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As a dinner given by a political club in New York recently, a man who is unusually young for one who has attained such prominence in his profession was, for the first time in his life, set down for a response to one of the toasts. When at last he was called on, his beardless face flushed and his manner was very embarrassed. Nevertheless, he stood up and thus delivered himself: "Gentlemen, before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

Weather terms are elastic. Havana was full of shivering people, and the visitation was called a cold wave, when the temperature lately fell down to 53 degrees. The Cuban style of wintry blast would be popular in regions where boreal gales have no inclination to mercy. The West Indian cold wave is almost matched by the London hot wave, reported each summer, when the mercury has risen only to a point indicative to Americans of seasonable warmth.

The New York assembly has passed the bill making it a misdemeanor to publish any letter, telegram or private paper found among the effects of any person who has been dangerously wounded, committed suicide or died suddenly, unless the document is passed upon by the coroner and he has decided that publication is necessary.

Sousa says that one hears more music whistled in the streets of our cities than in any other country in the world.

The South African war has again given the horse a dignified place among the world's thing. Using Up the Horses. of value, but it is doubtful whether he is to be congratulated upon his rehabilitation. Though he is no longer a drug on the market, says the Chicago Tribune, he has no brighter future before him than at any other time since the trolley car and the automobile began to crowd him off the earth. For the crowding-off process continues at a rate that might well alarm the whole equine race. Competent authorities estimate that the Boer war is killing at least 5,000 horses per month, which will account for 35,000 or 40,000 animals since the beginning of the war, not counting those used for table purposes in Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking. There is every probability that the wastage of horses will be still greater when the British penetrate farther into the Boer country. The Boers take special pains to kill the enemy's horses, because the death of a horse is almost as great a military loss as the death of a man. The climate also causes the wholesale sickness and death of the unacclimated animals. To supply this enormous wastage the British are scouring the horse markets of the world. The war office is said to have arranged to convey 20,000 horses in 24 vessels from New Orleans, Galveston and Montreal ports, while at the same time a New York dispatch states that a contract has been nearly completed in that city for 5,000 more. If the war continues long enough at this rate the American horse breeders will be in clover.

Here is the latest story, according to the Kansas City Journal, on the man who is too stingy to take his home paper: "A man who was too economical to take this paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a four-dollar stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed wire fence ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a four-dollar pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield, and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of chickens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a seven-dollar set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new $20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts."

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Pain in Head, Side and Back.

For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back. I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Celery King. One package cured me and convinced me a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Kloehammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nervous Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases. 2

To Repair Broken Articles use Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

1,000,000 DEATHS!

From Cholera During the Past Year.

The Germs of this Fatal Disease are Lurking Everywhere! Thousands of Dollars Saved by This Wonderful Discovery.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars has been lost in the poultry business on account of the devastation among the flocks, caused by cholera, roup, gape, and other fatal diseases. There have been many remedies advanced, but none seem to be so successful as the American Poultry Mixture. This will cure chickens in the last stage of cholera and roup, and is excellent for gapes. Do your fowls suffer from violent diarrhœa, dropping of the wings, stupor or excessive thirst? These are the first symptoms of cholera. Cholera is a germ disease and being infectious spreads rapidly through the entire flock. Take time by the forelock and don't stop to experiment with unreliable or untried remedies. Use this mixture at once and the sanitary measures they recommend in connection. Don't give the fowls up. Cholera is a terrible disease but this remedy cures it every time. It is also guaranteed for roup, which can be told by hoarse breathing, swelled eyes, discharge at the nostrils, resembling catarrh. Fifty dollars is offered for any case the Mixture will not cure. If some of your fowls are diseased it will prevent the rest from catching it. Try it. It is cheap, reliable and effective; a scientific preparation, goes more than three times as far as any other remedy; does more good than all of them combined. It is used and endorsed by the most experienced and largest breeders of plain and fancy poultry in all parts of the world. The manufacturers guarantee every package or refund purchase money. If your druggist don't sell American Poultry Mixture, he's behind the age. In that case send $1.00 for sample box to American Mfg. Co., Terre Haute, Ind. 2

Look for the Warning.

Heart disease kills suddenly, but never without warning. The warnings may be faint and brief, or may be startling and extend over many years, but they are none the less certain and positive. Too often the victim is deceived by the thought, "it will pass away." Alas, it never passes away voluntarily. Once installed, heart disease never gets better of itself. If Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is used in the early stages recovery is absolutely certain in every case where its use is persisted in.

"For many years I was a great sufferer from heart disease before I finally found relief. I was subject to fainting and sinking spells, fullness about the heart, and was unable to attend to my household duties. I tried nearly every remedy that was recommended to me and doctored with the leading physicians of this section but obtained no help until I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. It has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took."
MRS. ANNA HOLLOWAY,
Geneva, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is Sold at all druggists on a positive guarantee. Write for free advice and booklet to Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

A Keen Clear Brain.

Your best feelings, your social position or business success depend largely on the perfect action of your stomach and liver. Dr. King's New Life Pills give increased strength, a keen, clear brain, high ambition. A 25 cent box will make you feel like a new being. Sold by L. A. Burrows, Andover, and druggists.

THE FARM

A COMMODIOUS ...

East to West, the great capacity in a Structure ... Dairy Size and ...

The plan of barn shown ... well suited for such uses ... as possible capacity in a ... rate size. The lip ... additional room, while ... makes dormer windows ... second floor a matter of on ... cost. If the barn can ... slope the cellar will be ... vantage, as it can be partly ... off.

BARN FOR DAIRY FARM.

... into a manure cellar, root cellar, and, ... the lighter grain and, division with ... manured floor for young cattle or sheep. Use high posts. It adds only a few dollars to cost, but greatly increases capacity.

The interior arrangement of a barn is of the utmost importance, since on a proper arrangement depend the convenience and economy of time in doing the work. It is well, therefore, when building a barn to sit down with paper and pencil and make interior plans. When a plan has been made go to work and do the "chores" right here in the plan. Feed the stock, water it, care for it in every way as though in the real barn, and you will very quickly find the inconveniences of the plan. It is much easier to change a barn interior on paper than in the actual barn, and very much less expensive.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE COW IN SUMMER.

Effect of Grass on Butter and Milk Is More Potent Than Most Dairymen Admit.

Since the year one, luxuriant pasture has been the ideal cow food for making fine milk and butter. Even this, however, must be taken with a qualification. The cow tells us that to her taste the moderately short grass of the pasture is better for her uses than the long, rank grass that grows from her droppings, for nothing but semi-starvation will make her at that rank growth. This fact suggests that the best milk cannot be made from grass grown on ground that has been artificially made too fat. The critical dairyman quickly detects the strong, pungent odor of milk made from cows feeding on rank growths of red clover and some other grasses. I have had my own butter polled in that way, while I have pened tubs of butter in the store that sent its odor to the farthest end of the room. The effect of fresh grass on butter is always marked, and sometimes radical. Under the new dispensation of no artificial color the effect of grass is a factor to be counted with. Even under the old order of things, when the cows fed on red clover, the Jersey gave such a deep color to the butter that every one bought it artificially colored. How are we to meet this difficulty? Perhaps by heating up to 80 or 90 degrees to kill the color, as is always the effect in cheese-making. Fresh grass makes a quick flavor that favors the poor buttermaker, but the man who knows how can make just as finely flavored butter from good ensilage.—L. S. Hardin, in Jersey Bulletin.

Horse Exports Increasing.

Official figures from Washington show a marvelous growth in the exports of horses. The value of exports of horses in January, 1900, was $396,000, and in January, 1900, it reached the enormous figures of $634,000. Ten years ago, there was no export trade worth mentioning. The export trade in mules has also increased enormously. 538 head, valued at $43,380, having been exported in January, 1900, valued at $537,034. Much of the mule-buying has been on English account for the Transvaal war, and may never again reach present proportions, yet there is no predicting what may be the effect on the foreign demand for the good qualities of the American mule. But the export of American horses is sure to increase unless the surplus becomes exhausted.

Looking for the Right Man.

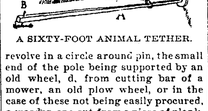
A correspondent of the Nebraska Farmer says he asked a professor in a school of agriculture if he knew a young man competent to take charge of a herd of pure-bred stock. It was not a question of wages, but a question of the right man. This professor had under his eye in his classes probably 250 young men. "After considerable hesitation he said: "Yes, I think I could name one young man; but several men are watching him, with a view to offering him a higher position at the one of greater responsibility." And yet there are plenty of young men, graduates from schools of agriculture and other schools, who complain that they are not appreciated because they are offered no more wages than common laborers.

Milk is much more sensitive in receiving and retaining in holding impurities than sugar, and hence care must be taken to keep pure from the start.

TETHERING ANIMALS.

The Device Here Illustrated and Described Is Perfectly Secure and Requires No Attention.

The plan herewith will not allow of an animal becoming entangled as in using a rope attached to a peg. Take a pole, a, 30 feet in length, and near the large end bore a suitable sized hole, say seven-eighths inch, through the pole. Place an iron ring, c, on pole large enough to slip along from end to end. Drive an iron pin, b, about 18 to 20 inches long through hole in pole and into ground, so as to permit it to



A SIXTY-FOOT ANIMAL TETHER.

revolve in a circle around pin, the small end of the pole being supported by an old wheel, d, from cutting bar of a mower, an old plow wheel, or in the case of these not being easily procured, a wooden one cut from a piece of plank. Use a halter chain to secure animal to ring on pole, having it of a length which will not allow animal to step over pole with its rear feet. This easily constructed device will certainly be found of much benefit to the suburbanite who wishes to tether a horse or cow in a manner to admit of its having all the range of feed possible, and so as to be perfectly secure and require no attention.—J. G. Allshouse, in Farm and Home.

Regularity in Milking.

Regularity is important in any kind of work. In handling cows it is doubly important. They ought to be milked at a certain hour mornings and evenings; regularity in this regard influences the habits of the animals, induces the maximum milk flow at the regular milking hour and otherwise conduces to the profit of handling milch cows. It is just as important, too, to feed the cows at a certain hour. The most successful way we know to diminish the milk flow and ultimately to "dry up" the cow is to milk her irregularly and haphazardly. Milking should be done thoroughly, promptly, quietly and above all regularly, and it is best for one person always to do the work.—Farmers' Voice.

New Condensing Process.

A patent has been issued in Germany covering a process of condensing milk by freezing and thawing it in a centrifugal separator when in motion. The process is said to be rendered easier by first separating the cream and condensing the skim milk, after which it is mixed with the cream. It is claimed for this kind of condensed milk that it can be again diluted to its original volume, and also that it does not have the sweet taste to which some people object in the condensed milk we now use. However, the mere novelty of a process does not prove its utility, and we may have to wait indefinitely for a demonstration of its value.

Causes of Streaky Butter.

Dryness at the time of salting and insufficient working immediately thereafter are specific causes of streaky butter. If the butter is dry when salted, worked lightly and left several hours, streaks are almost certain to result. Use a little more salt than is necessary, work it through the mass carefully and evenly, then give the contents of the bowl a cold-water bath to remove surplus salt and buttermilk, and there will be no streaks after the final working. Utilize this salt-dissolving water on the asparagus bed or on cut feed or hay for cattle.—Agricultural Entomist.

WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

Then the Milking of Fractious Heifers Is Not as Hard as It Seems at First Glance.

I have kept this past winter 12 heifers, coming two years old, several of which have already come in. I had the question asked several times by farmers if I did not have a good deal of trouble in breaking them to be milked, and when I have said "No," surprise has been expressed, and the remark made that they nearly always have a great deal of trouble—meaning that he usually had to wrestle long and have his pail kicked away from him many times, before he "could subdue the animal and take the kinks out of her." As many others may have had a similar experience, it may interest them to learn how simple it can be at times.

In early spring I put my heifers, when they were so fresh, have hobbles carefully fitted on them, and when they became fractious when the hobbles tightened at first to milk them, I put on them milking with a new thing that would be some trouble to them, but would spare me any kick. In a great deal of cutting and sawing I prove effective. I took a chain, laid over the back and around the body just in front of the bag. This is somewhat tight. This always proves effective; sometimes one trial is sufficient, or perhaps it needs to be used several times, but it is always sure without hurt to animal, its disposition or temper.

One farmer, when told how easy it was to break a cow from kicking, said such knowledge would have saved him many a hard tussle and a good milker, as he had to turn to beef an otherwise valuable cow.—Charles O. Newton, in Country Gentleman.

The secretary of state is informed by the viceroy of India that while the Indian government is devoting its energies to save 5,000,000 souls from starvation, contributions from any American friends of India will be thankfully received, and will be devoted to the material relief of the sufferers from famine.

In a recent case of pneumonia in Brooklyn $.500 gallons of oxygen gas was used, the sick man packed in ice, an alcohol bath was given every 25 minutes, and four quarts of milk with three quarts of whisky were administered daily. The patient recovered.

SALESWOMEN understand what torture is. Constantly on their feet whether well or ill. Compelled to smile and be agreeable to customers while dragged down with some feminine weakness. Backaches and headaches count for little. They must keep going or lose their place.

To these Mrs. Pinkham's help is offered. A letter to her at Lynn, Mass., will bring her advice free of all charge.

MISS NANCIE SHOBE, Florence, Col., writes a letter to Mrs. Pinkham from which we quote:

"I had been in poor health for some time, my troubles having been brought on by standing, so my physician said, causing serious womb trouble. I had to give up my work. I was just a bundle of nerves and would have fainting spells at monthly periods. I doctored and took very many medicines, but got no relief, and when I wrote to you I could not walk more than four blocks at a time. I followed your advice, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier in connection with the Vegetable Compound and began to gain in strength from the first. I am getting to be a stranger to pain and I owe it all to your medicine. There is none equal to it, for I have tried many others before using yours. Words cannot be said too strong in praise of it."

MISS POLLY FRAME, Meade, Kan., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write you in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I cannot praise it enough. Since my girlhood I had been troubled with irregular and painful periods and for nearly five years had suffered with falling of the womb, and whites. Also had ovarian trouble, the left ovary being so swollen and sore that I could not move without pain. Now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, that tired feeling is all gone, and I am healthy and strong."

WOMEN WHO EARN THEIR LIVING

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—tells stories and sings—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it is always ready. Prices, $7.50 to $100.00. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

Old Age Postponed.

TRADE MARK Palmo Tablets CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The seat of Nervous Diseases is at base of brain. When the nerve cells at this point waste, a terrible decline of the system occurs. Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pain in Back, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of this condition. Neglected, results in Paresis or Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved cells, checking all drains and replacing weakness with strength and ambition. 50c. a box; 12 boxes (with written guarantee) $5.00. Send for Free Book. HALSID DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O. 50c.

For Sale by Benedict and Van Noy, Andover, N. Y.

Constipation

Will cause you more trouble than any other disease of it

YOU are apt to let it run along, thinking you will get over it. You get worse. Your system becomes full of poisonous matter. It causes headache, blotches on your face, and a multitude of complaints.

DON'T

Try to cure Constipation by dosing yourself with violent physics. Take the easy way.

USE

Lee's New Life Tea,

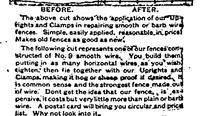
A simple herb remedy, tastes good, does good, never sickens, gripes or weakens. A sample free.

Large Packages, 25 Cts.

SOLD BY

L. A. BURROWS.

BRACE UP.



BEFORE. AFTER.

The above cut shows the application of our Uprights and Clamps in repairing smooth or barb wire fences. Simple, easily applied, reasonable, durable. Makes old fences as good as new.

The following cut represents one of our fences constructed of No. 9 smooth wire. You build them posts as many horizontal wires as you wish—eighteen, five together with our Uprights and Clamps, making it hog or sheep proof if desired. It is common sense and the strongest fence made out of wire. Does not get the idea that our fence, is an expensive. It costs but very little more than plain or barb wire. A postal card will bring you circular and price list. Why not look into it.

OPEN CLOSED

ANCHOR FENCE CO.
Jamestown, N. Y.

See our agent or if there is no agent in your town correspond with the above address.
Reliable agents wanted in New York and Pennsylvania.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscriptions to The Patent Record $1.00 per annum.

GRAY'S 25c BALSAM

DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, soothes the soreness and heals effectually. It is the best known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup and Throat and Lung troubles generally. Sold by all dealers.

A LESSON OF TRUST.

When the dark days of winter are o'er me,
And the earth in her mantle of white
Is shaken and rocked by the tempest,
And scourged of the storm, day and night,
We see not the gladness and beauty,
Which the fullness of time shall disclose,
Nor dream of the wonderful sweetness
Shut up in the heart of the rose.

We catch not the charm and the fragrance,
The bloom and the freshness of June;
The flush of the midsummer morning,
The glow of the midsummer noon,
We see not the wealth of the harvest,
Deep buried in darkness and cold,
Nor dream of the glory of autumn,
All radiant with crimson and gold.

But spring in her beautiful garments
Shall come with soft sunshine and showers;
And summer, arrayed in her glory,
And crowned with a crown of glad flowers,
The branches with fruit shall be laden,
Which erst waved so barren and drear,
When autumn, all trailing with splendor,
Comes, crowning the joy of the year.

Not only when song birds are singing,
And nature seems smiling and glad,
But when the fierce tempest is shrieking,
And darkness hangs thick o'er the land,
Is the hand of an Infinite Goodness
Still guiding wherever we go.
For the Lord of the Harvest yet reigneth
When the bread lieth under the snow.

O heart, in the night time of sorrow,
Look upward, and do not despond,
Though winter and darkness are 'round thee,
There's sunlight and summer beyond;
The frost and the hail in their season,
The snow that comes down from above,
The winter, no less than the summer,
Is the gift of an Infinite Love.

It is love on the torrent that rageth,
No less than the streamlet that flows,
It is love in the whirlwind that smiteth,
No less than the zephyr that blows;
It is love when they hearsings with gladness,
It is love when all gladness shall fail;
And if evil endure for a season,
It is only that good may prevail.
—Frank Remington, in Union Signal.

An Avenging Rescue

By Bourdon Wilson.

IN THOSE good old days when the Apache was yet lord of the Mexican Sierra Madre, I was commissary clerk in a grading outfit that was engaged in building a railroad in the state of Chihuahua. While this position was one that gave me constant opportunity for the study of multifarious, there having been 300 mules in the outfit, it was not one calculated to make me familiar with feminine nature, a grader's camp being no place for a woman; nevertheless, it was while we were employed that my personal observation brought me to the conclusion that there is no creature more whimsical than a woman, unless it be a mule.

Chihuahua was a wild bit of country in those days, an uninhabited desert of bare mountains and hills, and waterless valleys and plains for the greater part; as for that matter, it is still so, but the Apaches are not there now, and Apaches are—well, there is nothing with which to compare an Apache—unless to the devil, of whose characteristics I have only a hearsay knowledge.

The mules of the outfit were plain, every-day mules, sometimes sensible and tractable, at other times foolish and stubborn, but energetic kickers always. Their leader was not one of their own number, as one would naturally expect, but an old gray mare with a vicious temper—who hated them with all her heart, and who was continually fighting them, ever keeping them well beyond the reach of her heels and teeth—and her they reverenced, if ever mules can be said to reverence anything, never offering to return her kicks and bites, and they would have followed her into the very jaws of death. And because of this leadership the old gaslyr was assigned as mount to the man who took the herd out every night to pasture, for with her under the control of an experienced man there was but little danger of the mules being stampeded and run off by the Apaches.

With a few exceptions the men of the outfit were in keeping with their surroundings. Wild, rough fellows, whose only law was the dictate of the six-shooter held persuasively at "the drop," and the few orders by the "boss" of the outfit. Of these, none was wilder or rougher than one who was named Bill Smith. Physically, he was a giant, and he was an ideal laborer, but morally he was a weakling, and his great strength in connection with extraordinary quickness in drawing his gun, giving him unlimited confidence in himself, at the same time inspiring his comrades with fear of him, he became the bully of the camp, though he was not the coward that most bullies are. Among the few who were not of Bill's class was a young Mexican, whose name appeared on the books as Luis Montez, but who was known to the men as "Kid Cook," this nickname having come of his position as cook's assistant, and his smooth, beardless face. He was a quiet fellow of about 19 years, given to blushing when roughly spoken to, and was as shy and timid as a girl; naturally he associated very little with the other men, and, disliking him because of this, they bullied him continually.

Part of Kid's duty was to help serve at table, and one day, while filling Bill's cup with coffee, some one struck his arm, and some of the hot fluid fell on the bully's hand. With a bellow of rage, Bill sprang to his feet and, with a sweeping blow, sent Kid staggering down in a corner of the tent, where he stood over him with drawn revolver, threatening to kill him in a dozen different ways if he should so much as hat his eye. Nobody offered to intervene, for all knew that, if left alone, Bill would do the boy no further harm, but if interfered with might shoot him in a spirit of savage willfulness, and that, as he used his gun promiscuously when once started, somebody else would get hurt. Kid wisely made no protest, but lay still and quiet, covering his flaming face with his hands and, after awhile, Bill put up his gun and went back to the table.

Anybody but a bully would have let that end the incident, but Bill seemed unable to forget his scalded hand, and never tired of badgering the timid cook. Kid avoided him as much as possible, but could not escape him at meal times, when would pour from him a perfect torrent of abuse. Watching Kid at these times I would see that his eyes, usually soft and shy, would fairly blaze with venomous hatred, and knowing something of Mexican nature, and how handy they are with a knife, I came to the conclusion that if I were in Bill's place, I would do one of two things: apologize to the Kid and let him alone, or—kill him. I thought of speaking to Bill about it, but meddling in another man's row was unhealthy business in those days, so I ended by keeping silent.

Kid did not disappoint me. One night, as I sat reading in my tent, there came from the outside a sharp exclamation that was followed immediately by the sounds of a struggle, then a piercing scream, and I heard unmistakably in Bill's voice: "Yer mis'rable, sneakin' little kyote! Put er knife in me in th' dark, would yer? Wall, I reckin not! An' now I'll just give you er taste of it, my little snake-in-th'-grass."

Grabbing up my gun, knowing that nothing short of that would have any weight with Bill, I hurriedly threw open my tent, and, the bright light of my lamp flashing out, I saw Kid flat on his back with Bill kneeling on his chest, one hand gripping the boy's throat, and the other grasping a knife, upraised to strike. In Kid's face there was a look of horror that I will remember as long as I live. The sudden flood of light caused Bill to pause, and then his arm sank slowly to his side, the knife slipping from his hand. "Wall," he ejaculated, and letting go of Kid's throat he stood up. I could see nothing to justify such a change in his attitude, and I was amazed to see him now bend down and take Kid's hand.

"Git up," he said, gruffly; "I ain't er gain' ter hurt yer—never would a teched yer ef I'd knowed what I know now, an' I'm sorry I done it." He helped Kid to his feet and went on: "Now go back to yer tent; I ain't a-gain' ter bother yer, an' I won't bullyrag yer no more—sabe? I'll keep the knife, though, so's yer won't git inter no more mischief with it."

Kid made no answer, and I could not see his face, but I did see his hands suddenly clinch as he went away into the darkness. Having watched him out of sight, Bill walked off without even a glance in my direction. I was greatly puzzled by what had occurred, and my curiosity being roused, I determined to find Bill the next morning and get him to tell me what it was that had caused his sudden change toward Kid; but that day was Sunday, and he left the camp at daybreak on an antelope hunt, so I did not see him. Turning the affair over in my mind that morning, I came to the conclusion that Bill's heart was too large for his judgment, and that Kid would yet avenge himself; and I was not wrong, though he did it in a way that I could not have expected.

Our camp was pitched on a low hill that rose island-like in the midst of a grassy valley. On the west side this valley was bounded by a range of rugged mountains that came down to within a mile of the camp, and on the east by a chain of high hills; to the north and south, where the railroad came in and went out, the grassy level stretched away farther than the eye could reach. To economize in feed it was the custom to pasture the mules in this valley whenever they were not at work, on Sundays and at night, and they went out as usual on the day following Kid's attempt to knife Bill, though not under charge of the night herder, he and the old gray mare having to remain in camp to rest and sleep. When the gong sounded for supper, about an hour before sunset, the herd was in plain view from camp, and not over half a mile away, so the herder galloped in to his supper, leaving them unguarded until the night herder should go out and take them.

As we were in the Apache country, it was a very foolish thing for him to do. He had scarcely unsaddled his horse and gone into the grub-tent, when shrill yells and whoops, mingled with the thunder of pounding hoofs coming from the valley brought every man running out. Watching their opportunity from their lurking-place in the mountains, a band of half-naked Apaches had slipped into the herd, and running about among the mules, lashing and striking, were trying to stampede them. They would have succeeded, mules being mortally afraid of Indians, but that the night herder, preparing to go on duty, had brought the old gray mare to the grub-tent to wait while he ate his supper, where she stood in plain sight from the valley. The mules were running away southward when the leading ones spied her, and, making a wide detour to avoid the Apaches who were galloping as fast as their legs could carry them, the entire herd came galloping in.

Yelling with rage and disappointment, the Apaches turned to go back to the mountains, when a white man rode out from the mountains before them and started across the valley toward camp. By his horse, which we recognized, we knew him to be Bill Smith. The Apaches opened fire the moment they saw him, and, changing his course so as to avoid them, he promptly spurred his horse into a gallop, and we thought he had got safely out of range, when the animal suddenly went down, falling on Bill, stunning, and pinning him to the ground. Instantly a yell of exultation went up from the Apaches, and they dashed toward him, racing with one another for his scalp. While the men occasionally killed one of their number themselves, it was quite another thing to see one butchered by the Apaches, and they groaned with horror, for they could do nothing but stand idly looking on.

Kid had run out of the tent with the others, and was standing near me when Bill went down. In the excitement of that moment I lost sight of him, and, when I saw him again, he had leaped astride the old gray mare, and, digging his heels into her flanks, started at a furious gallop toward the Apaches. At this another groan went up, for it seemed that the boy was only riding to his death. A moment later we saw 300 pairs of long ears cocked toward the old gray, 300 shaved tails flew upward, and the ground quivered beneath the pounding of 1,200 hoofs as the mules dashed away after their leader. Soon they overtook her, and, ranging themselves behind and at her sides, bore down in solid phalanx upon the Apaches, racing along as though for their lives.

Oh, what a howl of delight went up when they saw through Kid's design! The Apaches heard it, and, looking behind them, saw their peril. As one man they halted and fired into the mules, then scattered on the run, the greater number making for the mountains, the others still holding their course toward Bill—his scalp was too great a prize to be lightly given up. Stretched out flat on the old gray's back, Kid rode straight for these, and presently they dropped their rifles and ran for their lives, but it was too late. One after another they disappeared in a mass of switching tails and flashing heels, to go down under the herd, trampled and crushed into a bloody pulp of flesh and bone. When the last of them had fallen, Kid reined in, and, getting off his horse, started, staggering, toward Bill, but before going far he fell limply to the ground.

We saw this while running across the valley, for the moment we understood what Kid was doing every man in camp had started at the top of his speed for Bill. Those of us that went to where Kid lay, found him insensible and bleeding profusely from a ragged tear where an Apache bullet had plowed through his shoulder. Quickly I took him in my arms, and tearing open his shirt better to see the wound, I made a startling discovery—Kid was a woman.

Bill soon recovered sufficiently to ride the old gray back to camp, but we had to carry Kid, and never was babe held with tenderer care by a mother. When she regained consciousness she sent away all but the "boss" and me, and told us all about herself. Her right name was Luisa Montez. She was born and reared on a ranch back in the mountains, where the Apaches had killed her parents. Without a friend or relatives, compelled to earn her own living in a land where women are not supposed to do anything of the kind, she wandered up to Paso del Norte, and was almost starved when it occurred to her to pass herself as a man, and she was given a job in our outfit.

When we left her, Bill went in and had a long talk. What passed between them we never knew, but he immediately took charge of her, and, as carefully as a woman could have done, nursed her until she was sound and well again; and the next thing anybody knew she took him, unresisting, back to civilization and married him.

Ten years afterward I ran across Bill in Santa Fe and he was a changed man. His overbearing manner was gone, leaving in its place the very spirit of meekness, and he was prosperous, owning a small grading outfit of his own. Kid and the children were well and happy, he told me.

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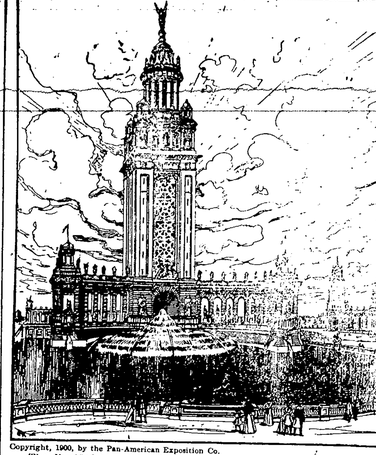

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