Winter Colors.

Gray bends the sky o'er the cold, green billow;
Brown are the fields and the sturdy oak;
A dream of red warms the boughs of the willow,
O'er the dark blue stream that the dry leaves choke.

Grays and browns in the fallows mingle,
And die in the distance their tender tones;
And where the sun shoots through some forest dingle,
Darts out the emerald of mossy stones.

Silver the falls leap down the ledges—
Round them fresh mosses and ferns nestle green;
Rose-hips grow scarlet in wild wayside hedges,
With gray plumes of golden-rod nodding between.

I love, when the dim clouds of winter-time lower,
To gaze on the landscape that chilly mists dim,
Where neutral and russet and leafless woods tower
Through pastures that meet the cold ocean's dull rim.

And I dream of strange music when minor chords meeting
In beautiful sadness, die dreary away,
Through whose mournfulness still a glad measure is beating—
The footsteps of summer afar on the way.

But when the white earth like a bridal robe glistens,
And sapphire the dome of the sky bends above,
And bright blinds the sunlight—my hushed spirit listens
To thoughts of a soiled soul made white in God's love.
—Helen L. Carey in Boston Transcript.

GISELE'S CAPRICE.

The saloon was lighted by a single lamp which shed a soft radiance throughout the room. It was simply furnished, but was adorned with a profusion of flowers and plants. Three persons were in the saloon Mme. de Balny, Gisele, her daughter, and the latter's betrothed, Robert de Gillis, who was soon to be her husband.

Gisele, who was in her 18th year, was very beautiful. She was a natural blonde. Her smile had the double advantage of showing pretty teeth and two charming little dimples in her rosy cheeks. Her eyes were very handsome, but their glance was somewhat imperious. She was dressed in a robe of soft, white, clinging material that set off to advantage her girlish beauty.

Gisele was an only daughter. She had been reared by an indulgent mother, her father having died during her infancy. Although Mme. de Balny's income was barely sufficient to support herself and her daughter she managed to gratify Gisele's every whim and her whims were many, for she was a child of caprice.

Many admirers paid suit to Gisele, but she smiled on none until Robert de Gillis threw himself and his fortune at her feet.

In Robert, Gisele found her supreme triumph, for by his unselfish devotion he gave her the greatest satisfaction a woman can have—to be loved for her beauty, which was Gisele's only dower. He was 25 years old, handsome, manly and very wealthy.

While Mme. de Balny was working at her embroidery and Robert and Gisele were holding a tender conversation the door of the saloon was opened and George Langle was announced.

"Good evening, my dear madame," said the new-comer, as he entered, bowing to the mistress of the house.

"Ah, good evening, my dear Langle said Mme. de Balny, welcoming the guest. "This is, indeed, an agreeble surprise."

When the others had welcomed him, turning to Robert, Langle said:

"I knew that I would find you here, and that is why I called so late wishing to have you present to second a proposition which I desire to make to these ladies."

"Ah! tell us. What is it?" exclaimed Gisele.

"My mother's cottage at St. Cloud has just been put in order for the summer," replied Langle. "We are going to drive over there to-morrow morning and she desires that you will accompany us. We shall leave Paris in good season so as to avoid the heat of the day. Breakfast will await us on our arrival. We will spend the warm part of the day swinging in our hammocks and gossiping under the elms.

"We will dine al fresco and then, if Mdlle. Gisele approves of the plan, we will attend the fete of St. Cloud, at which, among other attractions, will be the great lion-tamer, the illustrious Bidel, with his menagerie. That is the proposition I have to offer."

"Bravo!" cried Gisele. "Your plan is charming, charming! Is it not Robert?" she asked, turning to her lover.

Robert agreed with Gisele that their friend's plan was faultless and it was adopted with enthusiasm.

Accordingly the following day found Mme. de Balny, her daughter and Robert at St. Cloud as the guests of M. Langle and his mother. The day was spent in those delightful ways which people escaping from the city in the early summer find for passing the time in the country.

Gisele, however, was all anticipation in regard to the approaching fete, and especially in regard to the lion-tamer, Bidel, of whose exploits she had heard a great deal. Immediately after dinner, therefore, Gisele, Robert and Langle went to the fete, the elder ladies preferring to remain at the cottage.

They first attended Bidel's performance with his lions, which Gisele watched with the liveliest interest. As the performance grew to a close Gisele became so enthusiastic in regard to Bidel's bravery that Langle said, jokingly, that she ought to marry a lion-tamer.

"Such is my intention," replied Gisele, "for I am sure that Robert will not deny the first request I have ever made of him. Will you, Robert?" she added, turning to him.

"What!" exclaimed Robert. "Do you wish me to enter the lion's cage?"

"Yes. Does that surprise you?"

"A little, I confess."

"You ought to have as much courage as a vulgar tamer of animals," said Gisele, who seemed to be put out by her lover's backwardness in bearding the lion to please her whim.

"But to do what you ask me to do would by no means be a proof of courage," answered Robert. "It would be a ridiculous act on my part, for I would be exposing myself for no purpose."

"You speak lightly of the prospect of being devoured," said Langle laughing.

Langle wished to laugh Gisele out of her caprice. Gisele, on the other hand, did not really wish her lover to enter the lion cage, but she wanted him to seem ready to do even that for her.

"Then you refuse?" she asked Robert, with an an air of disdain.

Langle, without giving Robert an opportunity to reply, said:

"Certainly he refuses, for the conditions are not the same for him as for Bidel, who has been long accustomed to being among wild animals and has made a careful study of their character.

"You seem to take great interest in a matter which does not concern you," said Gisele, who was vexed by Langle's opposition.

"But," replied Langle gravely, "what you ask Robert to do is very dangerous. Besides, you forget that his mother adores him and that she will never forgive you if you make him expose himself in this perilous manner."

But Gisele insisted.

"Very well," said Robert, coldly, "I will enter the cage, if Bidel will allow me to do so, as soon as the spectators have departed. I do not wish to give a public exhibition of my courage," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone.

"Ah! I knew you would consent!" exclaimed Gisele, with apparent delight.

"I will arrange the matter at once," said Robert.

He went to Bidel, with whom he held a short conversation, then returned saying:

"The lions will be fed in a few minutes. I will enter the cage then with Bidel.

By this time the spectators had departed. Robert, Langle and Gisele approached the cage. Presently the lion-tamer joined them. He told Robert he was ready to feed the lions and invited him into the cage.

"No, Robert, do not enter the cage. I asked you to do so only because I wanted you to seem ready to expose yourself to any danger for my sake."

"Pardon me, Gisele, for not acceding to this new caprice of yours as to the first," replied Robert. "I have resolved to enter the cage and I shall do so."

Robert turned away from Gisele and a moment afterward he and the lion-tamer entered the cage. The lions, eight in number, moved hither and thither, obedient to the command of their master, but their large golden eyes showed their astonisment at the presence of this intruder who accompanied him.

Gisele and Langle looked on in silence and in agony, Gisele, who was very pale, was only prevented from giving voice to her angush by the fear of aggravating her lover's peril. Her eyes, which were big with fright, were fixed on Robert. He, on the other hand, was quite calm, at least in appearance. Like Bidel, he was armed with a bar of iron and a rawhide. He was thus doubly prepared to repel the lions if they came too near him.

Robert was in the cage about five minutes. Then he left it and rejoined Gisele, who, radiant with joy, her hands extended, exclaimed:

"Oh, Robert! how I admire you! How I——"

Robert took one of Gisele's hands in his and, interrupting her, said, in a calm voice:

"Do not prise my exploit too much, for the act which you applaud was performed for my own sake rather than yours. If I am brave, as now you evidently think me, I confess that I am not without fear that I shall not always be able to accede to your desires, and as it would pain me to cross so charming a woman I renounce the honor of being your husband."

As soon as they returned to the cottage the party started for Paris. When they reached Gisele's home Robert bade her good-by with a profound bow. On entering the house Gisele found the superb bouquet which she was accustomed to receive each day from Robert; it was the last. Gisele has never married.—*Translated from the French.*

Truffle-Hunting with Pigs.

Speaking of pigs reminds me that I lately went truffle-hunting with one. It was not near Paris, for there are no truffles hereabouts, but far to the south, in the region of the Dordogne. The pig was about the ugliest and most depraved-looking beast of its kind that can be imagined—one with a stilted back and shockingly exaggerated nose, having the curve of a pump-handle, but, like many human beings who are not beautiful, it was exceedingly intelligent. Its greediness, of course, made it so, but greediness is not always a corrective to stupidity. The truffle-hunter-in-chief was the pig's master, and as far as appearance went there was really not much difference between them. He had also a bent back and a nose that seemed to have been designed for no other purpose than that of turning up truffles. Nevertheless, it was the pig that did all the digging work, the man's part of the business being to take care that the cryptograms did not get swallowed on the spot. To guard against this accident he had filled his pockets with maize, a few grains of which the animal accepted in exchange for a truffle. Once or twice the sybaritic instinct of the beast were too strong for its judgment, and it ate the fungus before the man had time to snatch it, but blows upon the nose with a stick counterbalanced the satisfaction thus derived, and the pig, being a reasonable animal, soon came to the conclusion that it was better to accept the maize and leave the truffles.—*Paris Letter to Boston Transcript*

A New York chemist was boasting, in company of friends, of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said, "not even one of the most uncommon sort." "Come, now!" said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke. "I bet you don't keep any spirit of contradiction, well-stocked as you pretend to be." "Why not?" replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed at the unexpected sally. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the group and returned in a few minutes leading by the hand—his wife.—*The Comic.*

HAPPY THROUGH A CHILD'S DEED.

The Joy of a Man Who Has Drained Poverty's Cup to the Dregs.

He was a little man, thinly clad for such a cold morning, and as he went along Monroe street pushing his hands down deep into his pockets, holding firmly with his teeth an old mouth-organ, on which he was blowing vigorously, and dancing to the tune he tried to play, he was the observed of all the observers and the source of much amusement.

"You took a little too much o' your bitters this mornin'; didn't you, stranger?" asked the proprietor of the fruit-stand on the corner, as the little man paused in his glee and looked at the display of candy, bananas and grapes.

"You are mistaken, sir," was the dignified answer. "I am not drunk, upon my word I am not. I was never more sober in my life."

"Well, you must be crazy, then," persisted the incorrigible fruit-seller, "or you wouldn't go along the street cuttin' such a figger."

"No, nor I'm not crazy," was the response. "I'm happy, that's all."

"Humph! You'd better be a little bit careful how you show your happiness, or you'll get a policeman after you. What makes you so happy?"

Before answering the little man danced and played spiritedly for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Last night I was hungry, for I had had nothing to eat all day. I was cold, too, and I had no place to stay, no money, and nothing to sell. I rebelled against fate then, and cursed the day that I left my home and came here to try to do better. I was almost desperate with the cold and hunger, when a little girl of 4 years seemed to read my mind, and came up to me and asked me if I had any home. I told her I hadn't, and she said that I should go with her; that she and her father had a little room and that I could stay all night there. They had no fire, and only a crust of bread, but it was better than being out on the street.

"This morning all gloomy feelings are gone, and I am glad; glad because the sun shines; glad there are people in the world kind enough to ask a stranger to share their all; glad to see other people have plenty; glad, in fact, that I'm alive. So I dance to keep myself warm, and the sound of anything resembling music calms me and keeps me from thinking how hungry I am. O, yes! I've much to be thankful for."

He renewed his innocent revelry, and his interested audience, their hearts softened by the simple story, gave so freely of their nickels and dimes that the contribution was such that for several days at least the merry philanthropist will not have to dance to warm himself, nor resort to music as a means of driving away hunger.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Edge Tools.

It is not generally known that the light of the sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edge tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears and the tool is rendered absolutely useless unless it is retempered. Purchasers should therefore be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and peddlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross-cut saw is asserted to have been put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.—*Iron.*

American cotton was introduced into Turkestan eight or ten years ago, its subsequent development being phenomenal. The product for this year amounts to 126,000,000 pounds.

Depreciation of Coin.

A gold coin depreciates 5 per cent of value in sixteen years of constant use.

CAN HORSES AND CATTLE TALK.

A Rancher in Australia Has Reasons to Believe that They Can.

Andrew S. Ogilvie writes as follows from Tamala, Shark bay, Western Australia, to the London *Spectator*: "I have read with interest your articles on the instinct of cattle. That cattle and horses can communicate with each other and are endowed with a certain amount of reasoning faculty the following facts are pretty conclusive proof:

"I once purchased a station on which a large number of cattle and horses had gone wild. To get the cattle in I fenced the permanent water—a distance of twenty miles—leaving traps at intervals. At first this answered all right, but soon the cattle became exceedingly cautious about entering the traps, waiting outside for two or three nights before going in, and if they could smell a man or his tracks not going in at all. A mob would come to the trap-gate, and one would go in and drink and come out, and then another would do the same, and so on till all had watered. They had evidently arrived at the conclusion that I would not catch one and frighten all the others away.

To get in the wild horses, 600 of which were running on a large plain (about 20,000 acres), I erected a stockyard with a gradually widening lane in a hollow where it could not easily be seen, and by stationing horsemen at intervals on the plain galloped the wild horses in. My first hunt (which lasted for some days) was successful, the wild horses heading toward the mouth of the lane without much difficulty, but of course some escaped by charging back at the stockyard gate and in other ways. My second hunt, about a month later, was a failure; every mob of horses on the plain seemed to know where the yard was and would not head that way. This seems to show that the horses that escaped from the hunt told all the others where the stock-yard was."

Taken Up.

Taken up at my farm 2½ miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday February 3rd, one yearling heifer calf and one yearling steer calf, both red marked with tip of left ear cut off and "V" cut on under side. Party may have same by paying for advertisement and proving ownership. BEN F. HORNING.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to it normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative, Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. 6

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion. 1

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven bottles Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he whs incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

A Fatal Mistake.

Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

A Little Girls Experience in a Light house.

Mr. and Mrs, Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich, and are blessed with a daughter, four years. Last April she taken down with Measles, followed with dreadful Cough and turned into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere" handful of bones". —Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King,s New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial, bottle free at F. G. Frickey Drugstore.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to neadache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's., who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Cough Following the Grip

Many person, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a rase of nervous wrecks and the followtng suggests, the best remedy: alphouso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn, swears that when his son was spechless from st. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nerving cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valprai and. J. D. Taolnr, of Logansport, Ind each gaincd 20 pounds if an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulr Ind. was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much aeadach, dizzness, bockach and nervous prostiation by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine boek of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke, & Co., who recomends this unequailed remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm is especially adapted as a remeby for catarrh which is aggravated by alkaline Dust and dry winds.—W. A Hover Druggist, Denver.