

Bulldog Carney.

By W. A. Fraser.

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Twenty-four hours after he started out he discovered that he could not find the man with the neck like an eagle—Arvil Santley—therefore he had disappeared, had lit out, had hit the trail, had packed his outfit and dusted. These were the bits of local colored knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent and sold whisky on the side, that he found out about Santley. "He got steered up agen a skin game up Dan Stuart's, and they corralled his last remittance from home. It's about time he did get out, for they had him stone broke. But he was a gentleman all the same," said mammy as she stood with her hands on her fat hips and looked up and down the corporal's ungainly figure.

"Looks as though he'd done the trick," said the major when Corporal Ball made his report.

"He's got a good start and will likely head for the second crossing on the Columbia and work his way down into Montana. There's a rough town at the crossing, and he's dead sure to head for that."

And then because the sergeant was away with two men and because the whisky men and the gamblers and those who were cursed simply because they couldn't help it needed much guidance in their daily life and because the post was always short of men any day, the major had to put a special constable on with "Lanky" Ball to go after Santley.

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"Get him," commanded the officer.

"Lanky" Ball found Carney after much tribulation search; found him at Mammy Nolan's, found him amid the glamour of many tin lamps, the smoke from which mingled with the odoriferous steam of frying pork and filled the big tent with a soft, summerlike haze.

Looked at from some angles Carney was just the man to go after the slayer of "Whisky" Sanderson. He was a big, powerful man, as big as the other men were after. He could handle "Pearl" his revolver, and don't be terrified that commanded universal respect. Long since he had fled away the sights, and when it was necessary to place several bullets in a limited time he "fanned" his gun—turned it into a miniature Gatling.

Sometimes the police were hot on his trail as leader of a big whisky outfit, and sometimes he was on his side, fighting shoulder to shoulder to put down some tough gang. He didn't approve of toughness as a pastime.

"Be gentlemen," he used to say. "Gentlemen can't work, and gentlemen must have money, but don't be taken for the fun of the thing. There is no fun in it."

When "Lanky" Ball explained to him what he was wanted for and that there was a reward of \$500, half of which he would get if he captured the man who did the job, he readily agreed to go, for he was getting starved, and he needed a stake to start in again.

They rode out ten miles that night so that they would be sure to have an early start on the trail next morning. Over their shoulders they carried their "blanket time" they drifted on to the subject of the dead man and Arvil Santley.

"I'll bet you an even \$50," said Carney, "that Santley didn't do this job. I've got good cause to have a down on him myself, for I've got a grudge against the bridge of my nose, where his big sprawlin' English fist caught me unawares one night. But he'll show my trademark right enough every time he parts his hair." He added by way of vindicting his outraged honor, "for I carved his lofty hair for him, and if his skull hadn't been so thick, he wouldn't be chasin' him now. All the same he's not the sort to lay a man out for the fun of the thing. He never had any dealin' with Whisky Sanderson, for he wasn't in the know. He was in right for sport, but the boys hadn't any use for him when they were runnin' the stuff in."

"I'll just go you fifty, Carney," said the corporal. "The old man doesn't make many mistakes, and if we can get to the second crossing of the river before Santley will bring back the man that did Sanderson out."

"It's a bet, then," said Carney, and there was a queer smile about the regular lips set so firmly in the square jaw.

Then they chipped in with their two blankets and slept under one cover, back to back with their feet toward the small smoldering campfire, sleeping soundly, as just men should—"Bulldog" Carney, gambler, whisky smuggler and special constable, and "Lanky" Ball plain corporal in the N. W. M. P.

"He's ahead of us," said Carney as they galloped side by side the next day. "I picked up some tracks back there, and here they are again. He doesn't seem to be in any hurry, though, for, according to his tracks, his course has been takin' it pretty easy."

That afternoon when they struck the crossing they couldn't find anybody who had taken Santley across the river.

"He must be on this side somewhere yet," said the corporal. "If you stop here and watch the crossing, I'll try and look him up on this side. He'll be about some of the gambler dives like this."

He looked him up. He found him in the queen's name he was made prisoner. Santley laughed when the corporal told him he was wanted for murder.

"It's some blasted debt, I fancy," he said, "and the murder racket is only a hind, but I'll go all the way across, so the ferryman left the beastly hole anyway, it's so beastly slow down this way."

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AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

A Series of Orders That Rejuvenated the Aging Blood.

A correspondent sends the following story of an old Virginia gentleman: "Some years before the war a gentleman of large landed interests founded among his possessions a plantation on the James river, an estate of considerable dimensions. Other interests kept him away from the place for some years, during which time there was a marked decrease in the revenue. Upon his return to the plantation he discovered that many of the slaves were laid up with rheumatism and other ailments, the farming implements were in bad order and the old homestead was fast going to rack and ruin. Calling his overseer he said: "Anderson, I notice a great many old wagons, plows and harrows about the place. Have them brought and piled in front of the house, and on Monday next order all the niggers on the place to be present."

At the appointed time they came. The plows were set on fire and the implements destroyed. The following week he called the overseer's attention to the sick and infirm horses, hogs and cattle and gave the same order. When the negroes had assembled all the animals were knocked in the head. The Friday following the landlord again called his overseer: "Anderson, I see a great many sick niggers around here—many who seem to be laid up with rheumatism and are good for nothing. Give orders that on Monday morning at 10 o'clock they all appear in the front yard. The effect on the slaves was magical. On Saturday men who had been unable to walk were skipping around like children; the sick grew well suddenly, and from that time on the plantation was most prosperous.—Exchange.

FOOD OF AMERICANS.

An English Woman Tells of the Strange Things She Ate Here. An English woman who visited America a short time ago has been telling her country women about the "strange food across the water." Of course she discovered green corn, but she had prepared for that. Oyster crabs were quite new to her. "They look like Boston baked beans," she explains, "but they taste much better."

An oyster cocktail filled her with awe and enthusiasm. She tried it at Delmonico's, but she says it might be better if Americans would have it cooked in a glass; but, then, neither did the English serve boiled eggs in a glass. One could never be sure of Americans.

Of canvasback duck she has a poor opinion, but thinks she might like it better if Americans would have it cooked or even warmed. As for terrapin, she sings its praise. She found it much like calf's head, and she always liked calf's head. Shades of Maryland gourmets, what a stir is there!

All the puddings in America are plebeian, but she says, however, that she understood that pie does not mean game pie. The Yankee pie is a tart and is ubiquitous, she explains.

She sat next to an American man who ate a lump of cheese with his strawberry pie and turned a plateful of ice cream over to him, but she doesn't know if Americans would have it cooked or even warmed. As for terrapin, she sings its praise. She found it much like calf's head, and she always liked calf's head. Shades of Maryland gourmets, what a stir is there!

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ANCIENT UMBRELLAS.

THEY FIGURED IN CHURCHES IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN DAYS.

When First Adopted by the People. They Seem to Have Been Utilized Solely by the Protectors—Once an Attribute of Dignity. In the early Christian churches a large umbrella usually hung over the priest, and it is said that from this custom it became one of the attributes of cardinals appointed from basilican churches. For years the dukes of Venice carried umbrellas of state, and in 1288 Pope Alexander III. declared that these should be surmounted by golden stamettes of the annunciation. Michael Morosini was the first Venetian layman to carry an umbrella, which consisted of a small flat square of green stuff, over which was a copper spiral. Soon after the umbrella was adopted by fashionable Venetian ladies. According to Corray's "Cruddes" (1611), the Italian umbrella was a small canopy and was made of leather or extended by a series of wooden hoops. He says umbrellas were used by horsemen, who, resting the handles on the high and wide rods, bore them so that they should "minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching sun."

In the Harleian manuscripts, now in the British museum, there is in manuscript No. 963 a crude illustration showing the figure of a roeman holding an umbrella over his head, which leads me to infer that umbrellas were known in England even in the early Anglo-Saxon period. Beck, as quoted in the Draper's Dictionary, asserts that at the time that Stephen usurped the crown of England (twelfth century) umbrellas were in common use among the English. The first mention of the umbrella in English literature is in Florio's "World of Wonders" (1598), where it is described as a "kind of round fan or shadowing that they use to ride with in summer in Italy; a little shade."

In an umbrella was exhibited in the "Museum Tridescantianum; or, Collection of Rarities Preserved at South Lambeth, Near London, by John Tradescant," which was known as "one of the wonders of the ark."

In the church of Cartmel, in Lancashire, England, there was preserved until a few years ago an umbrella said to be over 300 years old, which was used chiefly to protect the host.

References to the umbrella are to be found also in Blount's "Glossographia" (1674) and Phillips' "New World of Words" (1678). In the first reference reads: "Umbrella, a fashion of round and broad fans, wherewith the Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of the sun, and hence any little shadow, fan or other thing wherewith the woman guard their faces from the sun."

The second reads: "Umbrella, a screen against the sun's heat, used chiefly by the Spaniards, among whom it is known by the name of parasol."

The imaginative Dean Swift in the "Tale of a Tub" (1696) depicts Jack, an ever resourceful type, making use of a parchment copy of his father's will as a walking stick, and also of an umbrella in rainy weather. Did the worthy Hanway take his cue from this or from Kersey, according to whom the umbrella was a "broad fan of screen commonly used by women to shelter them from rain?" The last reference, made in 1798, is the first mention of it as a protector from the rain. Later Bailey, who in his dictionary (1777) called it a parasol, defined it as "a sort of small canopy to keep off the rain."

Small, light umbrellas came into fashion among the ladies of the French court in 1775, and they were carried by attendants. Richelet tells us that they were made of oloth or leather and had ribs of whalebone. A century later they found favor with the men, who carried red umbrellas, with edges fringed with gold lace.

The precise date when Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, introduced the umbrella into England is not recorded in any of the encyclopedias I have at hand, but they all state that he was popularly known as its introducer.

And the Dutch, as with the Indian grades, the umbrella was first an attribute of dignity, and well it might be, for the price paid for them at The Hague in 1650 ranged from \$75 to \$120 each. The Dutch colonists who settled at the Cape of Good Hope were not slow to insist on preserving the dignity of the umbrella, for Ryk van Tulbagh, governor of Cape Colony in 1752, enacted that "no one less in rank than a junior merchant or those among the citizens of equal rank, and the wives and daughters only of those who are or shall be members of any council shall venture to use umbrellas, and those who are less in rank than merchants shall not enter the castle in fine weather with an open umbrella."—Frank H. Vizetelly in New York Times.

A Nongolfer's Opinion of Golf. Imagine a great fat creature who ought to wear a turban and long black robe to hide his grossness whacking a little white ball for miles and miles with a perfect surgery of instruments, whacking it either with a baby's solemnity or a childish rage, as he may have decided, and incidentally training an innocent little boy to swear and be a tip-swinging loafer, that's golf.—H. T. W. Wells in Pearson's Magazine.

To the Best of Her Knowledge. A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?" "I'm not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."—Pathfinder.

Partly Accounted For. Buzzer—Who's that man Flimmer get all his money? Buzzer—Well, I loaned him five dollars two years ago.—Ohio State Journal.

It is claimed that dentistry prolongs life. As has been said of matrimony, it certainly makes it seem longer.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No man can build character by trying to copy that of others.—Nashville Banner.

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Two Circus Feats. "A great deal of unnecessary sympathy is wasted upon the circus man who stands up proudly in spangled tights and lets another circus man bring down a sledge hammer upon a rock placed upon his head with force enough to break it," says an old circus man. "This is spectacular, but is entirely painless and calls for no great strength or endurance. Upon the crash of the strong man is put an iron contrivance weighing about 150 pounds and provided with cushions both above and where it rests upon the head. A pretty good sized rock is used, and the hammer is a heavy one, so you can see that the blow that cracks the rock is really a serious one. But most of the force is taken up by the rock and the rest by the iron and cushions, while the only sensation felt by the subject is a gentle tap."

"No more difficult than this is the act whereby the hero of the canvas tent permits a rock to be broken upon his chest with a blow from a sledge hammer. So long as the subject's back is free and does not rest against any solid object the trick is perfectly simple. A little illustration: Take a board up and let it lie freely in your hand and hit it smartly with a hammer. It is difficult to hurt your hand, and the thicker the board the less the sensation. But now put your hand on the table and hit the board. Hurts, doesn't it? Well, it's the same with the rock on the chest."

How Our Ancestors Quarreled. A study of medieval rural life is apt to give the impression that the principal part of the life of the people was spent in quarrelling or in the commission or prosecution of offenses. Our ancestors certainly were a very litigious and a very disorderly people. The records seem with instances of men and women drawing knives against one another, of breaking into houses, of prosecuting one another for slander. Then we have such entries as these: "It is ordained by common consent that all the women of the village must refrain their tongues from all slander."

"Thomas son of Robert Smith, is fined 12 pence because his wife Agnes beat Emma, the wife of Robert, the tailor, and Robert, the tailor, six pence because his wife Emma swore at Agnes, the wife of Thomas." "It is enjoined upon all the tenants of the village that none of them shall attack any other in word or deed, with clubs or arrows or knives under penalty of paying 40 shillings."

Such entries, frequently occurring, in addition to the innumerable instances of individual attack, petty theft and other immorality seem to show a community of fear from perfect virtue.—Lippincott's.

Italians Love Tomatoes. Italians more than any other people value tomatoes, and each one that comes to perfection is as carefully tended as though it were an apple of gold. Not only do the housewives delight in the fresh vegetables themselves, but, generally speaking, those home tended are better than any purchased at the market, and so each one is jealously saved to make tomato sauce for the spaghetti, without which no Italian Sunday would be Sunday. One sophisticated gardener one season sold enough tomatoes to give her quite a little pin money. No one who knows the Italian well will be surprised to learn that many of the boxes are devoted to peppers, for they in turn furnish much of their spice of life, and even the little Italian girls know how to stuff and cook them in a dozen different ways that tempt the palate.—Boston Transcript.

Coloring of Flowers. A florist says that the law governing the coloring of flowers makes a blue rose impossible. According to this law the three colors red, blue and yellow never all appear in the same species of flowers. Any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the violet family (see panicles, for instance), but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.

Rubber Plants. Many plant growers become annoyed because the older leaves at the base of their rubber plants turn yellow and fall off. This is a natural process. It does not indicate any defect in the plant. It is simply the ripening of the old foliage, which cannot be retained indefinitely. Sometimes, however, the loss of foliage results from the want of room, but in such cases the plants refuse to grow.

Railroad Telegrams. When a traveler in the grand duchy of Baden, Germany, wants to send a telegram while he is in the train, he writes the message on a postcard, with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is