

Gruesome Revenge of the Rich

"Bull-Frog Catcher"

By DONN BRYAN

Some expressed doubt, but the majority of them discovered for themselves beyond any point of disputation that it was true. Eben Harber had amassed a small fortune marketing bull frogs from High Swamp. If those skeptics had only thought to do it they could have erased all doubt from their minds by simply dropping in at the Nodaway Valley Bank where Eben's money was on deposit.

Yes, sir, Eben Harber had made his mark in the world and certainly in the most unexpected manner; namely, killing bullfrogs for the market. Who would ever have thought it? Why there was a time when he was considered low-down and triflin', a no-account lazy-bones who sought out easy ways of making a living.

But he had kept pounding away and look at him now—

His wife was dead. She had passed into the unexplored world with the bringing into this world of their only son, Hugh. From that time on, Eben Harber had lived for his boy. He sent him away to a Virginia school, all the way from South Missouri; and he had given the boy every opportunity to make good. He sure thought the world of Hugh.

And the lad was worthy of his



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father's devotion, being tall and bronze and handsome. Upon returning from school, too, he had shown his calibre, Donning hipboots and uncouth garments like his father wore, he helped Eben Harber kill bullfrogs for the markets. There was nothing too menial for that boy to do.

Then had come—unobtrusively—love into his life, but as fate would have it he chose the one girl of all girls that he should have let alone. One, however, cannot control human hearts when those hearts are laden with love.

Myri Poindexter was a beautiful maiden, but her father was Eben Harber's worst enemy. There had long been a sort of feud between the two men, so when Poindexter saw that he couldn't change his daughter's mind, he followed Hugh into the swamp and shot him through the head with a twenty-two rifle, leaving the boy's body there beside a decayed log for snakes and vermin to consume.

It nearly killed Eben Harber when he found his boy dead, but he managed somehow to keep going, and then—when the authorities failed to find sufficient evidence against Poindexter and freed him, Eben took matters into his own hands.

He never acted as if he thought Poindexter had done it, and in this he was wise as will be shown. Coming to town, to Bell City, and stopping at Hawley's store he told the loafers lounging there on barrels and the counters, of the giant bullfrog

Interesting Side

Lights on the Egyptians

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that the spirit of man required, after death, the attentions of the living to insure its happiness and well being. At any rate, the dead were dependent for a time upon the good-will of the living. Prayers for the departed were essential; food and drink offerings were needed; and a kind and happy memory of the departed one aided the return of the spirit to its temporal home. This explains why Egyptians were buried with their possessions, a large supply of food and drink, and the like.

Spoke of Own Kindness to Others

Let us look at some of the things kings and officials in high positions said of themselves and of their inherent kindness. An old soldier, Intel, of princely rank, who lived approximately in 1450 B.C., said this in his memoirs of himself:

"I was a man who shortened the hour of the cruel, and obliged the wickedly-minded to conform to the laws; who was gentle to the nervous, understanding their hearts, and knowing their thoughts before the words came forth from their lips. I was the servant of the poor, the father of the fatherless, the protector of the weak, and the husband of the widow, making the sorrowful happy."

Believed in Predestination

Prince Ptah-Protpe wrote in 2600 B.C., "Do not try to frighten people, for it effects nothing, since what God has decreed happens."

Creed of Kindness before Christ

A most interesting bit of advice is given by King Akhtoi in 2200 B.C., in an address to his son. Says the king:

"Put not your faith in length of years, for the gods of Judgment regard a lifetime as but an hour, and

he had seen in the swamp. It was as big as a wash tub and as heavy. He had taken a shot at it and missed. He had never been much good with a rifle anyhow.

"But I seed him as shore as you're born," he expostulated. "He was leavin' and jumpin' a yard at a time an' croakin' so loud you could hear him for a quarter. I tell you I never seed anything like hit."

Poindexter was there and he scoffed at the idea of a bullfrog being as large as Eben had described.

"You may not believe me," Eben said, as he prepared to take his departure, "but some of these days I'll bring him in, and when I do, my fortune will be made."

"You already got a fortune," Poindexter interjected.

"Not like I'll get for that frog," Eben countered, and he walked out of the store.

Silence, unbroken, struggled in the

wake of his departure.

Eben next appeared at the county seat and gave the local paper his story of the giant frog, and it appeared that evening.

There were two lonely hearts in Bell City. The girl who had lost her lover and the father who had lost his son. Not infrequently they met in the kitchen of Eben's small cabin and the girl would squat on the floor in front of the stone fireplace beside Eben's creaking rocker.

"Thar, thar, honey," he would say. "We can't fetch him back. Thar ain't no way. An' I reckon hit was God's will. But you shorely loved my boy."

The kind of love the girl had for Hugh Harber was as strong as the love Eben had for him, only it was the love of a faithful sweetheart.

Finally Poindexter, who lived ad-

joining Eben, began to spy on the latter. He had become convinced that the latter had really seen a giant bullfrog such as he had described. Otherwise he didn't believe Eben would have given the story of it to the county paper; and hoping to make a barrel of money he went into the frog business, as did several others. Eben was not known as a liar in his community. His

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