

His Duty As Sheriff.

The people of Brandy county not only liked Joe Bailey as a man among them, but everybody said he was a sheriff to be proud of. He showed no favoritism and was all for duty, and when a warrant was placed in his hands it was sure to be served if the "within named" had not left the state or turned up his toes. Brandy county was comparatively new, and there were all sorts of warrants to be served. It thus happened that Joe Bailey one day found himself riding over the prairie toward Plum creek to bring in one James Ferguson, charged with the crime of stealing a cow. The only thing he knew about the man was that he was a widower, lived in a sod house and had a daughter with him.

In due time the sheriff arrived at the Ferguson claim and dismounted at the open door. As he did so a young woman came out to see who had arrived. For a moment Joe was so taken aback that he forgot to remove his hat. She was a young woman of twenty and the best looking one he could remember seeing in a year. He both admired and pitied her.

"Well?" she queried as he finally doffed his hat.

"I am the sheriff," he replied, "and am sorry to say that I have a warrant to arrest James Ferguson. He is your father, I take it?"

"Yes, he is my father," answered the girl, "but if you have come to arrest him it is an outrage. Is it about the cow?"

"It is, miss."

"Then let me tell you that while my father may have broken the law, he has been guilty of no crime. He sold the cow to a man who ment to cheat him out of the price, and discovering this he took possession and drove her back home. If the man has sworn out a warrant it was simply a mean revenge."

"Just so, miss. Just so," mused Joe, "but you see I know nothing about the facts in the case. I am here to serve the warrant and take your father over to Clinchville, and I hope that it will turn out as you say and that he will be back home tomorrow. May I ask if he is around the claim?"

"He got hurt yesterday and can't put one of his feet to the ground."

"Twisted his ankle, eh? Well, he shall ride my horse. He'll have to go back with me."

"But he didn't steal the cow."

"When a warrant is placed in my hands I must serve it. The rest is for the lawyers to wrangle over. I'm only doing my duty, and I hope you'll excuse me."

The girl looked him straight in the eyes and saw sympathy there. She liked his looks, but her face hardened and there was a glitter in her eyes as she turned to enter the house and said:

"Just give me a minute to talk with father, will you?"

The minute had only half expired when the sheriff found himself covered by a rifle in the hands of the daughter and heard her quietly saying:

"If you try to take my father away from here on any such warrant as that I'll put a bullet into you!"

"Shoo! Shoo!" exclaimed Joe as he fell back a pace or two. "Young woman, do you know you are defying the law? You can be sent to prison for a couple of years for holding me up this way, and it will only hurt your father's case."

"Listen to me," said the girl as she held her weapon ready. "There will be no warrant served here. You had best ride away at once."

"I see. I don't want no shooting match with a young woman. I'll ride away, but I'll come back again. It's my duty to serve this warrant. So long to you, Miss."

The sheriff had been bested, but it was by a young and good looking woman, and he did not feel so very crestfallen as he rode away. His idea was to arrest the father outside the house and avoid all trouble with the daughter.

The next day he returned to the claim and lay hidden for several hours. He caught sight of the girl at the door several times, but the father did not appear. He came again next day and the next, but with the same results. On the fourth, however, Ferguson was found at work some distance from the house, and the officer made straight for him. It was the daughter who caught sight of him first and gave the alarm, and the father gained the shelter of the house before he could come up with. The sheriff was warned away, and when he refused to go he was fired on. It was the girl who sent two or three bullets whizzing close to his head, and in return he lifted his hat and rode off.

The sheriff didn't return to Clinchville and raise a posse to ride back with him and storm the house. For a day or two he turned things over in his mind and said nothing to any one. The more he thought of the matter the more interested he became in Miss Ferguson. She had fired upon him and driven him away, but at the same time he remembered that she blushed as he looked into her eyes. The result of his cogitations was that when he next rode to-

ward Plum Creek he was alone. As he drew near the house the girl showed at the door with a rifle in her hands. Joe rode forward without drawing rein and as he dismounted at the door he carelessly observed:

"Miss Ferguson, I am in trouble, and I am in hopes you will consent to help me out."

"If you have come to arrest father let me tell you that he shan't go," she replied.

"It is my duty, you see. If I don't do it I shall be gayed out of the county. They won't put up with a sheriff who lets a girl drive him off. If I can make you realize this perhaps you'll lend me the aid I want."

"What! To arrest my own father!"

"Not exactly that. I'd like him to take my horse and ride into town and see Lawyer Boon. Boon is rather expecting him, and he'll give him good legal advice. When he returns I'll ride on to see Turner, who bought the cow. I'll mention two or three little matters to him, and I guess he'll be glad to drop the case. I—I don't seem to have the warrant with me today, and of course I can't arrest a man without a warrant."

"But you asked for my aid," said the girl. "Why—why, I'd like you to sit right here while your father is gone and talk to me. As the sheriff of Brandy county it's my duty to arrest your father, but as Joe Bailey it's my duty to—to—"

"To what, sir?"

"To fall in love with you and come courting and marry you whenever you will do me the great honor. Now, then, is it shooting or—or what?"

And there was no shooting.

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.

A Safeguard for Childred Cutting Teeth in Hot Weather.

The time when children are cutting teeth is always an anxious one for mothers and when this occurs during the hot weather solitude often deepens into alarm. So many ills that often result fatally are liable to ensue that every mother will be interested in a medical discovery that robs this period of many dangers. Mrs. R. Ferguson, of 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, Que., gives her experience for the benefit of other mothers. She says: "My baby has always been small and delicate, and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. The medicine the doctor ordered for him did not do him much good. Then he was attacked with dysentery and a very hot skin and cough. I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid, at twenty five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Political Fanaticism.

With all possible respect for the benevolent object of the temperance party, it may be said that there are two errors common to reformers in general into which they are in danger of falling. One is that of traducing the country by over-colored representations of the need of reform. A temperance orator was reported to have said the other day that Ontario offered to alcohol a yearly tribute of three thousand lives. This would be a very large proportion of the total annual number of adult male deaths in the Province. Canada is a temperate country, as all who have had the opportunity of comparing the habits of her people with those of other nations will bear witness. Within living memory the spontaneous improvement in this respect has been great. Nowhere is intemperance more heartily condemned or more surely visited with its social penalties. Statistics of the sale of drink are not statistics of drunkenness. They only show the extent to which the people are able to command a luxury, moderate indulgence in which is not intemperance, though total abstinence might better still. The other error to be shunned is the very serious one of leading the citizen to merge all his political duties in the single one of promoting a particular agitation and that devotion to that agitation as the indispensable passport to the service of the State. Every citizen is bound, in the exercise of his franchise, to consider all the interests of the country, and the general qualifications of every candidate who solicits his vote. Political fanaticism is a vice, as well as intemperance, and one not less noxious to the community.—Dr. Goldwin Smith.

To Cure a Cold in a Day.

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Pickled Railroad Ties.

The rapid decrease in the supply of timber and the consequent rise in price have, says the New York Sun, forced Western railroad companies to seek some method of prolonging the life of the wooden ties. Years ago a tie cost only a few cents. Nowadays it cannot be bought for less than 70 cents. The Burlington-officials think they have solved the problem by pickling the ties, and so confident are they that it is a paying proposition that a large amount of money has been expended in establishing pickling plants at various points. As the blood of the body is removed in embalming and replaced by a preserving fluid, so the sap of the wood is ex-



tracted from the ties and replaced with a solution of zinc chloride. Not only is the sap taken out, but the solution permeates the cells of the fibre and upon drying deposits the mineral so evenly that they are protected against the action of the outside moisture to such an extent that the life of the tie is more than doubled. Fifty thousand ties a month are pickled in the main plant, at Sheridan, Wyo. The saving is considerable. To pickle a tie costs from 10 to 12 cents, but whereas Oregon fir, the lumber generally used, rots in four years, the treated ties last from eight to twelve years.

The Boer Commandant who had charge of the British prisoners taken after the battles of Glencoe, Dundee and Nicolson's Nek, on going his round at midnight on one occasion was astounded to see a British soldier acting as Boer sentinel over the prisoners.

He paced up and down the space of his limited vigilance, with his rifle carried in true sentinel style, and on meeting the amazed commandant, calmly saluted and reported, "All right, sir." In reply to the commandant, "Tommy" gave the following extraordinary explanation. He said: "Well, sir, this here poor little chap" (pointing to the sleeping form of the Boer lad fifteen years old) "was dog tired for want o' sleep arter two nights of dooty. I takes pity on the little chap, an' I says: 'Look 'ere, you're regular done up, you are, that's sartin. You give me your rifle and take a bit o' sleep, an' I'll do sentry-go for you, I will. Honor bright! I won't do nothing wrong, blow me if I do! So the little chap went off. It's all right sir; don't blame him; he's only a kid!'"

Meat should never be washed before cooking. If it has any appearance of being handled, or not quite fresh, it ought to be scraped with a knife, and then wiped with a cloth damped in vinegar.

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