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ON AN ANTIQUE LAMP.

Deft was the patient action
That moved them in such a way
That they had lost their way
The brother, built of sterner clay.
Dim ages since for mortal eyes
The purple dark did not illumine
But they, those glowing centuries,
Have known the light beyond the tomb.
Forever quenched the fading fire,
And yet, to us, they seem to cast
The ghost of some dead desire
From out the vistas of the past.
—Chilton Swain in Youth's Companion.

THE ARKANSAS GIRL.

Not far from the pretty Spring river
In northern Arkansas—just a little way
Through brambles and over a ground
Of broken stone—that is common in the
Ozark foothills—the Spencers lived.
They live there yet, for all I know; but
It has been so long since I heard any
thing of them that I assume, certainly,
like, that they are not there now. It
was before the railroad ran cut a corner
across the northern part of Arkansas
that I knew them—a simple sort of
people, very like all the Ozark natives,
three boys and a girl, the old folks and
an ancient aunt or so. The boys were
common types, constantly in fear of
revenge officers.

The Spencers made whiskey—of that
they made no secret save convicting
facts. The boys were watched by offi-
cers half the time, but no evidence was
ever secured against them until ten
years of successful evasion of the law
had elapsed. The girl—Hennie Spencer
was her name—had a pretty face and
willowy form, and what is more and
better, she did not have the loathsome
habit of chewing snuff or "dipping" it,
to use a genuine Arkansas idiom. Several
of the native sons of Izard, Stone
and Fulton counties had cast sheep's
eyes at Hennie more than once, but
never did they receive any encouragement.

"They needn't come round me," she
would say doggedly. "I wouldn't hev
the best man alive."

Hennie was smarter than the average
Arkansas backwoods girl, not alone in
the expressed determination not to get
married, but in business matters she
evinced a decided aptitude. Her broth-
ers trusted her with the secrets of their
business. Hennie knew every stillhouse
within all the border counties; she knew
the names of the men operating them;
she knew their records, their haunts and
their plans of eluding the revenue laws
of the land. Hennie kept the crude accounts
of the Spencers still, by which she was enabled
to give a detailed statement of the in-
debtedness of any one of the patrons of
the law violating establishment.

It was one of those chilly days that
sometimes come in July, even as far
south as the Ozarks. A stiff breeze
blew along the Spring river valley,
while clouds mounted in the southwest
and threatened rain. It seemed too
chilly for that, so the old natives said,
but a newcomer would only look at the
clouds and then look for a heavy down-
fall. Hennie Spencer was walking
along the country road—more like a
path than a road—when she met the
beautician. He was riding. There was
a sharp turn in the narrow highway,
and the stranger burst into view before
the native girl knew of the presence of
any one but herself. He sat straight
in his saddle. His hat, a wide brimmed
slouch, shaded his eyes, but did not
hide a smoothly shaven face, a good,
clear mouth, a strong chin and the every
trace of determination that marked
each line of the countenance. A Win-
chester was strapped across his back.

Hennie stepped to one side, not in
fear, but with something of curiosity.
She at once—instinctively, perhaps—
thought that the stranger was a revenue
officer.

"Good morning," saluted the rider
ten seconds later. "In case of rain,
where could I get shelter?"

In spite of her surprise, the Spencer
girl gave a respectful and truthful an-
swer.

"Why, over at our house, I reckon,"
she said. "Tain't very far—right over
yander."

"May I go over there with you now?"
queried the young man, alighting.

"Why, in course, on'y—on'y—who
are you, anyway?"

"Well, my name is Jimpson—Wood
Jimpson, of St. Louis. I live up there—
boy some cotton sometimes, you
know, and I was down south of Little
Rock on business. Thought I'd ride
back to Poplar Bluff, over'n Missouri,
where I'll get a train back home."

"Oh," said Hennie, "so you live up
in Missouri, eh? Well, come on. How
big is your town?" she went on. "Any-
thing like as big as Little Rock?"

"Ever so much larger," said Jimpson.
"It's a great big town. Why, we
have a brewery there 'most as big as
all of Little Rock, you know."

"Oh," said Hennie again. She was
interested in the newcomer. She didn't
know just how, but she felt kindly to-
ward him. He was the first man that
she ever saw that she thought she could
marry. Of course she thought of all
these things as they walked through the
woods, he leading his horse and chat-
ing as they proceeded. Girls think
lots of things that they don't put in
words.

"I suppose you people down here
think that every man with a gun is a
revenue officer, don't you?" Jimpson
asked, looking at Hennie with laughing
eyes. "Of course I know," he went
on with a smile, "that you all make
whisky down here."

"How do you know?" Hennie asked.
"A little bird told me, that's all."

said Jimpson. "A man wouldn't be
much of a man in these mountains if
he didn't dish up a little moonshine,
don't you know?"
It didn't rain that day. When the
young girl and Jimpson reached the
house, a low typical log cabin, with a
log, mud plastered chimney, there was
no one at home but the mother and the
ancient aunt. They did not look with
favor on the newcomer, but the St.
Louis young man talked the morning
and afternoon away, so that before the
sun had reddened the tops of the hills
with its fading evening glory they all
liked him.

He had said nothing about resuming
his journey, and Hennie feared that the
brothers and father could not be as
readily made to appreciate the "young
man from Missouri" as were the femi-
nine members of the household. But
they were Jimpson met the boys and
the boys with a graceful, easy air, and
fell at once to talking about the
price of cotton in a way that dis-
armed any suspicion that might have
possessed them. As the evening wore
away Jimpson talked about hunting
and fishing. It was good in that local-
ity, so good that the man from St.
Louis reached the conclusion that he
would spend a week or two rambling
about the hills.

"I'll be good for you," said Life
Spencer, "an we'll board you cheap."
"I'll stay," said Jimpson, "and if I
like it I'll send to Little Rock for a
few of my friends to put in their va-
cation here with me."

So the outing was planned. Hennie
was pleased. She had grown to like
the stranger in a few hours that she
had known him; it was a queer sort of
feeling she experienced. He was the
first man she had ever seen who ap-
peared to know how to talk. There
was something open and pleasing in
his face, too, any way, the simple
Ozark girl liked him. She would have
told him so if she had a chance. Love
didn't know what the word meant.
Jimpson was the only man she had
ever seen that she cared a rap for.
She knew so much as that, but no
more.

The St. Louis young man was at the
Spencer cabin two weeks before he con-
cluded that it was time to send for his
friends.

"I'll stay two weeks longer," he said,
"and I'll send down for Bowman and
McHenry."

In the fortnight that he had spent
with the Spencers he roamed about the
hills for a good many miles around.
Hennie went with him on most of the
excursions, until one day Bob Spencer
said to her:

"Look here, sis, seems to me that
you've done a sight of gadding about
with Jimpson. You don't know nothin'
about him."

"Nope," returned the girl, "but I
pur' nigh sure he's all right. Ef I
ever ketch him tryin' to rest any of
the boys I'd shoot him quicker'n light-
ning."
Nothing more was said, for that mo-
ment Jimpson and his Little Rock
friends rode up. They seemed to be
fellow, although somewhat
rougher in manner and speech than the
younger man from St. Louis. Bob
Spencer shook his head and winked at
Hennie when opportunity offered. He
didn't take Jimpson's re-endorsements.
The girl had told Jimpson about the
Spencer moonshine operations. She
had told him the location of ever still-
house in the three counties. Girls in
Arkansas have the natural feminine in-
clination of telling things they ought to
keep to themselves. Climate and en-
vironment cannot stop a woman's
tongue. There are men who speak of
the fallacy of the talkativeness of wom-
en, but they are only latter day knights.

Jimpson had a wonderfully valuable
collection of facts after his two weeks'
stay. That is the reason he sent for
his Little Rock friends. He needed
them. The next day after their arrival
the two got on their horses and rode
away from the Spencer cabin. They
said that they were going to Croom's
mill to do a little shooting. Hennie
didn't believe it. She knew of half a
dozen stills in that direction, and it at
once flashed across her mind that the
three strangers meant to seize them and
arrest the operatives.

The simple girl had talked with
Jimpson the night before. They sat
on a log out in front of the Spencer
cabin, and the St. Louis man, like any
other man would have done under like
circumstances, squeezed her hand.
This is the girl, mind you, who said
that she would not marry the best man
alive; but women, as all the world
knows, are not to be held accountable
for what they do or say. It reminds
one of a woman who would not yield
to the entreaties of a man who wanted
a kiss. "I will not kiss any man," she
said, "but if I ever get ready to oc-
casion masculine lips I will look you
up."

"That is the same," said the sage young
visitor, "as if you were to proclaim that
you would never fall off a roof, but in
case you ever concluded such a thing
you would select that roof over you-
der."

Such is the illustration of the inabil-
ity of the feminine mental purpose.
This Ozark girl had never seen a real
man until Jimpson came along, and
that is why she thought so much of him.

Ten minutes after the young man
and his friends rode away Hennie went
after them. She rode by another path
—a shorter one through the woods.
It would be soon before they would
reach the mill. If the plan near that
place was seized the girl conjectured
that the three men, whom she now
felt sure were revenue officers, would
work back with their prisoners, taking

the other stills as they proceeded. She
had a pretty good gun with her. It
was an old fashioned piece, but its
carrying powers were good.
"If he has fled to me," she mur-
mured as she rode along, "I'll make it
mighty hot for him."

At noon she reached Croom's mill.
There was no one there. The girl
jumped from her horse and led the ani-
mal through the trees to a quiet spot
where the trio of strangers would not
likely go. She was not far wrong in
her guesses of the purposes of the St.
Louis young man's visit. Jimpson led
the two through the break in the woods
into the clear patch that surrounded
the few houses there. It did not take
them long to find the stillhouse. Its
door was broken down and the trio en-
tered. The native girl of Arkansas
peered through a patch of underbrush
behind which she was secreted and
watched the proceedings.

As she looked at Jimpson she received
her first lesson, and perhaps her only
one, in man's perfidy. She thought
there could never be a meaner wretch
in all the world. He had squeezed her
hand the night before and said some-
thing about love. It seemed rather
nice to little Hennie to hear him talk
so to her, and now to look at him! She
cried a few womanly tears as she
watched the operations of these men,
who seized all the utensils and destroyed
as much of the house as they could.
She dashed them away as the trio sad-
dled the horses and prepared to mount.

"We'll work back now," said Jimpson.
"I know of several plants—the
ones I told you of."

"What about the Spencer's?" asked
Brown.

"If it were not for the little girl there,
don't you know," went on the matter
of fact St. Louisian, "I would take 'em
this evening regardless of anything but
the law."

"I'll get him for that," sobbed Hen-
nie, going for her horse. "I'll get him,
sure."

The three men rode ahead, the Ar-
kansas girl following them at a safe
distance. One still after another was
demolished, only the Spencer plant be-
ing untouched. The men rode back
toward the Spring river, the girl com-
ing closely after them. The revenue
officers reached the edge of a cleared
place and dismounted. The Spencer
plant was just across the patch.

"They mean to 'rest the folks,'" said
Jimpson, "an I'll not let 'em."

The trio broke into the cleared place
of land and started across it. The
clearing was a fourth of a mile wide
probably, and the girl knew that she
could not do anything if she permitted
the men to precede her, as it would
not be possible for her to come into
the clearing behind them until they
were well out of sight in the woods.

In the meantime they might seize the
plant and shoot her brothers. She
urged her horse along, hoping to skirt
the clearing and meet the officers as
they left the path and came into the
woods again. The latter were slow,
however, and when she got to the
other side they were just starting across.

Then it was that a happy idea came
across her mind. She would break
into the clearing and, if necessary, do
some shooting on her own account.
Her simple Ozark mind did not grasp
the dangers of such a move against
three armed men. She slipped from her
horse, and quicker than a wink
broke out of the woods. The men saw
her and stopped. She turned to the
woods and waved her hands, as if ex-
pecting help. It flashed across Jimpson's
mind in an instant that the owners
of the house over near Croom's mill
had returned, found their plant de-
stroyed and at once set out to give the
alarm. He pictured the woods full of
angry, armed moonshiners.

"Come on," he called to Bowman
and McHenry, and the three ran back-
ward to the trees behind them. Then
a shot rang out, the St. Louis young
man dropped his gun and yelled with
pain.

"I'm shot!" he cried. Then another
report rang out. Jimpson's companions
deserted him, and jumping astride their
horses rode away. Jimpson lay on the
ground with a charge of shot in his leg.
It was a painful wound, but he man-
aged to drag himself into a spot that
was under the warm evening sun did not
penetrate. As he lay there a horse neighed.
It was his own. A second later another
whinny sounded in answer. It came
from the clearing. Jimpson turned
around in time to see the Arkansas
girl dismount, panting and crying.

"I done it," she cried, to get even.
You've served right and you know it,
Mister Jimpson, but I'm going to keep
for you, if you'll tell 'em at the house
that I done it by—what do you say
—accident—yes, that's what I mean."

"But I am a revenue officer," said
Jimpson between groans. "What will
your people say to that?"

"They'll never know," responded the
girl. And that is how it came to pass
that Jimpson, the St. Louis man, because
the husband of an Ozark girl, he be-
came one of the most skillful moon-
shiners in Arkansas. He spent the
second year of his married life in the
penitentiary, but after that he was
never caught.—Kansas City Times.

No Garden of Eden Now.
A little anecdote the dean of Wor-
cester told at a recent flower service,
shows how the town life entered into a
child's ideas. Her pastor was telling a
little girl of heaven and of the garden
of Eden, and the trees, and the flow-
ers. She said: "Ah! but that was long
ago. I suppose it is all built over by
now."—London Tit-Bits.

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trains, fast time, magnificent sleep-
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shoppers, reclining chair cars, and
handsome day coaches. —A. G.

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A Unique Method of "Cribbing."
The following incident occurred in
Scotland. A preliminary examination
in connection with a burglary was held
in one of the towns of Lanarkshire, the
place of examination being the parish
school.

When the morning of the examina-
tion arrived one of the competitors was
noticed to be wearing a pair of spec-
tacles. As this was a new departure
on his part, some remarks were of
course made, but he explained it by
saying that his eyes were naturally
weak, and he had put spectacles on
just for that day, to counteract the
effect of too continuous writing. This
appearing satisfactory, no further notice
was taken of it.

However, during the progress of the
examination, he was noticed frequently
to look intently on the desk, as if
searching for something. This oc-
curred so often that at the conclusion
the examiner asked him what he had
been doing. He, however, replied that
he had done it to relieve his eyes.

Being, however, still dubious, the ex-
aminer then asked permission to look
at the spectacles, on which he discov-
ered that they were strong magnifiers.
His suspicions being aroused, he put
them on and examined the desk, on
which he discovered various figures and
notes traced with some fine instrument
in the woodwork. Seeing that ex-
posure was inevitable the competitor
made a full confession, on which it ap-
peared that he had entered the room
the night before through the window,
and by the light of a candle traced with
a needle notes on the more difficult
subjects on which he expected to be ex-
amined. The use of the spectacles was
necessary in deciphering them, owing
to the minute characters in which they
were written.—London Tit-Bits.

The Fetish Man at Home.
Established in reputation, the efforts
of the fetish man are next directed
toward the acquirement of a demeanor
calculated to impress his clients with a
sense of awe; he aims at assuming an
appearance at once grave and mysteri-
ous, he seldom speaks unless profes-
sionally, and then always in a gruff,
husky tone. He cultivates a medita-
tive look, and seems as if he were the
victim of great mental anxiety. At
home he keeps himself very select, and
occupies his time principally among his
charms. There is generally some sign
of his calling just outside his hut, tak-
ing the form, as a rule, of an earthen
vessel, out of the neck of which sprout
long feathers—the pot being colored
with red, white and yellow clays, and
the orange-like tint derived from chewed
betel nut, the expectation of which
substance is supposed to have a very
pacifying influence upon the spiritual
evildoer.

Sometimes the fetish man's gesticula-
tions will be directed to a carved image
or some exaggerated form of alarm.
Suspended from the rafters in the in-
terior of his hut are little parcels of
mystic character, snaked grimy by the
constant fires these people maintain in
their dwellings. And outside, over the
door, the same mysterious character of
ornamentation prevails to all the oc-
cupant's pretensions to sorcery.—E. J.
Glave in Century.

Women and Conversation.
In our time any one who seeks to
improve conversation will soon find
himself in the dilemma of modern
painters and novelists. Burning to fill
their works with a moral purpose, and
desiring to deal frankly with the prob-
lems of our time, they find themselves
confronted with the "British matron"
and the American "young person."

Now, these are the most devout wor-
shippers at Mrs. Grundy's shrine. On
the education of women they impose
their superstitions. Hence men are apt
to think that the presence of the aver-
age woman imposes a restraint, not
readily moral, but mental, and which
tends to make conversation thin or un-
real.

Mrs. Wynne Finch asked of Mme.
Mohl (French in everything but birth)
permission to bring a friend. "My
dear," said Mme. Mohl, "if your friend
is a man bring him without thinking
twice about it; but if she is a woman
think well before you bring her, for of
all the creatures God ever created none
does spoil society like an English lady."
—Gentleman's Magazine.

At an evening party given by the
Prince of Wales was a young lord. It
was his first invitation and his royal
highness showed him particular at-
tention, which so impressed the young
nobleman that he came to regard him-
self as a particular favorite of the
prince. He even went so far as to
declare that he would get the prince
to wait upon him in person. He was
laughed at for his pains; then a bet
was proposed and accepted. After
dinner, when all the gentlemen had re-
tired to the billiard room, the "favo-
rite" suddenly called out:

"Look here, Wales! Be good enough
to ring for a glass of punch!"

Everybody was thunderstruck; but
the prince, with a genial smile, walked
up to the bell rope and rang. When
the footman came in he quietly said:
"Get this gentleman—his carriage."
—Westminster Kurier.

Poor Attendance.
Grievously—Are you the proprietor of
this restaurant?
Proprietor—Yes, sir. What can I do
for you?
Grievous (who has been waiting half
an hour to give his order)—Not much.
I only wanted to know if there was any
other waiter at this table campy my-
self.—Judge.

The Coming Lion.
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Northwestern Line offers the best
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