Competent Committee,

were submitted to a committee consisting

of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Edmund

Clarence Stedman. The prizes were awarded

The Man with the Hoe.

(A Reply to Edwin Markham.)

"Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her awa affairs than we "-Montaigne

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and

Who, striving, win and hold the vacan

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod, Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse, On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowne Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road Where bears each back its load.

He that has put out strength, lo, he is

Nature but questions-"This one, shall be

'Well, ill, he digs, he sings," and he

Strength shall be have, the toller, strength

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing, The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest;

Need was, need is, and need will ever be For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and

Long wrought, and moulded him with

And are she gives him, mindful of her own, Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise, She makes the field his skies;

See! she that bore him, and metes out the

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn,

Lest he no more in native virtue stand, The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,

The burden of all ineffectual things

The Incapable.

By Hamilton Schuyler, Orange, N. J. The pathos of the world is in his eyes, Within his brain abortive schemings roll, His nerveless hand in impotency lies

palm held open for the pauper's

Accepts the one and all

The Mother moulded him,

Of him with spade or song

Or shudders, and is gone.

So fitted to his place

Erect enough he stands,

Labor he has, and rest.

The Mother moulded him,

mother's care Before she set him there.

He serves her. Vex him not

And what was digged from it;

And let a kingdom go.

She answers "Yea" or "Nay."

All are of roral race.

By John Vante Cheney, Chicago

#### TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

The Permanent Snow Compound.

By Charles Battell Loomis. 

stranger. He had arrived just at nightfall are and although they were somewhat at the close of a long winter a storm. The fields and trees and fences and roofs were as when put in. have been glad to see the snow take the same by for a rainy day Wings that had brought it and fly to the ut-

Mr. Catlin had let the man into the little hall with its winding stairway that led to bedrooms above and now they stood talk house to get five dollars out of their tin trancing conversation.

"Well, people in the city may have time for such foolishness, but what in ternation earth, said the stranger as he proceeded covered it with dirt and planted grass seed do you suppose I want my farm buried under to go on his way. three foot of snow the year around for? Summer season's short enough as 'tis'

have to work so hard."

sarcastically. "And we could go sleigh ridin' when the

do sech a thing. Haow much is it?"

nickel-plated machine for distributing it." "Say, young man," said Mr. Catlin, sud-"I think you're dealin' in unlawful goods an' ef they ain't they ought to be. S pose you was to strike some enischievous feller that had a grudge ag'in his neighbor." He'd sprinkle his fields with it while he slep an' 'twould be winter all the year 'raound on that farm. I don't question your being able to do it. Sence I see horse cars go alone I'm prepared for anythin', but you don't sell me nothin' of the kind. Good night."

With a little sigh the man slung his bag over his back and left the house. Mr. Catlin went out to the barn to bed down the cattle and the boys followed the

Say, do you sell that in small quantiasked Bernard.

"Don't like to open a can. You see a quart will last a life time, so you only have the first expense. Your father's got the wrong idea. I don't want to cover up his potato fields with snow the year round, but if he has a hill that ain't worth cultivating and sprinkles it with this powder you boys can coast all summer long and he can keep his milk and butter cool and comfortable without any need of ice.

Wish we could see the thing work," said Bernard with caution. "Course such weather as this snow is going to stay anyway, but how do we know it would stay when a thaw came?

'That's so," echoed Brainerd, "Easy proved," said the stranger with a smile, "I'll build a little fire here out of some pine cones if you boys 'll get 'em and I'll sprinkle a little of the powder on some snow and you can make snow balls that'll



THEY WALKED AROUND THE HOUSE,

be good to play croquet with next August." "Won't they melt?" asked Brainerd. "If you can melt 'em I'll give you my

A bonfire in the snow always appeals to a boy and they soon collected about a hundred cones from a tree near at hand. Then the stranger built a little pyramid of them. poured some kerosene oil on them from a tiny can that he carried in the pocket of his ulster and touching a match to it had a blaze in a few seconds. The brick-red blaze lighted up the snow

and made it sparkle with a million diamonds, but the boys were too interested in watching the further processes of the etranger to notice the beauty of the scene. He took a little water sprinkler out of he other pocket and filled it with some of the powder. Then he dusted the snow with it for the space of a yard square. "Now make snow balls boys and put them

into the fire.' The boye got to work and fashioned big. round snow balls, patting them into shape and hardening them by a pressure of the knees. When a dozen had been made the stranger said. "Now dump them in the

The boys did so and were not at all sur-

## A Most Remarkable Remedy That

Quickly Restores Lost Vigor To Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent By Mail To All Who Write.

Free trial package of a most remarkable semedy are being mailed to all who write the State Medical institute. They cared so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost many form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emaculation of parts can have cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ilis and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical institute 300 Elektron Sulding, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The institute makes no restrictions Any man who writes will be sent a free sample carefully seaded in a plain pankage, so that its recipient need have no fear of embarasement are publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

(Copyright by the author, Charles Enttell prised to see them resist the heat, for they had nerfect confidence in the stranger. After "I'd as soon sell you my farm for 2 cents as had perfect confidence in the stranger. After to buy your compound," said Farmer Carlin minutes the bed of coals for five to the black-haired and unmanny jouking minutes the stranger kicked them out of the stranger. He had assigned that we slowly all fire, and although they were somewhat

"Now, you see that my compound does white with snow and the two Catlin boys were delighted, but their father with his knowledge of the work that it entailed would buy a quart. Haven't you any money laid "Yes," said both boys

termost parts of the earth. And here was this fellow having the imposience to offer Much more fun. You can make a coasting him a compound that would make snow per- place on some bill that no one ever culti-

"Blakely hill." said both boys together. ing while Bernard and Brainerd, his two banks-he generally made his younger sons, eagerly listened to the stranger's en. brother run errands for him-and while he was gone the fascinating stranger gave him Why, I've so'd quantities of it to fellers a quart can of the compound with a little down in New York, who are going to use it blokled sprinkler and then when Brainerd to make toboggan slides that'll last all sum- came back he counted ten half dollars into the stranger's bands.

"I think you boys are too good for this

"Why so?" asked Brainerd. "But pape," said Bernard, "you wouldn't using it in places that ain't going to be the day the stranger said the boys the woncultivated. When I was a boy I would have | derful compound, "And we'd live on the snow I s'pose. Snow springled little patches here and there just pudd'n' and ice cream," said the old man for the fun of seeing heaps of snow in midsummer."

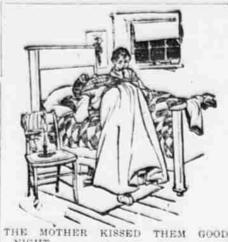
"Oh, that'd be bully," said Brainerd. weather was so warm that we'd wear just laughing at the idea, and Bernard seemed a shirt and trousers. Wouldn't that he to think there were possibilities in it, so Feople who flock southward during the dandy? said Brainerd. Feople who flock southward during the winter as a relief from the cares at home Well, it's aout of the question. I sin't darkness they opened the can and poured take on some new and strange occupations. go'n' to buy your compound an' ther' ain't same of the white powder into the little At present the passion is for whittling. In no one so foolish in all Saouth Ardmore to feeder and then they walked all around the fact, it is the amusement of the hour of house sprinkling it in a thin line. They the banker, the merchant and the tired-out Only \$5 a quart and a quart will sprinkle they sprinkled the gate posts, and I am millionaire. But it is not the same aimless an acre, besides which I donate a beautiful sorry to say the front path. The snow once chipping away of a stick that delights the hardened into place, could not be shoveled school boy; very pretty things are made by Our brother with the hoe.

Then they got a lantern and set out for the most general.

f hard snow, while all around the grass ; as fresh and green, owing to its winter blanket just removed, they came out, too, young and old, bringing sleds and trays and anything on which they could coast.

And from that time until people got fired of the sport, which wasn't until late in for \$700 for the three best poems on the thome hundreds and stored ice melted like heated | \$100 to the third. Nearly 1,000 manuscripts

But the pathway of three foot snow in



the Catlins' front yard was a good deal of an eyesore to the old people and at last they on it and named their place "The Embankment," and took summer boarders on the strength of it, and now Mr. Catlin blesses With pen or sword or hoe; "Why, you seem so particular about only strength of it, and now Mr. Catlin blesses

> WHITTLING AS A RECREATION. Said to Be a Healthful Relaxation for

a Tired Mind. People who flock southward during the these grave designers, paper cutters being



WHEN THEY SAW MOTHERLY MRS. CATLIN. Blakely hill, which was not far from the After a number of men congregated at house, but which was three-quarters of a some resort have been attacked by the craze mile long, very steep, and never used for it is amusing to see them starting out to anything. On the way there they passed the find the wood. They go forth clad in knickchurch, and whether by accident or design erbockers and armed with great jackknives, they dropped a lot in front of the as seriously as though in search of the buck church on a big drift, and if you go up to of the season. More prized than any other Ardmore next summer you can see that drift are the woods of the laurel and rhododen gleaming in the hot summer sun. Every drons. Both are exquisitely white and reone has to drive around it, but it has ceive as high and fine a polish as satin.

so no one has ever complained.

Then they went home and went to bed so declayre for't those boys get better'n better. contented to let that man go off with his and a broken bit of glass. mis'able compaound tonight if I'd be'n them. I'd a covered the farm with it."

"They're the best boys in the world. father," said Mrs. Catlin, and went up to their room to kiss them good night and tuck them in.

Boys are generally anxious to have snow remain, but in view of the queer things that were going to happen the Catlin boys wished hard for a thaw. But the weather held cold for two weeks and no one suspected that any snow had been chemically hardened. The boys built several bonfires on bit hill to test it and it didn't melt a bit. They hinted to their schoolfellows that

when a thaw came there'd be more fun than a goat up at their house and at Blakely hill, but beyond that they would say nothing, At last, toward the end of January, there came a warm rain, and snow in the vicinity of South Ardmore vanished like maple syrup cause there won't be enough men to go

and buckwheat cakes. The boys heard the patter of the rain on the tin roof and they hugged themselves and chuckled. In the morning they were up as soon as it was light. The rain had stopped,



NOW DUMP THEM IN THE FIRE.

ut it was very warm. The mercury registered 52 on the front porch. They dressed and went out of doors in the morning twiight. Bare ground everywhere. Bare ground as far as they could see, except that on the front path there was three feet of snow packed hard, and all around the house a drift and two picturesque heaps on the gate posts, and under one of the pine trees a pile that you were all run down." of ashes and half burned cones and twelve

and when he heard about the coasting at making.

brought lots of summer people to the place. Straight pieces of considerable length are chosen to be cut, and it is desirable that Arrived at Blakely hill they sprinkled a they should terminate in a fork. The forked path ten feet wide for the whole length and part is left undisturbed in its natural state that used up all their powder but a little bit, for the handle, while the other end is whittled down into the blade of the cutter. Various are the ways for achieving this apearly that Mr. Catlin said to his wife: "I parently simple end and every man finds contentment in the conviction that his own I was always full of the ol' Harry when I knife and tools are the best. The final was their age. Now I wouldn't have be'n polishing is universally done with sandpaper

Knitting needles are also popular among the things that are being whittled. They are finished at the top with a round ball, which has carved upon it the initials of the one who is to be their possessor. The greatest achievement in whittling, however, is an endless chain that was recently done by quite an old gentleman who had gone to the south for rest. Within each link rested a little revolving ball. It was truly a chef

Scientifically it is claimed that there is something about the mechanical calm of boys built several bonfires on Blakely whittling which is most restful to an over-

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Little Willie-The bible says there will be no marrying in heaven. I wonder why? Little Emma-I don't know, unless it's be-

"Will you give me a kiss, Johnny?" asked a spinster of a 5-year-old. 'No, indeed," replied Johnny. "Why not?" she asked.

" 'Cause if I did the next thing you would be asking me to marry you," was the inexpected reply. Mamma-I shall tell your father tonight

when he comes home. You've been fighting again. Bobby-Please don't tell him, mamma. I'm licked bad enough now without having another scrap with papa.

"You're a lobster! That's what you are!" exclaimed the boy with the brimless hat. "That's more'n you are," replied the boy with the pile of papers under his arm. When you git into hot water you turn

Tommy," said a mother to her small son, 'I'm afraid that when your father comes home all tired out with his day's work, and learns how naughty you have been, he will

punish you. 'Well," replied the precoclous youngster, I hope he will be so tired that it won't hurt

"Here's the clock key, mamma," said 4-year-old Tommy, "will that do?" "Will it do for what, dear?" asked the astonished mother.

"To wind yourself up with," replied the little fellow. "I heard you tell the doctor

Edgar, aged 5, was afflicted with earache and screamed frantically with pain. "Hush, dear," said his mother, "don" ery so; it only makes it worse. Don't you remember how nice your little baby brother behaved when he had the earache? He didn't make half so much fure about it as you are

'What d-does that k-kid know 'bout eara-ache?" sobbed Edgar. "H-His ears aln't h-half as b-big as m-mine."

It is sparkling, it is pure, it is effervescence, Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. Taste delicious. Bouquet excellent.

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Mariani Wine. World Famons Tonic. A restorer of the Vital Porces. Vin Mariant is a perfectly safe and reliable diffusible tonic and stimulant; it gives strength and vigor to body, brain and nerves; it fortifies against disease; it nourifies, sustains and refreshes the entire system.

OUTFITTERS SEATTLE All Druggists. Refuse Substitutes.

Is in his gair, his countenance, his mien; While round his hurassed brow forever cities.

The mocking short of what he might have been. Three Poems Awarded Prizes by a

In July last a New Yorker criticised Edward Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hore, where men toll and eat the fruit of Hoe" and authorized the New York Sun to elof the sport, which wasn't until late in for \$700 for the three best poems on the thome. September, that hill was alive with coasting parties when the mercury was up in the hundreds and stored to maked like heated was to go to the first, \$200 to the second and this hand and brain can find him maught.

No sweat of manly effort damps his brow In workshop, field or mart he hath no place.
To earn his daily bread he knows not how,
Or scornful, counts the offered means to the following three poems, naming them in the order of their estimated distinction:

Too proud to dig yet not too proud to eat. The bread of strangers to his face and Homoless, he wanders with uncertain feet, Of thrift the scorn, of fate the idle game. What though he wear the hall mark of the A weaking in the world, he stands confessed: For lack of will to use the humbler tools. He walks the earth a hyword and a jest

The precious promise of his youthful years, All untilled, upon his manhood waits. He wakens to his shame with bitter tears And knows himself to be the thing he

incapable! His destiny we spell In logic of inexorable fact; At naught may his untutored hand excel: The curse of Reuben blasts his every act.

The ploughman whistles blithely as he goes.
And turns upon the world no coward face,
In joy he reaps that which in hope he sows,
Nor bows his head to aught but Heaven's

The craftsman, too, rejoices in the thing
To fashion which his cunning hand was
taught;
Of want he feels nor fears the bitter sting.
In manhood's strength his destiny is
wrought.

But this one-futile, hopeless, crushed to earth. A prey forever to forebodings grim, Well may be curse the day that gave him And summon God and Man to pity him.

A Song. (In Answer to "The Man with the Hoe.") By Kate Masterson.

m Giant-forests, hewn, ich field- of grain; by furrowed hills and the belching W. If fuel of hand and brain; Free, the mountains mine-dug depth To she juttle made by men. Sounds one vast song that rolls along And circles the world again;

Work-Let the unvils clang! Work—Let us sew the seam!
Work—Let us sew the seam!
Let us bind the girth of the mighty earth
With the music of our theme!
Sing as the wheels spin round.
Laugh at the red sparks! flight,
And life will flash from the sledge's clash
Till all the land is light!

Over the deserts' waste We measure the miles of chain Till the Steam King roars from both the shores
And rends the hills in twain.
We search in the ocean's bed.
And bridge where the torrent hurled.
And we stretch a wire like a line of fire
To signal through the world!

You with your tinsel crowns And Kingdoms of crumbling clay.
You with gold in its yellow mould
Rotting your lives away.
Sleep when the day goes by.
And the sweat of the hand that ploughs
the land Are gems that you cannot buy!

Work—Let the anvils clang! Work—Let us sew the seam! Let us bind the girth of the mighty earth With the music of our theme! Sing as the wheels spin round, Laugh at the red sparks flight, Wand life will flash from the sledge's clash Till all the land is light!

From the wealth of the living age,
From the garden grave of death,
Comes one acclaim like a furnace flame
Fanned to a white hot breath,
Honor the Man who Toils.
And the sound of the anvil's ring;
From a deathless sky a hand on high
Has reached to make a King!

Dr. McGrew has placed his charges for the treatment of diseases and disorders of man within the reach of all. Even the poorest may have treatment.



equaled. His resources and facilities for treating diseases of men are unlimited. He is endorsed by all for his skill, reliability and fairness in his charges. The vast amount of experience obtained from numbers of cases treated daily gives him many advantages in their successful treatment. The Doctor's extensive patronage and popularity is the best proof of the great amount of good he is doing.

ELECTRICITY AND MEDICAL TREATMENT COMBINED. Varicocele, Stricture, Syphills, Loss of Vigor and Vitality, Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys.

22 YEARS of Unlimited Experience—12 YEARS in OMAHA His charges make it possible for even the poorest to obtain treatment

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formation regarding this wonderful region; also a complete map of the country for a 2 cent stamp. The Seattle Trading Co.

APIOLINE

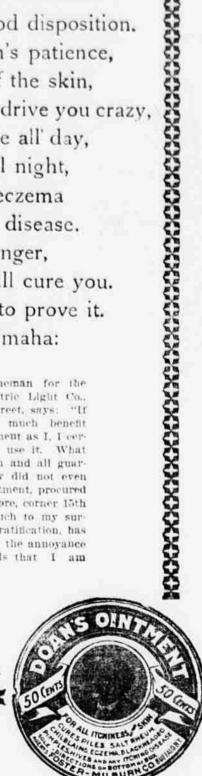


# PATIENCE!

Nothing spoils a good disposition. Nothing taxes a man's patience, Like any itchiness of the skin, Itching Piles almost drive you crazy, Makes you miserable all' day, Keeps you awake all night, Just the same with eczema Or any itching skin disease. No need to suffer longer, Doan's Ointment will cure you. Plenty of testimony to prove it. Read this case in Omaha:

> Mr. James Grace, lineman for the Thompson-Houston Electric Light Co., living at 207 N. 17th street, says: "If everybody receives as much benefit from using Donn's Ointment as I, I certainly advise them to use it. What doctors treated me, each and all guaranteed a cure, but they did not even relieve me. Doan's Ointment, procured at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store, corner 15th and Douglas streets, much to my surprise and more to my gratification, has up to date so far allayed the annoyance from itching hem reholds that I am practically cured."

All druggists sell Doan's Ointment, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo. N. Y., Sole Proprietors 





TWO STORES-1404 Douglas and 221 S. 16th.

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This Offer Almost Surpasses Belief.

An External Tonic Applied to the Skin Beautifies it as by Magic. THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE

A Woman Was the Inventor.



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The MISSES BELL'S COMPLEXION TONIC has a most exhiliarating effect upon the cuticle, absorbing and carrying off all impurities which the blood by its natural action is constantly forcing to the surface of the skin. It is to the skin what a vitalizing ionic is to the blood and nerves, a kind of new life that immediately exhiliarates and strengthens wherever applied. Its tonic effect is felt almost immediately and it speeddly banishes forever from the skin freckles, pimples, blackheads, meth patchee, wrinkles, aver spots, roughness, ciliness, eruptions and discolerations of any kind.

In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery the Misses Belf will, dur-

Thousands have tried from time immemorial to discover some efficacious remedy for wrinkles and other imperfections of the complexion, but none had yet succeeded until the Misses Belf, the now famous Complexion Specialists, of 78 Fifth avenue. New York may be benefited they will send one bottle to any address, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents (stamps of the first to cover cost of packing and defivering the control of this discovery before is plain, because they have not followed the right principle. Balms, Creams, Lotions, etc., never have a tonic effect upon the skin, NEW BOOK, "SECRETS OF BEAUTY."

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Sole Agents. 15th and Douglas Streets.

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