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A Little Greaser Girl

By F. A. MITCHEL

A little Mexican girl (she might have been anywhere between fourteen and twenty; no one could tell because she was of the small kind) went into a saloon in Arizona to sell some little posies she had made of wild flowers for 1 cent each. A cowboy named Bucklin—a good looking chap—bought one, for which he paid her a quarter and wouldn't take any change. Bucklin didn't like the way she looked at him when she thanked him. There was something in that glance that meant a sudden horned love. The cowboy knew something about these hot blooded girls of the south, these greasers, and didn't care to have any of them fall in love with him. Either the love must be returned or the man loved was liable to have a tarantula put in his bed or a knife in his heart or something of the kind.

After selling Bucklin the posy the Mexican girl went up to the bar and stood beside a big fellow—Jenks, who was about as big as a specimen as the country produced, and the bad ones were very bad—and asked him to buy a posy. Looking down and seeing the girl beside him, instead of buying a posy he gave her a cuff and, with an oath, told her to "git along." Bucklin didn't like to interfere, for in the first place he expected to either kill or be killed if he did, and in the second place he didn't wish to become the girl's champion, for if he did he might not get rid of her without trouble. But there was something in him that couldn't abide Jenks' act, and he sprang for him from behind and tumbled him on the floor. Then, holding him down with one hand, he whipped out his gun with the other and, pressing it against his cheek, said to him:

"I've done this for what you did to the girl. Your life is mine. I'll give it to you if you'll agree before these witnesses to keep the peace with me." The man, knowing that it was death or consent, gave his word for peace. There was an unwritten law in that part of the country that applied in such a case as this, and Jenks knew that if he killed the cowboy another cowboy or some other person would shoot him from behind. Being restrained from killing the cowboy himself, he concocted a scheme whereby some one else would do the job for him. He stole a horse and, leading it to where Bucklin was asleep alone by a campfire, picketed the animal beside him. Bucklin was tried by the vigilance committee and sentenced to be hanged, but the night before he was to be executed the little greaser girl collected a lot of vipers of a poisonous kind and, throwing them among the guard, scattered them, thus giving Bucklin an opportunity to fight out.

But the end of the story is not yet. With feminine divining powers the greaser girl understood that Jenks had got Bucklin into the horse stealing trouble. One day while walking along a road she saw the body of a man lying on the ground. Since there was no hole in him she concluded he had died a natural death. A stroke of genius occurred to her. Taking out a little pistol she carried in her bosom, she fired a bullet into the dead man's brain, then took things she found in his pockets—there was quite enough to identify him—then awaited her opportunity to put them in Jenks' pockets. Having succeeded in this, she went off and told a citizen that she had seen Jenks murder a man and rifle his pockets.

The recipient of this secret told others, and several men went to where the body lay, then proceeded to Jenks and interviewed him. The visitors searched his garments, and Jenks was astonished at the result.

Unfortunately for Jenks, every one in that region wanted to get rid of him. The bullet hole in the dead man's head did not indicate that one of Jenks' enormous bullets had passed through it, but it was suggested that he might have screened himself by using a different weapon. And did not the articles that had been taken from the man's pocket prove the murder? For it was soon learned who the man was and that the things belonged to him. It has been said that "the wish is father to the thought," and the same pertains to evidence. Every one wished Jenks to be proved guilty so that he could be got rid of, and on this account there was little trouble in convicting him.

Meanwhile the little greaser girl went about selling posies, looking as innocent as a dove. Some who had seen the frenzied in her behalf suggested that she had put up a job on Jenks, but the idea that such a dull child could have invented such a plan was generally scouted. Jenks sent for her and begged her to own that she had lied. She looked more stupid than ever, but in her eye there was such a spark as may be seen in the eye of a serpent that is about to bite. Jenks implored her to spare him. He might as well have prayed to a wild beast of the jungle.

Jenks was hanged, and when the deed had been done there was great rejoicing. Bucklin, who was in hiding, heard of it and the greaser girl's connection with it. He was the only person who divined the truth. He fled, not from the accusation of horse stealing, but for Jenks' demise straightened that out, but he didn't care to be loved by the little greaser girl.

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W. J. Bryan, Premier of Cabinet, At Desk of Secretary of State



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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN didn't land in the White House, the goal of his ambition for so many years, but he did land mighty close to it. Here he is in his office as secretary of state, beyond doubt the right hand man of the Wilson administration, accepted at the start of the term as a power for weal or woe which time alone can reveal. The "Peerless One" faced his diplomatic job with many unsafe places ahead, including the threatened Mexican entanglement, the Panama canal tolls question and the Cuban difficulties.

HE PASSED IT ON.

The Diplomat Saved Himself by a Quick Witted Ruse.

The passing of the court fool as an institution did not mean that kings had ceased to take pleasure in the sort of nonsense that the jesters had been licensed to perpetrate. King Frederick William I, of Prussia was an incorrigible joker and greatly enjoyed testing the cleverness of his ministers and advisers by planning embarrassing situations, from which they could extricate themselves only by the exercise of the quickest wit. However, "Das Buch der Weisheit" declares that the king was always ready to enjoy his own discomfiture as that of his intended victim.

One day at a small dinner the king, happening to be in the mood to play a prank, chose as his victim one of his ministers seated at his left. After a moment's thought his majesty leaned toward the courtier on his right and, giving him a gentle slap on the cheek, said, "Pass it." As the king was passed from guest to guest round the table, the king's intention became apparent. The minister at King William's left would either have to commit lese majeste by appealing to sovereign or admit himself drunk and be the laughing stock of the table.

Although the company was already in a state of merriment at his expense, the minister was not at all ready to acknowledge a defeat. Just as the blow was passed to him he let a knife fall clattering to the floor between the king and himself. Immediately a servant sprang forward, picked the knife up and handed it to the minister, but what was the lackey's astonishment to receive, instead of a word of thanks, a tap on the cheek. The minister by his wit had saved the situation without violating the rules of the game. The king was the first to join in the laughter and applause that greeted the minister's cleverness.

LET US BE MEN.

Let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as our country, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men.—Daniel Webster.

Just Between.

A man caught a heavy cold during the changeable weather and concluded to take a spell in bed. His wife came into the room and said: "Jim, there's a visitor for you." "Oh, shucks!" Jim growled. "I'm too sick to see anybody." "But it's our pastor." "Thunder! I ain't sick enough to see him."—Newark Star.

Patti's First Audience.

Adelina Patti once gave the following account of her first audience: At six years of age I was a prima donna of the nursery. When I had been put to bed on my return home with my father and mother from the opera I used to make sure that they and the rest of the family were asleep, and then I would hop out from beneath the counterpane and fancy myself a great cantatrice, bowing before the plaudits of a huge audience. I must admit that my audience was a little apathetic, but, after all, that is not to be wondered at for they were only a row of dolls which I had ranged on chairs before me.

A HOTEL THIEF

By LUCY K. WYNKOOP

When mother and I went to the city we always stopped at the Arlington hotel. It was in a quiet part of town and a hotel suitable for women.

We had finished one of these sojourns in the city, during which we had done considerable shopping. I had packed my trunk and gone into mother's room to pack hers. Then I went back to my room. I found the door ajar, which surprised me, for I had closed it when I left the room, and in the center of the room saw a man standing, looking rather dazed. I stood stock still, looking at him, when he said to me: "Pardon me; I must have entered the wrong room."

He was a very gentlemanlike young fellow and withal very handsome—nothing at all like a thief—and I was about to say something to make him feel more comfortable when I noticed that my trunk, which I had left closed, stood open and the articles I had had in it carefully were much disarranged. I ran to it and found certain articles—parcels recently purchased—missing. Then I was convinced that I had caught a thief in my room who pretended that he was there by mistake. I went to the electric button and was about to press it when he seized my wrist and said:

"For heaven's sake, what are you going to do?"

"Summon assistance." I didn't feel afraid of him. Why I don't know, unless it was his manner, which was very deferential.

"You don't need assistance. And if you and I are caught here together in your bedroom the consequences will be unfortunate, to say the least. I assure you that I have got into the wrong room."

"Who has robbed me?" "Robbed you?" "Yes; articles are missing from that trunk."

He at once turned his pockets inside out to show me that he did not have my property. Indeed, the lost articles were too bulky to be on his person, besides being quite valueless. I was puzzled.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Nor I. But I'm not going to remain here to hunt for an explanation. Believe me, if I am found here it would reflect upon you, a woman, far more than on me, a man."

"Go," I cried. "It is bad enough to be robbed without any additional misfortune."

He slipped out of the door and left me standing over my trunk, bewildered. My trunk was filled with conflicting conjectures concerning him. He bore the stamp of a gentleman, and yet surely he was a thief and by some trick had got away with my property. However, there was nothing for me to do, so far as I could see, but pocket my loss and say nothing about it. This course commended itself to me, because if the man were innocent I did not wish to accuse him. The articles lost were not of sufficient value to make it worth while to appear against him in court, even if I could find him, which was not probable. Besides, if he were what he pretended to be it might make trouble for me.

Some months later I made another trip to the city and with me was my mother, and while walking along the street met the man I had found in my room in company with a lady, whose appearance was as refined as that of the man. I remarked to myself that if he were a thief he certainly had very aristocratic looking associates. He saw me, recognized me and turned pale. But as we were face to face but a moment I could not see how lasting was his emotion.

One day when I was at home I saw in a paper an item headed "Capture of a Noted Hotel Thief." The article went on to say that a thief whose name was unlimited and who was master of all sorts of subterfuges had been caught in a certain hotel and had confessed, turning over plunder that he had been a long time accumulating. The description fitted the man I had found in my room at the Arlington. I gave up all idea of his innocence. It gave me something of a pang to do so, and yet why I could not tell.

A few days later I received a note from the proprietor of the Arlington, repeating what I had read in the newspaper, and saying that packages bearing my name had been recovered. Should he send them to me or would I call for them? The latter course was advised. I went immediately to the city and to his hotel.

I identified some property as belonging to me, and it was returned. I was anxious to see the thief, but could not get sight of him without going to jail, which I would not do. Before I left the landlord sent up to my room to know if I would meet him in the ladies' parlor. I went down, and there inside the proprietor was the man I had found in my room.

"This is Mr. Brainard," said the proprietor, "who desires to offer you an apology for something that occurred in this house some time ago. Mr. Brainard is a parson of my house and a gentleman of the best social standing."

"I am exonerated," said Mr. Brainard, "and a mystery is explained. This hotel thief who has been captured was in your room intentionally before I got into it by mistake."

In Mr. Brainard I found a friend who has now been such many years.

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