Coast Mail.

MASSIFIELD OFFICEN

маноновоновоновоновоно Miss Susan Galton Brown.

How She Hunted, and the Rind of Game She Hagged,

DY W. R. ROSE. жомомокомомостомомомомомом

It was a very pretty prospect that confronted Miss Susan Galton Brown. The scattering white homes among the trees in the valley, the sine hills beyond with their fringes of pine trees, the clear sky that was ite's a novelty to the girl from the great manufacturing town-it was all bright and fresh and so delightfully clean. Miss Sasan Galton Brown looked back on the peaceful prospect for a lingering moment or two and then pressed ahead up the mountain road.

She certainly was an unusual figare for that quiet neighborhood. Attired in a close fitting suit of gray, with a short walking skirt and a wide brimmed gray felt hat that concealed her beautiful hair, she might at a distance, save for the skirt, have been taken for an extremely handsome boy. Her guit would have carried out the impression - there was such en unconstrained awing to it-but her high boots were not a boy's boots, and her hands were neatly gloved. Miss Susan Galton Brown carried something under her arm. It was a light magazine rifle, the gift of an adoring father; for she could shoot and ther's critical approval, and there

In short, Miss Susan Galton went, an admirable substitute. Naturally Susan was an only child. She never would have benefited by all been. She had minor talents, of course-an education rounded off in a finishing school, a pleasing smattering of music, a taste for art for nature. But all these were quite dwarfed, in her daddy's opinion, by never growls at me for dragging her to places where game never runs and fish never bite. She is one girl in ten thousand."

round

It is needless to say that quiet Elmwood looked upon this accomplished young woman with a very doubtful expression. She was a little too advanced-that was the term they used-for Elmwood's old fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty. The mothers of Elmwood held her up as an example of the baneful coming woman, and the girls of Elmwood thought her dreadfully bold and secretly envied her. As for the men-well, there were but few of them in Elmwood whose opinion was worth recording, and of these a mere handful dared to express an honest opinion in the face of the universal feminine condemnation. Of these independent souls it must be admitted that Mr. John Cortwright stood first and foremost.

If Miss Susan Galton Brown knew of the unfavorable light in which her short skirt and her Teddy hat had placed her, and there is no doubt she did, the matter failed to worry her in the least. She had come down to Elmwood to stay a month with her maiden aunt-her dead mother's only sister-who lived in the big white mansion on Main atreet, just beyond the Baytist meeting house. It was this fond aunt who had invited Jack Cortwright to call, and, although this was a particular youth, with high ideals of womanhood, he called again and again and again. What was strange about it, too, was that Jack hailed from the east and from Puritan surroundings at that. Yet with all this discreet bringing up he certainly was fascinated with the

wild western heiden.

They all said that Jack Cortwright was a rising young man. Boston capitalists had sent him, fresh from college, to the western town to look after their interests in certain undeveloped coal mining property that lay a few miles north of Eimwood, and Jack had taken oil his coat metaphorically and gone to work to develop it. There was plen-ty of capital behind him, and he had built a railway branch to the mine and started a bank in Elmwood, of which he was temporary cashier, and stirred the little town into making certain improvements that had long been discussed. In short, Jack Cortwright was recognized even by those who didn't approve of his revolutionary tactics to to be the liveliest factor of progress the sleepy little hamlet had ever known,

Miss Susan Galton Brown had poor success that bright October afternoon. She didn't rouse a soli-

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fish and swim and run and do it all tary rabbit. But, after all, it was giatering revolver new up, and he in a way that met that adoring fa- the tramp she was after rather than fired in her direction quite at range. the game. Still she must have a dom. Susan felt a sudden twitch at wasn't a better authority on these shet at something. So she pinned her broad brimmed hat and quickly manly attributes in all the country a brilliant lenf to a tree trunk and dropped behind some bushes that ot 20 paces split it at the first trial.

Brown, so her father declared, with satisfaction and gathered up them. Could she should have been born a boy, but as the target. She would send it to them. Could she shoot this man in daddy that evening with a long letas far as the shooting and fishing ter she meant to write. It would be A moment more and it might be too particularly long because she in-tended to tell him about Jack. And The horse of the fleeing man sudhere she blushed a little-a femithese advantages if she had not nine failing that she hadn't quite eradicated.

The sun was still high above the hills when she sterted to return to that was only second to her taste old state road a sudden clattering her aunt's. As she went down the fishing trips and an ideal companion aight of her, suddenly sprang asids at that. "By Jove," he would say, "Sue couldn't be improved upon! and almost unscated his rider. Susan ran ferward to the prossure couldn't be improved upon! She never grumbles at her luck and san looked up anxiously and saw, heavy beard was twisted very much to one side. But he quickly regained his reat, with an outh, and, striking the herse, elattered after his companions. Span wondered why the men was disguised and dimly funcied that the three rough looking strangers were up to some mischief. But she was thinking of Jack the next moment, and the strange incident was shelved.

A few moments of brisk walking brought her to the brow of the hill where the road turned sharply and ran at an oblique along the side of the steep descent. Sugar scated herself on a log and looked down into the village, which lay, as it were, at her very feet. She traced the one long street of the hamlet. which was but a continuation of the highway, and followed its dusty line ast her aunt's trim home, and the ittle park, with its soldiers' monument, and the town hall and then along to the bank-Jack's bank-

and there her gaze rested. Miss Susan's eyes were good ones, and the air was very clear. She saw a horseman sitting in his saddle at the bank door. He was holding the ridles of two riderless horses. Even as she noted this the two riders ushed from the building and leaped into their saddles. There, were puffs of white smoke and sharp detonations. Susan could see people running in wild confusion, the three riders started at a sharp eanter up the road. Every dozon yards or so one would turn in his addle and fire down the readway. Susan knew what this strange

cene meant. It was a daylight bank robbery-one of a series that had terrorised all the countryside durng the past summer. The three obbers were retreating with their plunder. What had happened in he bank? Why was Jack not puruing them? She suddenly turned

ick and cold. Then an indescribable impulse eized her. She let herself over the dge of the bank and began a mad She meant to intercept the ruffians. She slid, she stumbled, once she fell, but she never let go her hold on her precious rifle. And then, as the earth suddenly seemed falling away from her, she reached the level ground in a confused heap. But he was up on her feet in a moment. The highway was directly before

er. The robbers were cantering The man in the rear was the man with the beard, and he had a coarse bag flung across the saddle perfore him. He was directly oppo- I'm just a little dazed. One of those site Susan as she plunged down to the edge of the roadway. He must have taken her for an enemy, for his

lined the roadway. The barrel of Miss Susan Galton Brown smiled her rifle rose. The robber was rap cold blood? She had him covered

denly leaped to one side and flung his rider heavily to the earth. As he went down he dragged the bag of plunder with him. The riderless horse galloped after his companions

Then Susan Galton Brown sprang into the rondway and fired five shots caused her to turn her head. Three in rapid succession after the two men mounted on powerful horses horsemen. She did not aim to hit those manifer attributes that he so came trotting down the slope. Su-them, but rather to frighten them assiduously cultivated. She was his came trotting down the slope. Su-them, but rather to frighten them assiduously cultivated. She was his assiduously cultivated. She was his companion on long hunting and one of the horses, catching and then dashed madly shead, the

She steeped over him for a momen and then drew away the course bag As the suspected, it was half filled with currency. She shuddered as she looked at the livid face of the ruffian and then at the blood that

was slowly saturating his coat sleeve. She began to feel a little

She was aroused by the sound of heels and the shouting of a man. A light phacton was coming toward ier. In a moment she recognized the driver as the local livery stable proprietor. He leaped out beside

"Nailed him, didn't you!" he shouted in a parexysm of excite ment. "I was just ready to drive out of my stable when they pelted sy. As I got into the rondway I or you blazin away. Kill him?" "No," said Sman; "he is stunned

by the fall from his horse. I only award to break his shoulder," She can estanished at the steadiness of "You done it all right!" eried the

liverynam. "By George," he shrick-co, "it's Jim Bascom himself!" Susan felt her head going round. "Mr. Tompkins," she said, "will

on kindly drive me to the bank as quickly as you can?" Yes, ma'am, I will," he replied, with great heartiness. "You've got the stuff there, have you? Jump

And a moment later they were peeding toward the bank. They had not gone 20 yards when they met the first group of hastily armed men who were on the trail of the

"You'll find Jim Bascom lyin up there," shouted the liveryman. "She shot him, an we've got the bank stuff all here!" And he touched up his horse again. And the next group heard the same story and the next and the next, and they all turned and stared efter blushing Susan

And then they were at the bank. There was a little crowd about the door, but they quickly made way cramble down the steep declivity. for Susan and the liveryman and

the precious bag.
And there was Jack sitting up in a big chair, and somebody was bathing his head, and he was blinking queerly, like a man slowly waking up, but he suddenly seemed to regain his faculties when Susan Brown, forgetful of all eyes about her, suddenly dropped on her knee beside him and put up her loving arms and cried, "Oh, Jack!"

"Why, Susan, dear!" murmured "There, there, don't worry. cowards hit me over the head with something from behind and stunned me. I'm almost all right again."

"I-I thought they might have killed you, and-and I shot the mu -and-and got the money back oh, oh, oh!" And here poor Ha her face against Jack's rough cont. obbed convulsively. And Mr. Tompkins told what he knew, and then the astonished and delighted Jack turned the recovered treasure over to his assistant, who had been temporarily absent at the time of the attack, and, borrowing the happy Mr. Tompkins' phaeton, drove Susan to her aunt's.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured on the way, "it was so unwomenly and so cold blooded!"

"I'm afraid it was, my dear," said Jack in a painfully solemn voice. "But as it saved the bank in which I am intimately interested \$37,000 in cold cash and at the same time appears to have broken up the most desperate gang of thieves the state has ever known I fear I must condone the fault. But you will promise not to do it again, won't you,

And Miss Susan Galton Brown promised.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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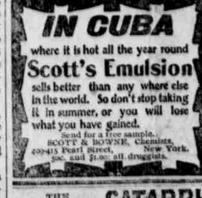
Mother-Freddy, I hear you got thrashing in school today. Freddy - Yes, ma. The teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt me

Mother-Did you cry? Freddy-Oh, yes; I hawled so you ould have heard it in the next

Mother-Why did you do that? Freddy-I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more .-Tit-Bits.

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of Africa of today, yet no one of us

has found it necessary to take a sin-

gle human life, and for my own part

I would have no compunction in

traveling again unarmed over any

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TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,

on Lake, Minn.

Notice is hereby given that in coundiance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 15%, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, verada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public 1 and States by act of August 4, 1802. JAMES HASKINS, of Chianah, county of Ashband, State for Territory) of Wisconsin, has this day lifed in this critice his moors statement. No. 1803, for the purchase of the NEM of Section No. 22 in Township No. 238, Range No. 9 West, and will ofter proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said and before the Register and Receiver of this office at Rossburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 24th day of July, 1901.

He names as witness of Odnah, Wisconsin, Anvand all persons chiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their chims in this office on or before said 24th day of July, 1901.

J. T. Battighes, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Jaited States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, May 9, 1901.

Pull Out Their Beards.

The Eskimos have coarse, black hair, some with a tinge of brown. Males have the crown of the head closely cropped, so that reindeer may not see the waving locks when the hunter creeps behind bunch grass. They have black eyes and high check bones. The bones of the face are better protected from the severity of the climate by a thicker covering of flesh than southern races. Generally their beard is very scant, and most of them devote otherwise idle hours to pulling out the laims in this office on or before said aguly, 1901. J. T. BRITGES, Re

With Empharia.

"Say, Joe," remarked Stroller, who was anxious for a jaunt, "what de you say to a tramp after dinner?"

"Generally," replied Joe Kose, "I sep., "Get out, or I'll turn the dog on to you,"—Philadelphia Record.