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ON THE LONG TRAIL

Strange Things Hap- pened There

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Beth Cushman was riding home by way of the long trail. It was a youngling to sentiment that Beth herself despised, but she could not help it when she came to the crossroads.

The long trail had been her favorite ride with Miles Hill, but that some cowboy had come to call upon Miss Cushman.

From the trail she could look down into a little canyon through the middle of which rushed a triflesome stream. On the bank of the stream there stood a horse and rider, a girl on a cream-colored pony.

Beth drew a jealous breath, for she could see that the girl was lovely in a blond, golden haired, pink and white way.

As she gazed down there, the white pony lipped the stream and, out from the rocks of the canyon, there dashed a horse and rider. It was Miles Hill, riding black Poncho. Beth caught her breath as the man rode rapidly toward the girl, bent swiftly to kiss her and, with his arm around her slender waist, the two forded the stream and rode rapidly up the canyon and disappeared from view.

Entirely heartsick, but with a brave smile on her lips, Beth sat down to supper that night.

Her uncle, a morose, taciturn man, ate silently and swiftly, and rode away on some official errand, for he was sheriff of the county.

Mrs. Colt and her two daughters breathed a little easier after the departure and return to the two cowboys who ate with the family.

"Pa hasn't said anything, but I reckon he's off on that Tinkester case," observed Mrs. Colt.

"I reckon he is," returned Link Peterson, buttering another biscuit.

"Some one said Miles Hill had disappeared from the range," went on Mrs. Colt, with a side glance at her niece.

"Jameson hinted that Miles was mixed up in the Thakerman raid," but in Louise Colt eagerly.

"Jameson better try again. There ain't a squarer fellow nowhere than Miles Hill," muttered Link.

"Where is Miles, then?" demanded Cora.

"Miles? Why, I can't say exactly. It's sort of a secret, you know."

Link grew very red and looked at Beth's pathetic face.

Beth lifted her head and gazed at the eyes flashed splendidly.

"I don't know why his whereabouts should be a secret," she said neatly.

"I saw him today."

"Oh, you did?" queried Link, eyed, and Sammy Smith asked quickly.

"I reckon he wasn't far from the canyon, Miss Beth."

"It was right there. He was going with a girl, a very pretty girl," said Beth bravely.

"There was nothing more said concerning Miles Hill, but after supper Beth went to her room and rested her weary head on the sill, letting the sweet air caress her flushed cheeks and dry the tears on her lashes.

Link and Sammy rode away and from the overcasted landscape came link and laughter and so as the cowboys prepared themselves for some merrymaking in the coming five miles distant.

After they, too, had flattered away and Sam Soy had ceased to fiddle dishes in the kitchen silence fell on the ranch house and its inhabitants.

From the veranda below Beth caught the drift of voices now and then through the confusion of other sounds, but after it grew very still the voices came up sharply penetrating.

"I think your pa was too severe with Miles Hill," said Mrs. Colt. "He sure was plumb set after Beth, and it showed he was honorable to speak to Henry about it best."

"Miles isn't poorer than any other cowpuncher around here, and plenty of them marry and settle down," agreed Cora, who was fond of her little cousin.

"I heard him tell pa that if he'd name the sum he thought he ought to have before he asked Beth to marry, he said he would have it," put in Louise.

"How much did pa tell Miles he must raise?" asked Cora.

"Five hundred dollars," laughed Louise. "I heard poor Miles telling him it would take him a whole year to do that out of his pay and that his clothes would be so shabby Beth wouldn't look at him by that time."

"What did pa say to that?"

"He just laughed, and then Miles got angry and said he'd show him a thousand dollars before he'd ask him, and he went off in a rage, and I haven't seen him since."

"Beth, poor child, said she saw him with another girl," worried kind Mrs. Colt.

"It's a shame," cried Louise. "I'll just scold Pa Colt when I get hold of him! See if I don't!"

Beth withdrew from the window and went to bed. There was a singing in her heart because Miles Hill had loved her, whatever his wandering heart was doing now. He had asked her uncle for her hand, and Uncle Henry had refused, but there was a measure of comfort in the thought that Miles

had not been so perfectly happy as she had been turned away, and she thought the girl had tempted him.

The girl had asked to marry of her lover and the pretty girl who had waited for him in little canyon and who had received his kiss upon her lips with a very nonchalant air.

It was perhaps a week after that Beth Cushman once more rode home by the long trail. This was not from desire. Stern necessity demanded the change of route because during a severe winter there had been several trees uprooted along the short trail and a landside had completed its destruction.

So it happened that Beth rode slowly along the familiar way, her eyes fixed on the little space between Bonnie's brown ears.

She had passed little canyon without a glance into its green depths and was climbing the hill when she suddenly came to the top, where a thrilling scene was taking place.

Riding straight toward her was a most villainous looking Mexican, and in the curve of his left arm he carried the slender form of the beautiful blond whom she had seen with Miles. Shouting down the distance came Miles, bending over his horse in vain pursuit of the Mexican.

While she paused there, startled at the scene, a shot rang out from the bushes bordering the trail, and Miles threw up his hands and fell to the ground. The horse crashed the grass undisturbed by the still form of his master lying so near.

All this happened in a breath. When Miles fell the Mexican was still coming toward Beth. A great rage filled her soul with a mad desire to kill, to avenge the life of her old sweetheart.

A word to Bonnie, and Beth dashed into the scene, her revolver thrust into the face of the frightened Mexican.

"Give her to me," he cried. "I'll kill you if you don't," she screamed in his ear.

He released his hold on the girl, and both clutched her in strong arms and swung her across her saddle; then she dashed past the Mexican and guided Bonnie to where the prostrate Miles lay on the ground.

"You're safe now," assured Beth as she helped the girl to the ground and then dismounted. To her surprise the girl stared at her rather indignantly until a smile wrinkled the corners of her rouged lips.

"Say, Miss Buttrick, what do you mean by queering this picture?" she asked sharply. "Wait until old Fenwick gets up here. I guess you've spoiled thirty feet of perfectly ripping film."

"Picture?" altered Beth. "Film? I don't know what you mean."

The girl laughed gleefully and clasped her hands on a stout red faced man who came padding toward them.

"Don't have a bit, Fenwick," she said saucily. "It's only another tenderfoot taking a movie picture for the real thing."

But Mr. Fenwick was grinning with enthusiasm.

"It was great—great—Flora," he cried. "Young lady, I must have you in this. What say? Could you do that stunt again?"

Beth looked at him in a bewildered way, and her blushes deepened when she noticed that Miles Hill had risen quite unnoted and was regarding her with grave interest in his brown eyes.

"Perhaps you will explain it to me. I've never been called a tenderfoot before," Beth smiled at the girl called Flora, and the girl nodded back in a friendly way. The Mexican had approached and was continually rolling a cigarette, while from the underbrush there crawled another actor of the cowboy type. It was this worthy who had fired the blank cartridge from ambush at Miles Hill.

Mr. Fenwick explained all about his company of moving picture actors and how this particular film was to be a star production if it turned out well. And he wanted Beth to help them out by repeating her rescue of Flora from the dark browned Mexican, who in real life was her husband.

So the camera man thumped up his machine again, and the scene was repeated to the great satisfaction of Mr. Fenwick and all concerned.

At last the company separated, the actors going back to their headquarters at Red Ford and Miles Hill riding slowly home with Beth, who had so unexpectedly come into her own again.

"You thought I was dead, honey?" he asked after awhile.

She nodded. "And I saw you and Flora in the canyon the other day," she added.

"You mean where I kiss her and ride upstren?"

"Yes—I—er—believed it was true, Miles."

He laughed tenderly. "It couldn't be dear, because there's only one girl in the world for me, and she's so fine that when she saw the girl she thought was mine being carried off by a no count greaser she just naturally wouldn't stand for it, but rushed in and rescued the girl for me."

Beth blushed cheerily, but her eyes were very happy.

"I heard about your asking Uncle," she said. "Is that why you are acting in this moving picture company, so that you can raise a thousand dollars?"

"To marry you at once," he smiled down at her. "You see, I'll have the money saved up in three months. Fenwick's going to set out four more of these wild and wacky western plays, and I'm going to be in every one of them. I guess you might as well begin on your wedding clothes, dearie."

"And I thought it was the hand all the time, Miles," she whispered tearfully.

"Don't pin your faith on bonds, honey," he cautioned. "They always do the contrary things. This time it was not the hand; it was all for you."

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SITUATION IS COMPLICATED

Partisan Politics Said to Have Entered the Street Car Strike at Indianapolis—Suit for Annulment of Company's Charter Filed in Circuit Court—Chauffeur Shot.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Six hundred structural ironworkers and engineers quit work here in sympathy with the street railway strikers, and their action resulted in tying up of work on some holidays.

Officials of the unions involved declare that no sympathetic strike had been ordered and that the men acted upon their own initiative. Whether the building trades council will sanction the walkout, officers of that organization refused to say.

Fourth Day of Strike.
The fourth day of the strike of employees of the Indianapolis Traction and Terminal company began with no attempt to move the cars which have stood idle in the barns since late last Friday night.

Charges that partisan politics had caused the poles to fall to give the traction company sufficient protection to run its cars were made by candidates for office, while an effort of Sheriff Parsons to swear in 250 citizen deputies resulted in the charges being made that he had summoned the men chiefly for the purpose of reducing their activity at the polls.

Suit Against Company.
The strike situation was further complicated when a suit for the annulment and forfeiture of the traction company's franchise and the appointment of a receiver for the company was filed in circuit court by Attorney Albert C. Pearson, acting as a taxpayer. The petition alleges that the company, by its failure to operate cars, has violated its franchise contract with the city. The summons in the suit was made returnable Nov. 13.

After a day in which numerous minor riots were reported, Thomas Carlton, a chauffeur, was shot and fatally wounded while watching a crowd of strike sympathizers making an attack on the Louisiana avenue car barns, where the strike-breakers are still housed.

Curious Ear of the Catfish.
The catfish uses his lungs as an organ of hearing. The needless lung becomes a closed sac filled with air and commonly known as the swim bladder. In the catfish, as in the suckers, eels and most brook fish, the air bladder is large and is connected by a slender tube, the remains of the trachea, to the esophagus. At its front it fits closely to the vertebral column. The anterior vertebrae are much enlarged, riveted together, and through them passes a chain of bones, which connects with the hidden cavity of the air. The bladder therefore assists the ear of the catfish as the tympanum and its bones assist the ear of the higher animals. An ear of this sort can carry little range of variety in sound. It probably gives only the impression of jars or disturbances in the water.

A Singer's Avarice.
We hear a great deal about the enormous salaries paid to famous prima donnas nowadays, and we also hear a great deal about the charity and good nature in the reign of Queen Anne one of the most celebrated singers was Mrs. Tofts, who had a veritable craze for money making as well as a great deal of personal conceit. Pope, who never spared any persons or objects that he satirized, wrote an epigram that must have greatly annoyed the avaricious singer:

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along.
But such is thy avarice and such is thy pride
That the brutes must have starved and the

Head of Chicago Packing Concern Sick Long Time.

CHICAGO.—Edward Morris, the head of the packing concern of Morris & Co., and one of the big men of the Chicago stockyards, died at his residence, 4800 Brossel boulevard, at 3 a. m.

Mr. Morris had been ill for a number of months and several times his condition had been reported to be critical, but this was denied by members of his family, who declared that the

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