

# The Colonel's Friends.

Their Successful Descent Upon the Town of Clintville

(W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The girl took the letter from the postmistress. A faint smile fluttered across the letter's wrinkled face. "It's the right postmark," she said. "I was beginnin' to think that mobby he'd quit writin'. But I guess he's one of th' faithful kind."

Elmer turned away. She had no desire to make any comment on this favorable estimate of her correspondent. She placed the letter carefully in her shopping bag and went up the main street until she came to the road that branched off and ran beside the creek and out among the green fields. When she was in the shadow of the willows she took out the letter and read it as she slowly paced along.

"My dearest girl," it began, "I have delayed writing for a very good reason. Business has kept me on the jump for the last two weeks. Not ordinary business, understand. It's the business to which I have been looking forward for five years. I am settling up things here and coming home—coming home to you. Don't think, dearest, that there is anything of great moment that holds me back. But every little detail must be looked after, and I can't afford to throw away anything that would add to our happiness. I've made a little money out here—not much, you understand—but enough to keep the wolf at a distance, and perhaps have a little over to invest in something safe and reasonably remunerative. Perhaps you may know of an opening in Clintville. Get an option on it if you can. But mind, I'm not going into partnership with Bijah Grimes, or Eb Stillman. And I draw the line on taking an interest in the Higgins House. But there, I mustn't get away from the main point. I'm coming home—for where you are is home—and I've begun to count the hours that intervene. It will seem a long journey this time, but it's to be the last one. But there must be no delay when I get to Clintville. I've waited too long as it is. Be ready, dearest. I mean to be with you just ten days from the date of this letter. A caller has come into my office. I can see him in the outer room. He comes by appointment. When I am through with him, the last tie that holds me here will be cut. Goodby for the short time that seems so long.

"Elmer."

There were tears in the girl's eyes as she looked around. Then she pressed the letter to her lips.

She glanced at the postmark on the envelope. The letter had been on its journey six days. In four days more Elmer Morse would come.

She quickened her steps. There was so much to do in those four short days. No, she would not keep him waiting.

A glow of triumph filled her heart. She had not waited in vain. How many times she had been told that she was wasting her years by her constancy. Even her aunt, with whom she lived, had expressed doubts of Elmer's faithfulness. At least, she had told Elmer that she would do well to think twice before she let any good chance to marry slip away from her. And there has been chances, more especially that thrifty farmer, John Torrington. It was this middle aged wooer, sturdy and respected, whom her aunt especially favored.

"Don't forget that you are twenty-seven, Elmer," said Aunt Martha, by way of well meant warning.

But Elmer's heart was not to be shaken in its constancy to her first lover, the lover who declared himself when she was still a schoolgirl and who had gone into the far western wilderness to win the fortune that was to bring them together. A chance had been offered him by a distant relative. He had eagerly accepted it. He hoped to return in a year at the latest. But fortune was elusive and five years had passed.

"And is Elmer going to stay here?" her aunt asked after she had heard the momentous tidings.

"Why, yes," Elmer replied.

"Here in Clintville?"

"Of course."

"It isn't much of a settling down place for a man who has seen the world," her aunt suggested in her exasperatingly slow way.

Elmer flushed.

"That is all understood," she said. "Elmer knows that I would never consent to leave my old home and my friends and go away among those wild strangers."

"Such things have been done," said her aunt sententiously as she turned away.

Elmer laughed a little scornfully, but her heart was troubled.

So the days wore away, and the tenth day from the mailing of the momentous letter came.

A telegram from Chicago had reached Elmer the morning of the ninth day. Elmer was on his way according to schedule.

And now she was dressed in her daintiest summer gown and waiting on the porch. She had considered the idea of meeting him at the railway station, but the thought of greeting him in the presence of the village idlers was not a pleasant one. He would understand.

It was a little early for the train, but every detail in the simple program of welcome had been arranged. The pretty cottage was swept and garnished; the appetizing luncheon was prepared, and now the gentle Elmer, her heart beating with anticipation, sat on the shaded porch with

her expectant gaze on the road along the willows.

And then she saw a group of men—there were five of them—standing by the roadside as if not quite sure of their bearings. Presently they came forward and disappeared behind the high hedge.

A moment later Elmer saw them at the gate. One of them pointed toward the house. Then the gate was opened and they came up the pathway in single file.

It was quite evident they were strangers. Elmer had time to inspect them before they reached the porch.

Four of them were rugged in appearance, with weatherbeaten faces. The fifth was younger and more slender. Elmer noted, too, that they all wore soft hats, that their clothes were unmistakably new, and then they were clean shaven—and one of them carried a box at his side.

For a moment she was alarmed. Were these strangers the bearers of bad tidings? She quickly arose and stepped forward.

But, no, they were smiling as they halted and drew up in line. And then every hat came off as if at a concerted signal.

It was the youngest man who spoke.

"Are you Miss Elmer Barnes?" he asked with a little bow.

"Yes," the girl replied from the top step.

The stout man at the left of the line looked around at his companions and nodded.

"Good," he said in a deep voice and with much satisfaction.

The man next to the stout man nudged him sharply.

"Harvard's handlin' this, Scotty," he cautioned him.

The youngest man spoke again.

"We are friends of the colonel, from Montana, Miss Barnes."

She was down the steps in an instant.

"From Montana!" she cried and looked at him wildly.

"The colonel is all right, Miss Barnes," the youngest man hastily answered her. "We managed to get here a little ahead of him."

"The colonel?" Elmer repeated.

"Colonel Morse," the youngest man explained.

"Everybody back yonder calls him colonel," said the stout man.

Elmer gave a little gasp.

"And you—you have come all the way from Montana?" she cried and put out both her hands.

"Harvard!" the stout man warningly cried.

"Excuse me," said the youngest man. "Miss Barnes, let me present Mr. Adams."

"Scotty Adams, miss, at your service," said the stout man as he put out his big hand.

"Mr. Baylor, Mr. Tawney, Mr. Tolliver. I am Mr. Winthrop."

Elmer shook hands with each of these guests from afar.

"Come up on the porch, gentlemen," she said, and they followed her, the third man carrying the box, and took the chairs she pointed out. "And you have come all the way from Montana?" she said again with growing wonder.

"Jest to see you, miss," said the stout man, with another smiling glance at his companions.

"And we're glad we came, miss," put in the third man.

"Pike!" said the second man in a reproving whisper.

A soft flush stole over Elmer's pretty face.

"And where did you leave the—the colonel?" she asked with a sudden catch in her voice.

"You'll get used to it, ma'am," laughed the stout man.

"We left Colonel Morse in Chicago," the youngest man replied. "He wasn't with us. He will be more surprised to see us here than you were, Miss Barnes. The fact is, we meant to get here ahead of him. We saw him in a jewelry store in Chicago."

"Mebby you'll guess what he was there for, ma'am," said the stout caller.

"We were in the jewelry store, too, but the colonel didn't see us as we slipped out," the youngest man went on. "We hurried to the railway station and found that a train had been delayed in starting, caught it and reached here just ahead of the colonel's train."

The stout man drew forth a huge gold watch.

"We ain't more'n half an hour ahead of him," he said. "Talk fast, Harvard."

"Our train was delayed for three hours at the junction," the youngest man went on. "That explains Scotty's remark." He hesitated a moment. "Miss Barnes," he said, "you

see here five of the colonel's warmest friends. These friends wanted to see and meet you. They wanted to testify to you their regard in a practical way. That explains the stop at Chicago and our narrow escape from the colonel."

Scotty looked around with a perturbed nod.

"Harvard's right, boys," he said. "We must get this out of the way first. Pikey toted it; let Pikey open it up."

The third man went down on his knees before the mysterious box and quickly drew off the wrappings. As the Morocco covered lid was raised a great and dazzling display of small silver came to view.

"It's called flat silver, ma'am," Scotty explained, "an' it's th' biggest box they had."

Elmer was quite dazed.

"Oh, ah," she cried, "for me! How lovely." And there were tears in her eyes as she bent over the box.

Whereat the five men from Montana smilingly shook hands all around.

Then Scotty pulled out the huge watch again.

"Time!" he cried. "You'll have to excuse us, miss, but there's a little business to transact, and it must be transacted here an' now."

"Scotty," remonstrated the second man.

"Let me alone, Jim," said the stout man. "It's th' first chance I've had to talk. Harvard there is our spokesman, miss, an' I'll tell you why. He's a college man an' handy with his tongue. An' in the second place he stands near to th' colonel. He came out there to Montana two years ago to die. An' the colonel got hold of him an' braced him up an' nursed him an' watched over him like a mother—an' there he is, miss, worth a hundred dead men—ain't you Harvard?"

The youngest man smiled gravely.

"What Scotty says is all true, Miss Barnes," he told the girl. "I can never hope to have a better friend than the colonel. And because circumstances brought us close together he has honored me with his confidence. He has told me about you, Miss Barnes. I know how very dear your wishes are to him. I know how willingly he yields to your desire to stay in the East. I know how sacred he holds a promise."

He paused a moment. The girl was intently regarding him.

"Go on," she murmured.

He glanced about at his companions.

"Having given you his promise," the youngest man resumed, "the colonel wasn't the man to tell you what he was sacrificing. That wouldn't be like him. He wouldn't tell you what a foothold he had gained out there and what a power for good he had become and how we all need him. He wouldn't tell you that nature had fitted him for a man of action, a pioneer, a builder, a leader of men. He never hinted that the confines of this little town would be to him like prison bars. And, of course, he didn't tell you that we wanted him for our governor, that our State needs him, and that he's the only man the friends of reform can elect!"

He paused and drew a quick breath. The girl was softly crying. Somehow the words of this earnest young stranger hurt her, and yet they filled her with pride.

The stout man looked at her and then he quickly turned to the youngest man.

"Every word you say is true, Harvard," he muttered, "but you don't need to be so dern rough about it."

And after that he did not look at the girl, but turned his gaze across the sunny fields.

"It was because Elmer Morse would not tell you these things," the youngest man went on, "that we are here. We wanted you to know the truth. We love the colonel and we need him, lady. We have come here to ask you to give him back to us. And we want you, too."

He paused again. The girl had turned away and was looking toward the roadway.

And then without a word she fluttered down the steps and the pathway and disappeared behind the hedge at the roadside.

"The colonel has come," said Scotty.

"You should have talked faster, Harvard," said the second man.

"You said it beautiful," added the third man, but it dunno as 'twas right to make the girl cry."

"If you'd said another blamed word," put in the fourth man, "you'd had me sniffin', too."

Scotty looked at the younger man anxiously.

"What do you think, Harvard?"

The youngest man refused to venture any opinion.

"You can tell as well as I can," he said.

"It looks pretty dubious to me," Scotty muttered.

"Here they come," said the second man in a hoarse whisper. "Brace up."

Up the pathway came the tall colonel and the girl.

His arm was around her waist and he was so absorbed by her presence that he did not see the waiting group on the steps.

When he looked up he gave a quick start and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Where am I?" he cried. Then he suddenly laughed and gripped the hands that were thrust at him.

"Welcome to our fair village," said the irrepressible Scotty.

The tall colonel drew back and stared at the group in a puzzled way.

"This is very good of you, boys," he said.

Then he looked back at the girl. Her face was pale, but her eyes were shining.

"I am afraid I haven't made it clear to our wedding guests how very welcome they are," she said. "Perhaps I can make amends later on. Because I think they are going to know me much better." She laid her hand on the colonel's arm in a pretty way.

"You see, Elmer, you and our friends here are going back to Montana together—and I'm going with you." Her voice shook a little. "And because Montana needs us," she added with a little laugh, "we are all—going to stay there."

There was a moment's silence.

"Glory be!" shouted Scotty and he tossed his hat high in the air.



The distinct compounds from coal tar have increased from 454 in 1894 to 695, not less than 300 of the present products being dyes.

While the seeds of the dorowa, an East African leguminous tree, are extensively used for food, the pods and leaves form an excellent cement when mixed with crushed stone.

Seaweed, dust, goat's hair and Irish moss, compounded by a secret chemical process, is claimed to be, by its inventor, John Campbell, a perfect substitute for leather, vulcanite, wood and marble. It makes serviceable soles for shoes.

The sound-deadening arrangements tried on the Berlin elevated railways include felt under and at the sides of the rails, wood filled car wheels, steel and wood ties resting on sand and cork lined floor planks. Low rails on deep wooden stringers proved the most effective.

In order to save passengers' time on the London "tube" railways, states Electrical Engineering, various new devices are being tried. At Dover street and Earl's Court stations, a lift signaling system, electrically connected with the automatic signaling system, has been adopted experimentally. A bell in the lift rings on the approach of a train, and the interval before its arrival is just sufficient to enable the lift to descend and the passengers to reach the platform. Illuminated indicators over the lifts, which are lit up five seconds before the lift reaches the top, have also been fitted in several stations.

About a dozen years ago M. Richter showed that the mysterious fires in benzene cleaning establishments are due to electricity which produces sparks as pieces of wool are drawn from the combustible fluid on cool or dry days, and he found that the sparks could be prevented by adding magnesium oleate—even as little as 0.02 per cent.—to the benzene. The reason of this remarkable effect of the oleate has not been understood. It has now been investigated by G. Just at Karlsruhe, and he finds that the conductivity of the benzene is very slightly increased, this change being sufficient to prevent the accumulation of dangerous electric charges. In pure benzene an electrode kept its charge four minutes, while in the diluted oleate solution it refused to take any charge.

**The Born Lunatic.**

"Professor, you say you are an expert at solving riddles, don't you?"

"I claim that I am, my boy."

"Well, then, can you tell me why a man who has seen London on a foggy day and a man who has not seen London on a foggy day are like a ham sandwich?"

The professor studied for a long time. Finally at his wits' end, he said: "I give it up."

"Why," was the reply, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch on?"

"Of course I do, you lunatic! But what has the sandwich to do with it?"

After the youngster has recovered from a spell of laughter he chuckled: "Oh, that's what you bite on."—The Circle.

**No Great Loss.**

"Now, Mr. Knox," said the professor of physiology, "can you tell me with what faculty a man could most easily dispense?"

"Yes, sir," answered the student.

"Good," said the professor. "Which one?"

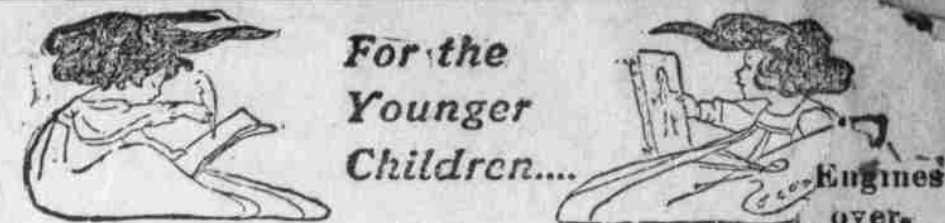
"The college faculty," replied young Knox soberly.—Chicago News

**Talkative.**

"I wouldn't object to de man dat keeps talkin' all de time," said Uncle Eben. "If he didn't insist on th'owin' in a question every ten minutes or so dat you's got to answer to show you's keepin' awake."—Washington Star.

## Glory to the Blackberry Pie.

Blackberry pie! It holds a place in the estimation of all lovers of good things to eat that no other product of the land or sea occupies. Blackberry pie bridges the chasm between the millionaire and the pauper. It is found on the mahogany table of the haughty society leader and on the oil-cloth covered pine table of the lowly washer-woman. It is on the bill of fare of the grandest hotel and is fed to the inmates of the poorhouse. The rich man who rides in his gasoline buggy and the poor tramp who rides the rods under the freight cars or steps from cross-tie to cross-tie in the blistering sun meet on a common level at the lunch counter and both order blackberry pie. In a word, blackberry pie is the one article of diet which makes the whole world kin. Blackberry time, good folks, is here.—Monroe Enquirer.



**For the Younger Children....**

A FORMAL CALL.  
There came another little girl  
To call on me one day;  
An' there we sat, an' sat, an' sat,  
Without a word to say—  
An' mother called in at the door—  
"Just see the darlings play!"  
—Little Folks.

**NOT SO POPULAR.**

A little girl stanchly declared one day, apropos of the subject of her history lesson, that her adored papa was "just as great and good a man as George Washington." "To be sure," she added, "he is not quite as well known, and so he is not so popular."—Little Folks.

**MOLLY'S FIRST CIRCUS.**

It was Molly's first circus, and she enjoyed it, but was very tired at bedtime. When she was almost asleep her mother said, "What part of the circus did you like the best, Molly?" "Oh, I don't know hardly," she said. "It was all the best, but the purkey riding the monkey was the cutest."—Youth's Companion.

**A TRICK GAME.**

This game, if carried out properly, will cause great amusement. One of the party announces that he will whisper to each person the name of some animal, which, at a given sig-

uation for veracity was not in lisied, and then the animal long time formed the service Paris, not only among the L.I. but in all scientific circles. tian Register.

**CAT ANSWERED WA...**

You know there are a lot of cats, and guarantee plain English. If that is so, please tell me how it hap. this one came to the front. The Belden family in answer to N. C. advertisement? asks Bertha B. Bartlett, in an exchange.

"The mice are eating us out house and home!" said Mary, as brought in the cream for breakfast. "I don't see what we will do if we don't get getting a cat."

"We really do need one," said mother, thoughtfully. "Ent I don't know of a good mouser, anywhere."

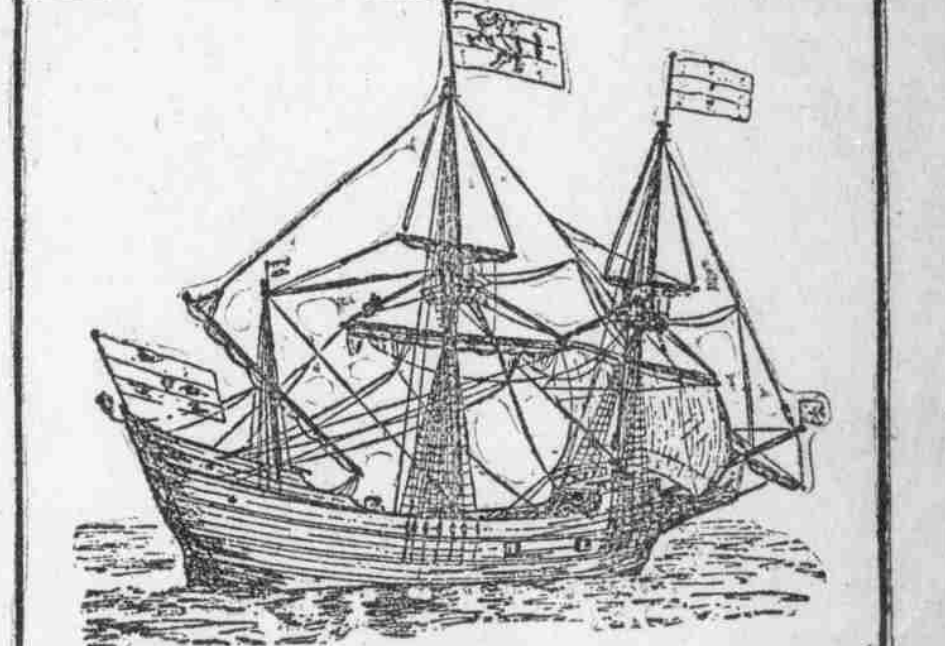
"Why don't you advertise?" joked father, as he drank his coffee. "An 'ad' in the Gazette or Post ought to bring you one."

"Costs too much!" laughed mother. "Well, then, stick up a sign!" said father.

Ted thought it over as he finished his breakfast. He could "stick up a sign" just as well as anybody. Where

## THE HALF MOON.

Here from the Brooklyn Eagle is a drawing illustrating the Half Moon, the ship with which Henry Hudson discovered the Hudson River. A duplicate of this vessel is now being built in the navy yard at Amsterdam. It will be sent to the United States to take part in the Fulton-Hudson celebration in September. The keel was laid on October 29 and the launching took place on April 15. The vessel is to be rigged and fitted up in exactly the same style as the original Halve Moon, according to the Dutch



spelling. The craft is being constructed of old oak. The dimensions are sixty by fourteen feet and six inches. She is expected to be completed in July, and will be sent to the United States on one of the steamers of the Holland-American line as a gift from Holland to the United States. It was intended at first to send the little ship under her own sail to New York, several naval officers offering their services as navigators, but it was deemed safer to transport her on board a big liner.

nal, must be imitated as loudly as possible. Instead, however, of giving the name of an animal to each, he whispers to all the company, with the exception of one, to keep perfectly silent. To this one he whispers that the animal he is to imitate is the donkey.

After a short time, so that all may be in readiness, the signal is given. Instead of all the party making the sounds of various animals, nothing is heard but a loud bray from one unfortunate member of the company.—Philadelphia Record.

**A TRUE DOG STORY.**

A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate, deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few moments; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.—Troy Times.

**FIRST GIRAFFE IN EUROPE.**

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, refused for many months to believe in the Lisbon earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as sceptical as to the existence of the giraffe, a new specimen of which has just been added to the Jardin des Plantes. The earliest specimen of these gentle creatures was seen in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. We learn from a French contemporary that the giraffe was first heard of in 1787, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levaillant, who had journeyed in the lands of the Hottentots and Kafirs. When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks, he was looked upon as a Munchausen, and told that he was such in not the politest language. It was only when some living specimens arrived in the French capital that Levaillant's rep-

**Women's Food Expensive.**

The question whether men eat less than women do or whether they buy more economically is suggested to a writer in Health Culture by a comparison of the grocery bills run up by men students and bachelor girls who have clubbed together for the purpose of cutting down expenses. In every case in which tables for comparison are given, the men's menu for the week costs less than that of women. Both seem to have reduced the food allowance to the lowest possible terms, but in footing up the amount spent the women have run into certain extravagances avoided by the men.

"Maybe," says the puzzled inquirer, "women really don't know how to shop after all, but the more likely supposition is that no matter how strict the regimen the feminine nature requires certain luxuries that mere man can get along without."

The highest suicide rate of any nation is that of Denmark.