DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 TO 40 PAGE MAGAZINE, THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PAPER PUBLISHED; SPECIALLY VALUABLE AS A MEDIUM OF INFORMATION ABROAD. PRICE, PER VOLUME OF 26 NUMBERS, $2.00; PER YEAR, $1.00; SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

A TEXAS LOCHINVAR.

The eastern idea of a Texas horse is a cow necked, low headed, narrow chested, eat hoomed little beggar, with blood in his eye and as many devils in his disposition as there are cockle burrs in his tail.

I wish some of the people who imagine that droves of such little beasts are the horses generally raised on Texas ranches could see Jim McQueen's Cinco. His sire was a four mile race whose ancestry ran vaguely back toward Kentucky, and he unites with the beauty, speed, smooth coat, good temper and larger size of this stock the indomitable pluck and hardihood and the incomparable bottom of his native Texas blood.

Jim traded five ponies for him when he was a raw, slim legged yearling, and called him Cinco in commemoration. He is 6 years old now and has never known the feeling of a collar. It is true that if some uninstructed outsider should insist on putting him into harness Cinco would probably end by kicking the traces into kindling wood and himself clean of every scrap of harness, but this would be simply a contemptuous protest—a forcible explanation of the fact that he wasn't built to haul hoals.

Cinco is the best horse in this, a country of good horses. His qualifications and accomplishments are varied. He is an improperkable cow horse; a finished expert in all the horse maneuvers incident to rounding up, roping and cutting out; a perfect mine of endurance and good spirits on the trail, and always wins all the long distance and hondicap races at the county fair. He won his last handicap about a month ago under circumstances of thrilling interest to a romance loving frontier society.

Jim is the junior partner at the bachelor Gillespie & McQueen sheep and cattle ranch on Buggy run. Their nearest neighbor, five miles above, is Miss Clemmie Austell, whose father runs the ranch a year ago from west east Texas school, had so easy a walkover of the undisputed belleship of the whole county as Cinco would have had in an open race against a field of cow ponies and without an ounce of handicap. It was Jim, with his good looks, boyish spirits, and what Wade Keener bitterly styled "his blamed winning ways," who first gained her maiden preference and held it so long in the face of so much and such spirited, not to say desperate, rivalry that it looked as though the course of true love might be going to run smooth once, just to show its west Texas originality.

But now came upon the scene the cause of discord, misunderstanding, jealousy and reproaches, spirited retorts and secret tears and finally angry separation in the person of a sheepman's "drifter," from somewhere up in the Panhandle. Spurr was a most unromantic figure, about five or six feet in height and three across, with a sort of air of good fellowship about him, and giving a vague impression somehow of great and abounding wealth.

Now a "drifting" sheepman is, generally speaking, not very kindly taken to by cattlemen or even by sheep rancheros. He is a man who may have 10,000, 15,000 or 20,000 sheep, and grow rich off the wool and mutton without ever owning a foot of land. But old man Austell and Mrs. Austell were undeniably impressed by the atmosphere of wealth that went about with Spurr, and when he laid violent siege to Clemmie's affections he got more or less support from the family—even the boys, who were Jim's special friends, standing off neutral. Jim, hurt and angry, rode over to see Clemmie and demanded that she give that champ his venom right straight.

It's hard for a pretty girl who knows her power to accede gracefully and promptly to an order like that, even from the man she loves, and the result was an angry rupture.

For some weeks they never met and all this time Spurr was staying at the Austell ranch or camping close to it, pushing his suit with Clemmie, and Clemmie, with the indecision of the weaker sex, thinking to scare Jim into repentance, allowed herself to be drawn into a sort of promise, which Spurr immediately fastened upon, sent to San Antonio for an immense diamond solitaire, and with the support of the old people hurried on the marriage, so that before she realized where she stood she frightened and unhappy girl was actually putting on her wedding dress.

And Jim?

The season was bad, there had been no rain for long; Buggy run was run out, the grass was dry as tinder and the stock was beginning to suffer. The sheep could do where they were—a well regulated Texas sheep can come as near dispensing with drinking water as a Kentucky colonel—but the cattle were rounded up and started out on the trail for "the territory." Jim, who usually staid with the sheep, took charge of the cattle this year. There was a most uncomfortable soreness in the region of his heart, which it seemed somewhat to him might be more or less worked off in the toil of managing a herd of fruit cattle, lassoing recalcitrant steers, fighting to keep the bunch to the trail in the face of a norther, or struggling to prevent or to quell an incipient stampede.

They had been out on the trail nearly a week, and were pretty well up toward the state line, when Bob English rode into their camp one evening. After supper, when Jim's two cowboys were out riding around the herd, getting them bedded down for the night, Bob remarked confidentially to Jim: "The wedding's a-comin off next Tuesday. You done the very thing to jest skip. She's sorry enough— Good God, Jim! I thought you knew all about it!"

In two hours' time Jim was far from his camp and Bob's, headed for Buggy run on the best pony in the saddle band and leading another, cussing his fully for thinking Cinco too good for so hard a trip. Four days later, on a Thursday, he rode up to the ranch house door at Buggy run about noon and threw himself upon the bed without a word, while Gillespie, equally speechless with amazement, arose from his solitary dinner and attended to the used up horses.

That evening Jim was saying to Gillespie (an older man and a hard headed bachelorhood, while he blushed his brown vicariously, turned the little ranch house upside down and dragged out all his own and Gillespie's entire wardrobe to make a suitable full dress toilet) "Let up, John. There's no use talkin. I'm goin over there an look at her—that's all. If this is her own deal as she's entitled, why I'm bound to be. If it isn't—if that little old swelled up prairie dog an the old folks have sort of rushed it in on her— No, you can't go, nor Billy. I'm just goin by myself, all peaceable an natural."

They were waiting for the preacher at the Austell ranch—he was an hour overdue. There was a sort of strained uneasiness in the air since Jim's unexpected arrival, despite his quiet manner and friendly greeting.

He only needed one glance at Clemmie's little face, and her look of half terrified delight would have molded a more stubborned and injured lover. Presently women truly venue spirit out on a porch enclosed. "Oh, he's play hide and seek; the moon's bright as day."

Jim watched Clemmie, and, as she crossed a darkened entry, caught her in his arms an instant, whispering, "Hide out at the far side of the corral—Cinco's there, saddled." She slipped around a back way unseen, while Jim walked lightly over in front, and there, seated the 3-foot stockade, they met at Cinco's head.

"You don't want him, do you, darling?"

"Oh, no oh, no, Jim!"

"Will you ride it with me and Cinco?"

"Oh, yes! Quick!"

"They'll follow. Where's the saddles and bridles? I'll put you on Bess."

"All on the back porch—there isn't time, anyhow—go, Jim!"

Jim lifted the little brown instantly upon Cinco behind the saddle, swung the head rein from the rear over which it hung and sprang into the saddle in front of her, and her arms were around him. Even while he wheeled Cinco at the corral gate he dashed in and circling once around it drove the horses snorting out before them with swinging quirt. Jim thrilled within that encircling girdle and remembered how once, riding over from Buggy run, he had found himself at the far end of the ranch, Bessie having given her the slip; how he had taken her up behind him on Cinco, and how he had grimyously ignored and seemed that unoffending and astonished friend, and got him into a dead run for the rare delight of feeling those shy arms about them.

It would have been prudent to start north and circle round to the trail, avoiding the house. But it wouldn't have been Jim—nor it wouldn't have been Texas. When he felt himself in that sweet clasp, so long desired, so hardly snatched and won at last when it would seem lost for good, with those frightened arms clinging about him, the small hands locking themselves together below his heart, Jim felt like a warrior god.

Touching Cinco with the spurs, he sprang forward and dashed down the trail, close behind the string of clattering, snorting saddle ponies, right past the open front door and the whole assembled company, in the clear white light of a Texas full moon. As they came up to the group, Jim, in a reckless burst of unrestainable delight and triumph, rose in the stirrups, and, swinging his hat, remarked in the tone of an intoxicated steam whistle, "Whizz—o—ee—ir! Whooop! Whoo—o—oop!"

Translated freely this reads, "Ho to Halifax! I have got you most! Let's see you help yourselves!" And as the gentlemen to whom it was addressed received it. But Cinco accepted it as only regular, straightaway horse talk—the most pressing form of exhortation to "git" known to his tribe, and he "got" forthwith.

The ponies scattered out and let them pass. Several of the older and soberer ones, pausing to question and debate a little, were caught and saddled, and the Austell boys and some others followed over to Buggy run. Gillespie came out and told them, with the grim, chuckling enjoyment of a sober old fellow over a beloved youngster's dashing prank, that Jim and Clemmy, on Cinco and Gillespie's best pony, had ridden down to be married at Del Rio and take the morning train to Uvalde, where Jim's people live.

Jim and Clemmie could afford to be magnanimous and say nothing to the old folks, who we heard but week that Spurr was living meekly at Dallas with a very aggressive wife and four children that came out from the east somewhere and rounded up and corraled that pay butterfly.—Alice Matthews in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Proud Groom.

A few days since a violent youth with his blushing bride arrived at one of the hotels of Brighton and immediately registered his name as "S. B. Jones and lady on a bridal tower."—London Tit-Bits.

Delicately Put.

Young Lady (trying to steer)—Why, this boat acts very queerly, seems to me.

Boatman quietly—I guess she feels a strange hand at the helm.

A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS.

The Experience of a Fond Brother Who Wanted to Surprise His Sister.

For weeks I had been puzzling over a commencement gift for my sister, who was soon to graduate, when a letter from my mother made me decide upon a pair of silk stockings. The thought that I should have any trouble in buying a pair of silk stockings never crossed my mind, and it was with a feeling of confidence that I entered one of the largest dry goods houses in the city.

A floorwalker inquired what I wanted, and directed me to the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and waved his hand in a general way. After some wandering I found the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and to the young man who presided behind it said that I wanted to see some stockings.

"Yes, sir; you mean socks."

"No, silk stockings," said I, and I felt that the suggestion of a blush was hanging on my manly brow.

"It's socks, sir; socks, sir," reiterated the clerk.

"But I want them for a lady," and as I said these words I grew red. The clerk looked at me and then said: "If-mon-sah, yer Fourth counter to the right, down two rows."

It was a young lady who stood behind this counter, and she maintained a stony silence until I asked her to show me some silk stockings.

"White or colored?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that! Which would you suggest?" But this question seemed to freeze her, for she grain relapsed into silence. "Which is the fashionable color for ladies?" I went on, bound to treat the matter as a mere business transaction. "I mean, do young ladies usually wear colored stockings?"

This seemed to make matters worse, for the young woman glared at me. I thought that perhaps I had made a mistake about color, and so I continued: "Well, after all, I guess white will do. Just wrap me up a pair of your best white silk stockings."

"Will you have clocks?" she deigned to ask.

"No, not clocks—stockings," and I looked at her in deep amazement.

"I mean, will you have them clocked or not clocked?"

Now I hadn't the ghost of an idea what she was driving at, but didn't intend to confess my ignorance. A bright idea struck me. "If you were buying them for yourself, which would you prefer?"

"What?"

"I mean, if—if—you were me, which would you prefer?"

The look in her eyes I interpreted to mean, "Go no further, sir; I regard your remarks as decidedly personal." So I went no further and I would take them without clocks. My sister had a watch, and she would get along very well with that.

"What size?" was the young woman's next inquiry.

"Oh, the usual size for young ladies," said I.

"You must be more exact, sir," she said.

"Well, six—that is, the person who is to have these stockings—is about five feet high. Oh, she is just the size of most young ladies. She is no larger than you are. Now, what size do you think she'd wear?"

"Sir, I don't know."

But I am not going on with this painful narration. All men who have been in the same fix will appreciate my feelings. At length, however, I could stand it no longer, and I blurted out that I would take a pair of six stockings for my sister as a commencement gift, that I was willing to pay for them, but I didn't know anything about buying them. Then the young woman relented and in her sweetest voice suggested, "Shall we wrap up a pair of of the best stockings, and that I write to my sister that if they didn't fit she could exchange them. This I did, but the sun will rise in the west before I buy any women's stockings again.—Cor. New York Recorder.

Careless and Too Careful Writers.

"I've read," said an editor, and it was a panting woman editor who said it, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidity which rolls a manuscript cannot produce anything worth reading. It is such short sighted policy, too, for the rolled manuscripts once read is hopelessly unusual, and must be accepted before being presented to another editor. Lately I have had one or two manuscripts sent to me with a new scheme for editorial misery. Each page of the article is folded separately, necessitating a careful rearrangement of the whole thirty or forty sheets before they can be read, and this notwithstanding the copious information and suggestion which is constantly being printed for the benefit of writers."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Deserted at the End.

William the Conqueror was a man of very gross habit of body, and at the siege of Mantes was hurt by the rearing of his horse, the pommel of the saddle striking the king in the abdomen and causing injuries from which he died in a few days. Before his death he was deserted by all his attendants, who stole and carried off even the coverings of the bed on which he lay. The body remained on the floor of the room in which the king died for two days before it was buried by charitable monks from a neighboring monastery.

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