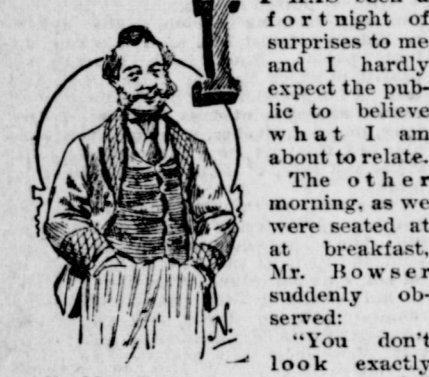


THE COTTONWOOD FALLS COURANT.
W. E. TIMMONS, Publisher.
COTTONWOOD FALLS, KANSAS.

UNFULFILLMENT.
I can not have them back,
My ships that sailed so long ago;
For wild waves tossing to and fro
Have turned them from their track.
They sailed so fair and free,
With towering masts and canvas white,
Out from a bay of dreams, all bright
Out on a trackless sea.
Perhaps in regions far
They sail, those early ships of mine,
Perhaps their huddled treasures shine
Like some fair glittering star.
Perhaps in uncharted seas
They float, with bulwarks dismantled, bare,
The sport of angry waves and air,
The toys of wanton breeze.
No more I look and long,
No more I waken with faint unrest
For snail-drawn home from unknown shores
For boatman's homeward song.
No more I strain my ears
For some returning signal blown,
Some message from the vast unknown,
That held my hopes and fears.
And if I could again
Espy once more those freighted ships,
Which once I watched with smiling lips,
The pleasure would be pain.
For youth has slipped away
And if those eager ships once more
Came sailing home from unknown shores
Into my quiet bay.
I could not joy in truth,
For hopes that built fair towers in Spain
Which crumbled into air again
Have perished with my youth.
I do not wish them back.
The best of life to me remains
I count my early losses—gains—
Content I do not lack.
O yearning soul! whose sight
Is set for unreturning sail
That never shall catch a landward gale,
Nor round the harbor light,
Be cheered, the better part
Is thine. The fretful waves are stilled,
The ghosts of hopes all unfulfilled
Shall never vex thy heart.
Fulfillment may not be
Thy ships piled high with answered hopes,
Yet still adown the sunset slopes,
Some treasures wait for thee.
—Helen N. Packard, in Springfield (Mass.)
Republican.

MR. BOWSER.
Mrs. B. Tells a Wonderful Story of Surprises.



IT HAS been a fort night of surprises to me and I hardly expect the public to believe what I am about to relate. The other morning, as we were seated at breakfast, Mr. Bowser suddenly observed: "You don't look exactly well, Mrs. Bowser, and it has worried me for the last three or four days. Are you ailing?" "It's that—that same tooth, you know," I replied. "I think the filling will have to come out and the work be done over again."



"Too bad! If there's any thing on earth to make me miserable it's the toothache. I'll go down with you this afternoon if you wish."
I looked up at him in the greatest amazement. Mr. Bowser is not a cold-hearted husband, but, like so many others, he is prone to keep much of his tenderness and most of his praise for himself. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred his reply would have been: "Tooth aching again, eh? Well, if you don't know any better than to get your feet wet or to sit in a draught, you must take the consequences. I've got sixteen hollow teeth and yet none of them ever ache."
Mr. Bowser's kindness and solicitude surprised me and touched my heart, but there was more to come. When he was ready to go down-town he asked: "Any thing I can send up from the drug store? No? Well, better make up your mind to go down to the dentist's this afternoon. My! but how that boy of ours does grow! And, say, I have been watching him for the past few days, and I must praise you for the tidy manner in which you dress him, and for his respectful and genteel manners. So long, little one—home by twelve."
Well, I stood and looked after him, and then I sat down and stared at the wall, and then I tumbled on the lounge and began to boo-hoo like a girl who had lost her first bean. The cook came in and caught me at it, and raising her hands to heaven, she exclaimed: "Pigs and pipers! but he's been walking all over you again! If I had such a husband I'd put rats in his bed!"
It was no use to tell her that I was crying because Mr. Bowser had not walked all over me, and she withdrew declaring that she almost felt it her duty to mix rough on rats with his pudding.

In a day or two there was another surprise. At noon Mr. Bowser observed: "You haven't been out of the house an evening for two weeks. Suppose we go to the theater to-night?"
I looked at him in wonder.
"It's a play I know we shall both enjoy, and we'll take Harry along. He's old enough to realize something about it, and he won't be the least bother."
"Do you mean that we shall all go—?"
"Go to the theater, Mrs. Bowser. Just make your arrangements accordingly."
When he had gone I stood up and shed tears. Then I sat down and cried. Then I fell over on the lounge and indulged in some more boo-hoo, and I didn't get through when the lady next door ran in of an errand and caught me, and exclaimed:
"Mrs. Bowser, I wouldn't stand it another day! I'd get up and assert my independence even if I had to go out and do washing at fifty cents a day! The idea of that man sitting down on you the way he does is something shameful!"
We went to the theater, and Mr. Bowser praised the play, and the actors, his

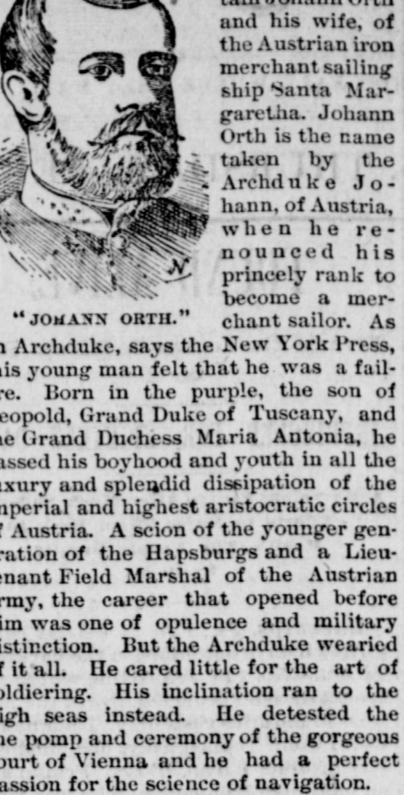


"JUST GET SOMETHING TO PLEASE YOURSELF."

house and every thing else. He even permitted five different men, who had forgotten to bring their beer in bottles, to get up and crowd past us three different times to go out and guzzle. On the way home seventy-nine of us were packed into one street-car, because the company had no oil to grease the wheels of any more. I expected that Mr. Bowser would exclaim, explode and inveigh, and end by calling upon everybody who preferred death to tyranny to leave the car, but he didn't. On the contrary, he seemed to enjoy the crush. They trod on his toes, rubbed the hind buttons off his coat, jammed his hat over his eyes and elbowed his ribs, and yet Mr. Bowser smiled and remarked:
"Rather tight quarters, but if we all preserve our good-nature we shall pull through all right."
I lay awake more than two hours that night, puzzled and mystified and wondering if Mr. Bowser contemplated suicide or was going crazy. I finally decided that he was all right. All husbands run in streaks, like pork, and this happened to be the beginning of a new one. I didn't know whether the end was reached or not, and was, therefore, somewhat anxious next morning. Imagine my surprise, after breakfast, when Mr. Bowser said:
"You were speaking about a new carpet for the front chamber. Better run down this morning and pick out something."
"But you—you—"
"Oh, I'll trust it all to you. There isn't a woman in this town with a better eye for colors and harmony. Just get something to please yourself and you will please me."
I looked after him with open mouth as he went away, and I stood staring so long that Harry came and pulled at me and called:
"Ma! Ma! Do you think papa is going crazy?"
Well, I had to sit down and cry, and just as I had reached the boo-hoo part of the performance, in came the cook to know whether she should stew or bake the chicken. She caught me fairly, and, standing before me with arms akimbo, she exclaimed:
"And he's been walking all over you again! Mrs. Bowser, why don't you appeal to the police? If you say so I'll go right out now and call the patrol wagon!"
That evening, after supper, Mr. Bowser laid down his paper and said:
"Come, let's have a game of euchre."
"But you—you—"
"Oh, I'm not much of a player, but I'll do the best I can."
I was in dread of an explosion when I won the first game, and I noticed that cook had posted herself in the back hall, to be on hand in case foul play was attempted, but Mr. Bowser indulged in a hearty laugh and said:
"You were too many for me that time, old girl."
To my surprise as we played on, he did not contend that the queen of hearts was higher than the ace of spades as a "off" card, or that the jack of hearts could take the jack of diamonds when clubs were trump. He even let me take his right bower with the joker without calling me a fraud, and when I had won five straight games he pushed back with a laugh and said:
"First time we have an hour to spare. I'll have you learn me how to play euchre. Better arrange to have a little card party some night this week. They are very pleasant affairs, and I'll do all I can to make things go pleasantly."
That was three days ago, and Mr. Bowser hasn't "backslid" yet. On the contrary, he is growing better and better every day. The cook came upstairs this morning to say to me:
"I'll tell you just what it is, ma'am. The whole caboodle of 'em goes by fits and starts. One day they walk on you, and the next day you can pull their noses. He's just got one of his good fits on, but you look out. I expect nothing less than to hear him breaking up the furniture the first thing in the morning."—Detroit Free Press.

AN ARCHDUKE'S LOVE.

The Sad Ending of a Noble Man and Devoted Husband.



"JOHANN ORTH."

It seems at length pretty definitely settled that death by shipwreck has overtaken Captain Johann Orth and his wife, of the Austrian iron merchant sailing ship Santa Margaretha. Johann Orth is the name taken by the Archduke Johann, when he renounced his princely rank to become a merchant sailor. As a young man he sailed for the Archduke Johann, when he renounced his princely rank to become a merchant sailor. As a young man he sailed for the Archduke Johann, when he renounced his princely rank to become a merchant sailor. As a young man he sailed for the Archduke Johann, when he renounced his princely rank to become a merchant sailor.

"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."



HIS MASCOT.

He Had No Use for a Person That Ridiculed a Rabbit's Foot.
"It saved me again!" exclaimed an old dorky who dodged an ice wagon on Monroe avenue yesterday and palled out and waded on high a rabbit's foot.
"What is that?" asked one of the men who grouped around him.
"De hind fut of an Alabama rabbit, sah—de bestest chum in de world fur a pussen to carry in his pocket."
"How does it act like a charm?"
"Keeps ghosts away—doan' let any robbers cum around—saves yer life when somebody's gwine ter kill yer. Whar would I hev bin jist now but fur dis rabbit's fut?"
"Bosh! I don't believe there is any good in it."
"You doan' jist hear him! Doan' believe in no rabbit's fut! Why, sah, I wouldn't be in your shoes fur no thousand dollars!"
"Go on! It's no better than a dog's hind foot."
"Hu! Hear him! Dat's all I want to know of you, sah—dat's all! You keep right away from me! Pussen that ridicules a rabbit's fut is bound to be unlucky, an' I doan' want nuffin' to do with him. De ghosts an' snah to pick his bones sooner or later, an' I doan' want no truck wid him—no truck 'tall, sah."
—Detroit Free Press.

Very Hard Luck.

"Dis yere snow comes rough on me," said Patsy, the tramp, looking out on the falling flakes.
"I get 'sovered on dis game likewise," said Slimy. "I was getting up a syndicate to back a new deal of mine, which is now snowed under."
"What was the idea?"
"An infallible method of keeping off mosquitoes. Where does the snow do you?"
"Oh, on a little discovery of mine that will insure the detection of bacilli in ice-cream."
"I'm playin' in hard luck, ain't we?"
"On the dead, we are."—St. Joseph News.

A Sensitive Patron.

"You're got a fellow in there that don't wait on me again, not much," said an irate customer, as he emerged from the dining-room and slapped his check down before the hotel clerk.
"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the clerk.
"I'm not stingy," continued the customer, "and don't mind giving tips, but when a waiter hangs round when a fellow is nearly through eating, and whistles 'Do Not Forget Me,' I think it is about time something was done."
The offer of a twenty-five-cent cigar seemed to wonderfully pacify the enraged customer.—Boston Herald.

The Melancholy Millionaire.

The interesting millionaire has turned up again—we mean the one who gloomily shakes his head and remarks, with a long drawn sigh, that he doesn't begin to be as happy as he used to be when he walked five miles every morning over a rough road to his daily work and only earned a dollar a day. Why doesn't it occur to one of these melancholy millionaires that if he should advertise he would doubtless find some one ready to relieve him of his possessions, thus enabling him to return to the simple, frugal life of earlier days?—N. Y. Tribune.

He Praised Her.

"Doesn't he praise your efforts at all?" asked her mother of the young wife, solicitously.
"Oh, yes; he praises every thing I cook."
"What do you complain of then?"
"Because, when I make pudding he says he wishes I had baked pies, and when I bake pies he asks me why I didn't make a pudding."—Philadelphia Times.

THE MARCH WIDE AWAKE

Has something for every taste, and all is of the best and brightest; the magazine is made for the young people, but the contributions are of such a sort that every member of the family will enjoy each page. The number opens with "An Old-fashioned Witch Story," from the Danish, by Laura E. Poulsson. "Under Ground" is a true and thrilling California adventure, by C. R. Parker. "Tippetoe," by Maud Rittenhouse, is a brief, pathetic Southern story. The serials this year are unique: "Five Little Peppers Grown Up," by Margaret Sidney, attracting thousands of readers; "Cab and Caboose," the railroad story by Kirk Monroe; and the autobiographical Italian story, "Maretta's Good Times," by M. Ambrosi. "Drawing the Child Figure" is a novel series of practical art instruction by the daughter of the Art-Anatomist, Dr. Rimmer.
The articles of the number cover a wide range of topics: "Our Government—what made it and why," with a fine portrait of Hamilton, by Hon. John D. Long; "A Visit to Winchester College at Commencement Time," by Oscar Fay Adams, with the words and music of the famous old Winchester commencement song, "Dulce Domum"; "How Grandmother's Spoons Were Made," by Mrs. Ormsbee; entertaining articles by Prof. Otis T. Mason, Mrs. William Cladin, Amanda Harris and others; "Prize Problems in Horology," by E. H. Hawley, of the Smithsonian Institution; and several pages of bright anecdotes.
WIDE AWAKE is \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

A Lawyer's Trick.

In a Western court a witness had been detailing with great minuteness certain conversations which had occurred several years before. Again and again the witness testified to name and dates and precise words, and it became necessary for his cross examiner to break him up. This was done by a simple device. While the witness was glibly rattling off his testimony the cross-examiner handed him a law book and said: "Read aloud a paragraph from that book."
"What?" inquired the witness. "I will tell you after you have read it," said the lawyer, and the witness accordingly read aloud a paragraph of most uninteresting material about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments. Then the lawyer went on and asked him a few more questions about his memory, and the witness was positive that his memory was very good. Suddenly the lawyer said: "By the way, will you please repeat that paragraph you just read about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments?" "Why, of course I could not do that," replied the witness. "You must have a queer memory," retorted the lawyer, "since you can repeat things that you say occurred years ago and can not repeat what you read a moment ago." The witness was nonplussed.—Chicago News.

The American Girl.

After much observation of the women of many countries, the conclusion is inevitable that the freedom of early girlhood, the looking upon men as brothers, friends and honorable gentlemen, the being thrown on one's own good sense as a guide, above all, being trusted by father and mother and lover, not being suspected or watched by a "black mesour," or a too suspicious duenna—that all this has made a very noble race of American women, who can be trusted with the future of the nation. She may be slightly in need of a few hints, but we believe in "pretty witty Nancy."—Mrs. John Sherwood, in Harper's Bazar.

Mistaken.

"Sir, I understand that you said I was a thief—a thief and a robber! I want an explanation!" said a shoe-dealer to Blobs.
"Sir," he returned suavely, "you are entirely mistaken. What I said was, that you sold shoes so cheap that you are almost a free-booter."—Jury.

Prepare for Spring

Now is the time to attend to your personal condition in preparation for the change to spring season. If you have not "whitered" well, if you are tired out from overwork, if your blood has become impure from close confinement in badly ventilated offices or shops, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. It will purify and vitalize your blood, expel all germs of disease, create a good appetite, and give your whole system tone and strength. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, 25¢ per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

BILE BEANS

STAND ALONE

AS BILE MOVERS.

They dispel poisonous bile from the system, thereby curing biliousness, constipation, head aches, malarial dysentery, and all stomach and liver disorders.

Two sizes, one price. BILE BEANS, 20 in each bottle, One a dose. BILE BEANS SMALL, 40 in each bottle, 2 to 4 a dose. Sugar Coated. Pleasant as candy. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents per bottle.

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
205 & 207 Greenwich Street,
New York City.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called on my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in Malarial Regions, will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Try Them Fairly.

A vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves and a cheerful mind will result.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Whenever you visit the shops in town, Looking for Braid to bind your gown, Secure the Clasp, wherever found, That holds the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.

OFF'S BRAID.

PLEASE READ—IT MAY INTEREST YOU!

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Cures Diseases Without Medicine. OVER 1,000 TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED THE PAST YEAR.

FREE

The best BOOK ever printed.

SEEDS OF PLEASURE

and upwards according to purity, scarcity, or cost. Checkup of any price free. R. H. Stumway Bookford Ill.

ASTHMA CURED

Swedish Asthma Cure instantly relieves worst cases. Gives restful sleep, cures where all others fail. Price 10c. Full particulars on small Sample free by stamp. COLLIER DRUGS, DRUG CO., St. Louis, Mo.

SOME RARE EXCEPTIONS.

There was a woman all alone
Within a gloomy house.
Who in the watches of the night
Beheld an awful mouse.

-Chicago Post.

AVENGED AT LAST;
Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."
(COPYRIGHT, 1901.)

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"Dear me," said Mr. Wilcox, "but this matter is getting serious. Here's that young grocer again. He was here last night, too; he'll begin to think he owns the place very soon, and all because he happened to be laid up a week or two on account of an accident. It would have been better for all concerned if he had taken the five hundred dollars we offered him; we should then have been rid of him with all obligations canceled."

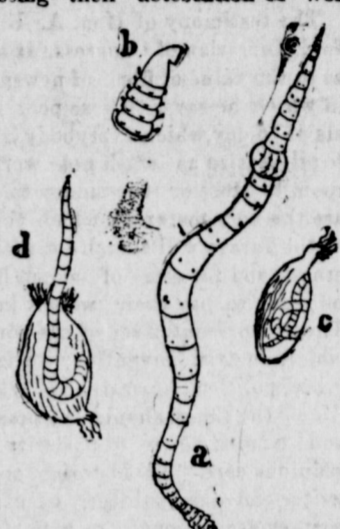
glanced up at Mr. Wilcox and questioningly said: "You do not mean that?"
"Indeed it is true," he replied.
"Then I fear some harm must have happened him," said Mrs. Delaro.
"No, I hardly think that. He may have had occasion to go up into the country hurriedly, and, anticipating that he might have a message of importance to send us, has delayed his communications. In fact, there are a hundred things which are liable to happen on a journey of that kind," were Mr. Wilcox's words as he again took up the paper.

as he pondered he said to himself: "Some day I will ask her."
Just at this moment Mr. Wilcox looked over to Mrs. Delaro and said: "Is that Harlow gentleman going to stay here all night?"
"Very certainly must be too busily engaged to notice the time," was the reply, "but I will remind Armida, by walking into the parlor, that I am preparing to retire, and with these words she rose to put her words into effect."
When Mrs. Delaro walked into the parlor she spoke very kindly to Eugene and no one could have told that she cherished any feelings of suspicion towards him. They conversed together for some moments, during which Mrs. Delaro made kindly inquiries regarding Mrs. Bregy. This seemed to remind Eugene of a duty he had to perform, and he commenced it by asking Mrs. Delaro if she could give him Mr. Blodger's address, as he and his mother wished to see him on some business matters. As they had never seen Mr. Blodger except at their store they had never known his address. Mrs. Delaro told Eugene where he could find Mr. Blodger most of the time, and Eugene in confidence said that Mr. Blodger had offered to rent him a larger and more convenient store a little farther down-town, and it was on that account he wished to see him.

St. Paul of old said: "Great are faith
And charity and hope"—
But greater far than these, my friends,
Is Blodger's matchless soap.
"His used to wash the trotters of
His holiness the Pope,
And little children sick their thirst
With soda from Blodger's soap.
None genuine without these verses on
the wrapper, over the signature of
Stephen Blodger. For sale by all Grocers
and Druggists throughout the country."
Mr. Blodger looked round with an air
of pride as he finished reading and
gracefully accepted the commendations
which his verses drew forth from Mrs.
Bregy.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.
ABOUT EARTHWORMS.
They Are Among the Best Aids to Restoring Lost Fertility.
Very often the most insignificant causes produce the most important effects. This applies very forcibly to earthworms. These little animals are of much more consequence and have much more influence in farm economy than most people are aware of. They are mighty in their effect by virtue of their minuteness. This property renders them less an object of attention, and from their numbers and remarkable fecundity, though in appearance a very insignificant and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm.

ARTIFICIAL SWARMING.
It Is Far More Advantageous Than Natural Swarming.
If bee-keeping is undertaken as a special industry, artificial swarming must take the place of natural swarming.
Much is said and written about following the natural plan of bees. The natural plan should be followed as far as possible, but it has limits as the natural plan of every living thing has that is subject to man. Long experience shows that while natural swarming, under some circumstances, is advantageous, yet oftener it is not advantageous.
Every bee-keeper knows that bees, if they have their own way, will swarm when there is no apparent reason, or if the cause be apparent, it is not to the advantage of the bee-keeper. If bees will swarm in May or in the early part of June, good results may come. Even then there is an uncertainty about queens, their fertilization, return to the hive, etc.



COMMON EARTHWORM.

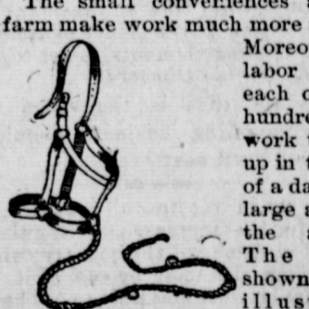


"AND WHERE IS YOUR SON TO-DAY?"

CHAPTER XIV.
"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bregy," said Mr. Blodger, as he entered the store on the following afternoon. He had come up to Harlem to inspect some buildings which he was having erected, and thought he would call on his prospective tenant on the way home. "How are you, and how is the grocery business?"
"Well, my health is good, and business is as good as usual," was the ready response.
"Has he just gone to put the horse in the stable and will be back in a few moments."
Upon hearing this reply Mr. Blodger seated himself on an upturned cracker barrel and resumed: "Mrs. Bregy, that son of yours is a very industrious young man and is sure to prosper."

A CONTAGIOUS SPIRIT.
The Influence of an Energetic Workman Over His Co-Laborers.
It is a significant fact that most men who achieve great results not only give undivided strength and time to their work, but make others feel the faith in their success which possesses them. A highly effective man never works in a vacuum; he always works in an atmosphere which is surcharged with his own personality. No small part of his success depends on the force which comes from his own imagination. The work he has undertaken so inspires him that it not only calls out every atom of strength which he possesses, but kindles his mind and arouses his emotions until the doing of it becomes a kind of faith with him. He is not like a machine perfectly accomplishing a given task; he adds to the precision and effectiveness of mechanical force the tremendous force of an educated and determined will. Rapid action is always accompanied by heat, and tremendous work, devoted to a worthy end, generates a kind of human warmth which is contagious, and which affects and sways other men. A great worker always finds co-workers, because his flame sets others on fire. This is the meaning of the old phrase about putting your heart into your work. If only your hands and your mind are given to it, it lacks the contagious quality, which not only intensifies your own force, but invokes the kindred force of other men. Add to hands and mind the emotions and imagination, and you have a force which is not only in the highest degree effective, but which draws to itself other forces, and thus incessantly multiplies itself. A man of this kind works with his whole nature, and becomes one of those "rivers of will" of which Balzac speaks; and such a river is always fed by innumerable tributaries. If you would get the best results, do your work with enthusiasm as well as with fidelity.—Christian Union.

CONVENIENT HALTER.
On That Is Easily Adjusted and Always Ready for Use.
The small conveniences about the farm make work much more agreeable. Moreover, a little labor saved in each one of the hundred bits of work that come up in the course of a day makes a large amount in the aggregate. The halter shown in the illustration is adjustable, since in the old-fashioned halter the main and foretop are constantly becoming entangled when this headgear is being arranged. To remove the one illustrated, it is only necessary to unbuckle the strap when the whole falls to the floor. Again, it is specially convenient to carry upon the road, since it can be adjusted over the bridle by lengthening the strap when buckling. When a halter is used in this way the rope should be passed through the bit-ring, giving much greater control over the horse if he should become frightened while standing at the hitching-post. The snap and rings are a convenient arrangement for lengthening or shortening the amount of rope.—American Agriculturist.



ADJUSTABLE HALTER.

RURAL BREVITIES.
An experienced herder says that whenever a sheep goes off by itself its owner may be sure there is something radically wrong with it.
A nervous, fiery man should never undertake to teach a team to pull heavy loads. What is wanted is to learn how to use their power, and to do so without getting excited.
In painting hives do not use dark colors for in extreme hot weather the combs in dark colored hives will melt down, while in a hive which is painted white, no damage will be done.
Do not be alarmed if you find a number of dead bees about the entrance of the hive. In summer time you do not notice so many because the colony carry their dead away in their daily flight.
Young horses of a nervous temperament are easily frightened. The only way to prevent their "shying" is to make them acquainted with the cars, robes, umbrellas, bridges, white stones or whatever frightens them in such a kind, gentle manner that they will know they are not going to be hurt.
The theory that swill must be sour, decayed, poison stuff is by no means exploded as yet. If many a farmer would pay for the outlay of a microscope he would see wondrous things in one of those old swill barrels. It would often deter him from eating pork of his own raising and cause him to wonder why so many crawling things had not destroyed the lives of his hogs.

Mushrooms in the Fields.
Most people like mushrooms, but I do not meet with many people who know how to grow them. I allude to those grown in the open fields and parks. I have picked a basketful of mushrooms of all sizes each day on a field of about eight acres of old pasture, on which, about ten years ago, I applied, in the month of February, about three hundred weight of ordinary rough salt to the acre, and soon after dibbled in by means of a sharp spud, bits of mushroom spawn as big as a bean all over the field. This I did by myself by degrees during a space of a month or more, and the result has been that on this field I have had a grand lot of mushrooms every year, from about May until September. I have some salt put on this field, more or less, every year since I first did it, and shall continue to do so, as the dressing not only assists in the production of mushrooms, but it also improves the quality of the grass, which is grazed by cattle and horses, and sometimes by sheep alternately.—Land and Water.
A hole in the shelter of stock wastes feed just as truly as does a hole in the granary.

OUR DAUGHTER.

I see her as a toddling child, Who in the sunshine laughed and smiled,

I see her in her maidenhood, When knowledge of the higher good,

I see her in her matron days, A sunbeam in life's darker ways—

I see her in her later years, Passing through many a vale of tears,

Now, leaning on a daughter dear, And a wee Annie playing near,

And a glad smile is on her face That lights it still with old-time grace.

For, lo! she fears not coming night: "At eventide there shall be light!"

G. Weatherly, in Golden Days

A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE.

Two Girls' Encounter with a Treacherous Intruder.

My sister Julia was always very courageous. In our youth the country was wilder than now; but it might truly be said of her that she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl.

There was nothing masculine, however, in Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or real danger.

When I was sixteen and Julia eighteen, my father hired a laborer named Hans Schmidt, a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who, at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment. He was a powerful man, with a heavy imbruted countenance;

and both Julia and myself were struck at the very first with an intuitive dread of him. The feeling in Julia hardly took the character of fear, but was one rather of loathing; yet, if she could have feared any thing, I think it would have been that man, for she had an intuitive perception that he was demonic.

"I was right, Mary," she cried; "they won't think me a fool now, will they? I shan't be ashamed to see Harry Irving!"

Poor Julia! Under the circumstances, the idea was really ludicrous; but nature will everywhere assert herself, and Julia hated a coward. Thump! thump! thump! Lid, and side, and end alternately felt the cramped but powerful blows. Then came a light—the steady, straining, desperate lift; and Julia cheered me when the cover shook, and rose, and trembled.

"He can't get out, Mary, we are safe; only keep your full weight on the lid; and don't be nervous either; it's almost morning."

She knew it was not one o'clock. But one o'clock came. How I wished it were five! And two o'clock came, and three; and we hoped that our prisoner had finally yielded to a fate which must now appear inevitable. A small aperture at one end of the chest, where there was a fracture in the wood, supplied him with air; and hence we could not hope that he would become weak through suffocation. He was evidently resting from the very necessity of the case, for his exertions had been prodigious.

There was a faint streak of morning in the sky; and there, upon the chest, we sat all and watched for the gleam of broadsword.

Suddenly there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final effort. At my end of the chest there was a crash, and immediately the German's feet protruded through the aperture that he had forced in the board. So horrible now appeared our position that I uttered a scream, such as I do not think I ever at any other time have had the power to imitate. I did not know that I was about to scream, so terrible was the fright of which this was the involuntary outburst.

To get off the lid, in order to defeat the movement through the chest-end, would have instantly been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the cover, we caught at the projecting feet. In doing this, however, we partially lost our balance, and a sudden bracing up of the muscular shape below so far forced open the lid, that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Schmidt were thrust forth, and, with a fearful clutch, seized Julia by the throat. Horrified by the spectacle, I threw myself forward, bearing down with all my might upon his head, as I lay partially upon the chest.

Just then a heavy crash was heard at the door below, the foot-tramps springing toward us as if some person were tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daylight hardly revealed its identity, as he rushed into our room, but I had a faint perception that young Harry Irving had come to us in our peril. Some time during the morning I found myself in bed, with Julia and several of the neighboring women standing about me. Julia clasped me in her arms and cried, she was so rejoiced that the fright had not killed me.

"We are safe, Mary," she said. "Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned after seeming to go home. It was not right, he said to himself, for us to remain alone here all night, especially as our father was known to have money in the house. So he kept out of sight, but remained near. The least scream he would have heard as he at last heard yours; but I am glad you did not scream before, for now we have had an experience, and know what we can do. It was tedious; but I don't wish to be thought afraid of my own shadow, and I'm glad we had to hold the chest down a good while."

Hans Schmidt had evidently decided upon the chest as a safer hiding place than that in which Julia first discovered him. Upon the very morning on which Harry Irving returned and secured the ruffian in our room, the officers of justice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel as a supposed murderer, and he was soon afterward convicted and hanged.

Julia became the wife of Harry Irving, and a most excellent wife she was. Magnanimous and unrevenged, she was perhaps the only one who felt no gratification at the fate of old Hans Schmidt, but rather a pity for the ignorance which had steeped him in crime.—N. Y. Evening World.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Blue is said to be waterproof, if first soaked in water until soft, and then melted with gentle heat in linseed oil. —Stuffed Clams.—Fill shells with the clam forcemeat, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown in a hot oven.

—Cracker crumbs should be used for this, rolled not too fine, moisten with a third of a cup of butter, measured after it is melted, and a cup of crumbs.—Boston Globe. —Brown Bettle.—One-third of bread and two-thirds apples; crumb the bread fine and chop the apples; two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoons of cinnamon, a little nutmeg; mix thoroughly and spread over the apples and bread; bake very brown; to be eaten with sugar and cream.

—FRESHENING STALE BREAD.—A loaf that has become too stale for the table may be "freshened" by wrapping it in a clean cloth and dipping it in boiling water for thirty minutes. Then remove the cloth and bake the loaf ten minutes in a slow oven. Stale breakfast rolls may be treated in the same way.

—To Renovate Feathers.—Fill two common steamers with feathers and place them on the stove over a pot of boiling water. Let them remain until the lids of the steamers get as hot as you can bear your hands on. A large bed can be renovated in this way in one day. When you take them out stir them briskly and spread them out in a small room. Then they are ready for the tick.

—Almond Taffy is the latest sweet that the petted maids of fashion roll under their tongues on an evening when a candy frolic is under way. A celebrated French confectioner whose name is almost a household word gave away the recipe. Here it is: Boil together half a pint of water and a pound of brown sugar for ten minutes. Blanch and slice through the middle 1 1/2 ounces of almond. Stir them in the sirup with two ounces of butter. Let it boil hard for ten minutes. Pour on a well buttered dish to the thickness of half an inch.

—Fruit at Meals.—As a rule, a fruit dessert in the evening and after a mixed meal ought only to be lightly indulged in, for the average stomach will but rarely tolerate a heavy influx of such cold and usually watery aliment as fruit. This is not the case if the fruit is eaten before or between the meal courses. Experience teaches that stewed or raw fruit may be largely taken between the courses.

In many parts of the Continent this custom prevails; the Germans eat stewed fruit with many meats, and in warmer climates such fruits as grapes, plums, figs, melons and sweet lemons are habitually eaten with all kinds of dishes, or as palate refresher between the courses.

—Grilled Mutton.—A breast of mutton, yolk of one egg, some bread or cracker crumbs, a little sage, a spray of parsley, one small onion, two cucumber pickles, a tablespoonful of capers, a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour. Partly boil a breast of mutton, then season it with pepper and salt; rub it over with an yolk of an egg and sprinkle well with crumbs and sage, and the parsley; put it on a large gridiron and broil very slowly until a delicate caper and onion sauce is made.

Place the onion, cucumbers and capers and boil them in some of the liquor half an hour; thicken this sauce with the flour rolled well in butter; place the mutton on a hot dish and pour the sauce over it; serve with any vegetable desired; spinach and mashed potatoes browned are excellent.

THE PHANTOM MOUNTAIN.

A Peculiar Atmospheric Effect Sometimes Seen on the Pacific.

Clustered about the capstan they were telling about one man's experience on the great South Dome in Yosemite during a snow-storm, when, alone there, impressed with all the vastness of the place, he saw a giant image in the clouds, like the wrath of the valley's god veering and advancing as if in menace.

It was told how Muir finally ascertained that the image was merely his own reflection on the snow-cloud—a duplicate of the world-famous specter of the Brocken. Then up spoke one of their number and asked: "Have any of you seen the phantom mountain—the peak in the ocean?"

Though there were many in that company who had seen all sorts of things, from crawling vipers to pink monkeys with sea-green appendages, none could ever say that he had ever seen the mountain. So the man went on: "I have often been on Mount Diablo; in fact, I have camped there season after season. I have viewed the sun rise and set from a perch upon the summit time and time again, but only once had I the pleasure of beholding the ghost-like peak. One morning, however, after I had climbed the grade in order to see the signal-service men who were formerly stationed there flash their heliograph signals across to an eminence on the other side of Truckee, and then over to Mount St. Helena, I was told to turn my eyes out to sea. You know it is a fact that on a clear day a person can see more country from the summit of Diablo than from any other eminence in the world."

"The great central valley spreads out on one side, all the lesser hills, generally shrouded in a fog, are beneath you, and off to the west dimples the blue Pacific. Well, this morning I could hardly believe my eyes. Right up from the bosom of the deep rose a great mountain—solid, majestic and empyrean. For a long time I believed that it was the product of some 'distant lift' of pent up volcanic fires—the growth of a night. But as I studied it I saw it was the exact counterpart of the double cone of Diablo—a phantom of the sea. By the peculiar refractive and refractive condition of the atmosphere the mountain was made to appear as a wave-washed crag. As the sun rose all its apparent stability vanished and dissolved into thin air. I tried for the sight again and again, but the atmospheric conditions were never favorable. Ever afterward the ocean stretched away, unruined and remote."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Yell of Mist

Rising at morning or evening from some lowland, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhales, or sojourns in a malarious region of country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

A POLICEMAN should never cuff a person on the ear. Handcuffs are the only variety he should use.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Those who use Dobbin's Electric Soap each week, (and their name is legion) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, do so next Monday sure. Ask your grocer for it.

Many an Italian has a personal organ soon after reaching this country.—Texas Sittings.

No SAFER REMEDY can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

An Inquirer wishes to know what will cure a felon. The penitentiary or death.—St. Joseph News.

Many little children owe their good health to Dr. John Bull's Worm Destroyer. "Nice Mamas" to give them such nice candies.

You can't help liking them, they are so very small and their action is so perfect. One pill a dose. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

A LITTLE poker now and then sometimes does up the best of men.—Oil City Blizzard.

The best good medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

If a courting-mate is not declared off it must end in a tie.—N. Y. Picayune.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Table with market prices for Kansas City, Feb. 23. Includes items like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.

Table with market prices for St. Louis. Includes items like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.

Table with market prices for Chicago. Includes items like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.

Table with market prices for New York. Includes items like CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, FLOUR, etc.



—sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the system thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it. As a Liver Pill, they're unequalled. Sugar-coated, easy to take, and put up in vials, and hermetically sealed, and thus always fresh and reliable. A perfect vest-pocket remedy, in small vials, and only one necessary for a laxative or three for a cathartic.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the good you get. That's the peculiar plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

Advertisement for BEECHAM'S PILLS, Cure SICK HEADACHE, 25 Cents a Box.

Advertisement for SALVATION OIL, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Advertisement for SWEET POTATOES, sent out by the Growers Association.

Advertisement for SEEDS, Best Seed Farm, Rockford, Illinois.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

The worse a man's temper is, the more becoming and profitable it will be for him to keep it.—Brighton Leader.

ALL who wish to aid Nature in her efforts to maintain good health should use Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It is as pleasant as wine, and far more strengthening. It is beneficial to every part and every function of the body. It is truly the old man's need and the young man's friend. In cases of debility and weakness it acts like a charm.

The girl with the reddest cheeks will, when she sees a mouse, change to a yell.—Boston Traveller.

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

SPEAKING of fasting, sailors have been known to live on salt water for months at a time.—Washington Star.

DON'T Neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Most people think of the marriage tie, that it's knotty, but it's nice.—St. Joseph News.

Advertisement for USE St Jacobs Oil, The Great OIL REMEDY FOR PAIN.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.



How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anemic and Wasting Diseases, until the siege is raised. It prevents wasting in children. Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK.

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THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

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Advertisement for FREE ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS, with MAPS describing Minnesota, Wisconsin and Oregon, THE FREE GOVERNMENT.

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