

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT.

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea,
An' the pen's broke up on the lower deck an' let
the creatures free—
An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no
no one near but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet
there,
For the lower deck is the dangerouses, requirin'
constant care.
An' give to me as the strongest man, though used
to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or
trod,
For the lower deck was packed with steers thick-
erin peas in a pod,
An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a
contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read
the same,
If He got me to port alive, I would exalt His
name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty will further orders
came.

He saved me from the cattle, an' he saved me
from the sea,
For they found me 'tween two drowned ones
where the roll had landed me—
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy
as could be.

But that was done by a stanchion, an' not by a
bullock at all,
An' I lay still for seven weeks, convalessing of the
fall.
An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Sea-
men's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says
to my prayer:
"I never puts on My ministers no more than they
can bear.
So you go back to the cattle boats an' preach My
Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,
But most of all, as well you know, when the steers
are mad-afraid;
So you go back to the cattle boats an' preach 'em
as I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' and swearin', they must
n't knife on a blow,
They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you
must preach it so;
For now those boats are more like Hell than any-
thing else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should
get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an'
out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I
done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would be
the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as
Scripture says;
But following that, I knocked him down an' led
him up to grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the
sea is calm,
An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no
harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my
fighting arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month and save
the money clear,
An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never
lose a steer;
An' I believe in Almighty God an' preach His
Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em
wrong,
For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that
doth belong—
Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the
competition so strong.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

**THE OUTWITTING OF
SORROWFUL JIM.**

Allyn rode across the prairie joyously,
and looked longingly toward the east, where
the sun was scarce an hour high. The fresh,
bracing air seemed to permeate every fibre
of his being, and he drew in great breaths of
it, feeling a wild sort of pleasure in the mere
fact of being alive.

For once in three years he was happy—and
he had been in that beatific state for two
whole days. The rest of the cowboys of the
outfit did not know what to make of it.
Cayuse Ike swore he had been 'locoed.
For Allyn had been nicknamed by the camp
Sorrowful Jim, and to see him boyishly ex-
uberant and in a gay humor was an unhear-
thing—until the last day or so.

Allyn had once made the mistake of con-
sidering life a very serious matter, indeed.
And when, after trying for a year to practice
law, and not getting any one to practice
upon, he had given it up in disgust, and
migrated to the home of opportunity in hope
of getting rich. But there was another
reason—a woman.

During his idle hours, Allyn had fallen in
love. And he took that very seriously also.
It went hard with him, for he had nothing
on earth except a few bonds an old aunt had
left him, and the revenue from them did not
amount to \$300 a year. At the rate his
practice was not increasing, Methusalem
would have been a youngster compared with
Allyn, if he waited for the revenue from his
profession to enable him to marry.

Nelly, however, looked at the matter in a
very common sense light. Cammon sense
was her strong point, until she met him.
Then it deserted her, and an unreasoning
love for him took its place. Still, even
then, she had more of it left than he had to
start with.

"Jim," she said, "you are acting very fool-
ishly. What does it matter if you haven't
any money? I don't want money—I've got
enough, or will have, when I get control of
it. The income from \$200,000 would keep
us very nicely, and would hold us up until
you could establish a paying practice. Now,
don't be silly."

"Nelly," he replied, solemnly, "I cannot
afford to marry you now. People would say
that I married you for your money—and I
don't intend to put myself in a position where

such a motive could be imputed to me. It
would be unjust to me, and to you."

"Well, Jim," and there were tears in her
voice. "I don't think you are acting fairly to
me. Here I am, an orphan, with nobody on
the earth to love except an old guardian—
and I despise him. You've made me love
you so that life without you will be worse
than no life at all—and now you say you can-
not marry me until you make what it took
my father a lifetime to accumulate. Why,
by that time, I'll have wrinkles, and, maybe,
false teeth and glasses, and be a horrid,
snuffy, fussy old woman."

"No Nelly. I don't want to make \$200,
000—If I had \$100,000 it would be all right.
And it would not take long—out west I will
make it quickly. Just you stand fast, and
wait for me."

"Oh, I'll wait, but I think you are hateful,
and pig-headed, just the same. Would you
marry me if I didn't have any money at all?"

"Yes, gladly, and we would be happy, too.
We would manage somehow. But now, my
self-respect will not allow me."

So it was that he went to make his fortune,
and at the same time, peace with his unduly
active conscience. To his utter disgust, how-
ever, he found, after a year's prospecting,
that gold mines were not at all plentiful, and
that every foot of the mountains had been
prospected over time and again. A year in
Mexico assured him that the business of find-
ing silver mines lying around loose had also
played out long ago, and that it took lots of
capital to start ranching on a paying basis.
Funds were getting low, so he secured a place
as one of the herdsmen of the XXX 'outfit,'
and, on account of his grave demeanor, was
promptly named by the other cowpunchers
"Sorrowful Jim"—and the name stuck to him.

During all his wanderings he had written
to Nelly as regularly as possible, and had be-
gun to regret in a measure his Puritanical
conscience. At \$40 a month and grub, he
did not see that a fortune was in immediate
prospect. Absence had indeed made his
heart grow fonder, and he longed for a sight
of Nelly's laughing eyes and dimpled face.

Yet he would not acknowledge himself
beaten, or that he would give in. Much
against his inclination he remained, con-
sumed with a desire to see her yet impelled
to remain in stiff necked pride, acting as savant
courier and escort for a lot of wild-eyed,
long-horned steers, all the while cursing him-
self for a fool. So he and the rest of the
outfit did not have very much in common to-
gether, and he grew more and more unso-
ciable and lonely.

Small wonder was it, that when he received
a letter from her he felt that his volun-
tary exile was broken—his penance was done
and he was free to return to civilization and
Nelly.

"You can come on, Jim dear," the letter
said: "that is, of course, if you care to take
an almost dowdless bride. I have now only
enough to bring me in \$300 a year—exactly
what you had. I do not own another thing
on earth I have concluded that money with-
out you is not worth having, and as long as
you are so stubborn about it, I saw that I
must give in, so I have done so gladly. I
have gotten to be 24, as you know, and have
absolute control over my property. So in
order to get you I have given away my for-
tune."

"You have cost me nearly \$200,000 so I
am of the opinion that you had better come
on and deliver yourself up as a victim. I
don't propose to tell you another thing about
it, as you have no right to know, now.
After—after—oh, well some time I will
tell you what I did with the rest of the money,
but just now it is no affair of yours. You
will simply have to take my word for it.
Come on, Jim, I am anxious to see you."

So it was that Jim was happy. He had
only two more days to wait, then he would
get his month's wages. He had \$400 saved
up, and he reflected that he and Nelly would
manage to get along nicely on that for awhile.
His pride was riding rampart, also, and his
conscience was very self-satisfied, indeed, for
had he not held out against the allurements
of beauty, wealth, position, ease—everything?
It was a victory well worth rejoicing over.

The ceremony was over, the few intimate
friends had taken their departure, and Jim
and Nelly looked at each other in a bewilder-
ed sort of way.

"I think we ought to take a trip Jim. I'm
so dead tired of this place I don't know
what to do. Let's go to Europe. I've al-
ways wanted to go there."

"Nellie are you datt? I can't afford a trip
to Europe and you know it—and you haven't
any money, either, so how are we to go?"

"I think it is very unkind of a person of
your wealth to be taunting me with my
poverty. For a man as rich as you, I think
you are undoubtedly "close." His eyes
twinkled merrily. "I want to go to Europe
and now I've got you to go with me you
ought to be glad of the opportunity."

"Nell, dear, if I could afford it you know
I would be delighted to take you."

"Well, you can afford it."

"I tell you I cannot."

"I know better—you can. Why just look
at these," and she handed him a bundle of
books and papers. He picked up the first

one and read from the inside page: "First
National Bank, in account with James M.
Allyn, Deposited May 1, \$35,000; May 9,
\$2,000; May 12, \$12,000."

"What does this mean, Nell!" he asked,
wonderingly, as he looked at another book
and read: "Received May 9, bonds, mort-
gages, stocks and securities, duly transferred
and assigned to James M. Allyn and aggre-
gating \$130,000, and more particularly de-
scribed as follows: The Trust Safe Deposit
Company. Nelly was hugely enjoying the
situation. She seared herself on the arm of
his chair, and said:

"You dear old stupid, mulish, stubborn
thing. I told you the truth, for I gave
everything I owned to you before I wrote
that letter. I told the truth, for I reserved
just enough to bring me \$300 a year."

"Well, I'll be—" She kissed him and
stopped the word.

"Are we going to Europe?" she asked.

"Yes, I think I would enjoy the trip my-
self. But don't you think you paid too
much for me?"

"Oh, I don't know; not as long as you are
nice, as you are now. Come on—let's get
ready and catch the steamer leaving tomorrow
morning."

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toothache, rheumatism and lumbago are cured
by Nerviline just as readily. Polson's Ner-
viline cures all pain, and is the best house-
hold liniment known. Large bottle 25c.

Points of a Good Cigar.

Color, burn and texture are the three
things which the tobacco growers have
chiefly to consider. At present the trade
calls for a very light, cinnamon-brown
shade, which must be uniform, not mot-
tled. The leaf, when rolled on a cigar
and smoked, must leave a white or light-
grey hard ash, which does not flake off,
and fall into one's bosom or over his
waistcoat, and it must not coal, i. e., have
a black charred ring just behind the ash
on the burning cigar. This is sure to
give a bad flavor and taste. The leaf
must also burn freely and when lighted
hold firm for a reasonable time. It must
have a soft, silvery texture, glossy sur-
face, and the elasticity of a piece of kid,
so that it may be drawn smoothly and
closely about the cigar. Flavor is not
wanted in Connecticut tobacco, for if
there be much of it it is sure to be bad.
Perfect burn, color, and texture can be
got in the Northern climate, but a deli-
cate and agreeable flavor has not yet been
obtained. Flavor is conditioned largely by
climate, the other qualities by soil and
fertilizers. It is desirable, therefore, that
the leaf be neutral, without taste, as far
as may be. We get the flavor wholly in
the Cuban filler. To obtain these qual-
ities of leaf is the problem of the grower
—a much more complicated one than
meets the ordinary farmer.

On Magnetic Healing

Much is spoken and written during these times
about this mysterious method of treating disease.
The most truly remarkable cases of magnetic heal-
ing which have come under the notice of the
writer have been those in which Dr. Chase's Ointment
was used. This preparation seems to have magi-
cal powers in stopping the dreadful itching, burn-
ing sensations of Salt Rheum and Eczema, and
when used regularly makes the cure thorough and
permanent.

Very Useful Ammunition.

An army officer, now in South Africa, tells
an odd tale of the Sikh war in India.

Lalla Moolraj was besieged by the British
in Multan and put up a stubborn defence.
One day some of his men came across a stock
of canned provisions, left by the former
British occupants, and which were then
quite a novelty. Lalla supposed that the
cans contained explosives of some kind, and
ordered them to be fired at the besiegers.
So for one whole day the British army was
bombarded with showers of kippered herring,
Yarmouth bloaters, corned beef, and con-
densed milk.

"My little man," said the visiting pastor,
"I am afraid you've been fighting. A black
eye! Don't you want me to pray with you."
"Naw," said the good little man; "run home
and pray with you own kid. He's got two
black eyes."—Philadelphia "Press."

Take Another Nap.

In the severe winter mornings
when the house gets cold, if you have
a reliable heater like the

**Sunshine
Furnace**

you can slip out into the hall, turn
on the drafts, and feel satisfied that
the coal has not been burnt out
during the night.

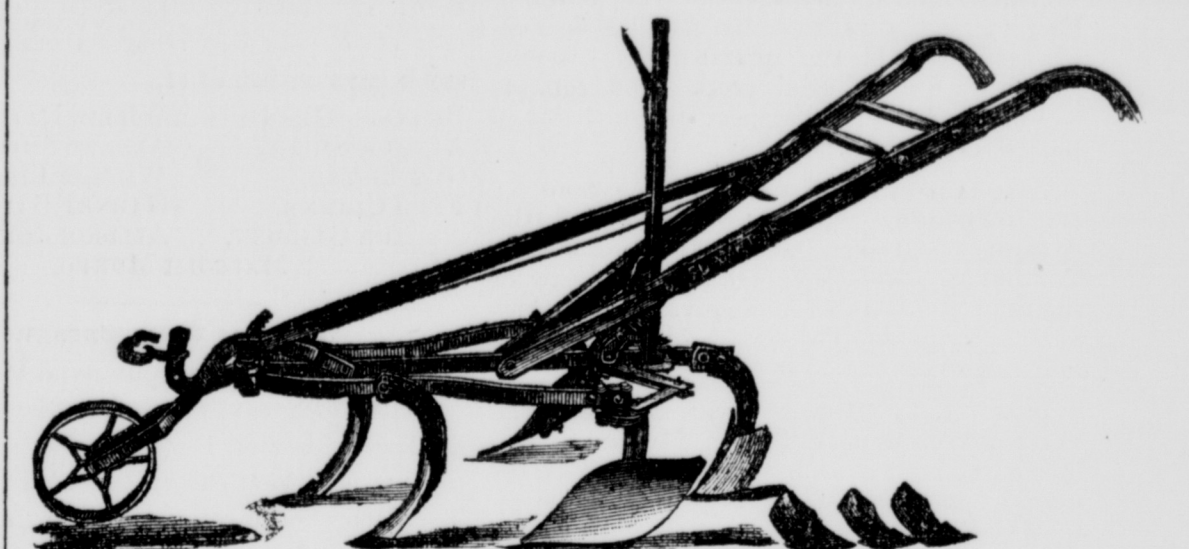
Then take another nap while the
house is heating.

The drafts on the SUNSHINE regulate the fire so perfectly, that after coaling up
you know to within half an hour how long it will burn.

Has self-acting gas damper.	Has large ash pan.
Easy to manage. Durable.	Made in three sizes.
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