravelly road without. "There's Jim, paw," she cried. "He'll help you." Rushing to the door, she threw it open, and a moment later Dehus strode into the room as he beheld old Simon's expression being halted in amazement.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Unger," he gasped, "what on earth's the matter?" Simon, utterly frenzied by his loss,

was unable to answer. It was Mabel who gave the desired information. "Paw's been robbed," she said. The sheriff was all interest now. The merriment had faded from his gray eyes. They had become as cool and steady as steel. He saw that there was work ahead for him tonight. "Robbed?" he said. "What'd they git?"

"The matter of fact official tones in a measure brought the old man to himself. "What'd they git?" he shrieked. "What'd they git?" Then, impressively and laying full stress upon each separate word, "Seven—thousand—dollars!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Dehus. "Who done it? Tell me the whole story an' be quick."

"It was that cousin of George Story's, hang him!" commenced the victim. In his close attention Dehus failed to remark the unaccustomed expletive. "He told me 't' he wanted to look at a farm, an' as he was pressed for time I consented. I guess it's a judgment on me for breakin' the Sabbath," he interpolated sadly.

"Yes, yes. Go on," urged his listener.

"Well, I seen he was pretty green—leastways I thought he was—so I ast him seven thousand for that sixty acre piece along the creek 't' gits overlooked every spring. I could see that he was a-jumpin' at the price, but to be smart he tried to ding me down to sixty-five hundred. While he was standin' there in the road an' lookin' along come a lightnin' rod aced. I never put eyes on him 't' I know of before, but he seemed to know me all right. 'Don't give your time away with that there feller, Mr. Unger,' he says. 'I don't believe he's got no seven thousand,' says he."

"Well, sir, that made the first feller jest hoppin' mad. 'What call have you got to be mixin' in this fur?' he asts. Then the two of 'em got to arguin' an' a spittin' round there until paw took the old man's only daughter, and to Simon's disgust Mabel had seen fit to look with favor on his suit. This added point to his old fellow's already sharp animosity.

"The lightnin' rod man he weakened, but 'bout that time I was gettin' interested myself. 'I ain't no gambler man, Mr. Story,' I says, 'but if you want to make that offer good I'll bet you seven thousand.'"

"Are you crazy, man?" says Story. "You seen me count it."

"I don't care," says I. "I'd jest as bet five seven thousand to you as to the next man."

"Well, the lightnin' rod man he took me aside, an' he begged me not to do no bet. 'Story he said it wasn't sportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing an' 't' he didn't want to rob me, but I knowed what I'd seen, an' finally I prevailed. "'Old fool!" seemed to be breathed upon the circumambient air in the tones of Mr. Dehus, but if Simon heard it he gave no sign.

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"He had a brown mustache an' a little brown goatee."

"An' blue eyes," continued Simon. "Brown," corrected the girl. "An' black clothes."

"Blue with a thin white stripe in 'em. I noticed particular, 'cause it's almost the same goods Flo Thompson got for her summer skirt."

"What kind of shirt, shoes, tie, watch chain?" replied the sheriff.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old man peevishly. "I don't take no stock of such things. 'Sides, what good is it all goin' to do? The thieves is gone."

"But I am goin' to try an' catch them, Mr. Unger," put in Dehus.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TAKING ANOTHER NAME.

Nothing in the Law That Prohibits Making a Change.

"Custom has made it almost universal for all male persons to bear the names of their parents," said an attorney of the local court the other morning. "It seems natural that it should be so. Nevertheless there is nothing in the laws of this country prohibiting a man's taking another name, and no legal penalty is attached to his doing so. There is always, however, a possibility of its being attended with inconvenience and perhaps loss to himself."

"There is a way by which a man may change his name with the sanction of the law, and that is the only safe way. But the law requires him to assign some good reason for the change. Men have assigned various reasons for wishing to change their names. Sometimes a man wishes to drop his right name because it is of foreign origin and difficult for an American tongue to pronounce. This may injure him in his business, as there is such a thing as prejudice even in this free and enlightened commonwealth; or his name may have in English an absurd or even vulgar meaning and subject him to unpleasant jokes; or it may associate him with some notorious criminal or be the counterpart of some name which history made infamous; or it may be misspelled and consequently mispronounced on his entry to this country."

"Frequently infants are left orphans or abandoned by the father after the death of the mother. In this case it is a frequent occurrence for relatives or neighbors to take a child and adopt it, giving it their own name. In that case the party desiring to adopt must apply by a written petition to the court of the place in which he lives asking leave to adopt the child and change its name to that of the petitioner. The order allowing the adoption and the change of name must be filed with the court, so that the real parentage of the child may be subsequently established if necessary."

"When an adult applies for leave to change his name he must give his place of birth, residence, age and whether he is married or single and whether there are any judgments against him or outstanding commercial paper in the name which he seeks to abandon. If in any of these cases the court is satisfied there are no objectionable reasons the order is permitted granting a change of name. The order must be filed with the clerk, and thirty days thereafter the new name may be assumed. The granting of the name must within ten days thereafter be published in a newspaper designated by the court."

"Thus the law protects the person who for good and sufficient reasons desires to assume a name other than his own. The order of the court being recorded, all the rights of the individual which may subsequently accrue to him under his original name are preserved, his identity being in the law fully established."—Washington Star.

BUYING A WATCH.

Filled Cases, Plated Cases and Good and Bad Movements.

"Not many men know how to buy a watch," said a jeweler, "and to a large extent they have to rely on the honesty of the dealer. So complicated is the business that even we go to the factories ourselves and arrange for special work in order to get the proper article, for, of course, we could not do so every case we receive."

"Now, how many people know the difference between a filled case and one that is plated? A filled case, you see, is a composition that resembles steel, with a plate of gold on each side, that on the outer being thicker than the inside. Such cases are guaranteed not to wear through within five, ten, fifteen or up to twenty-five years, within the limit of the guarantee made by the reputable houses. If a man offers you a case warranted for thirty or forty years you are going to be bunked if you buy it. When you see watches offered for sale at gold filled for \$3 or \$4 depend upon it they are plated, and might as well be tin."

"In the matter of watch movements," he continued, "the buyer is really at the mercy of the dealer. In one big factory about 3,000 movements are made every day. There is certain to be haste in that sort of output, and the name on the dial does not make up for imperfections. To avoid these a first class jeweler arranges for several hundred movements to be delivered a year hence."

"A strictly first class movement requires six months exactly in its passage through the factory from the beginning to the finished product ready to offer for sale. Such goods are then stamped with the name of the firm for which they are made and that firm has to stand sponsor for them. The Swiss watch, in its higher class, is the best movement in the world today. Of course there are cheap Swiss movements of which you can buy for \$3 or \$4, but they keep good time."—Kansas City Star.

Silver Thaw.

"Silver thaw" is a name applied to winter phenomenon of frequent occurrence at Ben Nevis observatory. It consists of rain falling when the air is below freezing point and congealing whenever it reaches the ground. Of course this points to an inversion of the temperature, which is lower on the mountain top than at greater heights, and being largely associated with a cyclonic distribution of pressure, it is of considerable forecasting value.

Stories Of the Stage Folk

PETER F. DAILEY is a comedian who does not have to go far to find jokes. They are all ways coming his way. Not long ago he attended a matinee performance of one of the dramatic productions that did not "score a hit," as the critics say. On coming out of the theater he was accosted by a friend.

"Been to the show, Peter? How was it?"

"Oh, fair."

"Big audience?"

"No, they weren't big; I could lick the three of 'em."

Mr. Dailey sprang a joke in San Francisco a while ago and in writing about it to a friend in New York explained it as follows:

"One of the popular table waters here is Bartlett water. Everybody knows about it, so I got a laugh by asking if two men who drink Bartlett water will be a Bartlett pear."

When the friend had thought the joke over and digested it he sent the following telegram to Mr. Dailey:

"Your pear joke is a peach."

Mr. John Drew, who is in the forefront of his profession, was recently interviewed. After some conversation relative to his liking for the name part in "The Duke of Killarney" the conversation proceeded thus:

"Have you any ambition in your profession that you have not yet achieved?"

"For the moment Mr. Drew appeared to be amused at the question."

"That is certainly invidious," he remarked after a brief pause.

"Undoubtedly, but have you?"

"After carefully thinking the matter over Mr. Drew said:

"Yes, I think I have."

"What is it?"

"To be a better actor."

Miss Emma Carus is a singer whose voice has more than once turned the heads of her auditors. When she started out on the stage she sang at a great concert one night and struck the heart of a foreign count who chanced to be in the audience. Several years later she sang in the presence of a Nashville young man, who fell in love with her at sight, or on hearing her voice. He afterwards committed suicide "all for love of her."

Immediately after this incident another remarkable adventure befell Miss Carus. Like the preceding trouble, this, too, was brought about by the voice which has proved such a potent factor in turning men's heads ever since the singer was a child.

This time it was John L. Sullivan, who heard Miss Carus sing. He saw her after her performance and said in his most appealing tones:

"Say, youse made a hit wid me. Will you marry me?"

This laconic proposal appealed to the humorous side of Miss Carus' nature, and she told the fighter that she could only be a sister to him. He was persistent, however, and it was many months before John was convinced that his cause was hopeless.

Marie Dressler, who has recently made a hit in "The College Widow," had a hard siege with typhoid fever several seasons ago. While she was ill her mother died. The physicians kept the news from her. When the young woman, who has made so many theatergoers laugh, became convalescent it was necessary, of course, to impart the sad intelligence to her, but how to do it was the question.

Finally one night about five weeks after her mother's death Miss Dressler awoke with a shriek and sat up in bed wringing her hands. The nurse hurried to her.

"Turn on all the lights," said Miss Dressler quite calmly, "and then come here and look me in the face. I want to ask you something."

"In the matter of watch movements," he continued, "the buyer is really at the mercy of the dealer. In one big factory about 3,000 movements are made every day. There is certain to be haste in that sort of output, and the name on the dial does not make up for imperfections. To avoid these a first class jeweler arranges for several hundred movements to be delivered a year hence."

"I didn't guess; I dreamed it just now. I went down to the house. It was all boarded up and deserted. I broke in. The place was empty except for a sofa lying in a corner of the sitting room. Something was lying on the sofa covered with a cloth. I rushed over to it and tried to wrench the covering off it. I couldn't for a long time. Then finally I uncovered the face. It was mother."

Mrs. Frank Pixley, the dashing young wife of the librettist, is a Canadian, so doesn't make the effort of saying "eleverator."

In the rush hour at a department store she found herself wedged in a crowd.

"Will you please tell me where the lift is?" she gasped to a florid, grinning fellow who observed her.

"Which proves," replied Pixley, "that the Bible isn't infallible. Suppose you sow garden seeds and your neighbor keeps chickens?"—Philadelphia Press.

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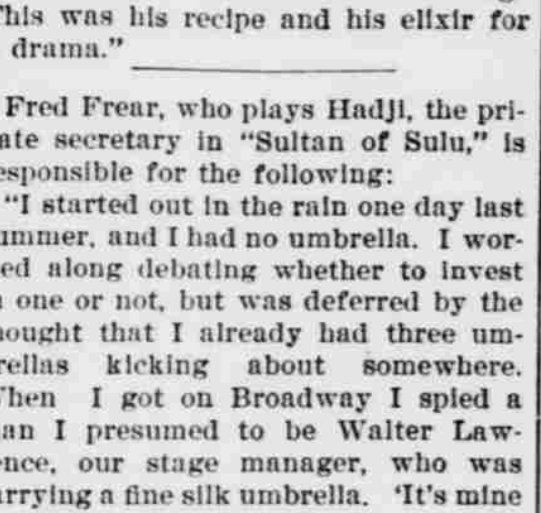
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OYAMA LOVES PEACE.

Great Japanese Warrior Longs For Days of Quietude and Rest.

Field Marshal Oyama is by no means a man of prepossessing aspect, but since pictures were taken of him at the outbreak of the war with Russia he has grown a beard, which partially covers



his face. He is a man of a stern and determined expression, with a high forehead and deep-set eyes. He is wearing a military uniform with a peaked cap.

Field Marshal Oyama seated near his quarters.

The drop of ink that falls may make thousands, even millions, think.

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Gems In Verse

It Rests With God.

So many words, so much to do,
So little time, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,
The head hath missed an earthly wreath;
I curse not nature—no, nor death—
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim or will be dim with weeds;
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wrath of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exists,
And self infolds the laurel wreath
Of force that would have forged a name.

—Tennyson.

At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self denying act, one word
That eased the heart of one who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

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M'GAHAN AND SCOBELLEFF.

The Newspaper Man's Picture of the Great Russian General.

McGahan was the correspondent who first described to Europe the Bulgarian atrocities. What a brilliant creature he was, with his steel blue eyes, his face as delicately chiseled as though it were of marble, his lithic, light frame and that suggestion of absolute courage, iron resolve, underneath the almost feminine fineness of the features. He was one of the intimates of Scobelleff—indeed, the men were so attached to each other that Scobelleff nearly always insisted that McGahan should share his tent with him, and McGahan was in the tent of Scobelleff the night after the disastrous assault on Plevna. Scobelleff was, said McGahan, a wonderful picture of the horrors and terrors of war. His face was black with powder, his uniform was in rags, and his sword was twisted like a corkscrew. It is evident from this description that Scobelleff took part with his own hand in some of the work of the day. There was a sequel, by the way, to this picture. I am not quite sure whether McGahan published it, but he told it to me. Scobelleff was always a dandy. Even in leading a charge he was dressed with dandified precision. In the middle of the night McGahan was woken up, and he saw Scobelleff dressing himself with great care, putting on a new uniform and even perfuming his hair and clothes. And then came another transformation. Scobelleff, his elaborate toilet finished, sat down on his bed and burst into a shower of tears and a tempest of sobs, thinking over all his poor men who had been so vainly sacrificed in the attempt to gain the fortress.—London M. A. P.

She Got Her Baggage.

Mrs. Isabella Bishop was a Self-Possessed Traveler.

Mrs. Isabella Bishop, whose travels in different parts of the world secured for her membership in the British Royal Geographical society, visited America when she was a young woman. She was unused to travel and was alone when she had the following experience:

Once in a train going to New York she was dreadfully tired, and yet she had a feeling that if she went to sleep the man sitting next her would pick her pocket. She struggled for some time against her inclination to sleep; but, having for a moment given way, she awakened to feel the hand of her neighbor gently withdrawing her purse from her pocket.

In her purse, besides some money, which was, comparatively speaking, of small moment, was her baggage check. That was the only thing that really mattered. If she accused her neighbor of theft, nothing was simpler for him than to drop the purse out of the open window beside which he was sitting. No; she determined she would leave any interference until they arrived at their destination.

She secured the services of a porter and, with apparent calmness, followed her traveling companion down the platform. Having described her baggage to the porter, she handed the critical moment to the man sitting next her. "This gentleman has my baggage check," she said, "and with an airy smile, said, 'This gentleman has my baggage check.' And he immediately presented it to her."

The Hudson River.

Who Was the Real Discoverer of This Picturesque Stream?

No Dutch or English man can affirm the discovery of the Hudson river. Verrazano must have discovered Hudson's archives by nearly a hundred years. However, the Dutch and English historians in the matter are close. Hudson is appropriated by Dutch minds and has a Holland tradition round him. He came in a Dutch yacht called the Half Moon in 1609. His sailors were Hollanders and Englishmen. He represented a Dutch East India company on its way to find the much sought for northeast passage to India. He explored the Hudson, going as far as the little town that bears his name, and he himself has been transmitted to posterity with such blended and mixed traditions as to constitute him well nigh a half breed in people's minds.

The names of the river are varied. It has been called Manhattan, the North river, the Great river, the Mauritias and in the year 1616 bore legally for some length of time the name Riviere Van den Vorst Morittias. —Marie Van Vorst in Harper's Magazine.

The Mighty Hunter.

"Yes," says our host, "this is the skin of a grizzly bear that I shot in the tropics."

"But," we suggest gently, "grizzly bears are only found in Colorado and localities in that latitude."

"I know," he replies proudly. "But I chased this fellow clean out of this country and shot him at last. I was clean out of breath when I got within range of him too."—Chicago Tribune.

The Birds Interfere.

"You know," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "the Bible assures us that whatever we sow that shall we reap."

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