

AS HARD AS NAILS.

AND EVERYONE CALLED HIM CRAB APPLEBY.

Yet He Had His Soft Spot and What It Was No One Ever Knew Until After His Death. When the Woman in the Case Told About It.

They were talking of him in Myra's bar, with the perfect frankness that obtains only behind one's back.

"Harsh as nails," the Irishman had said, finishing up the remark inside a tumbler—the receptacle of many such observations.

"Appleby," repeated the Irishman, emerging refreshed. "Appleby—don't tell me—harsh as nails."

"I was not telling you," answered Sam Crozier, late of her majesty's navy, at present a baritone singer who names his own price. "I was merely observing, for the benefit of humanity at large, that Appleby may have his soft spot."

"Well, an' if he has, Samuel, me bhoy, it's so deep inside him that it's of no use. What's the good of a crab being soft inside when he turns and nips ye by the toe? Crab-Appleby—that's what he ought to be called—the cross-grained son of a vinegar bottle."

At this moment the curtain was pushed aside and a man came in who added to nobody. His intrusion was partially condoned at the sight of his face—the same being the physiognomy of a man in trouble.

He asked Myra for some Scotch whisky in that lamentable voice which betokens the "has-been"—the thing who was once a gentleman, respected of others, and even of himself.

Before lifting the glass to his lips the now-come fumbled for his money, and at that moment the man, Appleby, of whom the talk had been, pushed aside the curtain and came in. He was a man of medium height, with a drawn, narrow face streaked with longitudinal lines; a man who had evidently gone very deeply into something—sorrow as likely as not.

In an instant the hard, gray eyes look in the form of the now-come, the whisky-glass, the fumbling hand. A crash—and the glass lay in the tender.

"Get out!"

"Who for?" cried the owner of the beverage thus rudely given to the sinners.

"For me."

Appleby was not pleasant to look upon. The other looked and apparently came to that conclusion, for he shrugged his shoulders and lounged to the curtain. Crab-Appleby, without a word of explanation, followed the intruder, and Myra's Bar never saw him again.

As no one had ever seen the intruder before and as Appleby and his affairs had always been exclusively the property of Appleby, the subject soon dropped, and they were talking of other things, and a very large policeman in a top hat came in and heroically refrained from looking at the bottle ranged before him behind Myra's fair hand, while he touched his helmet and spoke.

"Any gent here intimately acquainted with Mr. John Appleby?"

"Yes," said Sam Crozier promptly, "this gent."

The policeman looked at him, recognized the great singer and touched the brim of his helmet a second time.

"Should be obliged if you could spare me a few minutes, Mr. Crozier," he said.

Crozier went out with the policeman.

When the policeman told him, as they walked to the station together, that Crab-Appleby was dead he muttered an exclamation of horror, and that was all. Things rarely surprised this man. It was a simple story. Crab-Appleby and the man whose beverage he had thrown away emerged from Myra's bar into the little street leading northward from the Strand together.

They proceeded down into the Strand, and as they passed this self-same policeman he heard them disputing hotly. A few seconds later he saw the other push Appleby, who was staggering sideways into the Strand, when an omnibus knocked him down and killed him. It is easy killing a man, my masters, if the consequences be of no consequence.

Samuel Crozier went through certain formalities at the police station, where he also looked his last upon the most disagreeable man he had ever known. He heard the name of the individual who had done the deed—a name he knew. He did not know the man but he knew the woman who had married him.

Half an hour later he was shown into the suburban room of a suburban villa by a singularly suburban little housemaid. There he awaited the arrival of a woman who, when she came into the room, said:

"Sam!" and stood looking at him with eyes which he had not met since their brightness had been swallowed up by maternal care and ends that would not meet.

"Yes!" answered Crozier, with a

certain directness of manner that was his. "I have come to tell you that your husband is in trouble. He is in custody—charged with murder or manslaughter."

"Of whom?" asked the woman. "John Appleby."

The woman sat down rather suddenly on a chair which happened to be behind her.

"John Appleby has been keeping us," she said, in a queer voice. "This last year—but for him we should have been in the streets, or—dead."

"I suspected something of the sort," said Crozier quietly. "He has not had enough to eat during the last twelve months or so. Why did he do it?"

She looked at Crozier with a wan smile.

"He asked me to marry him—years ago," she said.

"Ah—and your husband took the money—he accepted John Appleby's charity?"

"For drink," explained the woman. "And you accepted it?" inquired Samuel Crozier, who called it human nature in an amiable way.

"For the children," she answered. "Black and White."

HE WAS EXCUSABLE.

The Bitter Rivalry Between Two Building Towns in the Far West.

In the former days of the South-west, when there was a bitter and bloody rivalry between the budding towns of Jack's Valley and Level Plain, fifteen miles up the river, there was a man arrested for stealing horses, says the Detroit Free Press. Not exactly stealing either, for under those circumstances the arrest would hardly have been made. The evidence was not at all conclusive; it was so weak that even in this section it was thought only fair to give the man a chance. He was before the court, and the judge was sounding him.

"You say," said the judge, "that you never stole a horse?"

"Never in my life, judge."

"And you wouldn't do such a thing?" The prisoner hesitated a moment. He was an entire stranger, and he had been seen in Level Plain, which was of course against him.

"Well, yer honor," he responded, "that depends."

"This was a poser.

"Boys," exclaimed the judge, "ain't that evidence enough? Go and git the rope."

A rush was made for the hemp, and the prisoner began to get scared.

"Hold on, yer honor," he yelled. "Let me explain that."

The judge succeeded in getting order among those who had gone for the rope.

"You've got a minute and a half to do it in," said the judge politely.

"I said, yer honor," proceeded the prisoner, "that it depended whether I'd steal a horse or not, and it does. Now, if I was in the town of Level Plain and couldn't git outen it no other way than by stealin' a horse I'd ride, I'd be damned if I wouldn't steal the horse."

Then a great shout went up, the judge came off the barrel he was benching on, and shook hands with the prisoner, and they took him out and gave him the best entertainment the town afforded.

Working on Tea and Coffee.

Early railway builders in New England discontinued the ancient system of serving alcoholic stimulants to their men and substituted for such drinks tea and coffee. Newly arrived Irish immigrants were the navvies of those days, and the contractors who adopted the total abstinence system found that their men were vastly more peaceable and effective than those supplied with strong drink. So stoking was the results that some railway companies, in making construction contracts, stipulated that the contractors should not serve strong drink to the navvies, and in the end the best workmen sought employment of contractors working under this stipulation.

An Eye to the Future.

Housekeeper—Considering how much I've done for you, I think you might saw some wood before you go. Tramp—I'd like to oblige you, mum, but think how often the wheel of fortune turns over in this country. "What's that got to do with it?" "Everything, mum. My grandchild-teen might get rich, and then it would be so much pleasanter for him to be able to say that grandfather was a gentleman o' leisure than to have to admit he was a wood sawyer."

—New York Weekly.

Why the Blame?

Little Willie—I wanted so much to peek through the keyhole last night while you were in the parlor with Mr. Castleton. Sister—But, liss a good little boy, you didn't, did you? Willie—No, the secret girl got there first.

—New York Herald.

Her Eatin' All Right.

"What," asked the blippest young man, "was the name of Lot's wife?" "Sul," answered the young woman from Boston, and the blippest young man was afraid to ask on what premises she based her conclusions.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

OLD JOE WAS THE LAST OF THE PASSAGONAWAYS.

He Stole the Chieftain's Bride on Her Wedding Day and a Bloody Battle Followed—the Hot Battle Over the Grains of the Lovely Prioux.

When the white man first explored the Connecticut valley there were few Indians settled between the White mountains and the Canadian border, but within the confines of Lancaster there lived an old hermit Indian on the very spot where relics were recently discovered.

He traded furs with his neighbors, and it was from his lips that the story of the battle originated. He was known to the whites as Old Joe. Old Joe was the sole survivor of the engagement. In his youth he was the heir to the chieftainship of the Cooz branch of the Passagonaws, whose headquarters were in the extreme apex of the Greenie state around the Connecticut lakes.

Old Joe, or, as he was then, Young Joe, like the youths of other races, longed to see more of the world than was afforded by one day's hunt from his native lodge. Therefore, one day, at the close of a beautiful summer, dressed in his gayest trappings, and accompanied by a score of the most stalwart young bucks of the Cooz village, he set forth on an expedition. Their destination was the home of the St. Francis tribe of Canadian Indians, on the shores of the St. Francis lakes, in the heart of what is now the province of Quebec.

Reaching the St. Francis nation they were cordially welcomed by the head men of that country, whose chief, Malton, although several years the senior of Joe, was still a man in the prime of life.

There were many comely young squaws among the St. Francis people, but the belle of the tribe was dark-skinned Prioux, the daughter of one of the foremost warriors and the betrothed bride of Chief Malton.

Upon this daimed Joe often cast admiring glances, which, the story says, were clandestinely reciprocated. The flirtation did not escape the notice of Malton, who, while suppressing his jealousy, urged Prioux's father to hasten the marriage between the latter's daughter and himself.

An understanding was finally reached that a banquet should be given, eclipsing all its predecessors in splendor, at which the nuptials of Malton should be celebrated, and that thereupon the Southerners should depart. All was gayety upon the morn of the wedding day. Weapons were supposed to be discarded, but the wily Passagonaws and their teachable St. Francis fell in had concealed in their leggings stout tomahawks ready for instant use.

All were assembled around the festive board, when, at a signal from Joe, his followers fell upon their unarmed entertainers. The terrified St. Francis people in their surprise were driven from the village to the lake shores, and thence took refuge in the woods.

At the outset of the melee the not unwilling Prioux was seized by two of Joe's men and hurried southward to the mountains by a path previously agreed upon.

Joe and the rest kept the St. Francis warriors at bay, looted the camp, seizing all the best weapons, destroying others, and loading themselves with the corn and meat of the nuptial feast.

Joe and his friends reached the Connecticut lakes before being overtaken, but his own friends refused to receive them, leaving the superior numbers of the St. Francis tribe and the bloody war which would result.

Malton stopped long enough at the Cooz camp to obtain fresh supplies, and containing the chase, overtook the refugees at Colebrook.

The attack began at once. Not having had time to replace the bows which the Passagonaws had broken the St. Francis warriors were obliged to seek a hand-to-hand contest. Joe's followers expended their arrows upon their assailants, while the latter were crossing the brook, and laid a number of the enemy low in the skirmish.

All were down at last except Joe and Malton, and both were grievously wounded.

Then the two leaders faced each other for the final struggle, with desperation inspired by hate.

Near Joe covered the roddy Prioux, when Malton saw for the first time the form of his promised bride in her own arms all distraction, and, hurling his spear at the girl he drove his weapon through her heart. The next instant the tomahawk of his rival had cut his skull, and he fell to the earth to rise no more.

Joe then proceeded to dispatch single handed all the wounded St. Francis, exercising savage vengeance upon their bodies. The victorious warrior, cured for his surviving friends and returned to the Cooz camp for assistance to bring back the wounded and bury the dead, among whom the body of Prioux was given the place of

honor. The bodies of the enemy were thrown into the brook.

His tribe, dwelling a descent from the St. Francis nation in the spring, however, moved to the south of the White mountains, but Joe remained and built a hut over the grave of Prioux, the cause of all this disaster, and there was found when the paleface came.

LION ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Only a Mountain Lion, But He Owned the Whole Thing for a White.

Last winter when the snowstorms were so fearful throughout the mountains in Utah and the earth was covered with snow to the depth of five to ten feet, and remained hidden so long the animals were forced to desperation. The wolves were starved and weak, and what is known as the mountain lion almost perished from starvation, says the Chicago Record.

Its great strength failed it, and a man with a knife could soon take the life of an animal that a short time before could hold a powerful ox or horse and make a meal of his flesh.

The hungry animals after a while discovered that food was to be had along the railroad track, where passengers threw bones and scraps of victuals from passing trains. Often two starving coyotes would engage in deadly combat over a chicken bone that had a short time before been ridden off its last vestige of nourishment by some economical person who did not care to pay 75 cents for a meal.

This was the condition of things. Engineer Gast had charge of engine No. 161, which was known as "the helper," from the fact that it helped trains up the mountain and when at the summit cut off and dropped back down to the bottom ready to help another. One night when business on the road was slack Gast noticed something wrong with the gearing under the tender, and remarked to the fireman that they would get off and repair it. When half way down the mountain side he brought the engine to a standstill and the two men went to work on what proved to be a twenty minutes' job packing a hot box on the tender. The tallow pot was left at the boiler's head.

After completing the repairs the men were mounting the engine again only to see a huge mountain lion descending the tallow and holding full possession of the engine cab. It was a cold night and the snow drifting. The men had already remained outside until they were very cold and the chances of disposing Mr. Lion were very meager, as he snapped his teeth and flashed his eyes and fast stored the tallow out of sight. The only consolation the men had was that the tallow would not last long at that rate, and even this thought was not entirely satisfying, as they had no way of determining that one of them would not go the same way at the end of the tallow feast. Finally, after fifteen minutes further delay the tallow pot was empty, and giving a growl, as much as to say, "I am very thankful gentleman, and you ought to be," the animal leaped from the cab and disappeared in the hills.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Marrying for money is going into partnership with the devil for life. Society women resemble hens in that they capite a great deal about their set.

The average weekly wages paid to female laborers of all classes in Germany is \$2.17.

A New York contemporary offers a prize of \$10 for the discovery of a perfect mother-in-law.

Real butterflies, fastened on to long spiral springs with a pin at the other end, are among the latest novelties to stick on a bonnet or as an ornament for the head.

He—You don't love me as you did before we were married. I don't believe. She—Of course I don't John. You wouldn't expect a woman to love a married man as she could a bachelor, would you?

There is an inexpressible charm to once-worn pins in the hopes which can never more be his own, and the illusions which can never again lend a grace to existence. It is memory that makes the old indulgent to the young.

Josephine Suffenszka Jaroska, who is said to be a grandchild of Palski, — the Polish patriot who fought for his country in the revolutionary war.—And once in countless in St. Petersburg, sells newspapers in front of the postoffice in Brooklyn.

A dog belonging to a Pittsburgh girl was accidentally locked in a trunk. When released, two days later, it was still alive. The following day it was run over by an express wagon, and when picked up seemed to be lifeless, but in the course of an hour it came to and growl as well as ever.

A number of women at Woodliff, N. J., have been frequently frightened by burglars. By constant vigil, however, they managed to prevent the marauders from carrying out their purpose. They finally decided to hire a watchman, but on his first night of duty both he and his dog fell asleep. The burglars returned, and everything of value was stolen.

As 8000 Miles. A Spokane theater has not been mangled in 1887 because of the fall of an acrobat from a lofty trapeze. It was not the acrobat who got the money, but the man in the audience he fell on.

Beware of Objections for Carcass that Captain Mervin.

As a remedy will supply the sense of smell and completely arrange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians. In the damaged eye, it acts as a life line to the world, and it derives from this. Halls' Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Clarke & Co., Toronto, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Halls' Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toronto, Ont., by F. J. Clarke & Co., Toronto, Ont. Price 75c per bottle. Halls' Family Pills, 50c.

What seems to be the latest accident springs from the street and source of safety.

225 BUS. DAVENY YELLOW ONION. Were grown by John L. Dutton, Esq., Saginaw. From one pound of seed this tremendous quantity of the variety 1,078 bushels were secured. It is said to be only possible to produce in one year 500 bushels. We understand that Mr. Dutton's seeds are the earliest in the world, especially his beans, carrots, cabbage, melons, onions, peaches, radishes, tomatoes, etc., and that he sells to market gardeners and farmers at lowest wholesale prices. Spiced potatoes for Texas and the South.

If you will cut this out and send with \$1 money order to the John Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, you will get free thirty-five packets earliest vegetable seeds and their wonderful catalogue, or for 15 cents in stamps a package above 250 seeds. Onions and their catalogue free. Tex. W.

What is the great wonder of all things human thought is the process by which human beings are alternately advised.

Scrofulous Taints

Lark in the blood of almost every one. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bumps, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing their cause—impurities in the blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liverills. 50c.

\$1,000,000 CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Schrago's Rheumatic Cure

Never Failed. Pleasant Taste. Highest endorsements from Doctors. Cures all rheumatic troubles. Free literature. Write to the Small Patent Office, Ten Thousand Franklin Street, Chicago.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.,

107 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Seeds

We quote New Crop Ontario seed for January 1st seed at 50c per bushel, alfalfa clover 30c per bushel, prairie potatoes 10c per bushel, Red per bushel, white 20c per bushel, Green and Yellow seeds of every description. Catalogue free.

HOLLOWAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Seed Merchants. Mention this paper. Dallas, Tex.

TREES OF GOLD

Plant SPLENDOR trees. You can make \$20 million trees growing in your yard. SPLENDOR trees everywhere. SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. "The great business" says our NEW YORK Herald. "The best trees to plant in your yard are these. They are longer and bear better."—See Morlan, STARR, 1122 Louisiana Mo., Rockport, V.

DALLAS BUSINESS FIRM

BERRY FIRE EXTINGUISHER only one in the city. Save lives. A. J. Berry, 200 Main and Printing Co., 100 Main St., Dallas.

RUBBER STAMPS

For Banks, Merchants and Printing Co., 100 Main St., Dallas.

DENTISTRY

Dr. W. W. Smith, 100 Main St., Dallas.

EMERSON, TALCOTT & CO.,

Standard Cultivators, Planters, Mowers, Dallas, Tex.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

100 Main St., Dallas, Tex.

THE KEELY INSTITUTE

100 Main St., Dallas, Tex.

FOOT WORTH TOWN

100 Main St., Dallas, Tex.

EVANS-MUTU-TO-BU-ET

100 Main St., Dallas, Tex.

When Answering Advertisements Mention this Paper.