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New Building, next door to Post Office

## MOLLY'S JAIL BIRD

By MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.

MOLLY sat by her kitchen window and sang a low, cheery little song. Not that she had much cause for cheerfulness save the possession of a clear conscience, but so long as she had that the little woman could not help being cheerful.

She was maid-of-all-work, nurse, plain seamstress, butler, laundress and general factotum in the family of James B. Revell, or, as it was written on her mistress' cards, J. Barnett Revell. Her position was not a sinecure, for in each of her offices the best work was expected of her, few liberties were given her, and her weekly stipend was no greater than that given in houses where the same work was divided among three or four. But Molly was an orphan, unsophisticated and easily imposed upon, and, besides, a livid red mark lay across her right cheek, rendering her self-conscious and willing to hide herself anywhere.

When she looked in her mirror she did not see that her eyes were a pleasant blue, that her lips were full and rosy, that her light brown hair waved prettily back from a broad forehead—she only saw the angry-looking brand burning on her cheek, and felt that she could not bear strange eyes. Further, Molly was faithful, and when Mrs. Revell, somewhat pompously, dwelt on her own goodness in befriending Molly, and the excellent home and advantages that she gave to her, the girl felt a gratitude that displayed itself in yet more faithful and willing servitude, not stopping to properly weigh the so-called "advantages."

The Revells lived on the street that was the very borderland of social eligibility in Veneering. The next street east, and Mrs. Revell might have struggled in vain for recognition. Then it would have profited her nothing to divide her husband's name in the middle on her visiting cards. The next street west, and Mrs. Revell would have found the struggle vastly easier than it had been.

So when Molly sat singing by the kitchen window, she saw, across the neat back yard and high board fence, sandwiched between a great corn-crib and a blacksmith shop, the brick walls of the city jail—called the "calaboose" by the youngsters about town. It was a grim, one-story affair, with barred windows, and had been an eyecore to Molly ever since she first saw it. Sometimes its prisoners were hilarious, and their shouts and ribald songs made her shudder; often it was empty, for Veneering was a staid, sober town.

To-night she paused between the verses of her song. The policemen on their beat were coming down the alley with a prisoner, their voices coming clearly to her across the fence. He was a new man, therefore very zealous.

"Yes! Yes!" he was saying, derisively. "They all play that gag on me. I guess the sunstroke you got was over a counter and out of a glass."

"But—but, listen to me, officer," said the man, thickly, as he staggered along with the policeman's help. "I haven't touched a drop. It's the heat—I was overcome in the harvest field last month, and this is the first time I've been out."

"Yes, an'll be your last time till you've paid your fine," put in the policeman.

"But it's true, I say," stammered the man, "and you mustn't lock me up. I'm sober—I'm sick. This is a false charge."

As he pleaded they reached the jail, and, unlocking the door, the officer, with a derisive laugh, pushed the man into the inner darkness and slammed the door on him. Molly, straining her ears, heard him call once or twice, then all was still. Her song stopped, and her ready sympathy went out to the poor man across the alley. Not for a moment did she doubt his story, though his thick and husky voice and uncertain walk were against him, and an unusual anger burned within her. She hurried into the parlor, where Mrs. Revell sat in imposing leisure.

"Oh, Mrs. Revell—ma'am! The policeman has just brought a poor sick man up the alley and locked him up for drunk, for all the man told he was only sick from sunstroke. Won't you have Mr. Revell go and see about it?"

The mistress stared in petrified surprise, not comprehending the meaning of Molly's request. Then she laughed an unpleasant, contemptuous laugh.

"Fancy!" she said in a tone that made the girl shrink. "So you want Mr. Revell to espouse the cause of a sot arrested on the street, just because you heard the creature protest that he was not drunk. You've done a good many foolish things, Molly, but this is the worst yet. Go back to your place and don't worry about your jail bird. He'll be sick enough by morning, anyway."

Molly crept back to her kitchen, abashed but not convinced, and sat in silence by the window for an hour longer. The evening was still and very hot. She knew that the only ventilation afforded in the prisoner's room was from a single slit-like window. At last she could stand it no longer, and taking a pitcher of cold water and a small tin cup, stole out of the gate and across to the building opposite.

She peered through the bars, but the interior was in the blackest darkness. The man was breathing heavily, groaning with nearly every breath. She shook the bars gently once or twice to attract his attention, and spoke softly:

"Say, mister—listen!"  
Finally she heard a motion, and in a moment the man answered weakly:  
"What is it?"

"It's so hot that I've brought a pitcher of water. Don't you want a drink?"  
"Yes, yes," he answered thickly and eagerly. "If you can wait till I pull myself up."

After some struggling the man stood at the window. The light from across the opposite street cast a faint glow on the wall and window, and she could see that his face was fairly livid and his eyes bright and staring. The cup would not go through the bars until she had bent its rim, he watching her eagerly. He emptied it thirstily twice.

"You mustn't have any more," she said warningly. "Here is a cloth wet in the cold water. Rub your face and it will refresh you."

"I believe you've saved my life," he murmured. "I felt myself sinking away with every breath till I heard your voice."

"I heard you come up the alley with the policeman," whispered Molly, "and I knew you told the truth. I am so sorry."  
"Well, you're a blessed woman!" said he, fervently. "Both for believing the story of an unfortunate man, and for thinking to bring me the water. I'm a respectable farmer, from 12 miles west of Veneering, and it's true about the sunstroke. He found me lying on the ground, and of course took me for drunk. I have money enough to make some one smart for this—only there's the disgrace of the police court in the morning."

Dizzy and weak, he leaned against the bars and groaned at the thought.

"If you've friends in town, maybe I could see some one for you to-night," whispered Molly, timidly.

The man straightened himself. "The very idea!" he exclaimed. "Go to Dr. Roberts, on Fourteenth and Locust streets. He treated me last month when I was sick. Here's the envelope he addressed to me himself when he received my bill. Give it to him and tell him about this."

Before he had time to say more, Molly seized the envelope and slipped away. The young man felt his way to the shelf-like berth in the corner and sat down to rest. Somehow, the darkness did not seem so intense as it had before, nor did he feel exhausted. The cold water had refreshed him, the kindly words of the little Samaritan had strengthened him. His heart felt warm when he thought of her.

In less than an hour he heard a tapping on the bars. This time he did not have to crawl along the floor to reach the window.

"Dr. Roberts was very angry," she whispered, "and went to headquarters to see about your case. He says that he'll bring the officers right away. I'm so glad. Good-by."

"But wait," said the prisoner. "Tell me your name. I want to know whom to thank for this great service."

"I'm only Molly Britts," she whispered, "and I work for Mrs. Revell across the alley. You're welcome, I'm sure, but it's not likely you'll ever see me again."

"But I'd like to know why I won't," was the answer. "Am I just to forget all this?" John Derring is his own master, and he'll probably see you before he leaves town to-morrow."

"But—but—I don't want you to see me," answered she, glad that the dark hid her blushes.

"Why?" he urged.

"Oh—because I'm so—ugly!" whispered Molly, in agonized confusion that made the brand on her cheek burn and throb.

"Oh!" laughed the young man softly, a tone of relief in his voice. "You'll have to let me be the judge of that. Shake hands till to-morrow," as Molly's work-hardened little hand slipped through the bars into his warm clasp, "and take my 'God bless you' along with you. Good night!"

Molly hurried away just as the policemen with their lanterns turned into the alley. From her window in the rear of the house she watched the group of men out of sight, on their way from the jail, turned to look at herself in the mirror a moment, and then went to bed to cry herself to sleep and to dream of feverishly bright eyes and dark curly hair.

John Derring, pale from his experience of the night before, stood before Molly in the kitchen the next morning. She blushed and quivered painfully, but not by the tremble of an eyelash did he show that he saw the throbbing mark on her face, and from that moment she worshiped him. Three months later she stepped out one morning, clad in modest gray, and went with him to the nearest parsonage, where they were married, much to Mrs. Revell's dismay and disgust, that lady giving speech to some of her burning thoughts on ingratitude.

The once forlorn, heart-starved little woman is a merry, lovable and beloved wife now, and the red mark, that was the heaviest burden of her early years, is fading, since, secure in her husband's love and admiration, she has ceased to be conscious of it. On a cabinet in their parlor stands a little tin cup, curiously bent and battered, a souvenir, so John laughingly tells Molly, of her "jail bird."—Ladies' World.

In Other Days.  
"What wheel do you ride now, Bearings?"  
"The same as always, only this year's make."  
"And your wife?"  
"Oh! she is riding some sort of cheap wheel. I forget the name."  
"But you both used to ride and swear by the same make."  
"Yes, I know; but that was before we were married."—Puck.

Further Information Needed.  
"I want you to understand that I'm as good as my word, sir," declared the man that was looking for a small loan.

"All right, sir. I'll take a look around and find out what your word's worth."—Chicago Evening News.

### LIVE STOCK.

A Noted Lady Lecturer Once Traveled as Squib to Keep an Engaged.

The persistent man or woman sometimes has a reward, by the way, in the unusual experiences which many of us do not go forth to seek. For example, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore once traveled as live stock, and all because she was resolved to keep an engagement. A less determined woman would have broken her promise and missed the fun.

One night she engaged the proprietor of the best stable in a large town to take her to the five o'clock train for Cincinnati, where she was to speak. It was the only train that Sunday, and Cincinnati was 50 miles away.

"Give yourself no anxiety, madam," said the stable keeper. "If I am alive to-morrow morning, I shall call for you promptly."

He did not call. Whether he was dead or not the record does not state. Mrs. Livermore was very much alive. She arranged to ride in the cab of a special engine, which spun merrily along for 34 miles, when it was blocked by derailed freight cars; but the timetable told her that a fast cattle train would leave the next station in seven minutes. She climbed into a two-horse beer wagon filled with empty kegs which threatened to roll on her feet, and with the engineer for driver, reached the station just as the conductor was giving the signal to start.

"I can't take you, madam," said he, showing her his printed instructions. "You will have to wait for the next train."

The rules forbade him to carry any freight but live stock, or any passengers besides the drivers of those animals.

"If I am not live stock," asked the woman, "will you please tell me what I am?"

The conductor reflected a moment, then weighed and billed her as regular live stock freight, and at Cincinnati, when she paid the charges, he gave her the usual live stock receipt.—Youth's Companion.

### AN INDIAN FEAST.

Given in Memory of a Deceased Chief—Prosperous Redmen Who Ride in Carriages.

The Indians had a big blowout at the residence of Louis Antelope in Tekoa one day recently, the occasion being the celebration of the anniversary of the death of Augustus, a Coeur d'Alene Indian, who died last year.

A magnificent feast was given by the host, a son of the deceased, to all who attended. The entire tribe was invited, and fully 600, including the children, accepted the invitation. Chief Saltese made a characteristic speech, and was followed by Peter Wildhorse, who praised the virtues of the deceased. The chief of the Spokane tribe, whose name was not learned, was also present and addressed the assembly. The festivities began at nine o'clock and lasted until evening. The feast was given by the host, Augustus, and must have cost a "pretty penny," as excellent food was served to the vast throng present.

These Indians are rapidly becoming civilized and are assuming the customs and dress of the whites more each year. They have excellent farms, good houses and machinery, and one passing over the reservation would not believe that it was occupied by Indians did he not see them. Their houses are generally well built and painted and look neat and clean, while many have excellent barns and farms well tilled. They raise a large amount of grain each year and sell it in Tekoa. A large portion of it is loaded at a side track on the reservation, but the grain is sold to Tekoa dealers and the money is largely spent there. Many of them dress entirely like white people and come to town in carriages and hacks. They are quite industrious and are excellent citizens and always peaceful except when under the influence of liquor, sold to them by unscrupulous white persons. The Indian trade is one of Tekoa's main resources.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

### CUPID IN A BOTTLE.

The Ohio River Assists a Lonely Young Woman to Find a Husband.

Miss Edna House, of Bromley, near Cincinnati, was an ambitious young woman, who on one September afternoon became tired of single blessedness and resolved to secure herself a husband.

She cast a bottle upon the waves of the Ohio, in which, before sealing, she had placed a note which read:

"The rider of this will please correspond with me at once. I am lonely because the Bromley boys are too slow."

"EDNA HOUSE."  
The missive danced along until it was lost to sight, and the young damsel had almost forgotten its existence when one day a month later she received a note from John Eggleston, a farmer of North Bend, Ky., which stated that he had found the bottle and intended to comply with the note found therein. He did so, and an exchange of photographs followed.

Shortly afterward Bromley people were startled by the appearance one Sunday afternoon of a new rig in front of the House homestead, and investigation revealed the fact that Eggleston had come to make the acquaintance of Miss House. Since then frequent visits have been made, and the gossips of the town predicted a speedy union of the two young hearts.

The expectations were realized one day lately when Eggleston arrived in town dressed in his best, and soon the two were seen wending their way toward the office of Squire Anderson, where they were married.