

Life at Sandy Bend.

Judge Hoke Acts to Maintain the Principles of an American Institution and States His Reasons.

"This court bein' opened," said Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend as he looked around on the spectators, "it wont take us long to reward the innocent and punish the guilty and get back to the Red Dog saloon. I'm lookin' right at Pete McGuire, but law demands that I ask him if he's present in this court room."

"I'm here," replied Pete as he rose. "And hev you got a lawyer?" "I hev."

"And has the constable got the defendant on hand?" "He has," said the officer. "And has he got a lawyer?" "He has."

"Then thar's nothin' to delay the performance. This is a case whar I don't want to hear any gab from the lawyers, and thar won't be any need of ringin' in any witnesses. This Court knows Pete McGuire and this court knows Jim Taylor. Tuesday night while Pete was loafin' around the White Wolf saloon and wishin he could take a hand in a game of poker, along comes Jim. They had a two handed game going within five minits. This court has played poker with both of 'em and knows their ways. Pete McGuire puts a smile which can't be beat for blandness, and the poorer his hand the blander his smile. On the contrary, Jim Taylor no sooner beging a game than his face goes into mournin' and as the game proceeds a stranger would think he had all his relations and had been out to funerals every day for a week.

This game at the White Wolf didn't amount to much for an hour or so. Both critters were layin' down threes and full houses to lead each other on and make a big scoop. Bimeby Pete McGuire thought it was time to spring his b'ar trap. He didn't have nothin' in his hand but a pair of queens, but he had sized Jim Taylor up for a man who could be bluffed. That bland smile growed soft and sweet and spread all over his face as he added \$5 to the pot, Jim saw him and went \$10 better. Thar wasn't no pertickler cause for hurry. They ordered the drinks and told stories as they saw and raised each other.

Pete's smile kept smilin', and Jim's sorrerful countenances worked in more deaths and more funerals. Bimeby thar was \$100 on the table, then it became \$200; then smilin' Pete laid down his two queens, and his last \$10, makin \$50 in all, and thought to raise Jim out of the game. His smile was like mountain dew, and his words was soft and gentle, but he was mistaken in his man. Jim Taylor is a man with a sorrerful countance, but he can't be riz out of no game of poker. He's thar till the bands are laid down. This 'ere court knows it becase it cost him \$200 to learn it.

When Pete made his last bluff, the tears came to Jim's eyes and his chin quivered. He appeared to be ready to break down and sob, and Pete began to feel sorry for him. It might hev been ten minits before Jim hauled out \$50 and called Pete's hand. Then Pete's heart thumped his ribs. He had been holdin' up a pair of queens ag'in four jacks! He didn't say a word as he got up and left the White Wolf, and some folks thought he was going away to shoot hisself. That wasn't his plan however. He comes right over to the Red Dog saloon, of which this court is sole proprietor, and hauls me aside to say that he had been robbed and wanted justice. It was my dooty to issue a warrant for the arrest of Jim Taylor and I did so, and it was only later on that I got full perticklers.

"Mebbe thar's a critter in this room who will deny that Pete McGuire is a squealer, but, if so, I'll send him to State prison for five years. It was a sure 'nough squeal. He hadn't no more case than that wall-eyed heathen over there by the door, and that warrant never ought to hev bin issued. This ar' a case in which thar is a heap more than appears on the surface. It's a blow at the bulwarks of American liberty. It's an attempt at revolushun. If not nipped in the bud right here and now, the national game of poker will soon follow the national game of croquet into obscurity. No gentleman will be safe and even Digger Injuns will be canterin' about and appealin' for justice. This court proposes to nip it. Pete McGuire, it's no use askin' you if you've anything to say. You can't hev. It's one of them cases whar a man hides in the grass and don't want to be seen or heard of for a week. You have cast a blot on the fair name of Sandy Bend, and the justice you hollered for shall be laded out. The sentence of this

court is that you fork over \$25 as fine and costs, and then you will proceed to walk out of this town and never return."

"Your honor," began Pete, but the justice interrupted him.

"Shet up! If it was stealin' a hoss' jumpin' a mine or shootin' a Chinyman, thar might be some excuse, but in this case, no. I'll give you thirty minutes to raise the money and disappear. As to Jim Taylor, he's a free man, and he goes out of this court without any scars on his character. As his sorrerful way of playin' poker and holdin' fours has bin given away, however, and as he is no hand at hard work, it might be well for him to go over to Red Hill for a few weeks and do business with strangers. That's all to-day, and anybody who's got any fault to find with the way justice has flopped her wings and hovered over this court house can tackle me as we get outside."

The British Admiral's Order.

The signal-code of a navy is, if we may credit the story of a Washington girl tells the Post, a wonderfully comprehensive thing. She was at Leghorn last summer when Admiral Dewey was there. Entertainments in his honor were the order of the day, and one afternoon she and many other women—but apparently few men—were bidden to a tea and dance on board the British flag-ship.

The Washington girl was standing near a young officer, when she noticed the British Admiral beckon to him. There was a brief and serious talk between the two, and then the officer saluted and walked away. Presently a signal-flag fluttered to the peak, and a moment after she saw officers rush to the sides of all the ships in sight. Boats were lowered, crews and officers sprang in, and rowed like mad to the flag-ship.

The American girl's heart stood still. Surely bad news of some kind or another had come. Perhaps the flag-ship was sicking, and the boats were coming to the res-

cue. The grave face of the British admiral told nothing. Perhaps there was to be an attack by an unexpected enemy. Perhaps she was on the verge of experiencing the realities of a naval conflict.

The young officer came up and spoke to her. He seemed agitated, she thought, and he was pale.

"What has happened?" she ventured to ask.

"Nothing," he answered, gravely.

"But those boats," she said, "why are they putting off all the ships?"

"That's in answer to the signal," he answered. The American girl was all a-tremble.

"Oh, what does it mean?" she cried. The signal—tell me—please tell me!

The officer looked down at her seriously.

"Why," he answered, "the Admiral ordered that signal. He felt it necessary. In the code it means 'More men wanted for the party,' and they're coming at once."

Called Her Son.

A Pittsburg woman, according to the News of that city, tells this story on herself: She has a son attending a preparatory school near Sing Sing. She went to New York not long ago to pay him a visit. She stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on her arrival, and she desired to call up the school by telephone to inform him that she would be up the following day. She asked the young man in charge of the hotel exchange to call up Sing Sing for her and get telephone No. 71. He did so, and she sat down to talk.

"Hello!" she said. "Is that Sing Sing?"

"It is."

"Well, I want 71; I'm Mrs. Highland and I want to speak to my son."

"What number did you say, madam?"

"No. 71."

"Your son, you said?"

"Yes, my son; Harry Highland."

"Hold the telephone a moment."

She waited a minute or two and then Sing Sing said:

"Sorry, madam, but we can't allow you to talk to him over the telephone."

"What's that? Can't allow me to talk to my son? What sort of an institution is that, I'd like to know?"

"You must come here in person on a visiting day with the proper pass before you can see him."

"Indeed! Well, I'll just come up there

on the next train and take him right away with me."

"No use to come, madam; he's got three years and a half to serve yet!"

"To whom am I talking?"

"This is the office of the warden of Sing Sing prison."

"Oh! Ring off, please."

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Quite Another Thing.

Perhaps one of the most delicate and tasteful remarks ever made was that of a

Frenchman who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" quite all that could be expected.

He was sinking, pale and dishevelled, into his steamer chair, when a passenger asked cheerily:

"Ah, good morning, monsieur! Have you breakfasted?"

"No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"

Rash Request.

The strictness with which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland is illustrated by a story told by a devout Scottish minister.

He once stopped at a country inn in the northern part of his native land, to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised so that they might have some fresh air in the room.

"Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this hoose on the Sawbeth?"

The Only Way.

Mrs. Bowers—"I shall select a necktie for you when I am in town today, John."

Mr. Bowers—"Before you select it, will you have the clerk blindfold you?"

Mrs. Bowers—"Blindfold me? Are you crazy?"

Mr. Bowers—"No! By being blindfolded there is a chance that you may strike one that I could wear!"

Gaspard—"Well! Well! How on earth did you manage to win the haughty and beautiful Miss Hautton?"

Paoxy—"It was easy enough. I proposed to her when she had an awful boil on her nose. Most anybody could have caught her then."

"That's Milyun's daughter," said Citizen, pointing to a young girl in an extremely décolleté gown; "she's just coming out." "Gosh! I should say she's out far enough already," exclaimed the visitor from the country.

De Auber—"I am thinking seriously of donating one of my paintings to some public institution. Which one would you suggest?"

Criticus—"Well, it strikes me that the blind asylum would be just the caper."



ELLEN TERRY AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."