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BEING HIS MOTHER.

Being his mother when he goes away
I would not hold him overlong, and so
Sometimes my pleading sight of him grows old.
So quick of tears I for he did not stay
To catch the faintest whisper of [illegible] [illegible],
Leave always his eyes clear and glad all through.
Mine eyes, dear Lord, do fill to overflow;
Let his remembered features as I pray
Smile ever on me! Ah! what stress of love
Thou givest me to guard with thee this wise;
Its fullest speech ever to be denied
Mine own—being his mother! All thereof
Thou knowest only, looking from the skies
As when not Christ alone was crucified.
—James Whitcomb Riley in Lippincott's.

THE SUNSET TRAIL.

Danny Redmond was a mail carrier on the Sunset Trail, and he fully realized the importance of his position. Traffic might stagnate, civilization might pall, but the United States mail must go right ahead, and on schedule time at that. As for the Sunset Trail, it wound its way far over the dreary plains of Kansas, across the Cimmarron, and on and on into the great state of the Lone Star.

But Danny's route only extended to Crooked Creek, a town consisting of a grocery store. At this time the population of Ford county could have been easily corralled on a quarter section, and had comfortable standing room at that. Danny was an apostle to those lone settlers, and only one who has experienced the appalling loneliness of existence in those thinly peopled plains, where you can see your next door neighbor's shanty on clear days only, can realize the joy with which they heralded this blue eyed, brown haired bunch of turbulence.

"Two o'clock," would comment some unkempt denizen, consulting the sun. "Danny'll be here in ten minutes."

Then they would look till their eyes ached afar to where the Sunset Trail tipped over the roll of prairie at the horizon. Soon their watching would be rewarded, and steadily and swiftly would the bay mare, Dolly, bear her rider down the trail in that swinging, indefatigable gallop of the [illegible].

Perchance some settler coming into the postoffice would appreciate the best side of the road and jog along in the path that Danny chose.

"Git out of the way of the United States mail!" would come the warning, and he would prudently "git" to the other side of the road, for Danny could and would shoot, and besides didn't he have every one of those fellows down at the office to stand at his back to the last shot? So, no matter how much of a fire eater the obstructor might be, he switched off when the carrier demanded the right of way.

And that was often. For that lad had the idea inculcated into his being that all other powers, terrestrial and celestial, were secondary considerations when the United States mail was concerned, and he seized every opportunity to exercise his authority.

How longingly and expectantly those eager pioneers would watch the letters distributed! Though perhaps they had no grounds for expecting a letter, yet their hope did not sink until the last one was put away.

Then the return mail would be made up, and at the exact minute Danny would vault into the large Mexican saddle—almost as large as he or Dolly—and with the all potent mail securely strapped to the girdles on each side, he would recommence his long ride, never stopping as he tried a flying shot at some unwieldy rattlesnake that had dragged its mottled form out on the trail to loll in the sun, and who would not be able to wiggle into the tall grass ere the United States mail was upon him. Along the route the settlers would come out of their shanties, half bent, and wave their sombreros and cheer the buoyant rider.

Wabash was the only stop. It was of the same importance as Crooked Creek, only there were two houses instead of one, or rather a double house, for the owners of the claims that joined up there occupied a shanty of two compartments, one on each claim. Somehow or other the scamp would sit straighter in the saddle and pull Dolly's head up higher when they approached Wabash, and a pretty little peach of a girl would come out and chat with the carrier while her spectacled father's attention was riveted on the letter packages. Dolly would probably think that Danny was getting rather weighty on one side as he bent low in the saddle, dangerously close to that pink sunbonnet. And the scoffing gopher that sat up conveniently close to his burrow would wonder for what reason a fellow would want to bite a pretty girl like her. But Rosie didn't seem to mind the punishment a bit. Ah! I fear Danny would fain have lingered longer at the unpretending post of Wabash, but—the United States mail must be carried on.

Night would fall ere he crossed the dark Cimmarron, and on [illegible] nights the moon was well up in the sky when he rode, with a whoop and holler that stilled the howling of the coyotes, into Fort Dodge—the journey done.

One day a cowboy came into the fort with a jaded mustang and a slash across his cheek, and reported that he had been chased by a band of Arapahoes. These children of nature had grown insolent with [illegible] feeding and little work. They often became thus at irregular intervals, and breaking from the reservation swept north upon the scattered settlers of the plains, considerably depopulating those sparsely inhabited districts. Their great father in Washington, they complained, was not giving them enough blankets, and in consequence they were compelled to trade their moccasins for "fire water."

Then a wild fight would commence for the fort and larger towns for protection. The heathen would rage about with fire and sword. Occasionally some wandering cowboy in search of Mavericks would share the fate of the settlers. Then the great father in Washington would order out his blue coated dough-boys and pour lo would start back to his reservation with becoming humility. Then a delegation would go to the great father with a report of scrutiny about the [illegible] of his people into the earth by the fault of the [illegible].

Danny was preparing to start upon his route when the news came.

"You oughtn't to go, Dan," they said, "for they'll strike right up the Cimmarron like they allays do, and ain't likely fall afoul of you. If you do your scalp'll dangle from some red nigger's belt before morning."

"I'm not afraid," replied he, settling himself in the saddle, "and besides the folks at Wabash and at the creek ought to be warned. And you know the mail has to go as long as it's anyways possible."

The spur touched Dolly's flank more often than usual, but she kept up bravely, and Danny clattered into Wabash ahead of time. Imparting the alarming intelligence to old man Buck, the postmaster, and exhorting him to get the family ready and start for the post without further delay, he rode on toward Crooked creek.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed one of the watchers. "What's Danny ridin so all fired fast about? Must be ridin up."

They soon knew, and scattered for their respective claims to prepare for flight ere the storm burst.

Danny cinched the saddle tighter and looked to his weapons ere he mounted for the home ride. He was not afraid. Had he been a coward he would have remained safely at the fort. But an ominous dread fell upon him as he thought of the dark Cimmarron. He arrived at Wabash and looked in at the open door of the Buck and Lorton households. Everything was topsy turvy, as left in the hurry of departure.

"Well, Rosie is safe anyway," he confided to Dolly with a sigh.

Their flying shadows grew longer and longer, and finally night dropped on the plains. Before him loomed the Cimmarron. He could see the misty vapor rolling up like smoke.

"If they're anywhere they'll be down there," he mused. "They'll want to lay along the trail and catch some of the settlers making for Dodge. Wonder if I hadn't better cross further down?"

It was a good idea, and he turned Dolly from the trail and directed his course further down the river.

The reins changed from right to left as he entered the mist, and his right fell upon the protruding butt of a revolver in his belt. A twig crackled under the horse's foot and gave the rider a start. Down into the waters of the Cimmarron they splashed. Dolly pulled at the rein.

"No, no, Dolly can't drink this time," he murmured.

He climbed the bank on the opposite side and rode out on the plain, breathing easier.

"Spang!"

Dolly lurched forward and a flame of light flashed in the darkness up the river.

"Yip-yip-yip!" It was the war cry of the Arapahoe. The light and flight was on. With a yell of defiance he fired at the dark mass tearing after him, and bending low over the saddle horn spoke encouragingly to the horse.

"Dolly, if you ever ran, do it now. You're faster than any of them, Dolly, if you'll only try. Look out for gopher hills, that's a good horse. Whew! that one was close. Now you're getting down to it, Dolly. We'll beat the red devils yit. On, Doll. Remember, we've got the mail, and it must be saved. Here's the trail. Now see how fast you can run. Ouch! Oh, God, I'm hit, and hit hard at that. It's all with you, Dolly; it's all with you."

And he clung to the saddle horn and gave the mustang free rein.

Horse sense, we hear it alluded to in a jocular way. Did Dolly realize that in her fleet feet lay her master's only salvation? I think so, you may not. But she ran like a frightened antelope hardly seeming to touch the ground, while Danny, with closed eyes and clinched teeth, clung to the saddle horn with the desperation of death.

"Halt, who comes there?" challenged the guard as a horse and rider came into the fort.

"The United States mail," came the faint reply, and Dolly galloped up with blood in her nostrils and blood on her flanks, quivering like an aspen.

"Dan, are you hurt?" queried the soldier, lifting him from the saddle.

"I'm hit dead," he replied with a moan. They carried him into the barrack room and the surgeon was summoned, but there was no hope, he said. It was a wonder he had lived as long as he had. Soon the news spread to the camp, and the rough soldiers and fugitive settlers gathered around him, watching with breathless interest for the end to come. A girl came pushing her way through the crowd—a scared faced girl, wringing her hands in agony. She bent down and took the sufferer's hand.

"Rosie," said he, with a pained smile, "I'm a goner, I guess. Goodby, Rosie; you can have Dolly, and take good care of her, for she did all she could to save me. Goodby, boys. Yonder's the Cimmarron. That's a good horse, Dolly."

"Delirium," said the surgeon.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail"——

The end came. Another daring spirit had passed along that unknown trail that leads through the dark, dreary desert of death.—Charles Maurice Clayton in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Clock Run by a Geyser.

Amos Lane is at work on an invention which cannot fail to be one of the attractions of the town when completed. It consists of a large clock, the figures of which can be seen from the hotel, the motive power for which will be the ever boiling geyser. The clock will be erected in some spot where it will be prominent. The geyser bubbles and rises every thirty eight seconds, so that by an electrical [illegible] would register, and every time it does so it will [illegible] a lever that will move the clock exactly thirty-eight seconds ahead. Thus it can be made to keep perfect time, besides being the only one of the kind in the world, we will venture to say.—Anaconda [illegible].

The Main Point.

Theresa—It must have been a terrible shock for you when you heard of the death of your aunt, was it not?

Helene—Oh, no; I had still my new black silk dress.—Lustige Blätter.

PATRONS PUT ON THEIR HONOR.

Success of Restaurants at Which the Guests Are Trusted to Pay.

In the matter of personal honor there is a new and wonderful exhibit on the pleasant side. A big restaurant was opened a little while ago in the busiest part of lower Broadway. It occupies a very deep store on the street level, fitted up very handsomely with polished woods and bright mirrors, and it has an extensive outfit of luncheon counters and sideboards. It is meant for the accommodation of busy midday eaters.

Hot dishes are served in a jiffy, there is an astonishingly diverse assortment of sandwiches at hand, and the prices are as low as those which rule in the cheap and sloppy sort of eating houses. The [illegible] of the proprietor seems to have been to supply viands of the best quality, with a luxurious place in which to eat them, and at the lowest possible rate, depending upon the largeness of the business for profit.

But the novelty and wonder of the place is the fact that the visitor pays what he chooses for his luncheon—or, at least, he thinks he does. No check is given to him. After eating and drinking as much as he likes he passes toward the exit and there comes to one of those automatic machines that impress figures into a card. To the operator of this apparatus the customer names the amount which, by his own figuring, he ought to pay, being easily guided in to arithmetic by the conspicuous placarding of prices, as well as by the printed bill of fare. Then the employed turns a crank, grinds out a check for the amount and the latter hands him passes along to the cashier's desk and pays.

Of course it is likely that more of a watch is kept upon the eaters than they are aware of, but to all appearances the polite waiters are utterly oblivious to anything except serving the food, and the machine man and cashier do not betray the slightest solicitude as to getting what is due. Probably the shrewd proprietor realized that in the great competition of down town luncheonsa he needed to do something singular to advertise his establishment, and so he hit upon this device of placing the lunchers upon their honor. The scheme seems to be a success.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Post.

Substitutes for Iron Pipes.

W. H. Preece, who is well known in England as the electrician in charge of the governmental postal telegraph service, in writing on the substitution due to iron pipes, comments on the tendency of engineers to put wires in iron pipes underground to secure safety from wind and snow. This is done at the expense of effectiveness, and long lines of iron piping will probably be death to fast speed telegraphy. Of course in telephony iron piping is seriously detrimental to single wire working, but then no one would now dream of using any but the metallic circuit system in any underground work.

But Mr. Preece offers for the serious consideration of electrical engineers another point. He says: "May not wood or earthenware or cement replace iron as a conduit for electrical conductors, and be made equally effective for the mechanical and economical point of view? There is no doubt that this question will presently be answered by the production of a conduit that will entirely supersede the iron pipe, which now is the nearest appliance to the hand of the engineer."—New York Telegram.

Questionable Taste.

A well fashionable appearing young woman and young man entered a manicure's room the other morning. Glancing about carelessly, as if they had been there before, they went promptly to a small divan in front of which were two tables. They seated themselves, and stretching each a hand on the little cushion before them, two of the shop women as promptly took their places opposite and began work. During the twenty minutes that their nails were being cut, filed and polished the pair chatted easily together. When the operation was over the young man paid the bill and the two left the room, possibly to have their heads shampooed en tete-a-tete.

Do young men and women often come in company like that?" was asked of an attendant.

"Oh, yes, every day," was the reply. To the casual observer this seems the height of questionable taste.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

"German Syrup"

Asthma.

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. Stickney, Picton, Ontario."

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