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**\$3.00**

The Sawyer Shoe Store  
212 Princess St.  
PHONE 159.

A Jersey cow belonging to J. J. Deir, dairyman, Gananoque, last week gave birth to a calf without a tail. The animal was perfect in every other way.

**Her Choice**

By Sarah Bryce Vaughan.

"Why is it," said the ranchman, "that some women can't make a straight deal with a lover?"  
"We had a case out here once where a gal kep' two fellers daagin' after her 'til she pretty nigh set both on 'em crazy. At last she had to decide all on a sudden, and it didn't take her a second throw which one on 'em had her heart. Mebbe she didn't know herself before that which did have it, and mebbe she did know. Least, always there wasn't no hesitation when the time come to make a show down."  
"She was a little Mexican gal. Her father had belonged to a big family in Spain, and since most of the big families there are down at the heel and Herrera bein' the youngest of twelve children he went to Mexico, married and come up to this here territory to raise sheep. He had a daughter, Paquita, born on his ranch. From the time she was able to walk she was out o' doors all the while, climb'n fences and trees, and when she was four was ridin' the horses to water."  
"When Paquita was sixteen she was a terror to her father and mother. She could shoot, ride, swing a lariat, do anything a cowboy could do. I've seen her toss her handkerchief on the ground, ride by it at full speed and with one spur hooked to her saddle reach down and pick it up. At that time she used to wear her hair flowin' out like a comet's tail—same as little gal '55—and it was topped by a sombrero. Her jacket and skirt were black, with lots o' gold braid. Her eyes were black and her complexion almost as dark as a quadroon's. She got that from her mother, who had Aztec blood in her."  
"There was a Mexican boy whose father owned a ranch near the Herrera property that was brought up with Paquita. He was just the same age, and they were just like brothers. Leastways it seemed to me that Paquita was more like a brother to Jose Serrano than a sister. But I reckon there was more like lovers from the very first."  
"They was always together till one day a young Englishman come out here to be a rancher. He was the sleekest looking feller I ever see. Edward Allston was his name, and he was a thoroughbred and no mistake. I didn't see him ridin' about with Paquita till some time after his come here; then I used to see 'em together often. It didn't seem to me that if the Englishman wanted her the little Mexican would stand a ghost of a chance. But, while she was with the Britisher a good deal, she didn't drop the Mexican. She appeared to be just as fond of him as ever. But what kind of fondness it was, now that Allston had come along, I didn't know. It seemed to me that sooner or later the little chap would find out

that he was nowhere and the Britisher had the right o' way."  
"I used to note Paquita ridin' fast with one and then with the other of these men. When she was with Jose he looked sullen, and I reckoned she was trying to make him believe she didn't care nothin' at all about Allston. When she was with Allston she reckoned she was tryin' to bring him under her spell. They was a fine contrast, them two, she a dark Spanish beauty, he a fair-haired blue-eyed Britisher. It didn't appear to me that he was more interested in her than if she'd been any other gal. It war the way she slung them big black eyes about that made me think she was trying to lasso him."  
"The reason I took all this interest in the matter was that I was as fond o' Paquita as if she'd been my own little gal. One day I overtook her ridin' along the road alone. After a while I said somethin' against the Englishman just to see how she'd take it. She fired up, you bet. Then I told her I thought Jose Herrera was worth three of Edward Allston. She looked kind o' funny, but didn't say nothin'."  
"Well, little gal," I said when I left her, "better decide between 'em. It would be cruel to keep 'em on the anxious seat always."  
"I don't know," she said, "that I have the privilege of decidin' between 'em."  
"With that she cantered away, kind of glum."  
"I knew well enough that so far as Jose Herrera was concerned she could have him whenever she wanted him. But I didn't know anything about her havin' the Englishman."  
"But as time wore on I saw Paquita and Allston more and more together, while Serrano seemed to be


dropped out o' the race. It was perfectly natural that a fine lookin' man with swell manners should supplant a boy who didn't show up for much except that he was a very good kind of a feller. He'd been about the only person Paquita had ever come across for a lover, and when somethin' better turned up it was natural she should gradually let go her hold on the first and get a grip on the second."  
"But the time come when it was plain enough that the Englishman had been handed and was layin' on his side gassin'. What I mean by that is that the gal had woven a spell about him he couldn't resist, and he was dead gone on her. From that time she did not seem so struck on him as she was before. That's the way with all of us—when we once git a thing we don't care so much about it as we thought we did. That's what I thought was the case with Paquita, but then 'as knew' told me I was wrong. They said she was in love with Allston and was goin' to marry him."  
"The race was comin' to a finish, with big odds on Allston. Leastways, it would 'a' been ridiculous for Paquita to stick to a boy lover when she could git a man, and a fine man at that. But she didn't seem to want to decide."  
"One day Paquita was out on her horse, got up, as usual, in her Mexican toggery, a revolver at her side and a lariat at the pommel of her saddle, when she saw the two men who was Serrano and the other, who was goin' to courtin' her ridin' toward each other. She didn't want 'em to fight—fact is, all along she had been keepin' Serrano from pickin' a quarrel with Allston. Then she remembered that there was a quicksand between 'em, and she began to worry, lest one on 'em

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**A POIRET MOTORING OUTFIT.**  
Some of the Paul Poiret raiment suggests friskiness, but there is a charm and attractiveness about it all the same. This velvet coat by Poiret is in the new dark Japan red over which Paris is made just now and the fur is the American red fox which Poiret has taken up and made immensely fashionable. The little bonnet is of white ermine with black tails over the ears and red velvet bonnet strings under the chin. The cut of the coat is most interesting, and as is the case with almost everything Parisian this winter, there is a sailor collar trimming in addition to the long rever and broad ruffs of the fur.

"The rope fell true and in a moment was around Jose's shoulders under his arms. Paquita had the end fastened to the pommel of her saddle, and startin' her horse gently, so as not to break the rope, she pulled the Mexican out. Then she fell in a faint, but Serrano didn't waste no time on her. He threw the lasso to Allston, who caught it in his hands. Serrano was tuggin' away, tryin' to pull the Britisher out, when a horseman appeared and, coming up, lent a hand. Together they hauled Allston on to firm ground."  
"That was the end o' the rivalry between these two men. Allston went back to England and married the daughter of a lord. Serrano married Paquita. All of which goes to show that if a gal is in doubt between two lovers she kin find out by havin' a chance to save the life of only one o' 'em."  
**SOUTHERNERS JAILED.**  
Cases of Peonage Vigorously Prosecuted by Government.  
Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 30.—Five wealthy southern lumbermen will enter the federal prison to serve sentences for peonage. They are: W. S. Hartlan, Robert Gallagher, Dr. W. E. Grae, C. C. Hilton, and E. S. Fuggins, all of Lockhart, Ala. Hartlan and Gallagher will each serve eighteen months and pay fines of \$5,000. The three others will serve thirteen months and pay \$1,000 each. Their cases were the first to originate in the south, and the prosecution was vigorously pushed by the department of justice.

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Grey Squirrel Band, \$8.50, now \$4.25	Linings of Muskrat, Alaska Sable Collars, No. 1 Broadcloth.	LAMB BABY RUGS	
White Hare Turban, \$6.00, now \$3.00	Regular \$80, now \$60.00	Pocket, \$3; Plain, \$2	
Black Hare Turban, \$6.00, now \$3.00	Regular \$65, now \$49.00	Black Siberian Lyx Muffs	\$100, now - - - \$75.00
Muskrat Turban, \$7.00, now \$3.50	Regular \$50, now \$37.50	Regular \$6; now - \$3.00	\$ 80, now - - - \$60.00
	Regular \$40, now \$30.00	Stoles	\$ 60, now - - - \$45.00
		Regular \$5, now - \$3.00	\$ 45, now - - - \$33.75

**Kingston's Largest Fur Store** **JOHN MCKAY, 149-158 BROCK ST.**