

# A REDHEADED GIRL

By C. B. LEWIS

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It was while the brig *Daisy*, Captain Josiah Barnes, master, lay at Port au Prince, after loading up, that a red-headed girl came aboard to secure passage to Boston. She had gone to the island from Salem two years before with an American family as governess, but had become tired of it and desired to get back to the United States. The wife of Captain Barnes was aboard, and his crew numbered seven men. He had also taken as passengers two American sea captains whose vessels had been shipwrecked among the West Indian islands. If it hadn't been that one of the captains offered to surrender his stateroom to the red-headed girl and sleep in the main cabin on a shake-down she could not have taken passage by the *Daisy*. Indeed it was a close shave at best, as Mrs. Barnes, who was fat, forty and plain faced, looked her over and said to her husband:

"Josiah, she's red-headed, and that means that she's giddy and sassy."  
"Yes; she's got red hair," replied the captain, "but I don't see nothin' giddy about her. She looks as sober as any gal with any colored hair, and that passage money will come in handy for us. She'll probably be seasick clear up to Boston light and not eat \$2 worth of provisions."

"Well, we'll take her," said Mrs. Barnes, with a doubtful shake of the head, "but you see if it don't result in a tornado, waterspout or calamity of some kind. Red-headed girls are born to make trouble."

A day later the *Daisy* weighed anchor and set out on her return voyage, and the attitude of the red-headed girl as she moved about was so demure that the captain almost felt like patting her on the head and speaking words of sympathy and encouragement. The brig sailed at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the girl passenger did not make her appearance at the table at noon. Mrs. Barnes' motherly heart forced her to look into the stateroom and offer her services, but at the same time she was secretly glad to find the red-headed girl in her berth and apparently suffering the pangs of seasickness.

Something like a surprise party awaited the dame when supper time came



THE REDHEADED GIRL WALKED THE DECK WITH A CAPTAIN ON EACH SIDE.

round. She was thinking of making a cup of tea with her own hands and adding a slice of dry toast when the red-headed girl suddenly appeared in the cabin fully dressed and looking as pert and saucy as if the old brig rested in a cordoned field instead of climbing up and down watery hills of exceeding steepness.

"Ma, but haven't you been seasick?" exclaimed the captain's wife after a long stare.

"Of course not," was the reply.

"And you ain't goin' to be?"

"I hope not. Where are the gentlemen? They must have missed me. I'm so glad I'm the only girl aboard, as I will have them all to myself. Do you know if both captains are married men?"

"Yes, ma'am; I know what they are, and each one is the father of at least 'leven children," replied Mrs. Barnes, with great emphasis, being determined to crush the red-headed girl at the very outset.

"Well, they can flirt with me for a few days just the same," said the girl as she surveyed herself in the cracked mirror hanging over the table.

At supper the red-headed girl made herself thoroughly "at home." She laughed and chatted and made eyes, and Mrs. Barnes could not help but see that her own captain, as well as the two others, was more than interested. She grew red in the face, and her blood boiled, and as soon as the meal was finished and the girl had gone on deck, escorted by the two other captains, she drew herself up before her liege lord with folded arms and demanded:

"Josiah Barnes of Providence, what did I tell you?"

"I dunno," he absently replied.

"Don't lie to me, sir! I told you that red-headed girl was an impudent minx

and my words have come true. Sn even made eyes at you across the table."

"—I didn't see 'em if she did."  
"You saw 'em and almost blushed Josiah Barnes, that girl has got to stop or she'll get a piece of my mind that will make her red hair curl. I won't stand by and see no such chit make fools of three or four men who ought to know better."

The captain's advice was for her to go slow, and he was glad to get on deck and out of reach of her tongue. That was the beginning of things. That night the red-headed girl walked the deck with a captain on each side of her.

The next day the "minx" got a piece of Mrs. Barnes' mind. It was a liberal piece and ought to have brought her to her knees, but it didn't. On the contrary, after she got fairly started the red-headed girl got off three words to the other's one and read her a long and severe lecture on minding her own business. In this lecture were included a few observations on false teeth and gray hairs, and when the battle was over it was the motherly Mrs. Barnes who didn't know where she was at. She tried to get even by calling her husband into the cabin and telling him what was what and that she'd take good care to see that everybody in Providence heard of it, but his reply was:

"It's all nonsense in your sayin' that I've fallen in love with that girl, but I'm tellin' you that red-headed women are just the nicest things out, and I don't care who hears me say so."

Inside of four days the red-headed girl was flirting with everybody and everybody clear down to the cook, and of course jealousy crept in. The three captains hurled sarcastic remarks at each other, and the mate and carpenter had a glare in their eyes and a feeling of revenge in their breasts. Mrs. Barnes tried again and again to seize the tide, but in vain, and at length she took refuge in tears and predictions.

The *Daisy* sailed on and on, and the flirtations went on and on, and as the brig crept up the coast Mrs. Barnes "felt it in her bones" that Boston would never be reached. The red-headed girl had brought disorganization from cabin to bowsprit and almost taken command.

"You jest wait, Josiah Barnes—you jest wait for Cape Cod," the captain's wife grudgingly repeated a dozen times a day, and Cape Cod was finally reached.

Then a gale sprang up, the big brig lost her foremast, and though the red-headed girl sought her stateroom and the crew was left free to battle with the storm, the craft was driven ashore and became a total wreck. Crew and passengers were saved, and in due time Captain Barnes appeared at the office of the owners in Boston to tell how it all happened. He was listened to until he had finished, and then the head of the firm handed him a letter that had been received the day before. It was from Martha, and it read:

I want to report that the *Daisy* is ashore on Cape Cod and a total wreck, and I want to report that a red-headed gal and a lot of foul men are the cause of it.

Write Notes to Themselves.

"Actors are great hands to write 'mash' notes to themselves," said a stage manager. "The leading young men, you see, the heroes that marry the beautiful girls—are supposed to attract to the theater myriads of young women. They draw big pay on this account; their friends talk seriously of the powerful, almost hypnotic, influences that they exert on romantic females. This power is the stock in trade of the actor who travels on his beauty instead of on his art, and he must always have tangible proof of it. So if the young women don't come up each mail with a bunch of authentic mash notes, he sees to it anyway that he gets mash notes all right. He times them so that they reach the theater during rehearsal. The manager every afternoon brings them to him—a half dozen pink and blue and cream envelopes, smelling of violet and orris. He takes them with a guffaw, reads them, passes them around. Every one pretends to be amused at their silly contents, but the minute the actor's back is turned the murmur passes back and forth: 'They're fakes. He wrote them himself. He spends two hours a day writing himself mash notes.' To tell the truth, this actor gets a number of authentic mash notes, but nobody believes it. It is thought that every note is a fake."—Washington Post.

"Barber, Barber, Shave a Pig."

In pig killing there is no more exciting moment than that of removing the bristles from the carcass. With such haste does the operation sometimes have to be accomplished that in a certain country family it was begun one day with a pair of fine brass candlesticks before the usual utensils could be found.

When Salmon P. Chase was at Kenyon college, which was then presided over by his uncle, Bishop Philander Chase, he encountered a similar difficulty and cut the knot with an "essitating" decision. The bishop and most of the elders went away one morning, and young Salmon was ordered to kill and dress a pig while they were gone. He found no great trouble in catching and slaughtering a fat young "porker," and he had the tub of hot water all ready for scalding.

This process should have loosened the bristles, but either the water was too hot or the pig was kept soaking too long; at any rate, when the boy began scraping the bristles not one of them could be started. In pig killing phrase, they were "set." What could he do? Then he bethought him of his cousin's razors, a fine new pair, just suited to the use of their owner, a spruce young clergyman. He pilfered them and shared the pig from toe to snout.—Youth's Companion.

# A ROYAL ROMANCE

(Original.)

The king was dead, and the people would have cried, "Long live the king!" but they did not know which of two claimants would secure the throne. Prince Ludwig, the representative of a rival dynasty, was at the capital, but the Crown Prince Rudolph, who had been banished by his father, was in Paris. Rudolph was the choice of the people, but the Austrian government desired to place Ludwig on the throne.

Rudolph made his preparations to go to claim his crown, and, being obliged to pass through Austrian territory, the government desired to intercept him. "Your majesty," said Rudolph's bosom friend, Count Ernest Gerhart, who proposed to accompany his sovereign to his capital, "I suggest that we travel as master and valet, I to be the master, you the valet."

"An admirable plan," said Rudolph. "We will adopt it." That night the two started, the count disguised as a bourgeois merchant, Rudolph as a German valet. The two carried their parts well, the count enacting a shopkeeper who had made money and was consequently purring proud, Rudolph playing a servant who had all the spirit beaten out of him by a tyrannical master. Count Ernest, being the king's intimate friend and faithful adherent, took pleasure in giving him plenty to do and abusing him soundly at the slightest remissness. Passing down the Danube by boat, the two attracted the attention of the old Baroness von Vallenstein and her beautiful daughter Bertha.

"Hans," cried Count Ernest, "bring me some hock and soda water, and don't spend the whole day gabbling with the other servants. Be quick!" Hans moved away, and Bertha von Vallenstein, who had looked up from her book, cast an indignant glance at the count for the severity of his tone. When the valet returned with the hock and soda Count Ernest rated him for having been gone so long. Bertha von Vallenstein, indignant at the count's abuse, called Hans to her and said to him:

"Do you wish to leave the service of the man who treats you so harshly? If you do I will engage you at once. My mother and I need a manservant."

"Thank you, fraulein," stammered the astonished king incoherently. "He pays me such good wages that"—

"I will pay you double." The king was in a quandary. Count Ernest, who saw what was going on, ordered him away on another errand and when he was gone said to the young lady:

"Pardon me, fraulein. This servant whom you think I treat so unjustly must be handled with great severity. He has overriden every master he has served till he came to me, and at the slightest evidence of kindness he would turn upon me with violence."

This failed to satisfy the young lady. Soon after, when Count Ernest was not present, Hans spoke to her and discovered that she and her mother were journeying to the same point as himself. He asked her hotel at the capital, which she gave him, and he promised to communicate with her with a view to entering her service.

After that Count Ernest, seeing his mistake in attracting attention by his feigned severity, treated his servant less harshly. They pursued their journey, eluding the spies both of Prince Ludwig and the Austrian government, and at last Rudolph found himself safe over the borders of his kingdom. He immediately threw off his incoherence and, having been joined by a number of his adherent nobles, moved on toward the capital, everywhere greeted with great joy and affection by the people.

Bertha von Vallenstein and her mother, having taken a direct route while the king was obliged to take a very circuitous one, arrived long before him. She could not put away the image of the valet who had borne so patiently the harshness of his master, and she looked for him every day to appear and enter her service. Her mother laughed at her, assuring her that after what his master had said of him she would run a great risk in engaging him.

Meanwhile the whole kingdom had gone overwhelmingly for the legitimate heir, and preparations were made for his reception. It was a beautiful morning that Rudolph entered his capital mounted on horseback, attended by his nobles, Count Ernest Gerhart riding beside him, and followed by a large military escort. As he passed the hotel where the baroness and her daughter were stopping he looked up at the windows till his eyes caught those of Bertha, when he smiled and bowed, removing his hat with especial deference.

"Mother," gasped Bertha, withdrawing from the window, "what does it mean? Am I dreaming or am I delirious? The king has the features of the valet Hans!"

"Nonsense, my dear! There is a resemblance, and since that valet has turned your head you magnify it." The king was proclaimed, and to the state ball following the proclamation invitations came to the Von Vallensteins. When Bertha was presented to the king, he was observed to whisper something in her ear, and she passed on with an expression of delight on a face also covered with blushes.

What the king whispered was this: "I am ready to enter your service, but not as your valet."

And so it happened that King Rudolph XII. took a wife not of royal blood, but as he received with her an enormous fortune, most of which was spent on the poor of the kingdom, the match was highly approved by his subjects.

F. A. MITCHELL.

# A GIRL COWBOY

(Original.)

Mary Dorkins was told by her physician that she was threatened with consumption and should "rough it" in the west. Convinced that she could not do so advantageously in petticoats, she donned man's attire and, with money to take her to the cattle grounds, started out in search of health.

One morning she appeared at a ranch and asked if a cowboy was wanted. The superintendent looked her over from head to foot and said:

"What's your name?"  
"Tom Dorkins."

"Tenderfoot, I reckon."  
"Yes; I'm not very well. Doctor recommended outdoor life."

"I'll cure you, sure. But you'll die from another cause. The boys will grind you to powder. However, if you want to try it, go ahead."

If Tom Dorkins hadn't been something of an invalid he would have had a hard time of it. As it was, the cowboys were disposed to take no cognizance of him whatever. One of them set up a faro bank in the barn, and Mary invested a few dollars she had in her pocket in the game. She struck an astonishing run of luck and without knowing any more about faro than she knew about quaternions broke the bank. Nothing succeeds like success, and as Bob Hathaway, the faro banker, was not popular the boys all declared in favor of the tenderfoot. Mary invested her winnings in a spruce for the boys, which, while it clinched her popularity with them, brought down upon her the wrath of Hathaway, who expected to win back his money at the next sitting.

Then commenced a number of petty insults and annoyances from the faro dealers which had Mary been a man would have been unbearable. As it was, she was placed in a position where she would have to fight. She was made aware of this, for her patient endurance of Hathaway's insults induced a coldness on the part of the other boys.

At Hathaway's next installment Mary went to one of the boys, Henderson by name, whom she admired for a certain coolness and dignity there were about him, and asked him to bear a message for her.

"Can you shoot, Tommy?" asked Henderson.

"Don't know."

"See if you can hit that." He held his hat at arm's length. Mary drew her revolver from her hip pocket and, standing a dozen paces from the hat, fired. Hearing a howl and seeing Henderson's hand covered with blood, she burst into tears.

"You little fool! You cry baby! Why didn't you hit the hat? How do you expect to fight a cowboy with such shooting as that?"

"Are you killed?" cried Mary.

"Killed? No. But I've lost a part of my thumb."

A little later Henderson and the tenderfoot were observed standing very close together, the latter holding up the former's thumb with a handkerchief.

From that day Henderson gave out that Dorkins, being in bad health, must not be interfered with. All save the hat away were disposed to let the boy alone, and he seemed averse to interfering further with one whom Henderson had taken up as a protégé. Mary grew stronger every day, and when the bloom came to her cheek one of the boys remarked that the tenderfoot was "pretty enough for a girl." Then one day Hathaway recommenced his taunts.

"I thought I told you," said Henderson, "that the boy was to be let alone."

"That was because he was sick. He's well enough now."

"I want you to understand," replied Henderson, "that I consider Tom Dorkins a sick man."

"Sick, boss!" cried the crowd. "He's well enough."

"Hathaway, you let him alone. If you are spilling for a fight you can have it with me."

"All right," said Hathaway. "You send your baby boy to me with the message he asked you to bring."

And so it was arranged that Henderson and Hathaway should fight. But this did not serve in the case of Dorkins, who received the deal cut from the crowd. Mary accepted the position of second when she should have been first, and they despised her.

Mary further incurred the contempt of the crowd by displaying a trembling hand when she handed her principal his revolver.

"What's the matter with you?" remarked the opposing second, "you're in no danger, you little"— He broke off suddenly at a glance from Henderson.

Dorkins was to give the first signal by dropping a hat. It is questionable if the signal would have been given had not the second's hand trembled so she couldn't hold it. At the first fire Hathaway was unhurt; Henderson had the top of his ear taken off. He contrived to keep his second from seeing it by turning it from her. The two principals stood ready for the second signal when, suddenly, Mary saw blood on Henderson's collar. This was more than she could bear. Rushing to him she threw herself on his chest, placing herself between him and his adversary. Henderson turned red as the comb of a cock.

"It's all up, boys," he said. "Tommy's a gal!"

With a wild hurrah the crowd hustled the pair on to their horses and did not stop till they had found a parson to marry them. Mary was married in a sombrero, boots and spurs. Before she donned a more appropriate bride's attire she had to spend the savings of months giving her associates a justification such as they had never had before.

ANNA BIDNA CARROLL.

# LONE DOG'S NEW AGENT

By F. B. Wright

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Brainard was the new agent's name, and he was slight and young looking and curly headed. The N. W. and M. had appointed him station agent at Lone Dog because no one else would take the job.

Lone Dog presented Brainard's apparent youth, his cleanliness and his sobriety, the last two constituting the height of eccentricity in Lone Dog, and four nights after his arrival whirled in to have fun with the "had tenderfoot." It was harmless fun enough. But the boy—he was little more—did not understand it and grew angry, then sullen and then seared, to the great delight of the circle of grinning cowboys lounging under the station lamp. They made the boy tell them of the east; they made him speak pieces, dance and sing; then the fun flagging, some ingeniously inclined gentlemen had rifled his shabby little trunk and held its contents up for derision.

"Gents," cried a bandy legged individual in "chaps" and sombrero, jumping on to the one ink stained table and holding up a photograph to the audience—"gents, I want to call your attention to the most unparalleled and stupendous curiosity ever found in these yere parts—a genuine picture of a gal and a mighty fine gal too. None of these yere biscuit shooters, this ain't, but the real article; only needs to be seen to be appreciated. In order to avoid a rumpus over this yere work of art I'm going to give you all a chance at it. What do you bid for it? Come high, boys, for the honor of Lone Dog."

The idea caught the crowd. There were cries of "Hand it around, Bud!" "The kid's gal, you say?" "Burned if I ain't forgot what a woman looks like. I ain't seen one since last roundup!" And amid a chorus of comment and suggestion the bidding went on.

At last it was knocked down to Steve Oliver of the X ranch outfit, the price being drinks for the crowd.

"Who is it, kid?" said Steve when he returned to his place against the wall.

"It's it's my sister," answered the boy, coloring. "Please give it back to me."

"Don't you fret; you'll get it back again, sonny. Sister, eh?" Steve moy.



"HAND IT AROUND, BUD!" ed over toward the one lamp and studied the picture, while the other men turned to fresh devices.

These consisted in making the boy drink. He didn't seem to be cheerful enough, they said.

The boy refused and then after many threats touched his lips gingerly to a bottle and choked.

"I can't," he said, coughing and spluttering.

"You don't pass out like that," growled the owner of the bottle. "You drink!"

"I can't," said young Brainard, "and I won't."

"Says 'shan't' and 'won't' just like a sure enough man," commented his tormentor. "Well, you've got to. We don't like prohibitioners around here. They ain't popular." The man twisted his hand in the collar of the boy's blue shirt as he spoke, but the boy tore away, sprang across the room and pulled a pistol. For a moment it looked as if the comedy were about to change to tragedy, and then the boy's arm was knocked up and the gun wrenched from his trembling hand. It was the cowboy who had bought the picture.

"You're too old to play with them things, sonny," he said quietly, "and too young to get shot." Then he turned to the others. "I don't know how you feel, boys," he said, "but I don't reckon I keef for no more fun tonight—at least this here kind. Playin' with children is mighty comical, but they're liable to git too famillious to suit me. I move we pull our freight to the saloon. The drinks are on me."

It was, on the whole, a good natured crowd, and Steve was popular, wherefore it took the hint and its ponies and departed whooping.

An hour later Steve returned. The

lamp was out, and he was about to ride along when he heard the sound of sobbing from the dark interior of the station.

"Holy smoke! They don't breed men where he comes from, that's sure," said he, dismounting and going to the door. He moved toward the sound and made out the boy crouching beside a bench, his face in his hands. At the jar of heavy footsteps the boy started, but Steve laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. "There, sonny, don't take on like that when there ain't no reason. The boys was just playin'. They didn't mean no harm unless you'd pulled that trigger."

"I'd have killed him," sobbed the boy, "if he'd touched me again!"

Steve chuckled. "He was safe enough, kid. It was the rest of us you had scared. It was plumb ridiculous."

The boy apparently did not see the comicality of the situation, for he continued crying softly, while Steve looked on, powerless to help. A crying man was something new in his philosophy.

"Look here, kid," he said at last, "why did you come here anyway? You're mighty young and inexperienced for this here strenuous life."

"I had to. This was the only place I could get."

"Ain't you got no kin?"

"They are all dead."

"Your sister—she ain't, is she?"

"My sister? What sister? What do you mean?"

"The sister whose picture the boys was admirin' of."

"Oh, she? She's living."

There was a long pause. "She's a right purty gal," said Steve. "I've been studin' that picture. She certainly favors you a heap—that is, if she has yaller hair, like you. Has she?"

"Yes," returned the boy; "it's just the color of mine."

"I reckoned so. Long, I bet, and curly. I knowed it. What's her name?"

"Jessie!" Steve pondered over the name as if to see if it would fit his preconceived notions. "You'll be having her on here soon, I reckon, won't you? I'm powerful anxious to come up with your sister."

The boy gave a queer little laugh, which changed to a sigh.

"I guess not now," he said, "after what's happened. I must go away—go back. I ought never to have come. I didn't see it before. Oh, you can't understand. I don't want to go. I haven't any situation nor money nor friends." He broke down, sobbing, again.

"And run away from nothing. The boys ain't goin' to do no harm. I'll see you don't get messed with too much."

"But when you ain't here what would happen? Oh, if you hadn't been here tonight! No; there's no way but for me to leave."

Steve shifted uneasily in his chair. "This here sister of yours," he said at last, "do you reckon now she'd marry me if I could git to ask her?" He stopped the boy as he was about to speak. "Just keep quiet, sonny, and let me bark a spell. I've been doing a lot of thinkin' since I come here this evening, and it's been about her. I've been driftin' around these parts for the last ten years and more, ever since I was half as young as you, getting into scrapes and out of 'em, riding the ranges, roundin' up, fightin' when I had to, drinkin' and gamblin' and shootin' up a town, just like all men does out here, without there's a woman to hold 'em steady, and tonight when I see your sister's picture it come across me that I wanted to settle down, and I wanted her to help me. That's why I don't want you to go away, kid, for if you do I won't git no chance to see her and ask her. Do you reckon she'd look at me, kid?"

The boy said nothing for a moment, while Steve watched him anxiously. The dawn was just breaking over the plains, and a pale light came through the dirty windows of the station.

"I-I haven't any sister," said the boy huskily at last. "I lied to you, but you've been too good to me, and I can't keep it up. I—the picture—it's me. I'm—oh, can't you see—I'm a girl!"

"A girl! I'll be—" Steve didn't finish the sentence. He rose and went to the window and looked out on the faint gray green of the sagebrush.

Brainard continued as if in defense: "I had to do it. I helped my brother in the station at home and learned to telegraph. Then he died, and no one had any work for a girl—at least work I could do. Then I thought I would come west, dressed as a man, and I got this job, and now—now you know why I've got to go back."

Steve turned and came to the side of the girl. "You ain't got to go back, and you ain't a goin'—not if I can help it. I might have known you was a woman, only I didn't know women had such grit. Look here, kid—I mean—that is—"

"Jessie was my sister's name," said the girl, with a little laugh.

"Well, I'm rough, and I don't deserve no such gal as you, Jessie, but there's a heap of men git what they don't deserve, and I ain't so mighty bad. You say you kin telegraph. Well, you sit down then to that ticker and do some telegraphin' for me, one up the line for a new agent for Lone Dog Station and one to Prairie City for a parson. And tell 'em I give 'em until tomorrow mornin' to git here on the first train," added Steve Oliver, with emphasis.

Her Reply.

Two mischievous boys in the school were laughing uproariously over some slight mistake one of the pupils had made in translation. The teacher looked at them resignedly for a few minutes and then remarked quietly:

"If anything really funny should ever happen in this class, I fear that Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones would require the services of a physician."—New York Times.