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MARSHFIELD, OREGON

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING

By LEO CRANE

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"'E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e slung a shovel on the bloomin' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wicious man, an' 'e allowed his turrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle horspital that half hid itself shylike behind a row o' scraggy palms. Then we men went off on a hoot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man, 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multichude o' coolies. Hi was that man.

"An', being as Hi wouldn't shift cargo fer a livin' wage, Hi presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'res hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bein' ketched; hence it needed men, an' Hi was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should heave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to 'list. Now, Hi had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bein' pious inclined, didin't want to meet him in the next. Hi always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle horspital had been wery confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e fooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets inter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, s'elp me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp mule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle horspital they carries him to mend up.

"Hi didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did Hi see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'em spotted at last inter camp 'e walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hi'll show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, leggin' it 'longside o' Jones.

"'Wery well,' says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hi ain't been outer the horspital more 'n ten days.'

"'Guns!' cries the colonel. 'Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?'

"'No,' explains Jones. 'They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after Hi got discharged from that spell Hi went inter town on a leetle smootch arouns, ye know, an' some William knifes me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they busties me back to the leetle horspital without any great loss o' time. That were a four month job, but they did it, an' nary a grumble. 'Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit,' says Jones, proud-like. 'What troubles me most,' says Jones solemnly, 'is that maybe when the blow comes again Hi'll be too far up country an' won't reach the horspital in time, but Hi hopes not.'

"'Why, you must like bein' sick,' says the colonel, s'prised.

"'It ain't the bein' sick,' says Jones; that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious!' says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hi've been in forty-two horspitals in my time an' have been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so Hi know.'

"'Sixty-seven times,' echoed the colonel.

"'Return wisits,' explained Jones quickly. 'But Hi don't despair o' betterin' that record, 'cause Hi knows my vitality an' what Hi can stand.'

"On we men went silently. The reports 'll tell ye how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried fire an' sword into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"It stood in a clearin'. Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sieve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyin' acrost a pile o' severely used natives over again a secluded portion o' the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an', says doc softly, ''E's dead, poor feller,' an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's hut an' bawls out, ''E ain't dead!'

"'Who ain't dead?' yells the colonel.

"'Jones!' cries the man. ''E's come to life again!'

"Down to the surgeon's hut rushes the colonel, all excited an' puzzled. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

"''E's kinder wild in his head,' says the doctor, 'an' he's makin' all sorts o' crazy requests.'

"'What does 'e want?' asks the colonel.

"''E's mumblin' all the time about goin' beck to the leetle horspital,' says the doc.

"''E's a hero,' cries the colonel, 'an' 'e shall go.'

"'Why, man,' says the other, ''e's got three bola wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted acrost the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'.'

"But Jones heerd him say it, an' he calls out weakly, does Jones, 'It's a lie,' says he, 'an' Hi'm goin' back to the leetle horspital!'

"Well, 'e didn't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. Hi an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five paces in the rear more natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. After we had marched a week the town came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the horspital 'e started to wave such a frantic welcome with his hand that a hemorrhage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to hustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"'It's no use,' says he, grittin' his teeth. 'Ye can't bury me in this worn-out soil. If Hi don't reach the leetle horspital throw me overboard inter clean water.' An' we promised. 'E seemed to be sinkin' again, so we takes the shortest cut to the sea. When we got in view o' the docks we saw a vessel loadin' there. Jones peeked at it, then yelled an' set bolt upright. 'It's the Koolah,' says he. 'Get me aboard, men; get me aboard! I'll be cured to onct if ye'll only heave me up the gangway!'

"'What 'll cure ye?' Hi queried.

"'Spite,' says Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' wrestled with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic oaths they cast it out inter the water an' waved their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"'Was that for Jones?' asked a voice.

"Hi looked up to see Sam Rawlins starin' at him. Hi nodded.

"'It don't s'prise me,' 'e says slowly an' thoughtfully. ''E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that 'd feed over his grave! Hi guess Hi'll go an' lock up my terbacker,' says Sam Rawlins. An' he did it."

A Skull as Big as a Bushel Basket.

One of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which we have any record was that made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly 34 feet from head to foot and 9 feet 7 inches from point to point of the shoulders. A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in section "Z" of the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish looking, fine grained bowlder and appears to be about 2 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot broad and 9 inches through in the thickest place. A musty, rusty looking tag attached to the relic informs the visitor that it weighs fifty-two pounds, but the general verdict is that it could not weigh over thirty or thirty-five pounds.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1662, during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death dealing distemper. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and belowe withe teeth to the number of sixty-foure, the each of which would have weighed two ounces." Cavalier Scroy claimed to have found a skull on Teneriffe that had sixty teeth.

A NOVEL ELOPEMENT

[Original.]

Old man Mathews was a plain man, with no nonsense about him. He was an old fashioned man, a man who hated innovations. He had no objection to his daughter's suitor, Bunker, except that Bunker had no occupation, living on an income he had inherited. Just as Bunker's affair with Susie Mathews came to a head he offered to invest in an automobile. That settled it with Papa Mathews. Any man with nothing better to do than drive a machine that puffed like a baby locomotive and smoked like a bicycle lamp should never marry his daughter.

"Why, Mr. Mathews," said Bunker one day, "just wait till I get accustomed to my auto and I'll take you to ride. I'll wager you'll pronounce it exhilarating.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Mathews grimly. "I prefer to walk."

"But walking takes so much time, and I've often heard you speak of the importance of economizing time."

"You don't economize time with a thing that won't go when you want it to, breaks down in the wrong place and, like as not turns over on you, smashing you to a jelly."

That made Bunker mad. He said nothing, but did a lot of thinking as to how he could best ram the old man's words back into his throat.

"I have it," he said at last. "I'll take his daughter into the auto and run away with her. There's nothing I can do that would put the old curmudgeon in such a fume. What fun to wave a hand with a "Ta, ta!" at the stern parent and sail away. Talk of stories of lovers fleeing on horseback, in chaises, yachts and that sort o' thing, why, an auto can go as fast as a railroad train. And hasn't mine been warranted to make seventy miles an hour?"

Susie was persuaded. She thought it would be fine to elope as no other girl had ever eloped. The affair came off rather prematurely, for old Mathews, mistrusting that something was in the wind, ordered his daughter to make ready for a trip to Europe, the start to be made within three days.

The day before the intended departure Bunker called and sent up an invitation to Susie to ride in the new automobile. Susie came down in traveling costume, while a suit case and two satchels were smuggled out to the auto.

"Are you sure, Simeon, that you are sufficiently familiar with the working of the thing?"

"I think so, darling. I took my last lesson this morning and got on very well—that is, with an experienced man sitting beside me."

"Well," replied Susie, "I'm afraid it'll go wrong, but I hope not."

With quick beating hearts they left the house and got into the auto. Mr. Mathews was downtown and did not usually return till 6. This afternoon he inopportunely came home at 3, just in time to see the couple starting.

"Susie," he called, "come back! I didn't give you permission to go out in that body crusher."

Here was Bunker's chance for a triumph, and, losing his prudence, he availed himself of it. As he moved off he turned to his enemy and cried:

"Ta, ta, Mr. Mathews. When you see your daughter again she'll be Mrs. Bunker."

"You rascal! Come back!"

The old man made a rush for the machine, which with defiant puffs rolled off briskly. Mr. Mathews followed, using his legs for conveyance. The auto turned up and down streets till it reached a straight piece of road. Mr. Mathews, arriving at the beginning of this stretch, saw the machine a mile away, followed by dust, a little cloud of steam and a smell of old lamps. He stood and looked and gave up hope.

But suddenly the auto came to a halt. Something seemed to be the matter. Possibly he might come up with it before it could be started. He walked briskly toward it, but in a few moments it started on. Then it stopped again. Bunker was wildly pulling at cranks and turning wheels. Presently he got it started a second time; but, great heavens, it was moving backward.

"Now," exclaimed the old man, "I've got him, and I'll make mince meat of him."

Back came the auto, swaying from one side of the road to the other, for it was a wonder that it could be steered at all in reverse, till it came near the pursuing father, when Susie cried out frantically:

"Papa, get out of the way. You'll be killed."

The passing vision of anger, alarm, mortification, on Bunker's face almost recompensed Mr. Mathews for the trouble and irritation he had been put to. As the machine puffed by he shook his fist at his would be son-in-law and cried out:

"I told you the things were no use. I'll get even with you on foot."

Finally the amateur chauffeur succeeded in stopping the machine, but the father was advancing, and there was nothing to do but turn and go the other way. Bunker now saw that he had made a mistake in stopping at all. With a frantic effort he started the machine, made a short turn, and the great combination of metal, wood, leather, fire and oil went over in a ditch, fortunately landing the elopers in soft mud.

This ended the elopement. The father was so rejoiced that Susie was not killed that he forgot to scold her, and a compromise was effected by which Bunker gave up his machine and Mr. Mathews gave up his daughter.

HELEN M. WOOD.

Very Near Winning.

"I proposed to Miss Gladys Beauti girl last night."

"Ah! And she accepted you?"

"Well, no-o-o, not exactly, but she came so near doing so that a great deal of the sting was taken out of her refusal. She said she would have accepted me if I had had plenty of money and a perfect disposition, and my eyes were brown instead of blue, and my hair curly, and I was two inches taller, and was winning fame in my profession, and possessed personal magnetism, and came of an old and blue blooded family, and would always let her have her own way, and never smoked or wanted to stay out late at night, and did not belong to any lodge, and would keep a stylish turnout and plenty of servants, and really wanted her mamma to live with us, and a few other things which I have forgotten. But if a fellow must fail in an undertaking it is encouraging to him to think that he came very near winning."

Balancing an Egg.

All the world knows how Columbus on a historic occasion made an egg stand on end. After many learned theories had been advanced for balancing the egg he set the egg on end by, of course, mashing down hard enough to form a base, but the problem is capable of still another solution. It is an easy matter to set an egg on a plate, for instance, if you know how. The trick is impossible until the egg has been boiled in an upright position. The position of the hardened yoke at the end of the shell lowers the center of gravity until the sphere can be spun or even balanced with ease.

SPORTING NOTES.

Riley B. recently lowered his record to 2.05½.

Minnehaha, 2.09¼, is the dam of Adrian Ha Ha, 2.13¼.

It is doubtful if Elderone, 2.05¼, will start again this season.

Jim Ferry, 2.10¾, pulled a butcher's wagon in Denver last winter.

Kremlin, 2.07¾, has six new 2.30 performers to his credit this year.

The noted show horse, Lord Golden, is none other than Albino R., 2.22¾.

Ohio horsemen will fight for a new racing law at the next state election.

Jack Curry says that he thinks that the three-year-old Directum filly, Ethel's Pride, 2.13¾, will be another Alix.

A fund is being collected by the friends of the late Charles Green for his widow, who has been left destitute.

A. Cardwell of Honesdale, Pa., purchased the chestnut pacing mare Minnie Jones, 2.15½, from A. C. Pennock of Cleveland.

The majority of horsemen are so well pleased with the two in three system that a great many secretaries will have a number of dash races on their programmes for the season of 1904.

Wet Shoes.

Wet shoes should always be laid on the side to dry, so that air can reach the soles, always the wettest part.

Bohemian Courtships.

In no country in the world are courtships so abnormally long as in Bohemia, where engagements commonly last from fifteen to twenty years; in fact, there recently died at the age of ninety-nine an old man who had been courting for seventy-five years and who was married on his deathbed.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

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KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN.

POULTRY NOTES.

While the hens are molting clean out all the old nests and make new ones.

Do not let geese and ducks roost with the chickens. Both will be the worse for it.

Don't let pigeons roost near your chicken house. Nearly all pigeons are covered with mites.

Watch the cats and rats lest they carry off a great many of the chicks before you are aware of it.

Kerosene and lime are the two most necessary things for the poultry house during the summer months.

Feed the hens on sunflower seed and oil meal and they will molt early and begin to lay during October.

Do not leave eggs in the nests for nest eggs. China eggs are inexpensive and never tempt the hens to eat them.

THE RULE OF THREE.

Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

HARD TO FIND.

A woman who is willing to yield a single point in an argument.

A man who does not feel that he ought to have some other position.

A woman who will accept criticism of her attire from another woman.

A man who is willing to admit he is possessed of a selfish ambition.—Exchange.

Encouraging.

He—I hope you like the ring, dear.

She—Yes, it's very good—for a beginning.—Detroit Free Press.

A Seaside Belle.

She had a fair complexion;
'Twas dainty as a peach,
But now she's full of freckles
That cost ten dollars each.

The Question of Age.

Jean—I heard May say thirty—

Ethel—So she was—at one time.—Atlanta Constitution.

That Killing Pace.

They've autos in the army
To carry things, I see;
Why not enlist the racing sort
To kill the enemee?

The Wild Ostrich.

So extensive are the feeding grounds and so rapid the movements of the wild ostrich that it often covers fifty or sixty miles between daybreak and dark.

PIGEON PIE.

Pigeons usually pair for life.

Some pigeons nest in trees, others in rocks.

Carrier pigeons are not homers, as is generally believed.

Three-quarters of a mile a minute is good average speed in long flying.

Pigeons invariably lay only two eggs, but breed several times in the year.

Pigeons live about eight years, but they are only prolific for half that period.

Each pair of pigeons must have two nests, as before a young pair can go out of the nest or feed themselves the old ones will be sitting again.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

Within twenty years the south has increased its railway mileage 162 per cent.

In England and Wales the railways own, on an average, twelve acres of land for every mile of railway.

The length of steam railroad tracks in the United States is 265,352 miles and of electric railway tracks 25,589 miles.