

**Trans-Mississippi Inventions.**

Amongst the noticeable inventions granted to Trans-Mississippi inventors during the last week we find a car-coupling of the jerry pattern granted to George W. Dickey of Des Moines, Iowa; a pipe wrench granted to E. B. Frizelle of Sterling, Kansas; a steam sawing machine issued to C. H. Hillebrand of Lemars, Iowa; a letter box granted to E. J. Hower of Trinidad, Colorado; a simple tire tightener issued to D. L. Leibe of Sidney, Iowa; a register for telephones allowed to E. L. Morey of Portland, Oregon; a metallic basket granted to J. R. Coleman of Perry, Iowa; while Dr. Wm. L. Ross of Omaha, Nebraska, receives a patent for a furnace embodying a smoke-consuming feature which is adapted to be used in family residences.

Amongst the curious inventions is a folding bicycle frame which can be taken apart and folded up; a letter box so arranged that the mail is automatically delivered from the box to the mail wagon; a bicycle alarm actuated by the spokes of the front wheel; a car-coupling adapted to be hinged below the seat and be out of sight when not in use; a bicycle attachment comprising a flexible frame having one wheel adapted to be attached to an ordinary bicycle to make a tandem; an engine for producing motive power by means of the heat of the sun; while a Chicago inventor received a patent comprising a mattress which is strapped about a horse and upon which he rests in lying down.

A copy of any of the above patents will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents by G. W. Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

**Curiosities of the Law.**

**Meek looking gent.**—"What's the matter, my good man?"  
**Inmate stranger.**—"I'm going to have that woman arrested. She inveigled a dollar out of me on false pretenses."  
**"Can you arrest a woman for that?"**  
**"Yes, siree!"**  
**"My! my! Law is a curious thing. Why, a regular fury of a woman inveigled me into marrying her by false pretenses—pretended she was an angel—and the law not only won't let me arrest her, but makes me support her."**—Harper's Weekly.

Female bootbacks are numerous on the streets of Paris.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston Mass., has furnished instruction to over 60,000 pupils since 1863, and its popularity as an institution of the highest excellence is constantly increasing. Its curriculum is not confined to music alone, but Oratory and Modern Languages have finely equipped departments and the best instructors money can procure. Special attention also is given to instruction in pianoforte tuning. The charges are low when compared with those of other musical schools. Prospectus mailed free on application.

Mrs. D. A. McCoy, 711 South 27th St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "I am an old lady, 67 years old. I have been troubled for the last twenty years with constipation and indigestion and sleepless nights, but since taking Dr. Kay's Renovator can sleep like a child and am not troubled in the least with the above-named diseases. Dr. Kay's Renovator is worth its weight in gold." It is sold by druggists, 25 cts. and \$1. or sent by mail by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Send stamp for large sample and booklet.

Many a boy has turned out bad, because his father bore down too hard on the grindstone.

**Free Homes.**

Another opportunity for immigrants to secure homes free. Nearly 2,000,000 acres of first-class government lands in northern Arkansas now open for settlement. For full information write to E. V. M. Powell, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Arkansas, enclosing 10 cents in silver. See display advertisement in another part of this paper.

Doctors affirm that spirits harden the tone of the voice.

**One Thousand Farmers Wanted.**

To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from \$7 to \$15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no better chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West. Everything grows in Dakota except ignorance and intemperance. A new boom is on. Take advantage of the tide which leads to Dakota and to fortune.

For further information address or call upon W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colonial Building, Chicago, Ills.

The trouble about sewing wild oats is, that the same hand that sows wild oats does the reaping.

**FOR THE NATIONAL CONVENTION  
PEOPLES PARTY  
AT ST. LOUIS JULY 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1900.**

The WARREN, the shortest and quickest route has been selected as the line from St. Louis for the states and their friends to travel. All trains are equipped with Reisinger Chair Cars, Free, and Pullman Sleeping Cars. Connecting Lines will sell tickets over the Warren at Half Fare. Parties desiring through cars or sleeping car accommodations can arrange same by calling at the WARREN ticket office, No. 1415 Farnam St. (Farnam Hotel Block), or write to  
 H. N. CLAYTON,  
 N. W. F. A., Omaha, Neb.

The railroad journey from New York to Denver covers 1,300 miles.

Grand Excursion to Buffalo July 8th and 9th.

The National Educational Association will hold its next annual meeting in Buffalo, and the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," has made a rate of one fare for the round trip plus \$2.00, association membership fee. Send stamp for "Notes for Teachers," containing valuable information relative to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and 10 cents for a summary of the book, fully descriptive and profusely illustrated of the Summer Resorts of the North and East.

City Ticket Office 119 Adams street, Chicago, Ill. C. W. RUGGLES,  
 Gen'l Pass & Ticket Ag't.

**THEM  
OXEN  
BY  
ANNA  
WRIGHT**



Zeke looks 'em over with his own hands.

"La sakes! if their ain't a yoke of oxen! The first I've seen this many a year. How like old times it does look to see 'em! I'll never forget oxen, not the longest day I ever live. I won't! 'specially them oxen what Ezekiel used to own. I might come to forget my name, I s'pose, but I kin never forget them oxen, never. Ezekiel raised 'em himself, and broke 'em in with his own hands; and if ever any man knowed how to break in oxen it was Ezekiel Meeks, if I do say it. They was known fur and near, was them oxen, and there wa'n't another yoke in the whole country could compare with 'em at pullin'. It was move or break with 'em, and it was 'most genly move; but I once seen 'em split a yoke and walk right outen it when they was hitched to a tree at noonin' hour. It was wonderful the strength they did have. But they long ago went the way of all flesh, the same as poor Ezekiel himself, and I doubt if anybody recollects 'em now but me.

"When Ezekiel Meeks first began to pay attention to me, them oxen was just in their prime, and Ezekiel was just turned of age. I well recollect my father saying that 'Zeke Meeks had as much thunder an' lightning in him as them oxen had, he was no fittin' match for me; and it was his opinion that he had. He was rather 'posed to our marryin', father was, and when finally Ezekiel popped the question and I told him I was willin' if he could get father's consent, father he came right down flat with a big 'No'!

"That was in the spring when farmin' work was a-comin' on with a rush, and that was the last I seen of Ezekiel for a good while. But, bless you! I didn't feel a bit worried, for at our partin' Ezekiel he just allowed we'd best wait a little, so I was sure 'I would be all right. He went home, Ezekiel did, and went to work, and in a little while we heard he'd bought the farm next his father's, and was settin' up for himself. Father, he allowed as he'd never pay for it in the world; but one of the neighbors said Ezekiel allowed as them oxen had pulled every-thing he'd ever hitched 'em to yet, and he reckoned they could pull the mortgage off that farm. So Ezekiel and his oxen they set to work; and you might say the whole township got up to the fence to watch 'em. The next fall, father set about movin' his barn. You see, it faced the north, and father he thought it would be a sight better to have it face the south. So 'Lias Brown he lent his oxen for a day, and what with father's yoke, too, they thought they'd have no trouble. Father hadn't said so—he was too spunky for that—but me and mother knowed well enough he'd liked to have had Ezekiel's yoke the worst way. Well, they got the barn around all right, all but about a quarter turn, and there it stuck. They tried and tried, but it was no use, and at last 'Lias he allowed it couldn't be got 'round no further 'thout more help.

"If I was you, squire," says he, 'I'd go over and get Zeke Meeks' yoke."  
 "'No,' says father, 'I won't do it, not if I haf to let the old barn stand right here.'"  
 "'You can't git 'ary other yoke 'tthin six miles,' says 'Lias."  
 "'Then we won't move it another cench,' says father. But he didn't quite mean that, for the barn had to be set straight, now the work was begun; so, after a good deal of blowin' and stormin' around, father he finally sets off to get Ezekiel and them oxen.

"'Zeke,' says father, 'my barn is stuck so's we can't budge it, and I want you to come over with them oxen of yours and help pull it around.'"  
 "'Squire Brown,' says Ezekiel, 'slow and easy like, 'kin I have Keziah? meanin' me. 'Cause if I can't,' says he, 'my oxen can't move your barn.'"  
 "'By dad!' says father—and that was as good as a bond in blood with him—'By dad! Zeke Meeks,' says he, 'if them oxen of your kin move my barn alone, you kin have Keziah.'"  
 "'Then they'll move it, squire,' says Ezekiel, 'if it ain't took root.'

"So Ezekiel he came over and with his oxen, with the biggest yoke and the strongest chain he had, and he hitched 'em fast to a corner of the old barn.

"Me and mother we went out to look on, and I did hope and pray that them oxen would do themselves proud. Well, Ezekiel he made sure everything was all right, and then he took his place at the head of his yoke, with his gad in hand, and gave the word for them oxen to start. Then them oxen leaned for'd till they had the chain drawn tight, and they bent to and pulled. La sakes! how they did pull! I kin see 'em this minute. They just dug in their hoofs, and bent their backs, and strained every nerve, and I really do believe my heart stopped beatin' 'twixt my hopes and my fears. 'Hoy!' says Ezekiel, 'hey!' and he touched 'em with his gad. And then how they did pull! Their eyes bulged out, their tails straightened out like pump handles, and you could fairly hear their bones a-crackin'.

"My hopes was beginnin' to sink, fur the old barn didn't budge; but I didn't know what them oxen could do. 'Hoy!' says Ezekiel again, 'hey!' They was pullin' together like they was one critter, not givin' a hair's breadth of slack, and somethin' began to creak. 'Hoy!' says Ezekiel, just once more, and that time told the story. Them oxen seemed to double right up; their noses touched the ground; they fairly ground; and I reckon that pull would have been the last of 'em, but the crackin' suddenly growed louder, and then the old barn gave a lurch, and them oxen walked away with it.

"Well, father he was never no hand to swear much, but that time he clapped his hand down onto his leg, and he said he'd be goshed if he'd ever seen the like! And Ezekiel, when them oxen had pulled the barn to where it was wanted, he comes to me and takes me by the hands and says he 'Keziah you are mine, and them oxen has won ye.'"

"I never felt so proud in my life. And father, as he was a man of his word, he allowed that it was a fair dieker, and he wouldn't back out.

"No, we wasn't married right away. Ezekiel he allowed we had better wait till winter, sein' as we had waited so long, and by that time he'd have the house on his own place all fixed up and ready. So it was settled that we wasn't to be married till January. But the time soon passed, and almost afore I knowed it my weddin' day was at hand. And it was a time I'll never forget—the same as I'll never forget them oxen. I suppose nobody ever does ferget their weddin' day. Anyhow, I know I'll never ferget mine; and while I kin recall that day I'll always recollect them oxen. It was them that took us over to Parson Donlow's little log meetin' house at Munson's Corners, where we was yoked for life.

"Munson's Corners was a good three miles from our place, and on a cold night it was considerable of a ride; and that weddin' night of ours was about the coldest night that winter. But we had a big party in the sled and so we managed to keep to'ably warm. There was his father and mother and nine made four; and Ezekiel's sister Prudence, she made five; and his brother Joshua, he made six; and Joshua's wife, she made seven; and her sister, Experience, was eight; then my two sisters, they made ten; and my sister Charity's husband, he was eleven; and Ezekiel and me, we made thirteen. It was an unlucky number, so father said, but we just filled the sled body right up by settin' down flat on the bottom in the straw we managed to keep to'ably warm, as I said.

"Father he joked with Ezekiel, sayin' he didn't believe them oxen could ever tote us all up Jimson's hill. But Ezekiel he allowed they could, and of course they did.

"This Jimson's hill was long and steep, and right at the top of it was Munson's Corners, and just a little of this side of the Corners stood the old log meetin' house.

"Parson Donlow was holdin' p'tracted meetin's at the time, and long afore we got to the top of the hill we could hear Deacon Wilbur's loud 'Amen!' and Squire Munson's ringin' 'Hallelujah!' Ezekiel and me had talked matters over, and we had settled that the day of our bein' made one on earth should also be the day of our bein' made one in the Lord; and Ezekiel he



He could hardly hear these oxen creak.

had seen Parson Donlow, and it was all arranged.

"Well, we got to the top of the hill after a long hard pull, and Ezekiel he drove to the door of the meetin' house and let us out; and we all hurried out of the cold, while he attended to makin' them oxen fast somewheres, so's they couldn't get away.

"The place was about full when we went in, but room was made for us by the stove; and by the time we had warmed ourselves Ezekiel came in, and we found places and set down. The meetin' was goin' right on all this time; they was singin' and shoutin' in the good old way we never hear nowadays. At last, when the right time had come, Parson Donlow made some remarks about havin' a couple to unite in holy wedlock, an' then he calls for Ezekiel an' me to come for'd.

"We went up, Ezekiel a-lookin' as red as a beet, an' me feelin' about the same; an' there, in the presence of everybody, we was yoked together for life, promisin' to love an' cherish till death do us part, which I'm proud to say, we carried out to the letter.

"When it was all done, Parson Donlow he takes by the hands, and says he: 'My children, them was his words—'my children,' says he, 'you have now started upon a new walk in life. You have taken upon yourselves the gravest responsibilities of earth. Upon you depends the fitting for here, or here, at this critical period.' At this critical period, says he, 'put yourselves into the hands of the Lord, and walk with him all the days of your life.' Then Ezekiel speaks up, an' says he:

"Parson Donlow, that is just what we have made up our minds to do—and at that Parson Donlow he shouts: 'Praise the Lord!' and Deacon Wilbur he holds 'Amen!' while 'Squire Munson he let out his ringin' 'Hallelujah!'"

"Havin' our minds made up to it, Ezekiel and me we kneeled down on the mourners' bench, and there was such a great many more with us, for Parson Donlow he jest let himself out an' preached his best, sort o' usin' me an' Ezekiel for his text; and the loud amens and the ringin' hallelujahs was heard all the while. You never heard such a time, for they don't have such times nowadays.

"But I ain't comin' to the pint. The meetin' was at white heat, you might say, and everybody who had experienced salvation was a-shoutin' and a-singin', when all of a sudden somethin' happened. Deacon Donlow he was a-prayin', and it seemed as if he had laid hold upon the very battlements of the heavenly city. He was pleadin' for more and more of the power, though, for the life of me, I couldn't see what was to become of us if we got any fuller than we was then.

"Let me see the real Pentecostal fires!" he shouted. 'Let me hear the rushin' sound from heaven, and feel—' But that was as fur as he got, for just then, all of a sudden, somethin' happened. That little old log meetin' house begun to move—really move. And it kept right on movin'. It was a jerky, thumpy, rockin' motion, as though it was shook up by some mighty heavin' of the ground itself. 'If there had been shoutin' before, it wasn't to be compared to the shoutin' there was then. You couldn't hear for the noise they made. 'Praise the Lord!' cried good, old Parson Donlow, 'Amen!' shouted Deacon Wilbur, and 'Hallelujah!' rang out 'Squire Munson's voice. But Ezekiel he just jumps up a-gaspin'—'Them oxen!' and he made for the door just as fast as ever he could. But the door had got jammed so's it couldn't be opened.

"And there we all was, in that rockin' and tremblin' little old log meetin' house, amidst the shoutin' and the singin'; and the mourners' bench—it wasn't half big enough to accommodate the sudden demand for places. And still that jerky, thumpy, rockin' motion kept on till the people they began to get frightened half out of their wits. The women screamed and the children cried, till at last Deacon Wilbur, more or less scart himself—and I guess 'twas more—he jumps on to a seat and hollers: 'Enough! enough! Oh, stay thy hand!—and just then there comes an extra hard thump, and the deacon went sprawlin' around the head, into the crowd around the mourners' bench, and the motion stopped as suddenly as it had begun. That last jolt loosened the door, too, and Ezekiel he rushed out, all the rest a-follerin' him, and, bless me, if Parson Donlow's little old log meetin' house wasn't clear down to the foot of Jimson's Hill! You see, Ezekiel had chained them oxen fast to the bottom log at the back of the buildin', never once thinkin' they'd walk off with it, and the shoutin' must hev started 'em.

"Now, I kin never ferget oxen, not the longest day I ever live, an' 'specially by them oxen of Ezekiel's, hec' over has come to his reward, and I know that I must follow him soon. He fought the good fight, and won the crown, and I know that I shall meet him on that bright shore beyond the swelin' tide; and—I s'pose it's foolish—but somehow I fancy it's just possible I'll find them oxen there, too."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A BLAZE OF DIAMONDS.**

Wonderful Display of Rich Jewels at Russia's Great Coronation. The gala performance at the theater on Wednesday evening, May 30 (18),

They Might Have to Yawn. "It is asserted now," he said, thoughtfully, "that a Chinaman never yawns. If that is so—"

He paused and for a moment seemed buried in thought.

"If that is so," he repeated, turning to his companion, "I feel that I may assert with perfect safety that no Chinaman ever met you when you were in a story-telling mood."

Then he chuckled softly to himself and felt avenged for the hour that he had put in listening to tales of precocious infants.—Chicago Post.

Home Wasn't Built in a Day. Neither are the obstinate maladies, to the removal of which the great corrective, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is adapted curable in an hour. To persist in the use of this standard remedy is no more than just. Biliousness, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervousness are among the complaints which it eradicates.

A honest man can never be a friend to a thief.

**Smouldering fires of old disease**

lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress, instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood, if you use the standard remedy of the world,

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**



"A Scorcher."

**Battle Ax Plug**

Tobacco Dealers say, that "BATTLE AX" is a "scorcher" because it sells so fast. Tobacco Chewers say, it is a "scorcher" because 5 cents' worth goes so far. It's as good as can be made regardless of cost. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the other fellows' 10 cent piece.

**FREE HOMES** From Uncle Sam. Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. **HOW IS THIS YOUR TIME TO GET A HOME.** For further information address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark. EP refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.



**We have made a study of tires**

—pounded them year in and year out by thousands on our wheel-testing machine, tested them for elasticity, for speed, for durability—had reports from riders and agents everywhere. The wonderfully elastic and durable tires used on Columbia Bicycles—Hartford Single-Tube Tires—are the result.



TESTING TIRES AND WHEELS.

**Hartford Single-Tubes** are the regular equipment of all Columbia and Hartford Bicycles. We know no tires so good as Hartfords.

The makers of Hartford Single-Tubes also make Dunlop tires (double-tube), which we will substitute for Single-Tubes if preferred.

Art Catalogue tells. Free if you call on the agent. By mail for two 2-cent stamps. **POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**