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His Assessment
Work
By F. E. HAZEN
Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"Take down that notice!"
The voice which spoke the command
was indignant and imperative, but
Pete Long paid not the slightest at-
tention to it and coolly went on with his
work. When he had driven in the last
nail which held the notice paper firmly
to the board he had attached to an up-
right post he topped his four foot moun-
tain with another stone, picked up his
rifle and stepped forward a few paces.
"I'll do no such damned thing!" he
said.

"You can't tell me that!"
"I'll not!" he roared back at him.
"You can't relocate it. It belongs to
Bert Leonard!"

"You don't say?" And he looked
down contemptuously at the small fig-
ure in jumper and overalls standing in
front of the tunnel.

She put up a little grimy hand and
pushed back the sombrero from her
forehead, where her yellow curls
clung in wet rings. It had been so
working in the tunnel.

"You take down that notice right
away, this minute!" she ordered, her
fearless blue eyes looking straight into
the man's. "This claim is Leonard's,
I tell you!"

"It has not!"
"It has, though. He ain't done his
assessment work!"

"That's too thin, with him down in
the hospital all smashed up and a broken
leg and not a bean to pay a man to do
it. Give us a rest!"

"I tell you it's done. I did it!"
"You?" with a sneer, then in a slow,
insulting drawl, "I always did hear
you was crazy after Bert Leonard!"

The blood rushed to Lee Burrell's
face, mounting even to the roots of her
hair, but her direct gaze never faltered,
and she lifted her head a little more
proudly as she said:

"I do like Bert Leonard. We're to be
married as soon as he gets well and

"I'll end this thing one way or an-
other pretty quick!"
works the claim up and sells it, and
that'll be easy enough, for it's rich!"
The woman's face in the man's eyes
showed her the madness of her un-
guarded words, and her glance averred
to her, with a glance which was leaning
against a rock a few feet from her.
"Don't you budge a step," said Pete.
"That goes all right!"

He dropped on one knee and, rais-
ing his rifle to his shoulder, pointed it
in assumed playfulness at her. "So the
claim's rich?" he asked.

"And what business is that of
yours?"

"Lots of business. Ain't it mine?
Haven't I relocated it? See here, Miss
Lee Burrell, none of your funny busi-
ness. Give me the straight tip. The
claim's rich, you say. Had some of
the rock assayed?" And he played
meaningfully with the hammer of his
rifle.

She nodded her head, then burst out
desperately: "And what if it is? It's
not yours."

"You needn't try to hide nothing. You
bet I know the claim's rich. And if it
ain't mine now I'll make it mine. No-
body knows you done this assess-
ment!"

Her telltale face told him what she
would have given much to hide. It was
true no one knew what she had been
doing for the past few weeks. Her old
father, according to her, had come and
gone unquestioned, had supposed her out
on the range seeing to the cattle. And
the doctor wouldn't allow her to talk
business to Bert when she went to see
him on Sundays.

"And they don't?" she asked.
"Waal, supposin' you was to be found
at the foot of the gulch stone dead,
without a bullet hole or nothing!" He
paused, and she glanced back where
from the narrow ledge on which she
stood the rocky mountain side descend-
ed many hundreds of feet in a perpen-
dicular line.

"Waal, when they found you they'd
say sure 'twas an accident, and seedin'
'd relocated the claim and was work-
in' on it, who'd dispute my little?"

"You miserable coward!" Now I know
who it was tried to murder Bert Leon-
ard when he was on his way up to
work his claim. It was no accident,
The supports of the little wooden bridge

over Pine creek were almost cut away,
and when he rode on to it, of course,
it went down with him and his horse."

"Waal, if it was me, who's goin' to
prove it? And if I bungled that job I
ain't a-goin' to queer this, don't you
forget it. Now no more foolin'. See
that rock over yonder on the trail?
You, along till you reach it, then
climb up and stand right on top of it."

Lee obeyed, and as she slowly
traversed the four hundred or so
feet bar mind was busy, but she
could devise no way of escape. Above
were the precipitous rocks, below the
precipice, before the narrow rail, and
behind was Pete Long ready to shoot if
she attempted to run.

The rock indicated by Long jutted
up from the very edge of the ledge,
almost overhanging the abyss. The
girl carefully climbed its rough sides
and, reaching the apex, where there
was just room for her feet, stood up
right. A glance backward made her
feel faint, and she turned toward the
man.

"Don't be skeered!" he yelled. "I
ain't a-goin' to hit yer!"

He took deliberate aim, and the bul-
let cut the air within an inch of her
overalls. The next passed between her
ankles, a third whizzed just above her
sombrero, and a fourth almost grazed
her right hand. But Lee turned her
self, clutched her small teeth and stood
as firm as the rock beneath her.

"Stands as stiddy as one of them
statuaries in the park down to Frisco,"
Long muttered. "Waal, I'll try some-
thin' else!"

And, hoping thus to break her nerve,
he took steady aim at her heart, and
when she held her breath, expecting the
end, he laid down the rifle, then picked
it up again and pointed it directly at
her feet, then at her neck. Finally he
drew again, the bullet grazing her
jumper, but leaving no mark, a second
striking and splintering the rock at her
feet.

Still she stood firm, but she knew she
could not hold out much longer, and
death seemed almost welcome. Then,
as Long again raised with his weapon,
aiming at one vital spot and then at
another, a faint, awful hope crept into
her consciousness.

When, startled by the sound of
Long's hammering, Lee had run from
the tunnel to learn the cause, she had
just put in her last blast and had light-
ed the fuse, a very long one, for she
could never quite overcome her fear
of the blasting. In her haste, as she
now remembered, she had left all the
explosives in the tunnel over and
Long was standing, and the long
fuse must be nearly burned out.

"I'll end this thing one way or an-
other pretty quick!" muttered Long as
he fired again. "I'm gettin' tired of
this!"

As the bullet whizzed past her it seemed
to Lee that the earth heaved beneath
the man's feet, and, following a blind
instinct of self preservation, she slid
from the rock and fell face downward
on the ledge. Then an awful reverbera-
tion echoed through the canyon. Rocks
flew above and around her, a fragment
of one striking her as she lay half
stunned, making a scalp wound which
caused the blood to trickle down her
face.

When a few moments later she dared
to raise her head she saw something ly-
ing on the trail which told her that she
was alone on the mountain, and, clasp-
ing her temples with both hands to
guard her eyes from other sights, like
a hunted deer she sped down the trail.

"I'll end this thing one way or an-
other pretty quick!"

Early in the war between the states,
before General Lee had demonstrated his
pre-eminence as the southern leader,
he was severely criticized on more
than one occasion by a certain General
Whiting.

Whiting, Whiting had stood at the
head of his class at West Point and
was considered not only by himself,
but by others, as a very bright and
capable man. One day President Dav-
is, wishing an officer for some highly
important command, called upon Gen-
eral Lee for advice.

"What do you think of Whiting?"
asked Davis.

Lee answered without hesitation,
commending Whiting as one of the
ablest men in the army, well qualified
in every way for even the most re-
sponsible position. One of the officers
present was greatly surprised and at
the first opportunity drew Lee aside.

"Don't you know what unkind things
Whiting has been saying about you?"
he inquired.

Lee's answer was of the best.
"I understood," he said, "that the
president desired to know my opinion
of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of
me."

These Were Called Great.
Abbas I. of Persia was designated the
Great. The same title has been
borne by many sovereigns, among
them Alexander of Macedonia, Alfred
of England, Alfonso III. of Asturias, Ho-
lelaus I. of Poland, Canute of Eng-
land, Casimir III. of Poland, Charle-
magne, Constantine I., emperor of
Rome, Ferdinand I. of Castile, Freder-
ick II. of Prussia, Frederick William,
the great elector, Gregory I., pope of
Rome, Henri IV. of France, Herod I.,
king of the Jews; Herod Agrippa I.,
the tetrarch; Hsiao Wen Tse of China,
because of the fact that under his pat-
ronage agriculture was practiced to a
greater extent in China than ever be-
fore; John III. of Portugal, Justinian
I., emperor of the East; Khuro of Persia,
Leo I., Louis XIV. of France, Lud-
wig of Hungary, Mohammed II. of
Turkey, Napoleon I. of France, Nicho-
las I., pope of Rome; Otto I. of Ger-
many, Pedro III. of Aragon, Peter I.
of Russia, Sapor II. of Persia, Sigismund
I. of Poland, Theodoros, king of the
Ostrogoths; Theodosius I., emperor
of Rome; Waldemar I. of Denmark,
Catherine of Russia.

Go in to the Circus

(Copyright, 1906, by J. W. Muller.)
Coming home from the village one
afternoon with his horse and buggy,
with the lines loose in his hand and his
thoughts fixed on the hay crop, Jabez
Parker suddenly ran across something
to attract his attention.

Two miles from home and on a barn
by the roadside two men were at work
pasting up circus posters. They had
the front of the barn pretty well cov-
ered, and they finished their work as
Jabez sat and looked at them. There
were lions, tigers, elephants, giraffes,
galloping horses and what not, with a
woman walking a tight rope and a
clown making everybody laugh, and
the good old man, who had never seen
a circus in his life, even as a boy, sat
there long after the men had departed
and gazed it all out in imagination.

Presently he heard a voice saying:
"Turn my buttons, but I'm goin' to
take in that circus or bust!"

It was his own voice, and it almost
jumped him off the seat. His heart
was in his mouth for a moment, but
then he gained courage to say "get up"
to the old horse and muttered to him-
self:

"Yes, sir, I'm nearly sixty years
old and never saw a circus, but I'm
goin' to begin now. I expect me will
make a terrible fuss over it, but I ain't
goin' to let her turn me aside. I dunno
what's come over me, but if it's wicked
to go to a circus then I'm goin' to be
wicked!"

He reached home to unaharness and
go to work again, and he said nothing
of what was in his mind until supper
had been eaten and the milking done.
Then as he sat on the piazza with his
old wife he carelessly remarked:

"Ma, I see that George Williams'
barn is all covered with circus pic-
tures."

"And he a Christian man!" gasped
the wife.

"Waal, you know, folks don't look at
circuses the way they used to." "What
do you mean by that, Jabez?"

"Why, a circus ain't considered wicked
no more as they ever was wicked, but
folks used to think that way."

"I don't want to hear you talkin'
that way, Jabez. The circus was al-
ways wicked and always will be. It's
one of the broad roads leadin' down
to perdition."

"I've never seen a circus," said Ja-
bez after awhile.

"And you never will—not as long as
you live with me."

"I've often wondered where the wicked-
ness comes in."

"Then you must be blind! Don't you
women, or things called women, dress up
in short skirts and ride horseback and
jump through hoops? Can you imagine
anything more wicked than that?"

"What makes you call that wicked?"
"Because it is, and you know it, and
there's no use to talk about it any
more. I've lived with you for thirty-
nine years, and I know you from head
to heel. Jabez, was you thinkin' of
goin' to that circus?"

"Kinder thinkin'."

"I had a feelin' in my bones that you
was. Waal, you stop it. I won't have
it for a minute."

"Say, ma, I'm a-goin'!"

"Jabez Parker, I've never
been to a circus, but I'm goin' to take
one in before I die. I'm a-goin' to see
the elephants, lions and tigers, and I'm
a-goin' to see them women in short
skirts. I don't believe I'll hurt me
more than to see a horse face at the
county fair."

"But I told you to turn your back
when they reced."

"Yes, but I wanted to see which horse
came in ahead of me, and I don't be-
lieve I was one mite the wickeder for
it."

"But a circus, Jabez—a circus! I tell
you you can't go. If you do you
needn't expect to find me here when
you come home. I never could live
with you for an hour again."

Jabez Parker was the soul of good
nature, but when aroused he had a
streak of the mule in him. He had
said he was going to the circus, and his
wife's opposition only made him the
more determined. The subject was
dropped that evening and was hardly
referred to during the next week. Then
the date of the circus came along, and
one morning Jabez said:

"Ma, I'll be home in time to do the
milkin'!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm goin' to town to see the circus."
The wife looked at him and saw that
he was determined, and she said no
more until he was ready to drive away.
Then she observed:

"Goodby, Jabez. I don't 'spose we
shall ever see each other ag'in."

He echoed her goodby and drove off,
and she sat on the piazza and cried for
an hour. She was still at it when some
one drove up, and she looked up to see
her minister standing before her. To
his inquiry as to the cause of her sor-
row she told her tale, and when it was
finished he said:

"There's my wife and boys out in the
carriage. Hurry up and get your Sun-
day clothes on."

"But what for?"

"Well, find room in the carriage for
you, and I'll buy you a circus ticket."

Cheap Fare East.

The passenger department of the OR
& N has issued a circular announcing
special excursion rates for the coming
summer season. One limited first class
fare, plus \$10, is the rate for round trip
tickets to all the principal points of the
east and middle west. Tickets on this
basis may be purchased for Chicago, St.
Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth,
Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Oma-
ha, Leavenworth, Council Bluffs and
Sioux city. The dates on which these
rates will obtain are July 21 and 23,
August 7th, 8th and 9th, September 8th
and 10th. The time limit is placed at
30 days. The same rate will be made
to Milwaukee, Wis., August 7th, 8th,
and 9th, only.

Did You Notice It?

The Astoria and Columbia River Ry
Company's latest Souvenir Post Book,
containing 12 half-tone views of Clatsop
Beach and other points of interest
along its line between Portland and
Sea-View is making the hit of the season.
Everybody wants it, and you will have
to place your order early to avoid the
rush. Mailed free upon application to
J. C. Mayo, General Passenger Agent,
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Going to the Beach?

Round trip season excursion tickets
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will be daily until Sept. 30th, at the
Portland office, 245 Alder street, and at
the Union Depot, at the popular rate
of \$4 for the round trip. Children of
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These tickets are interchangeable and
will be honored for passage in either
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give it something to live on.
Then it will stop falling, and
will grow long and heavy.
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hair you have, and get more,
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