Dandy Jim

By ALICE CHEEVER

Dandy Jim, as he was called from the fact that he was occasionally seen wearing a boiled shirt, was a very good man, but he had very bad luck. He was walking on a trail in the Rocky mountains from a prospecting tour to Denver and was feeling very happy because he had dug up some quartz that he believed to be valuable and was going down to the city to have it assayed.

Besides a pocketful of nuggets, Jim had considerable dust about him, and he made up his mind that as soon as he reached the stage road he would look out for a coach and buy a ride. But before he got there he met a man on an iron gray horse, and the idea occurred to him that he would buy the animal and ride to Denver.

"Want to sell that critter?" he asked the rider.

"What you want to give for him?"

"Twenty dollars in dust." Jim offered that to start a trade. He thought the horse worth three or four times that amount.

"Done!" said the man, nimbly leaping off the horse.

Jim looked his beast over and could not find anything the matter with him so he mounted and continued his journey. He hadn't gone more than a mile before he was surrounded by a dozen men, each man pointing a revolver at him and calling on him to surrender.

"Git off my horse!" said one of the men.

Well, to make a long story short, Jim had paid for a stolen horse. But it didn't avail anything for him to tell how he came by it, for he was not known to any of the party, and what he said was considered a very thin story. He was taken down the mountain to a town where the owner of the horse and the rest of the party lived to be dealt with, if not according to law, at least to be tried before Judge Lynch.

Dandy Jim was a good looking chap and not over twenty-five years old. He was confined in a room in the house of the owner of the stolen horse, and a young girl hanging up clothes in the garden saw him standing at the window looking melancholy and handsome. Either of these features in a man is enough to win a girl's heart, and the two together are irresistible.

How this young woman, who was the niece of the owner of the house and was called Mag, made the acquaintance of Dandy Jim was considered a mystery by the simple people of the town, though it is easily accounted for on the theory of "love laughs at locksmiths." Be this as it may, she had a conference with him unknown to any one and set her wits to work to free him from his sad condition. Jim was to be given a fair trial before Judge Lynch the next morning, which meant that he would be swung off by noon.

That night Mag made a second theft of the horse—though she put him back in the stable before any one knew of his having been taken—and rode five miles to the sheriff of the county and begged him to interfere in the illegal trial and hanging that were to take place the next morning. Mag's notification was not official, and the sheriff was not disposed to save the necks of horse thieves unless compelled to do so officially. When Mag failed in this she begged the sheriff to give her an order for the body of Dandy Jim, and the sheriff to get rid of her granted her request. The officer was not an educated man and asked Mag to write the order. She wrote, "Give the body of the horse thief to the bearer," and he signed his name as sheriff to it, with his official seal.

Mag rode back with her paper and the next morning knocked at the door of a young man who had recently come to town from the east and had hung out his shingle as an attorney. She told him that she had been to the sheriff to ask him to interfere, but had failed. All she could get out of him was an order for the horse thief's body that she might bury it decently. Couldn't the lawyer do something to save the man's life?

The young man asked to see the order for the horse thief's body, and as soon as he had read it he sat up and took notice.

"This is a habeas corpus," he said.

"A what?" asked Mag.

But the lawyer made no reply. He sat down by a table and sprinkled a lot of Latin words over the order, put in the horse thief's name—which he got from Mag—and his own name, and when he got through with it it was the most formidable legal document that had ever been seen in those parts. He had scarcely finished when through a window Dandy Jim was seen being led to a shed near by for trial.

He was convicted before the lawyer could get ready to go to his defense, and the judge was pronouncing sentence when the former approached the court and said:

"Your honor, I hereby present an order of habeas corpus in this case from the sheriff."

The sheriff's name, backed by his seal and the sprinkling of Latin words, was too much for the committee, and it surrendered the prisoner.

Two days later the real thief was brought in and was swung off in Dandy Jim's place.

This story ends as all such stories should end, with a wedding between Dandy Jim and Mag.

Putting the Sickroom in Shape.

Disfurnish the sickroom of every unessential. Leave nothing that can be knocked off or over or that clatters or rattles. Remove rugs from the bare floor, but keep a small one handy for the patient's feet. Cover a carpet with a smooth sheet of something washable. In case of contagion take away draperies and pictures. Have the bedstead light and firm standing, not too low, single or of three quarter size. Set it so there is free passage all round it, but not so light glares into sick eyes. Place the head at least six inches from the wall and set beside it a small solid table. A couch or single bed, a spacious dresser, a bigger table and at most three chairs are complete equipment. Give up the dresser to the patient's clothes, bedclothes, towels, table covers and so forth. Have three changes of clothes, a dressing gown, a light shawl, slippers, many clean handkerchiefs. A dressing room attached is a godsend—next to it a bathroom—easily reached. Lacking either, a washstand fully furnished is necessary, also an alcohol or oil stove for hot water.—Harper's Household Handbook.

Selecting Men.

"Seeing" men is an art. It amounts almost to second sight. Often in a business "line" some man makes his way mysteriously and rapidly to the top or near to it. He does not seem to have greater trading ability than many others, nor has he been favored by a larger capital or a more magnetic personality. But he rises. His faculty of "seeing" men has been the magical force.

It is no trick at all to discover the man who has triumphantly made a record, who is already a personality in this trade or that. Unfortunately such a man is unfailingly costly. What he has done, moreover, is no positive guarantee as to his future exploits. Men of great reputation as lieutenants many times prove great disappointments when they shift. The chief who "sees" picks a man whose reputation is yet to be made and thereby gets the profits himself.—Harper's Weekly.

Roused the Judge.

When Judge Gaynor was on the bench in New York he had a case where the attorney for the defense was exhausting the patience of every one in asking absurd questions of a witness whose mentality was of extremely low order. He kept this up for half an hour to no purpose at all and at last explained:

"Now, of course, you don't know that the defendant here is a manufacturer?"

"Please don't address your questions to what this witness does not know," interposed Judge Gaynor. "It opens such a wide range of possibility. It is patent that if you persist in finding out what he does not know we will never finish this case. Please therefore try to find out something that he does know."

Learned by Experience.

A wolf and a fox and a lion, having banded themselves together, snared a goat and a stag and a hare. And the lion said to the wolf, "Divide these among us." The wolf said, "The goat is for thee, the stag is for me, and the hare is for the fox," and when the lion heard these words he became wroth and leaped upon the wolf and choked him. Then he said to the fox, "Do thou divide the spoil." And the fox said to him, "The goat is for thy breakfast, the hare for thy lunch and the stag for thy supper." And the lion said to him, "Whence hast thou learned to make such an equitable division?" The fox replied, "From the wolf which lieth before thee, O my lord and king."—From the Orient.

Familiar Talk.

A traveler who believed himself to be sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle hid for three days in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say, "Why in blazes did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried:

"Thank heaven, they are Christians!"—Everybody's.

His Decision Stood.

"Who's chairman of the ways and means committee?" asked the boy who answers the telephone at the general bureau of information.

"My wife," answered the walking encyclopedia absentmindedly. And when he came to himself he decided not to change it.—Buffalo Express.

Would Not Be Noticed.

Applicant—Yes, madam, I wish to secure board, but I must inform you that I am a vegetarian, madam. Mrs. Slimdiet—Oh, that will be all right. You will not be expected to eat the meat. None of the others ever do.—New York Weekly.

The Hot Wind From the Desert.

"Khamsin" is the hot wind from the desert which blows out of the Sahara upon Egypt. The word means fifty, from the idea that it lasts for fifty days. The khamsin is terribly hot and dry and sometimes brings pestilence with it.

For a Starter.

"What would you advise me to do?" inquired the uncertain man.

"Well, to start with, I'd advise you to quit wasting your time asking people's advice."—Washington Star.

To be able to have the things we want, that is riches; but to be able to do without, that is power.—Macdonald.

UNCONSCIOUS GOOD

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am an artist by profession, and when I was struggling for recognition it occurred to me that I must paint one picture in which I should put something sufficiently notable to give me a reputation. Being a painter of face and figure, I naturally looked about for a model. I found subjects in determination, in grace and other features, in figures, but I needed a face to go with each, and that I did not find.

When I moved into a new studio I looked out upon a court. The rooms facing me were occupied by offices of various kinds, and I could look into those on the same plane with me or a little below. The first morning I occupied my studio I saw through a window opposite a youth some sixteen or seventeen years old sitting at a typewriter. I was impressed with his appearance at once. His face expressed honesty, principle, goodness. His profile, which was usually toward me, was beautiful, and his full face, which he often turned to look at his copy, was also beautiful, and each seemed to indicate that the young man contained within him elements to fit him for some noble work.

Here was what I had been long looking for. I did not care to copy his features exactly. What I wanted to put on the canvas was that nobleness, that goodness, expressed in his face. This I succeeded in doing beyond my most ardent expectations.

Before beginning to paint the picture, thinking of the subject I should choose for it, I was disposed to represent my model as doing some kindly act, but I finally concluded to paint him as he was—a typist. If, I argued, the goodness stands out in him on the canvas as a typist, how much more will be the triumph than if I represent him as a "good Samaritan!" We expect goodness in the faces of those who profess to be good, but do not necessarily look for it in those engaged in ordinary occupations.

My picture passed the hanging committee of a certain gallery in which I was anxious to place it, and on the opening day I took a seat in the room where it was hung to watch its effect on the persons who passed it. There were pictures in the gallery by well known artists, and most visitors were looking for such. Nevertheless the gazers gave at least a glance to all there were, and as most of them passed my picture they stopped for a few moments and looked at it. There seemed to be something near home in the subject, to say nothing of the individuality of the person depicted. But this was my own surmise.

I visited the gallery nearly every day and noticed a slowly growing interest in my picture. At last I saw persons who on coming into the room where it was hung looked about them evidently for some particular picture and finally found it in mine. This told me that it had begun to be talked about. Before the exhibition closed the painting as well as the artist had made some reputation.

It was about five years after this that a young man attracted attention by consecrating his life to the poor. He belonged to no organization and had no means of his own, but he soon found backers among wealthy persons who gave him money for his good works. It was not long before he was known throughout the land as one absolutely pure, noble and doing a good work.

Having heard of him and conceived a desire to see him, I called at his office—a shabby room in a rookery—with the ostensible purpose of making an offering for his work. What was my astonishment to see a man rise to receive me whom I recognized at once as the model for my picture. I made no mention of the coincidence, simply giving him the money I had brought and trespassing for a short while upon his duties in order to converse with him.

I made several visits to my model on one pretense or another and attempted to induce him to go with me to see the picture I had made of him when he was a typist. He was so busy that it was a long while before I could secure the time necessary for the purpose. At last I succeeded, and he went with me to where the painting hung. I had not told him that I was the artist. He stood for a long while looking at it intently, so intently that I expected when he spoke he would say, "That is myself shortly before I came of age." At last I broke in upon his feelings, his meditations or whatever they were by asking him what he thought of the picture.

"I have not thought of it as a work of art," he said. "I have been thinking how I would rejoice could I have within me one-tenth the nobility of soul expressed by that young man."

I was astonished. He had sat before a typewriter himself; he had been the model for the figure in the painting which had only approached that nobility of soul he mentioned, and yet he saw no likeness whatever to himself.

Should I tell him the truth? No. It was better that he should not know it, better that not a grain of alloy should enter into his unconscious goodness. I led him away from the picture without enlightening him. He went back to his work of succoring the unfortunate, no doubt nerved to greater exertion by having seen a portrayal of a good soul without recognizing it as his own.

A Tongue Twisting Name.

The mapmakers have agreed to call the big pond that lies in the town of Webster, where the boundaries of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts join, by the last six syllables of what some insist is its full name. This saves space on the maps and provides a reasonable mouthful for the stranger to Webster's distinguishing natural wonder. There is, of course, no [illegible] of authority for the popular contraction, "Lake Chawgogagogmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg." The name complete, according to one authority, contains forty-four letters, of which fourteen are g's. "For short" it has seventeen letters, with only three g's, which would hardly have made the town of Webster and its lake famed far and wide. The ascertainment of the full name is a perennial inquiry. The unwarned investigator is apt to be baffled because he will suppose that the amputated portion followed that which the maps retain instead of having preceded it—Char-gogg-a-gogg-man-chaugg-a-gogg-chaub-un-a-gung-a-maug—though it is not good form to separate the syllables by hyphens.—Providence Journal.

The First Hats.

Hats, we are told, did not become a well established custom until some 500 years ago. In the year 1449, when Charles II. entered Rouen after its recapture by the French from the English, the people there had never before set eyes on a hat. Their amazement, therefore, can be pictured as they gazed upon their king riding past them in pomp and on his head a gorgeous hat lined with varicolored silk and gayly bedecked with huge plumes. Of course every one followed his example. Hats began to make their appearance in shop windows, and women and men alike labored over the constructing of elaborate headpieces, each one attempting to surpass his neighbor if possible. But they were expensive, and it was a long time before they could be worn except by the prosperous classes. In the course of time, however, they became a more commonplace thing, and people of all classes were able to afford them.—Chicago Tribune.

Three Months Without Sun.

In the valley of the Lyn, in England, there is a quaint little hamlet called Middleham, where for three months in the year the sun is not seen. The cluster of houses forming the hamlet is surrounded on all sides by hills so steep and high that from November until February the sun does not rise high enough to be seen over their tops. The first appearance of the sun is eagerly looked for, and as it is first seen on Feb. 14 the inhabitants call it their valentine. If the day should be foggy or cloudy, so that it cannot be seen, there is great disappointment. For the first few days after the 14th the sun is only seen for a very short time, but as the sun rises higher in the heavens the time it is in sight increases daily until its height is reached, when it gradually begins to fade from view again until in November it entirely vanishes from sight for another three months.

Japanese Mirrors.

It is only during a comparatively short time that the Japanese have known glass as occidentals know it. When the first railroads were built passengers in the coaches often put their heads through the glass, supposing the frames of the windows to be empty, and the railroad company at length pasted pictures on the glass to call attention to the fact that a solid substance was behind them. The masses of the Japanese today do not know the mirror as it is known in the west. The richer people have one mirror, indeed, but usually the glass used in the mirror, sold to the populace, is not quicksilvered, being merely well polished. As for cut glass, it is practically unknown in the island, and glass drinking cups are rare.—Harper's Weekly.

His Criterion.

A New York society woman of artistic tendencies said of an argument on art:

"We must not look at art too narrowly. We must not be like the famous London wigmaker. This wigmaker attended a very wonderful first night of Tree's. Tree said to him after the performance:

"'Glad you liked it, my boy. It's a fine play, isn't it?'

"'It's magnificent,' the other answered. 'I couldn't detect a join between a wig and a forehead anywhere.'"—Exchange.

Art Collector's Economy.

A good story is told of the great virtuoso and generoso, George Salting, says Mr. Thomas Seccombe in the New Witness. The collector hated spending money on anything save works of art. A friend met him once in a hat of unusual luster and remarked upon it. "Yes," said the millionaire; "my brother's widow found it among his things and thought it might fit me."

Foxy Pa.

Father—Young Dobson has asked me for your hand, and I have consented. Daughter—You dear, dear old dad! Father—So never mind going to the dentist's tomorrow about that crown and bridge work. Wait till you are married.—Kansas City Star.

Sign Language.

Constable—The prisoner used very threatening language, your worship. The Magistrate—What was the language? Constable—Took off his coat to fight.—London Globe.

Matched.

Suitor—I have no bad habits. I don't smoke or drink. Father—Neither has my daughter. She doesn't play or sing.—Brooklyn Life.

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