

# THE WINNER

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By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

JEFF BARNES sat on the worn sofa and idly jabbed at the top rail with the big blade of his pocket knife. He was trying to think of something else to offer. He had already promised everything which he imagined might count with a girl. But evidently none of his promises had counted, for she received his last with the same baffling, teasing laugh she did the first.

At the end of a corn row a half mile down the valley Hank Smith leaned between his plow handles and tried to think of a brand new promise. So far, he could think of nothing under the sun except the moon and planets which he had not already promised. Yet in return she had never promised him the least little thing. To all his offers she only laughed disdainfully and looked quickly at him from the corner of her eye.

Hank and Jeff were both in love with Nancy Collins and had been for two years. Hank took her to church Sunday, Jeff to a picnic Thursday. Jeff had her to a picnic school bus, Hank to a picnic Saturday. Hank paid for the ice cream and sponge cake at the school Thursday evening.

Each proposed every time he was with her, and promised, to be, do, give, or allow something that would add to her happiness. Hank's promises were the best, but they were not. Hank could not, his old ones were used again. At these times Nancy did not shut her lips tight, stamp her foot, and forbid mention of the subject. She laughed, and seemed pleased, as indeed she was. The fact is, Nancy loved both of them, and nothing either did or said helped her decide which she wanted.

Now that each of the young men had done his best, looked his best, kissed her best, and promised his utmost, yet had not won, he grew desperate.

"Hank, we have got to come to an understanding," Hank's tone was desperate.

"I'm agreeable," Hank's tone was desperate.

"But how do you do it?" Hank's tone was desperate.

"I'll be glad to do it," Hank's tone was desperate.

heavy cold and there is no money in the house to buy coal or food, and the children sobbed bitterly.

"I made an investigation at once and found several other tiny children huddled in the corner of an upstairs room, while their poor mother, worn to skin and bone with hard work and scanty food, tossed on a bed of suffering. I hurried to a charitable lady who was living in the house and who visited the sick woman immediately and procured enough coal, food and medicine to make the mother and children comfortable for some time. Before we left the poor mother felt much better and the children's eyes were bright with gratitude.

"Now, Miss Neatie, the little children are greatly in need of some good warm clothes; this sewing class has 50 girls in it, and I wish to ask if you will see for this family next Wednesday and the one following, I have many yards of nice warm material which have been given to me; now they must be fashioned into garments."

At first the girls were inclined to refuse; they wished to see at articles for themselves, but Miss Neatie was so generally beloved that they were not so easily deterred. Wednesday, when the girls assembled for the sewing, they saw a large placard hanging on the wall, on which was printed: "You are all invited to Miss Jennie's sewing bee."

The girls laughed and very soon Miss Neatie had been given to her; only Miss Neatie cried out: "Ladies are always allowed to talk at sewing bees." Then the girls laughed again, and as they sewed they chatted merrily over their work.

By 4 o'clock many tiny garments had been made, and Miss Neatie was no longer white and his hair was no longer brushed. And it was that way all the time. Miss Neatie felt quite discouraged.

"Johnnie," she said, "why don't you try your hair once in a while?" "Johnnie," she said, "I haven't time. I have so many other things to do."

"What do you have to do?" she asked. "Oh, play leap frog and all sorts of things like that." "And then you don't need to do those things," she said, "I have time now."

"Why, don't you ever have any fun?" "Why, I haven't time. I have so many other things to do."

When the music resumed and Miss Turner was not in, his spirits fell violently. He was deeply humiliated. His homeward journey was gloomy, but there was a sense of relief, for the growing certainty that it was, but a passing irritation after all, was rapidly erasing the lingering vestiges of doubt.

He decided, under the circumstances, that he would not risk another call, but nevertheless he made it a point, in his stroll the following Sunday, to pass by her house.

As he was with a block of where she lived he saw her come down the steps and turn in his direction. He smoothed his gloves, adjusted his top coat, straightened his tie, and tried to look unconcerned as the distance between them rapidly diminished.

"He looked at her, and she looked directly at him. He waited for her to speak, but she gave no sign of recognition. He passed on, but his heart jumped to see Elizabeth Turner standing at the window. She was blotting a check which she had just endorsed.

In a flash the situation outlined itself to him. She was not a customer of the bank, but through some ironical fate she had been given a check drawn on that particular institution, and she had come in to cash it. She had, perhaps, not thought of him at all. A diabolical idea entered his mind, and he stepped to the window and looked at him with a slight smile of recognition. He was not flattered. It was the patronizing smile of a superior to a subordinate, he thought. Accordingly the look that he returned, while courteous, gave her the evidence that he had overheard her before.

With a business air he took the check she handed him and examined it. "This check is all right, indeed," he said, handing it back to her, "but you'll have to identify the person who knows anyone in the bank."

"Why, I—," she began, with a sickly attempt at a smile. "Actually sorry. One of our rules, you know," he added, as he turned attention to the next customer.

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# RIDES BULL AND WINS \$15 PRIZE

Marionville, Mo., Pastor Rides Animal That Had Thrown All Corners.

PITCHED OFF AT FIRST  
Plucky Clergyman, Unnerved by Jeers of 200, Succeeds in Second Attempt.

Galena, Mo.—Jumping from his pulpit to the back of an unmanageable bull, figuratively speaking, the Rev. Frank Coats of Marionville, has proved to the satisfaction of 200 cheering spectators that his ability as a rough rider is equalled only by that of being able to steer snappers back into the straight and narrow path. Reforming the most hardened snapper from church is an easy achievement compared with the minister's recent feat of riding a bull belonging to Sam Ellis, who lives near here, for a prize of \$15, offered to anyone who would be able to stick on the animal's back.

Ellis' bull is known over all Stone County for its backing proclivities, and many are the rough county youths who have been pitched high into the air and fallen to the earth with the probable result as a result of being able to steer snappers back into the straight and narrow path. Reforming the most hardened snapper from church is an easy achievement compared with the minister's recent feat of riding a bull belonging to Sam Ellis, who lives near here, for a prize of \$15, offered to anyone who would be able to stick on the animal's back.

The Rev. Coats held of the offer, and decided that it was an easy way to make \$15. He went word to Ellis that he would attempt to ride the bull. The news quickly spread, and 200 men and boys gathered at the Ellis farm. The bull was rounded up and placed in the center of the crowd that had assembled to witness the sport. The bull was tethered with a rope and several willing hands placed a saddle on his back and securely girthed it around the animal's body.

The Rev. Coats, with a spy swing, was soon mounted in the saddle and the word was given to release the bull. The big fellow was off in an instant, pawing and bellowing. The bull was in the midst of his eleventh jump into the air when the minister was pitched from the head of the bull and hit the earth.

But the pastor was not to be outdone. He paid little attention to howl from the crowd and pleaded for another trial. His request was granted, and he again mounted the bull. In spite of the wild cheering that the bull repeated, the Rev. Coats was able to retain his seat in the saddle.

ONE CHIVVING OWNS TOWN  
Once Thriving Village Deserted by Prospectors Who Leave Stores and Theater to Its Founder.

Silver City, N. M.—A full-fledged town with but a single inhabitant—that is the present status of the once thriving municipality of Sylvanite. It was known as Sylvanite, and was reported in the hills round about, and it thrived for several months before stories of the mineral deposits proved to be principally myths. Many of the inhabitants continued to hold on after the truth was known, but gradually they packed up and departed for more likely spots. There is left in Sylvanite a number of business houses, places where saloons were operated, a postoffice that has no worries because of the post office, a school, a theater, a machine, an operator or an audience. It is the biggest modern town of the country that boasts of so small a population and probably it is the most lonesome municipality in the world.

# VEGETATION A NEED IN POULTRY YARD

Unless Ground is Freshened by Rotation of Rest Infection of Chickens is Possible.

By A. A. COULT.  
A large amount of advice has been printed about the necessity of changing the soil around poultry-houses, but few people really understand the basic principles governing the situation.

If the yard room is limited to a small area the fowls will quickly consume all the vegetation, leaving the ground bare. In this condition, and always close around the poultry-house, this condition will be found, even if the range is sufficient to provide plenty of vegetation, the manurial properties deposited by the fowls does not have the chance to go through the chemical changes necessary to purify it, as these changes are brought about by the roots of the plant life taking up some of the constituent parts, rendering the remaining mass inactive in its contaminating properties.

The ideal yard provides enough vegetation so that the leaves are never closely cropped, for they are the lungs of the plant and if they are reduced to a minimum size, the plant roots cannot obtain the necessary food from the air to aid in assimilating the fertility in the soil. When the vegetation is entirely cropped off the roots die and the soil becomes stale and dangerous for poultry to run over. In this condition the fowls are continually picking over their own excrement, which have not been purified by growing vegetation, and soon disease is apt to appear in the flock.

If the soil is spaded over frequently the danger of disease is lessened for a time, but in a short while the soil to a depth of several inches will become contaminated with the birds' excrement, as in fact they do not furnish any live bacteria for changing the chemical condition of the fertilizer and remains practically in the same proportions as when dropped.

For that reason it is advisable to rotate the poultry run in one yard, with some quick-growing vegetation, with some rye, is getting a start in the other yard. After the vegetation is three or four inches high, change the poultry into that yard, and then spade up and sow the other yard to the same plants.

A large quantity of green food can be grown during a season, following this plan, and the soil in both small yards will be much safer for the fowls to run over than if the entire area had been left in one yard. The vegetation could have grown in the soil, through lack of opportunity to attain life before the fowls killed it.

This is not an argument against raising poultry in houses without yards, for in those cases the green food is not in large enough proportions to cause much danger. Rains will not wash away the danger in a vegetationless poultry yard. Turning the soil over frequently will help eliminate the danger of growing in the soil, and the rarer the growth, the quicker the soil will become purified.

Fruit Notes.  
Spray strawberries just before the first bloom appears with the Bordeaux mixture combined with arsenate of lead.

# FINDS MONEY IN OLD CAVE

Refuses to Talk of His Find—It is Possible James Boys May Have Hidden It.

Columbia, Tenn.—Numerous theories have been advanced of late in efforts to solve the mystery of some treasure, which was discovered by Will Jones, a trapper, recently. A jar of money, the amount of which Jones refuses to divulge, was found in a cave.

T. B. Tucker of Franklin County, offers one explanation in a letter sent here. He states that in 1864 a party was piloting a raft down the river from that section of the state, and that the party and raft disappeared at a point on Duck River. It was reported that the man had \$5,000 in money on the raft, and that he was a partner in the party, and possibly more plausible theories for the money being hidden in this cave. One of these recalls to mind the robbery in 1881 of A. O. Smith by three men half way between Florence and Government locks on the Tennessee River. He was relieved of a sum of more than \$5,000. This robbery, which was at one time charged to the James boys, took place in March, 1881. Smith was receiver of supplies for the Government while the construction of the locks and dam was going on at that point from Florence.

It was supposed that he had a pay roll in his bag when he was relieved of it by three masked men. For this offense Frank James was arrested. James was tried at Huntsville in the Federal Court, April 25, 1884, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. The old Nelson House was at that time the leading and only hotel in Columbia, and was run by R. P. Dodson and Miles C. Hayes. About that time James and his associates were in the city, and it is known that after the robbery was committed the robbers left in a northerly direction, and it is the opinion of some of the older inhabitants that, being pressed by the indignity of the law, they hid the treasure in this cave, and that they were able to locate it afterward, or never returned for it.

It is alleged that some of the bills in the jar containing the money found by Jones bore dates of 1861 and 1862. The Rev. Coats, as a national banker, was not doing much in the way of money in those days. The jar containing the treasure was of Mason make and bore date of 1845. The jar was sealed perfectly and had never been exposed to water, as the elevation from the low-water mark is about 200 feet.

This is still reticent on the matter and has very little to say about the amount in the jar, but declares that only himself knows the exact amount, and that he alone will know unless some one else tells him. The National Bank of the Money National Bank in Jones does not seem in any hurry to remove it or try in any way to use any of the money. There have been many reports circulated as to the amount, the estimates ranging from \$5,000 to \$50,000. This Jones will not discuss.

BLOODHOUNDS GO TO SLEEP  
Robbers Must Have Taken Scent Away With Loot, for Dogs Refuse to Get Excited.

Merrick, N. Y.—Bloodhounds' life is not all that it is cracked up to be. Every time the Merrick postoffice is robbed—and it happens with a regularity that is getting monotonous—folks say, "Call out the dogs, and they'll get the robbers." The Merrick postoffice is a long and narrow building, and the dogs were kept in a kennel at the rear of the building. The dogs were excited about it, but that was back in the days of their youth. It was great sport to see them bark and howl and sniff the air and bark and howl and sniff the air and bark and howl and sniff the air.

There is an aerial league in France, and it is reported to have over 10,000 members.

# WHY DO SOME HIRED MEN JERK AND WHIP THE HORSE WHEN THEY GET SOME OF THE BOSS?

It is now too late to reborn cattle. Better wait until fly time, or if it must be done now, give the wound an application of tar.

Take an occasional look into the horse's mouth. His teeth decay, ache, and sometimes need to be pulled the same as do human teeth.

Never buy a pure-bred ram from the man who does not use the castrating knife. A good grade might be a better investment than the poorest pure-bred.

Now is the time to take a snuff at the diabolical to learn of the fifth it contains, and you will be convinced of the wisdom of using a brush instead, for washing all kinds of milk utensils.

"TIMES IS CHANGED."  
Admiral Curator Notes a Difference Since His Cousin's Change.

"Yes, since, Bill; times is changed since you and me was doin' our courtin'!" said Admiral Curator, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Glover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal when they was best treated right narsom if a faller bought her ten cents worth of peppermint once in awhile, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans the time of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at forty cents a pound. My son, I tuk his ducky-daddy to the band concert in town yesterday an' there wa'n't a quarter lot of a dollar in his pocket, an' he tuk her to the band. Beats all the way young folks throw the money; way nowadays. I tell you times is changed mightily since we were boys, an' Lawd only knows what the end will be with a fellar layin' out seventy-five cents on a gal in one day!"

Family Discords.  
A New York scientist, the father of a large and growing family, has his troubles. One evening his youngest was holding forth in his best style. The mother could do nothing with the child, so the man of science went to the rescue.

"I think I can quiet little Floss," he said. "There's no use harrasing her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact she used to sing in the choir club at Yale and sing well, too, may make a difference."

# HUMOR OF THE HOUR

THE SUPREME TEST.  
Marriage Out of the Question Until Polar Views Were Known.

"Stillin', he said the young man, his eyes twinkled with suppressed emotion. "Are you going to put me on the parrot? Is this where I get off?" Unshed tears were in the lovely maiden's eyes.

If she had shed them they would not have been in her eyes. "I have not said so, Geoffrey," reluctantly she answered, "is so many words. But—"

"Listen, Stillin', he burst forth impetuously. "Is there any other guy that's got the goods on me? Am I playing second fiddle to some snouser with plastered hair, an' growin' chin, and a pull at the back? If so—"

"No, Geoffrey, but—"

"Then why the blazes, Meshach, and Aberdeen are you stalling me off with your snouser and your chin? I've never been caught with the goods. Glibly, ever since I was a kid you've been my one best bet, and you know it. I'm Old Faithful from Kiewitown. I've trotted along in your wake like a night porter on truck after a lovely holdup, or a bug collector after a gorgeous butterfly. All my life I've been building hungalows in the air for you to move into some day. I'd rather look at you type the word 'snouser' and 'chin' than see you are the nicest, peaches dream that ever—"

"Geoffrey," interrupted the beautiful girl, standing erect before him, pale, but calm and resolute. "I know you love me, and I am touched as never before by your devotion, but something seems to tell me that we are not truly mated."

Here her voice faltered. "Geoffrey," she said, recovering herself, "I must not make a mistake. I must ask you one question!" "What?" "Which side do you take in this North Pole controversy?"

CURD.  
The little's enlightenings of Dr. H. Weir Mitchell were showing a new gloss to their treasures of house and garden. Behind a bird's nest he was watching our birds are buried," said one of the children. At the head of a tiny grave was placed a white board. Printed on it in irregular characters, with a lead pencil, were these words: "Here lie our Hobins; one a week old, one only an egg."

# A Cut For A Cut

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By STALL O. JONES.

EDWARD STACKHAM's regret over starting home at the close of his brief vacation was sweetened by the thought that he was carrying with him the friendship, not the incipience, of Elizabeth Turner.

The last long stroll along the left boardwalk the night before he had left assured him of that fact. Although it was late in the season, the night was comfortably warm. The girl at his side, the clear moon above, and the waves splashing almost at their very feet, made him think of stories he had read.

"Why will you write to me?" he asked. "Will, certainly," she replied, merrily. "At least, I'll promise to write, she added with a bewitching laugh. "But I'm not very good at writing letters. Mother is at me all the time to make me keep up my curly correspondence. But I love to get letters, and for that reason I always try to answer. Of course will be returning to the city soon ourselves, so there will not be much time to write letters."

"Mustn't you say 'may' call. I shall feel dreadfully if you don't. You must come to see me often. It will be such fun to talk about the good times we've had."

# MISS NEATIE AND JOHNNIE

There was once a lady who had a spinle and span and spotless house in the country, and she spent all her time in keeping it in order. "For," said she, "I did not spend all my time in keeping it in order it would be neither spinle, nor span, nor spotless."

Some people wondered how she found so much to do in one small house, but she told them that if ever she got through with her work she could always begin over again, so she had given up hoping to see the day when she could rest. This logic usually convinced people.

"Blessed," she said, "there are very many things I wish to do about the house when I get a chance. There are a lot of things that ought to be attended to."

Then the visitors would open their eyes wide and look around at all the spinles and spanness and spotlessness and say: "Please excuse us, Miss Neatie, but what ought to be attended to in this irreproachably spinle and span and spotless place?" "Why," said Miss Neatie, "did you see the pebble path leading to my door?" "Yes," said one of the visitors. "I don't remember it, but I must have seen it or I should not have walked upon it. I never walk upon things I do not see."

"I am glad you did not notice it," said Miss Neatie. "It is not a credit to my housekeeping."

"What is the matter with the pebble path?" asked the visitor. "It has never been washed," said Miss Neatie. "When I get time I shall pick up the pebbles, bring them indoors and wash them with soap in a tub. Then I shall carry them out again, replace them on the path and feel that it is in order. I should like to let each pebble have its own individual place—it seems to me the proper idea in a really well ordered

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