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THE SLEEPLESS KID.

"If that is one thing," said the old soldiers, with a storm of affection and respect in his tone, "which makes this pore Jack Booth so an. spoiled, it is the calm, accompanyin' way he takes up an what he deems is his duty.

"But where Jack shines scrumfin' is when you spare a few game outa him. It's just beautiful, as a mere casualty to men, to see the confidence with which that Jack spots a stack of chips an' sets in agin it. One hot afternoon—Enright an' Dot Peets is away about some cattle or something, but the rest of us is holdin' down the camp—we're sorter hangin' an' revolvin' 'round the pistolfies, a-waitin' for Old Monte and the stage. Here she comes, Red, a-rattlin' an' a-creakin', that old drunkard Monte a-crackin' of his whip, the six horses on the center, an' the whole business puttin' an more dog than a Mexican officer of revenue. When the stage drove up, Old Monte throws off the mail bags, and goes down an' opens the door, but nobody gets out.

"'Well, I'm a sprunt!' says Monte, a heap disgusted, 'whoever is the female?'

"Then we all jumps into the stage an' Gun's jest a baby, with maybe a ten months' start down the vale of years, inside, an' no mother nor nothin' along. Jack Booth, jest as I says when I begins, reaches in an' gets him. The baby ain't sayin' nuthin' an' sorter takes it on in guilty' on Jack.

"'He knows me, for a hundred dollars,' says Jack, mighty sootain. 'I'm an Apache if he ain't allowin' he knows me. Where ever did you get him, Monte?'

"'Give me a drink,' says Monte, trackin' along into the Early Bird, 'this pore makes me sick.' After he gets about four degrees of carnation under his belt he turns to an' explains as how the mother starts along in the stage all right cool from Tucson. The last time he saw her, he says, is at the last station back some twenty miles in the hills, at dinner, an' he a-pass all the time she's humble along of her pregnacy until now.

"'I don't reckon,' says Old Monte, lockin' up sorter like 'an here that woman is a-sinin' to see this pore infant onto the stage company now?'

"'Don't addle your whisky frettin' about the company,' says Booth, a-settin' of the kid on the bar while we all crowds in for a look at him. 'The stage'll play this hand for the infant an' the company won't grief to be in it a little bit.'

"'I wish Enright an' Peets was yere,' says Cherokee Hall, 'to be heard honest. 'cause I shore deems this a grave occasion. Yere we finds ourselves possessed of an unexpected infant of tender years, an' the question is, what shall we do with it?'

"'Let's mavorkin it,' says Tom Boggs, who is a mighty good sort of a man, but unthinkful.

"'No,' says Cherokee; 'its mother'll come lopin' along tomorry a-yellin', yes sir! This pore is asked all our cash. This old set Monte has jest done drove off an' left her pinsted some'fs up the trail an' she'll come along shore in time.'

"'Meantime,' says Booth, 'the infant's got to be took care of, to which dusty I volunteer. That's a tenderfoot a-sleepin' in the room back of the Red Light, an he's that 'fountain an' effect he's got a sure-nuf bed an' some gunnies'n pillars, which the same I'm pretty confiderate to pitch one to take care of this pootin'. Is the sentiment plausible?'

"'Jack's scheme is right,' says Boggs, 'an' for that matter he's allers right. Let the shortherm go sleep under a mosquito bunk; it'll do him good a whole lot, for such is life in the far west.'

"'Tis some dubersome of this play,' says Cherokee. 'Small infants is mighty mysterious people, an' that ain't no lie!' man was ever onto their game an' able to foresee their needs yet. Do you allow you can take care of this young one, Jack? Be you equal to it?'

"'Take care of a small baby like this,' says Jack, plenty scornful, 'an ain't weighin' twenty pounds avoirdupois! Well, it'll be some funny now if I can't! I could take care of him if he's four times as big. All I asks is for you all to stand by in crises, an' back the play, an' you can go make side bets we'll come out winners on the deal.'

"'I ain't absolute shore,' says the postmaster, 'bein' some out of practice with infants myself, but jedgin' by his lookin' smooth an' silky I offers fifty dollars even he ain't weaned more yet, an' we leaves it to the mother when she comes.'

"'I won't bet none on his bein' weaned complete,' says Booth, 'but I'll hang up fifty dollars even he drinks outen a bottle as successful as Old Monte.'

"'I'll jest go you once,' says the postmaster, 'if I lose. It's fifty dollars even he grows contemptious at a bottle an' declines it.'

"'Well, we all talks it over an' decides Booth is to nurse the infant, an' at once proceeds to make a procession for the tenderfoot's bed, which he resigns without a struggle. Cherokee Hall an' Boggs then goes over to the corral an' lays for a goat which was a mother, to milk it a whole lot. The goat was mighty reluctant an' refuses to enter into the spirit of the thing, but they makes their points right along, an' after a frightful time, which now an' then demands the assistance of a large part of the camp, comes back with more'n a pint.

"'That's all right,' says Booth. 'Now go an' tell the barkeep to give you a pint bottle. We'll have this pore game a-winnin' in two minutes.'

"So Boggs gets his bottle an' fills her up with goat's milk an' makes a stopper outen cotton cloth an' molasses for the young one to suck it through. About this time the infant sets up a yell an' ain't peaceful onto until Booth gives him his ole shooter to play with.

"'Which shows my confidence in him,' says Booth. 'There's only a few people left I care to pass my gun to.'

"Well, Booth gets along with him first rate, a-feedin' of him the goat's milk, which he goes for with avidity, clearly notin' Booth fifty dollars from postmaster. He has Boggs build a fire so he can keep the milk warm, an' in that current he don't even go for no supper; jest has it brought to him.

"Somebody'll have to ride herd on this pore foundling all night, I reckon,' says Boggs to Jack when he's bringin' him things.

"'I s'pose, most likely, we will have to make the play thataway,' says Booth.

"'All right,' says Boggs. 'You know me an' Cherokee. We're in this say time you says.'

"So a passel of us continues along with Booth and the infant until maybe six short second clocks have ticked the night. The infant don't raise the war yell once—jest takes it out in goat's milk an' in laughin' an' playin' with Booth's nose.

"'Korse me, gents,' finally says Booth, mighty disjointed, 'yup I've been figgerin' this thing an' I rather think it's time to put this pore young one to sleep. So if you all will now withdraw, I'll see how near I comes to tackin' of him down for the night. Stay within whoopin' distance, though, so if he tries to stampede or takes to mutiny I can have help.'

"So we all lines out an' leaves Jack an' the infant, an' turns to an face an' poker an' similar devices which was busy waged in the camp.

"'May be it's an hour when Jack comes in.

"'Boggs,' he says, 'jest step in an' play my hand a minute, while I goes over an' adjusts them troubles in the dance hall. It looks like this pore camp was speckul transitionee tonight.'

"Boggs does, an' Jack proceeds to the Bella Donna saut door an' starts the cyas.

"'I don't want to mention business,' he says, 'not disturb the current of trade, but this cere young son I'm responsible for, in back of the Red Light, gets frill engaged in the sounds of these yere revels. It don't look like he never gain' to sleep none, so if you all will just call on the last waltz an' see her up for tonight, it'll be regarded. Yes, kid's outside where he here in the movin', which will alter the play all around an' matters not thus go back to old times.'

"'Kind said,' says Jim Hamilton, who runs the dance hall. 'You can gamble this dance hence ole's irrin' down none on a plush doubt, an' tonight's slowly goin' right pore. All permeable to the bar. We'll take a drink on the house an' quit an' call it a day.'

"So then Jack comes back mighty grave with his mares, an' relieves Boggs, who's on watch, strolling of a chair, a-pin' of the infant, who, a-settin' up sofa a-gnawin' pilot, along of his goat's milk and Booth's gun, is illustrin a-spirit of Boggs.

"'He's a-sittin' up good infant, Jack,' says Boggs, girin' on his nod.

"'You can bet your life he's a good infant,' says Jack, 'but it comes mighty like he don't aim to turn in an' sleep some. Maybe goat's milk is too invigorate-ain for him, an' Boggs kim a-stake.'

"A-another hour goes on an' ole man comes Jack into the saloon again.

"'I don't aim to disturb you all,' he says, 'but, boys, if you'll just close the games pore an' shet up the shoes I'll take it as a personal favor. He can hear the click of the chips, an' it's too many for him. Don' go "stop—just close up an' sot 'round quick."

"So we does an Jack says closes the games an' shets up the cases, an' then sets 'round in our chairs an' keeps quiet a-while in' for that infant to turn in. A half hour later Jack comes out agin.

"'It ain't no use, gents,' he says, goin' back of the bar an' gettin' a big drink; 'that child is onto us an' won't have it. You can gamble he's fixed it up with Satan's for his goat' to sleep nuthin' tonight. I allow it's because he's among rank strangers, an' figgers it's a good safe play to stand watch for Satan's.'

"'I wonder jemdick' we sing him to sleep,' says Cherokee Hall.

"'Nothin' sights makin' a try,' says Jack, some desperate, wipin' his lips after his drink.

"'Yours we all goes an' gives him "The Drin' Ranger" an' "Shady Lane" for an hour or so, an' sez,' says Boggs.

"So in we trolls. Cherokee lays down on one side of the infant an' Booth on the other, an' the rest of us takes chairs an' sets 'round. We starts in an' sings kim all we knows an' we shortly keeps it up for hours, an' all the time that child a-settin' an' a-starin', sleepless as owls. The last I recollects is Boggs' voice in 'The Drin' Ranger:'

"'With his saddle for a pillow,
An' his gun across his knees,
Far away from his home and Texas,
We laid him down to rest.'

"The next thing there's a whoop an' a yell outside. We all wakes up—all except the infant, who's awake awake all along—an' yere is in a-a-a-rush in his mornin' an' the mother has come. Comes over from the last station on a spanish buckboard, where that old Mexican Monte drove off an' left her. Well, sen, we was willin' an' glad to see her. An' for that matter, spittin' 'round, as was the kid.'—O. H. Lewis (Dan Quin) in Kansas City Star.

Natural Thread Grown in Mexico.

In southern Arizona and northern Mexico there grows a plant from which rope and twine that will almost never wear out can be made. It is like sword plant. They are like cabbages, and on a large stalk that grows up alongside the head are long stemmed leaves with sharp, hard pointed ends. The soft part of the leaf can be removed and the stem stripped out to four or five feet, it is so elastic. You let this dry in the sun, and you have an endless needle already threaded.

The natives of the country use nothing but the natural thread needle, as they call it, to sew their garments. You can make as fine a thread as needed. If you desire a fine thread pull the stem and it will grow smaller in the same way that spiders will. The thread is as strong as wire. Ropes and heavy twine can be made from the plant that will be almost as strong as a steel wire cable. The big stems of the leaves can be used, and there are about fifty leaves to each head that can be utilized. The United States and Mexico can have a monopoly in this rope, for no where else on the globe is the plant to be found.—New York Telegram.

Language of the Brutes.

It is announced as a new discovery that monkeys have a language of their own, vocal sounds to each of which an idea is attached. That is nothing new. Every observant farmer's boy knows that the cackbird talks, and the crow and nearly every other animal, and it does not take much study to learn what each means by its words. You know what they say for "come," for "get out," for "I see something good to eat," for "I'm there is danger," for "I'm hungry." "Chuck chuck" says the mother hen, and every cackling will run full tilt to get the bug or morsel which she says she has. Then "shaver," and the chicks will scoot under the bushes.

Hunters used to call the moose and the deer and the wolf. The dog moose required two kinds of invitation—first, the call of his mate, which would bring him toward the hunter, but not near enough for a shot, and then the challenge of his rival, which would bring him with a plunging charge. To say that Sinimas talk is nothing new. Everybody knows that has lungs and a larynx.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Pobiedonostroff, of the holy synod of Russia, says he is trying to Christianize the Jews of that country and assimilate them with the Russian race that the laziness of the Slavs may be leavened with the industry of the Jews. He ought to be able to do anything, Pobiedonostroff needs.

The versatility of the American journalist is unequaled elsewhere on the globe. A gifted young newspaper man writing of the chicken house of a Vanderbilt calls it a "hen palace."

A newspaper correspondent writes from New Orleans that in the present political campaign Louisiana knows no north, no south, no Democrat or Republican, but even any People's party or Farmers' Alliance. She knows only lottery and anti-lottery.

A Good Plan.

For the first time in history women are taking an active official interest in the preparation for a World's fair. Some of the ideas of the ladies on the board of managers are characterized by a practical common sense that is admirable. One of their projects is to have intelligent women to act as guides through the intricacies of the exposition. There will be French and German guides among close young women, and they will be well instructed in the displays of the great show as well as in the dangerous ways of that naughty city where the fair is to be held.

The best achievement of those women managers so far, however, is probably the interest they are arousing in the exposition among working girls' clubs throughout the country. These girls are to acquaint themselves with American history before the exposition opens, and become familiar especially with the products of their own country and its great resources. They will also learn about the products and resources of the other American republics. Finally each girl will be encouraged to lay aside a small sum weekly to enable either herself or some member or members of the club to visit the fair.

This plan ought to be imitated by all working men and women. If all cannot go to the exposition, then one or two members of a club can do so. There is generally enough certainly and fraternity enough among working people to send delegates from their societies to the fair. Persons who are good writers and talkers, and who are with attractive personals, should be selected. Those can take notes of all they see, and on their return write descriptions of it and entertain their fellow members with reading the story on club nights. It is an excellent plan, that of having one or two members of a club be eyes and ears for all.

Filtering Charcoal from Sawdust.

Willow sawdust and shavings are proved to account by M. Calmant, of Paris, for the production of fine vegetable charcoal, which is intended to be used for the removal of unpleasant flavor in ordinary French wine, and as a filtering medium, especially in distilleries, where it is said to be capable of filtering forty times its volume of alcohol, whereas the vegetable charcoal of commerce will only filter very much less and costs more each year. If not already separate the sawdust of hard and soft woods must be separated, because the former requires a heat of 700 degs. centigrade, whereas 200 degs. centigrade suffice for carbonizing the latter.

Carbonization, which lasts about an hour, is effected in fireclay, plumbago or cast iron retorts of about 600 cubic inches capacity. But previous to this process the sawdust must be sifted, first through a coarse screen to remove splinters and extraneous matter and then through a fine sieve which only permits the passage of the actual wood dust with the adherent calcareous matter. The product of carbonization must again be sifted to get rid of this calcareous matter which has become detached during the process, when it will, if the operation has been carefully performed, resist the action of hydrochloric acid.—Manufacturer.

Progress in Electricity.

Electricity is often spoken of as existing under two forms, dynamic and static. The dynamic is that which flows; the static is that which "exists without the power of traveling," as some writer has expressed it. Professor Nikola Tesla has made remarkable advance in utilizing this static electricity. If his discoveries can be depended on a revolution may shortly be wrought in the whole field of electric industries.

Professor Tesla claims, for one thing, that he can make an incandescent lamp with only one wire and no carbon filament at all. By means of the mastery he has gained over static electricity he finds that no circuit is necessary in electric lighting. One wire passes from the main line of the electric current, so to speak, and stops in the lamp. The branch wires run off like side lines on a railway and need no return track. Moreover, the carbon filament itself is replaced by a single solid block of carbon. Into this block the electricity passes and makes it glow brilliantly, and it will store a lot of it. What the change from the incandescent, costly carbon filament to the simple carbon block without any return current means will be best known to electricians.

Furthermore, the new electric light current will be harmless. There being no circuit to be completed, there will be no danger. Professor Tesla passed through his body, in presence of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, a current 250 times as strong as that required to kill without its having the slightest effect on him. The secret of this performance consisted in transforming dynamic electricity into static.

Another achievement of Professor Tesla is to be noted. He not only does away with the carbon filament, but even with the incandescent lamp itself. If two large bright metal plates fixed opposite each other be connected with the terminal wire of a dynamo and the current turned on immediately there is created between them an electrostatic field. If in this electrostatic field is placed a glass tube, from which the air has been exhausted, the tube will immediately glow with light enough to illuminate a room, although it is entirely disconnected with the plates. The plates may be set near the opposite walls of a room and then the space can be illuminated by placing the tube anywhere in the room. Perhaps here is the electric light of the future.

Off for Escape.

Caller—Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?

Old Lady—Land sakes, no. She can swim.—New York Weekly.

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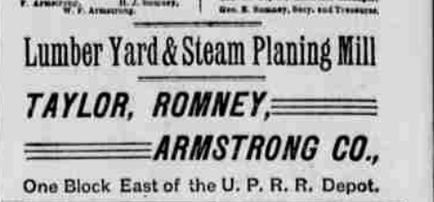

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