

THE SIMPLE TALE OF MR. JABEZ.

He was a bullying type of man—one of those men at the mere sight of whom little dogs curled their tails between their hind legs and ran away with frightened backward glances. In his presence babies were taken with the colic and little girls ran crying to their mammas. When he came scowling down the street the push-cart men took him for a policeman in plain clothes and loitering messenger boys took one look at him and then began to run. When he paid his fare on a trolley car the conductor always rang it up the minute he collected it because conductors always sized him up to be a spotter. No waiter ever looked for a tip from him and nobody ever asked him for a loan. Incidentally the bullying man swore that it was worth it.

That is the kind of a man he was, and if you had seen his wife you would have been surprised (that is, unless you are biased, and of course it is to be hoped that you are not), for of all the sweet and tender little women she was the sweetest and tenderest. When little children cried they stopped the minute she patted their cheeks, and when she made a call the cat always came running right out of the kitchen to rub its back against the leg of her chair. Oh, but she was a proper little woman, with no lugs at all about her, and when any of the neighbors had a bureau drawer that simply would not come out they ran in for her little woman, and our little woman had that drawer out and laid on the bed in no time—she just seemed to coax it out. And if anybody cut their finger she was the one to put the cobwebs on it to stop it bleeding. And among it all you know she was as sweet and tender and meek as her husband was bullying.

Oh, but he was a bullying devil, and if you had known him you would have hated and despised him just like everybody did that knew him. His name was Jabez, and perhaps that had something to do with it.

Every summer they went away to the seashore for two weeks and Jabez was then in his glory. He snorted over his food and called it "victuals" and other dreadful names. He carried on about his room and about the help and everything else you can think of. He wouldn't pay five cents for a New York evening paper and he wouldn't pay ten cents for a shine nor a quarter for a shave. And so he walked about behind the times, with dirty shoes, and grew a beard. He liked to ask the hack drivers how much they would charge to drive him a block. And when they said "a dollar," he liked to tell them what he thought of them. We wasn't delicate about these matters, either. He didn't care how many folks were sitting on the piazza when he began to howl, and you can think for yourself how his wife felt about it, although, like the little lady she was, she never showed it.

Well, last Friday night, a week ago yesterday, he came stumping into the house.

"Pack your things!" he shouted, just like that. "Pack your things!"

The little woman didn't say a word, but simply stood there, just as sweet and meek.

"We're going down to the shore tomorrow!" he shouted. "Where's that trunk? Up in the attic? Huh! Just like you! Now I've got to climb up there and get it!"

Oh, but he was a bullying tyrant, and if you had seen his actions when his meek little wife was packing that trunk you would have given a new silver dollar just to take a good running kick at him when he was bending over and not expecting it.

"Here, now!" he shouted, "just remember that trunk is for us both. Aren't you going to leave any room in it for me? Where's my white duck pants? In the bottom of the trunk, eh? Well, now, I just want to see 'em! I just want to see 'em, I do!"

And he made her take everything out of that trunk until she found those white duck pants, and even then he picked them up and looked them over carefully, both inside and out, as if he rather suspected that they weren't his white duck pants, after all, but that she was trying to deceive him.

"Here now!" he shouted, "Don't forget that toothbrush! And put my slippers in! And remember the—and remember the—and remember the—oh, you know what I mean!"

And she didn't at all, you know, and he didn't know what he meant either. But anyhow, after a while he sat on the trunk and she strapped it and locked it and he rolled it out into the hall. And then, what should happen but that he should come right back into the room and see those white duck pants lying over the back of a chair, just where he had left them! So he said that she should do them up in a paper parcel and carry them, so that it would be a lesson to her and a warning for the future.

My, but a good running kick would have been worth a dollar of anybody's money!

The next morning after he had raised a row with the expressman and had had an argument with the ticket agent, and had made a fuss with the baggage master and had told the conductor and the brakeman what he thought of them and had reviled the hack man and scowled at the train boy, the train started and he took possession of the white duck pants because, as he loudly told his wife, he was afraid that she would lose them for him, as usual, and he said that he had experienced enough trouble on

this trip and didn't wish for any more. To hear him (unless you had known him well) you would have sworn that she did nothing but fool around the country losing his white duck pants and making trouble for him.

Ugh!

They travelled four hours. That made 240 minutes and in every one of those 240 minutes he bullied her some one at least twice. And she—she just said, "Yes, Jabez," and "No, Jabez," as good as gold.

Well, they reached their destination and then Jabez wanted to fight the baggage master. Yes, he really wanted to fight him with his fists because of the manner in which the baggage master handled Jabez's trunk. The train was just starting off when Jabez remembered that he had left his white duck pants in the parcel rack. He took his fist from beneath the baggage master's nose and hopped aboard and made the conductor stop the train until he found his parcel. As the train started again the rear brakeman helped Jabez to alight, and after Jabez had picked himself up and found that no bones were broken he looked after the departing train and saw the conductor and the other brakeman congratulating the rear brakeman on the back platform. Then the conductor and brakeman turned to Jabez and blew kisses at him until the train disappeared behind a curve.

Oh, but that put Jabez on his mettle, and all along the way to their hotel he bullied his wife and tried to make her feel uncomfortable. "Did you leave any meat in the cellar?" he asked her. "It's a wonder if you didn't! Are you sure you didn't lock the cat up in the garage? Did you turn off the gas in the bathroom? Did you close the bedroom window? Are all the silver spoons in the trunk?"

He kept this up all the way to the hotel and they were just walking up the piazza steps (and she had noticed that the guests there looked jolly) when she turned to him and said:

"Jabez, did you lock the kitchen door?"

Oh, you should have seen him then! It would have been a treat to you.

"Now, don't worry, Jabez," said she, the timid little thing; "I feel sure you locked it."

But he—he scorned this crumb of comfort and insisted upon taking the whole loaf of woe. He wouldn't even stop to rest. He laughed at the mere idea of telegraphing to the neighbors. He knew better than to trust them. And so, as his sweet little wife sat down among the jolly guests upon the piazza, he started for home. And as he turned the corner he glanced back and saw the lady of the house introducing his wife to the jolliest young man you can imagine—a young man with curly hair and blue eyes and the most waggish smile you ever saw.

And so Jabez caught a train back home. Four long and weary hours he rode and then dashed up to his house. He let himself in the front door like a flash and pounced into the kitchen.

And the back door was shut and the back door was locked. Yes, indeed, you never saw a door that was shut and locked any tighter or any safer than that back door. And as Jabez gasped and stared at it a neat paper parcel fell from beneath his arm upon the floor.

Oh, but he was a bullying devil, and you should have seen him as he kicked those inoffensive white duck pants around the kitchen. And when he knocked a lamp over and went to kick the parcel and caught his shin against the stationary tub he was a caution.

And swear? Shocking! Shocking! Shocking!—New York Sun.

The World's Incense.

Incense is the resinous pear or tear-shaped gum that exudes from a tree found in British Somaliland, from near Berbera to Cape Guardafui. Some incense comes from a region adjoining Maskat, near the Arabian coast. Inferior incense is found in India, but the best and greatest quantity comes from British Somaliland.

The incense tree is squat, thorny and unsightly—like the myrrh and acacia—and seldom reaches a height of fifteen feet.

Incense is not only used in worship, but many Orientals use it to sweeten the breath and burn it in their houses to kill disagreeable odors. The crop varies from 2,240,000 to 3,360,000 pounds, and is gathered in the autumn and brought to market by the Somalis during the winter months. The price ranges from two to six annas (four to twelve cents) per pound, according to quality.

Incense is extensively used all over the Orient, and last year 1,493,744 pounds were shipped to Bombay, which is a great distributing point, and 1,425,880 pounds to Europe, the greatest portion going to Marseilles and Trieste.

Infelicity of Felicia.

Mrs. Hemans had just written "Casablanca."

"Very thrilling," said the critics, "but what's the matter with Casie Chadwick?"

Seeing she might have had money to burn instead of a mere ship, the poetess wept bitterly.—New York Sun.

Fellow Feeling.

Indignant Subscriber—I say, look here, you know, what do you mean by announcing the birth of my tenth child under the heading of "Distressing Occurrence?"

Country Editor—Dear, dear! I hadn't noticed it; that must be the foreman's doing; he's a married man himself.—London Times.

BURNT PINE.

Long before the iron horse went rushing out of Chicago, leaving a trail of sparks and smoke along the prairie land of Northern Wisconsin, and following over the farm dotted plains of the great West, a settler chose a home for himself and his family, where the rolling prairie and wooded hills came together in picturesque loveliness and within a few miles of the protecting blockhouse at Mineral Point.

Indian depredations had become plentiful in this locality as elsewhere on the frontier, but for some years past a quietness and peace had come to delay the alarms of the hardy pioneer, which seemed lasting. The hostile red man for the most part had been pushed farther back into the wilderness, and this led the most daring settlers to creep farther out from the fort and lay claiming hands upon the more fertile lands of the neighborhood.

It was thus we find John Williamson, with his wife and daughter, Dorothy, occupying a cabin built in the edge of the wood, where a crystal spring gushed from the ground and trailed away, like a winding silver snake, across the prairie to lose itself miles and miles away in the more pretentious Pick-a-tonk, or Crooked river.

The settler plowed his land, turning the gorgeous June flowers under with a ruthless shire. He felt at peace with himself and all the world. For many months the few remaining Indians in the neighborhood had professed friendliness for their white brothers and there seemed little to fear.

It was therefore with no mistaking that Dorothy saddled her horse for a canter to the settlement at the fort, for some needed supplies one fine June morning, and as her horse leaped easily over the prairie, now gorgeous in its dress of bright coloring, she breathed the fragrant air from a myriad of wild flowers, and hummed a tune to herself as her thoughts wandered to a young hunter who came frequently to her father's cabin of late.

The charm of girlhood clung to her. She sat her horse gracefully, the easy way of her body showing the accomplished horsewoman. She was alive and in love with the free life she led, and like the sons and daughters of that vast advance guard of civilization, who won their homes from the wilderness, she was fearless of personal danger.

The prairie was rolling. As she raised the brow of a small hill and began the descent into the valley, where the small stream from her father's spring coursed along between a fringe of trees, she came face to face with a young Indian.

"Howdy, Burnt Pine," she called cheerily, reigning her horse down to a walk and going directly to where he stood in the shade of a tree, adjusting the straps which held his blankets to his waiting horse.

"Ugh, Prairie Lilly out early," was the reply.

"Yes, I am going to the fort. Which way goes my brother the Burnt Pine?" she said, following the mode of speech best liked by those Indians, who professed a friendliness for their white neighbors.

"Burnt Pine watch Prairie Lilly return," he replied. "Hes bad Injun near."

"Why, you must be mistaken," said the surprised girl. "All our red brothers are friendly now."

"No mistake, see 'em. Down from great lake in war paint, an' Burnt Pine go tell his friends and save Prairie Lilly. Now him watch return. Let no harm come Prairie Lilly." And the young Indian touched his gun significantly.

Several years before Dorothy had found the young Indian where he had lain three days, covered with wounds and with a broken leg from a nearly fatal bear fight. He had dragged his weary way three miles down the rocky hillside to the little stream and lay there helpless and fainting on its bank.

The brave girl got him somehow to her house and nursed the life back into him, and he never forgot it. With the faithfulness of a dog he watched over her, performing such small services as came in his way and ready always to give the life she had saved, for her.

Once he flew like a lion at Bill Blount, a burly ruffian, whose too familiar attentions worried the girl. He would have killed the man but that she pleaded for his life on the promise that he leave the vicinity never to return. This the cowed and thoroughly frightened rascal was quite willing to do, and he never showed himself there again.

After some further talk with Burnt Pine, Dorothy was convinced that danger really did threaten, and she resolved to make her journey in greater haste and return before the night shadows fell. Generally she was not particular about this as the bright summer moon and shadowless prairie made an alluring combination for a canter, and fraught with small danger, while the snowless season kept the prowling wolves from seeking unusual prey. So bidding the young Indian goodbye she rode off with greater speed than she had been making, going in the direction of the fort.

Left to himself Burnt Pine acted in a peculiar manner. He took from his pouch some paints of various colors and using a deep basin of the clear brook for a glass, he proceeded deliberately to paint his face in hideous streaks and otherwise prepared himself for the warpath. This accomplished to his satisfaction he mounted his

horse and leisurely rode away in the direction of the wooded hills.

Skirting along the border of a densely wooded strip, he was accosted by a warrior who stepped forth to greet him, and who was also hideous in his paint and feathers of the Blackfoot tribe on the warpath.

"Ugh, where goes my brother of the Senecas?" he asked.

"To join with my brothers of the powerful and brave Blackfoot tribe," was the reply.

"Good. Heap much scalps for my brother. Let him follow Drumming Partridge to his friends," and he turned and glided back among the trees in the stealthy fashion habitual to the Indian.

Burnt Pine, who had slid from his horse's back, followed after, leading the animal.

The woods grew denser as they proceeded, becoming well-nigh impenetrable, before the Indians entered a glade covered with luxuriant grass and which formed an ideal secluded camping place.

Here were seven other painted warriors of the Blackfoot tribe, lounging near the embers of a dying fire, where they had evidently cooked a meal of deer meat. The remaining part of a deer's carcass was hanging from a tree overhead.

Pointing to the same, Drumming Partridge uttered the one word "Eat." This hospitality Burnt Pine proceeded to avail himself of without much comment, after staking his horse to crop the grass with the other animals.

Without appearing to do so he scrutinized each animal closely, and he gave a grunt of satisfaction as he turned away to help himself to a juicy steak, which he lost no time in cooking to a turn, over the coals and which he devoured ravenously. An Indian in his savage state always eats with ravenous haste.

The others watched him curiously, but with no word, until he had completed his repast. Then Drumming Partridge, who was his passport up to this time stood up and told his companions, that the young chief of their friends, the Senecas, was desirous of joining their expedition. This information elicited grunts of approval, and they then told him they were under the head of a white chief, who meant to carry off the Prairie Lilly, leaving the scalps and all other plunder to them, as assistants without whose aid he could not accomplish his object.

"Where white chief," asked Burnt Pine.

"Go scout. Return soon," was the reply. And he did soon return, but beneath the war paint and feathers of his allies, it would be hard to recognize the shrewd and ugly features of Bill Blount. Nevertheless it was he, and Burnt Pine managed to keep his own features from a too close scrutiny of his old enemy.

Blount, however, was not suspicious and he accepted the addition to his party as an additional strength and therefore a good thing.

He had learned two things on his scout. One was the departure of the Prairie Lilly for the fort, and the other was a less agreeable discovery to him. It was the fact that the young hunter, Mark Dane, whom he well knew, had gone to the Williamson cabin, and from the conversation he had overheard, he felt sure would remain there until the following day, when a hunting party from the fort was expected to meet him there. This information was disagreeable, from the fact that although there were nine in his party, counting now the new acquisition of Burnt Pine, and that the reinforcement to the cabin's fighting force was no greater, still the known skill and bravery of young Dane made the odds greater for a day light attack, so that could not now be thought of. Then again, the attack must be successfully made that night, as the hunting party expected next day would be more than a match for his force. He knew better than to advise abandonment of the attack after capturing Prairie Lilly, which he believed, now easy to accomplish, as she could be waylaid and headed off readily enough, but his bloodthirsty companions would never be contented with such a bloodless victory and would either kill the girl, or not enter into the capture at all.

It was the scalps and plunder expected which had won them over to his aid, and he must provide for a comparatively safe attainment of them or do without his own sweet revenge. He never ceased blaming Dorothy for the drubbing he got from Burnt Pine, notwithstanding the fact that to her also he owed his worthless life on that occasion.

Finally it was all arranged that they would first lay in wait and capture the Prairie Lilly on her return trip from the settlement, early in the evening, and later attack and destroy the cabin with its inmates. This all decided on the band proceeded to a point where they could keep hidden and near where they knew the girl must pass on her way home.

It was not the custom of the Indians to talk much and there was no occasion for conversation. So it was a silent band that waited until their lookout gave notice of the approach of the Prairie Lilly. Then they sat their horses prepared to rush out with their hideous war cries and surprise her, or to follow and speedily capture her should she attempt to pass further than they expected from their place of hiding.

All unconscious of threatened danger, but with a wary eye for everything in sight, since her talk of the morning with Burnt Pine, whom she knew would talk to her with no crooked tongue, she veered her horse

a little to pass any seeming cover for her face without retreating near enough for sudden surprise.

It was thus she was some four hundred yards away, when the waiting band saw that she would pass them without coming any nearer, and with wild yells they took up the pursuit.

She belayed her horse was more fleet than her pursuers, but considering her work of the day as against their freshness, the race was not unequal. There was several miles to cover between herself and safety and she realized that four hundred yards is not much to make up when one's life depends upon it. However she did not wish to crowd her horse more than to keep them from gaining on her, yet she soon saw that she must urge him a little more.

The Indians were urging their steeds, but keeping well together as though they were of nearly equal speed. But slowly, slowly, they seemed to creep nearer, and try as she would she could not get her horse to any lasting increase. So they raced for a mile, the pursuers still now and wholly intent on the object of their effort, and the distance was perceptibly less between them. Discouragingly this fact impressed her, and then her gaze turned off over the prairie, that must be traveled before she could reach the comparative safety of her cabin home. She tried to figure the rate of increase against the distance, and then she noticed a perceptible weakening in the noble beast she rode. She patted his neck and talked to him and he responded by an extra spurt of speed, but he could not maintain the gallop and it slackened down again. Her pursuers saw and evidently understood this, but they suppressed all desire to yell now from motives of prudence. It was not their purpose to attract the attention of those at the cabin. They did not wish a day light battle with even two men as against their nine. They knew that some of their number would surely die in any such conflict, and they felt sure of victory without loss to themselves if they could only capture the girl first.

Another hundred yards was closed up and the cabin was now in plain sight and only a mile away. But then her horse was laboring desperately and the gap was closing up between the riders frightfully.

Suddenly her horse stumbled and she was thrown over his head. A suppressed yell of triumph rang in her ears as she scrambled hastily to her feet and ran desperately for the cabin, now a half mile away. But hope died in her breast, for what chance was there for her to outrun her pursuers. Now at every bound she expected to see her father starting from the cabin to aid her. But what could he do more than to sacrifice himself on the altar of his love, after killing perhaps two or three of the red fiends. And then she was conscious of the swift foot-beats of a horse beside her, and she felt herself being seized and lifted upward, while the hideous face of a savage looked down upon her. Then, could she believe her ears, a voice was saying "Prairie Lilly no scare, Burnt Pine will save."

When the race for the fugitive girl commenced, Burnt Pine kept his horse well in front, but he was careful not to allow his horse a free head. There was no need while the gap between pursuers and pursued was not closed up to dangerous proportions. He felt sure that his more powerful horse could outrun the others from the time of his inspection at the camp, and his place wasn't to "interfere while the Prairie Lilly's horse held his own. But when the faithful animal stumbled and threw his rider and she could do nothing better than run, the time for his prompt action had arrived.

He loosened his rein and dug his heels into the horse's flanks in a way that made the animal bound forward with incredible speed. His companions uttered grunts of admiration and approval. They were unsuspicious of his real intention to save the girl and naturally thought his haste due to his ambition to be the 'actual capture,' which was quite easy of gratification from his superior mount.

Their cries of exaltation when they saw him swing the Prairie Lilly up before him, was quickly turned to rage, when they saw that he did not swerve off nor slacken speed, but kept right on for the cabin, urging his horse to redoubled efforts to carry his double load.

The band had swerved a little and lost some ground before realizing that the captor was playing them false. Then their yells rang out as they saw the distance widening between them and knew the uselessness of pursuit as it then existed. Seemingly with one accord they reined up and fired a volley at the fleeing forms.

Dorothy heard the reports and felt a quiver pass over her gallant rescuer. Then she felt his hold growing weaker and heard his gasp, "Prairie Lilly hold fast now. She no hurt. Burnt Pine save Prairie Lilly."

She almost screamed in anguish as she realized that the noble Indian was badly wounded, and then two reports of rifles rang out and shouting men came bounding to meet them, loading their rifles as they ran.

The next moment she dashed past them and two more shots rang out, and then she was lifted from the panting horse and she saw her father and Mark Dane catch the falling form of Burnt Pine, and lay him tenderly on the grass at her feet.

The poor fellow raised himself with great effort on one elbow and glanced wildly around him. Instantly Prairie Lilly dropped on her knees beside him and rested his head on her arm.

"Heap good," he said feebly. "One two, three kill. One bad hurt. Heap little to pass any seeming cover for her face without retreating near enough for sudden surprise."

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The Indians were urging their steeds, but keeping well together as though they were of nearly equal speed. But slowly, slowly, they seemed to creep nearer, and try as she would she could not get her horse to any lasting increase. So they raced for a mile, the pursuers still now and wholly intent on the object of their effort, and the distance was perceptibly less between them. Discouragingly this fact impressed her, and then her gaze turned off over the prairie, that must be traveled before she could reach the comparative safety of her cabin home. She tried to figure the rate of increase against the distance, and then she noticed a perceptible weakening in the noble beast she rode. She patted his neck and talked to him and he responded by an extra spurt of speed, but he could not maintain the gallop and it slackened down again. Her pursuers saw and evidently understood this, but they suppressed all desire to yell now from motives of prudence. It was not their purpose to attract the attention of those at the cabin. They did not wish a day light battle with even two men as against their nine. They knew that some of their number would surely die in any such conflict, and they felt sure of victory without loss to themselves if they could only capture the girl first.

Another hundred yards was closed up and the cabin was now in plain sight and only a mile away. But then her horse was laboring desperately and the gap was closing up between the riders frightfully.

Suddenly her horse stumbled and she was thrown over his head. A suppressed yell of triumph rang in her ears as she scrambled hastily to her feet and ran desperately for the cabin, now a half mile away. But hope died in her breast, for what chance was there for her to outrun her pursuers. Now at every bound she expected to see her father starting from the cabin to aid her. But what could he do more than to sacrifice himself on the altar of his love, after killing perhaps two or three of the red fiends. And then she was conscious of the swift foot-beats of a horse beside her, and she felt herself being seized and lifted upward, while the hideous face of a savage looked down upon her. Then, could she believe her ears, a voice was saying "Prairie Lilly no scare, Burnt Pine will save."

When the race for the fugitive girl commenced, Burnt Pine kept his horse well in front, but he was careful not to allow his horse a free head. There was no need while the gap between pursuers and pursued was not closed up to dangerous proportions. He felt sure that his more powerful horse could outrun the others from the time of his inspection at the camp, and his place wasn't to "interfere while the Prairie Lilly's horse held his own. But when the faithful animal stumbled and threw his rider and she could do nothing better than run, the time for his prompt action had arrived.

He loosened his rein and dug his heels into the horse's flanks in a way that made the animal bound forward with incredible speed. His companions uttered grunts of admiration and approval. They were unsuspicious of his real intention to save the girl and naturally thought his haste due to his ambition to be the 'actual capture,' which was quite easy of gratification from his superior mount.

Their cries of exaltation when they saw him swing the Prairie Lilly up before him, was quickly turned to rage, when they saw that he did not swerve off nor slacken speed, but kept right on for the cabin, urging his horse to redoubled efforts to carry his double load.

The band had swerved a little and lost some ground before realizing that the captor was playing them false. Then their yells rang out as they saw the distance widening between them and knew the uselessness of pursuit as it then existed. Seemingly with one accord they reined up and fired a volley at the fleeing forms.

Dorothy heard the reports and felt a quiver pass over her gallant rescuer. Then she felt his hold growing weaker and heard his gasp, "Prairie Lilly hold fast now. She no hurt. Burnt Pine save Prairie Lilly."