April's always sorry March has gone away-Anyhow she shows it Weeping all the day,

But when the flowers are blooming April weeps in valu, For we laugh and gather Posies in the rain

And perhaps we'll send you Just a bunch or two-Gathered all for you.

# A MAN AND A GROTHER

(By A. L. Mazzy in New Time.) "Hi there! Git along with ye!" "Whew! Got a drink too much for

the legs ov um!" "Trip 'um up, Bill!" "Hi! he! hic, hic!"

"Got ut, ole Ricketts!"

With a chorus of laughter a group of young Arabs, rushing down the street leading from the tenement houses of the mill district in a western dashed recklessly against the tottering figure of a man who recled helplessly upon the corner. They raced past him with another volley of taunts and jeers.

An ejaculation between an oath and a groan burst from the lips of the man as he reached for his fallen hat under the electric light flaring over the spot. He made an effort to drag himself of the way of two ladies approaching from the side street, and who haited with horrified exclamations at the human obstacle in their path. "A dreadful drunken creature!" cried

one, darting aside with unspeakable repulsion. Dear me! but this is getting to be dangerous street with so many idle men since the mills shut down," said the

"And all that line of saloons tempt and swallow their last nickel, don't you know?" "But, Laura, is the fellow really in-

'Why, of course. Come along out of the reach of the vile wretch!" was the

The abhorred creature meantime had managed to make his way to a point where he could grasp and pull himself up by a fence paling, and spasmodicalplucking one hand over another, at the pickets, he proceeded toward his unknown destination.

Hurrying citizens were pushing past him at every step; jests, oaths, and small remining shricks were cast at him from time to time, but each passer-by was too intent on his own affairs to meddle with a drunken but apparently inoffensive man.

At length the slow traveler came to a gate accidentally left open, and, halting beside it, he looked in on a great open space of ground surrounding an old-fashioned house that had been built on this acreage long before the city had surrounded the splendid grounds.

The trembling wretch, hanging upon the gate post, looked over the sheltered enclosure with longing eyes and slowly edged his way within, where he could not be jostled and pushed by tramping lines going up and down the sidewalk. Beyond the house he saw the outline of some building with a nate dauter. swinging door-perhaps a coalshed or a storehouse, no matter what—that seem-ed to offer shelter and retreat. If he could reach it and find a place to lie down unnoticed and undisturbed! Just to lie down—oh, the luxury! And yet was put benevolently into clean apwould-be thrown-thrown-yes, at the city's expense. that was what the letter said-thrown

out of doors if-He turned toward the street again. but a crowd of young people and their sweethearts had halted at the gate for an exchange of merry jests, and found his exit barred. Just for a little time to rest-rest! He reached from the gate post to a friendly tree and thence essayed to walk without support toward the haven with open door. But a sickening dizziness went over him. and he staggered headlong upon the graveled path.

At this moment the side door of the oldfashioned house opened and a girl in street dress came out and ran down the steps, stopping short, with a frightened cry;

"Mamma-oh-oh!" and the petite figure scrambled back to the door again, 'a man lying-on the walk!"

Of all things! Some drunken rowdy And there's never a policeman on this street when he's wanted," declared an excited matron, locking the door that her daughter had closed with a slam and rushing to the rear for relief. "Thomas! Thomas! run and order the patrol to carry off a drunken man lying

in the yard-quick! quick!" There was a flash of light from an unguarded door, and a small child, with tousled, shining hair, came tumbling out into the night, with the plaintive

Where dunk man? Me wants de dunk man!" And the vagabond, slowly creeping on hands and feet toward the building that promised shelter, felt himself sud-

denly touched on the shoulder by soft infantile hands. "Oo dunk man? Wy oo's told; oo's told! Tome in an' i by de fire wif Towser. Poor dunk man!"

"Blessed ----," brokenly murmured the object of the baby's charity. Two women with a horrified scream rushed out at this juncture, and the child was selzed and borne into the

house struggling and kicking and crying frantically. "Wanto tee dunk! Want dunk man

The interloper had reached the steps of the coveted retreat, when the jarring thunder of the patrol wagon rolled along the street and stopped suddenly in front of the house.

Two men jumped lightly to ground and dashed across the lawn di-rected by the servant. They took the offender by the collar and dragged him to the gate, and, quite deaf to his pleaof innocence, hoisted him roughly to a seat. Leaping in after him, his captors touched up the horses and the rumbling vehicle went dashing to the other end of town, in the teeth of a bitter nor'wester that bit the thin-clad prisoner to the bone and made him dumbly grateful for the shelter of the

It was late next morning when the officer on duty came into the dreary In his worn, faded coat and bro ken, hob-nail shoes, the prisoner was lying on the floor in a sleep which clanging of the iron door did not dis-

"Hi! wake up here!" called the offi-cial, touching the slumberer with his

There was no response "Hist, I tell you! No shamming here, old fellow," and a vigorous kick emphasized the order of action. Still No shamming no movement on the part of the

The officer, grown heartless in his dealings with offenders of the law, bent down and flercely clutched the shoulder of the recumbent figure, starting suddenly back as though met by an

electric shock.
"My Lord!" he gasped with a shudder, and he turned and fled from the place as though pursued by the re-proachful eyes of the invisible ones who watched beis le the dead. It was some hours later, when, as a matter of form, the coroner's inquest was held. A letter found in the dead man's pocket had revealed his name as David Kenyon, with address at a boarding house in the mill district, and inquiry had brought to hand several witnesses to the identity of the dead man. appeared to have been a sober, faithful man in the brief time that he had been known to the testifying parties.

This was the story of the principal witness, Bartlett O'Callaghan; "About a fortnight before the mills ut down that deceased came along lookin' for work. He had been emplied in 'nuther mill op'rated by the Great Combine, but there'd been some stoppage that 'd trowed him out for a bit, an' hearin' o' the better chance an' high wage down here thought he'd come on get a place, an move his fambly afther awhile. So he marched up to headquarthers an' was tumbled into the railyard with the Polocks, where he worruked cheerful an' brave wid the faith that he'd find a betther job later on. Sudint, without warnin' the worruks shut down jest as they've shut down fifty times when we thought all was prosperin'. It would be seventeen days to pay-day, which comes the sixteenth o' the month, an Ken-yon, pore mon, he didn't know what to do with niver a cint to do onything, an' his boord-bill goin' on an' his wife an' childer needin', an' him not knowin' if the mill was goin' to start agin soon or no. An', manetime, wid all his worrithin' an' runnin' hither an' yon for a chanst to do anything-Lord, to do anything but shtale-he was tuk wid the grip an' had to lay up wid his groanin'. And whin the pay-day arrove on yisterday he had just stringth to drag himself into line an' wait his turn, which didn't come till nigh dark, an' thin there wasn't a cint for the pore scallawag. The landlady, a lone widdy, had garnished him for boordbill an' a bit o' medicine, an' the boss had docked him on the breakage of a wheelbarry or the loike, an' marry but the man was will-nigh berift o' his sinses. We fellows had to kind o' lift him out an' he dhropped down groanin' an' a-moanin' about his wife

an' childer an' the rint.
"'Arrah!" I says, cheerful-loike, 'but come into Mike's an' take a smack wid yer frind,' for I alwis thry to kape a dime for a fellow-mon in disthress. An' we dhragged him into th' dure an' braced him up wid a comfortin' glass, afther that he wint out in the dusk o' the avenin' mutterin' about gittin' home to Marthy an' the childer payin' the rint. An' that's the last I know o' the mon to this day, plaze

yer honor.' After this testimony, the letter taken from the pocket of the dead workman was opened and read as plainly as the cramped, childish hand would permit "Dear Pap-Can't you hury up with the munny. Ma is awfle sick with a dretfle pane in hir side. She cood not finish the laste dozzen pants. It made the man mad and he wuld not pa but haf prise. Little dave sets on the floor and crys. Jo is running an errand and may get 10 sents. I've had to stop being cash girl till I have a new dress. The rent aint pade yet and the Ole Skinner sez he shal set us out the day day after tomorrow. Your affekshin-Janey." "P. S. Dere dere darleng pappy, I

lov yu so mutch.
"P. S. Plese send sum munny."

speculative eye. "But if the set jaw of the pure mon could now open it yer crowner's inquest! Dom yer clane clothes that come a bit too late for a mon to enjy, and yer nate coffin that would make a swate bed for a homeless tramp, but it is no good to a dead body that can't feel its nade any more, Bury me as ye found me and sind all waste o' money to Marthy an' the childer.

"And i' faith," added O'Callaghan, "it's meself that will remember that same.

# "I Want It to Sing."

Little Nat lived in a part of the country where there are not many towns, and playthings are scarce and So at last, when he was old enough for a wagon, his father made one for him.

Nat's father was a better farmer than he was a carpenter, but he managed after a good deal of trouble to make a box for the bed, and four wheels, which he sawed and whittled out of a board until they were round enough to turn when Nat pulled real hard. Then he whittled out two axles and nailed them on and a bent tongue, and when all was put together it looked more like a

agon than almost anything else. Whatever else it was, it was a delight to little Nat. He dragged it about the yard all day, and by and by, as the rosin in the pine wheels sonked out from heat and got on the axles, it gan to squeak. Every day it squeaked worse and worse. The moment it started it set up its mournful howl, and when Nat ran a little, as he did now and then, the noise was so terrible that his mother and aunt in the house could

not hear each other talk. At last one night, when little Nat was asleep his father toko a bacon rind and went out to the woodhouse where the cart was. He took the wheels off one at a time and greased the axles and put them back again. Then he went to bed, too.

After breakfast next morning, little Nat went to his beloved wagon as usual. As he lifted it over the woodhouse step he did not notice the difference, but when he started across the yard his face showed first surprise, then sorrow. He paused and looked around. Then he started on again. The cart came easier, that was certain, but it was as silent as a funeral. Again he started and stopped. He stood looking at the cart, then up at the sky, then at the house, where his mother and aunt were putting away the breakfast things. His father had driven away to the field. Suddenly he dropped the little bent tongue and ran into the house, weeping noisily.

mamma, mamma," he cried, "it's spoiled! It's spoiled! It won't sing!"
His mother had been watching him. "But, Nattle,' she said, kissing him, "it goes so much easier, and you don't

want that horrid noise all the time." "'Tain't a horid noise! It sings! I want it to sing! Oh, it won't sing!" When little Nat's father came home noon he took off the wheels again wiped the axles. Then he pounded up a little piece of rosin that he had and put it on instead. And then little Nat was happy, for his cart pulled

harder and sang louder than ever.

## SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY.

A writer in a German periodical states that birds have been seen at a height of 15,000 yards. Their distance was estimated by the time it took them to cross the moon's disc.

A microbe that lives and multiplies in strong alcohol has been discovered It is believed that this accounts for the fact that rum sometimes deteriorates on a sea voyage. A handy device for smokers consists

of a small metal box, to be clamped on the band inside the hat to hold matches.

Neckties to be tied by hand are being made with the section forming the half turn of the bow lighter than rest of the tie, making it easier to adjust.

Two French women have patented a scrubbing brush which is to be attached to the shoe by straps and a heel plate, thus making it possible to clean floors while standing upright.

A neat little attachment recently patented to prevent bicycle lamps from going out, consists of a piece of wire gauze bent to form a basket surrounding the flame to shield it from sudden

draughts of air. Dressmakers can make use of a new thread cutter which is formed of a small steel blade, surrounded by a bent wire casting having a pin at the back to attach it to the dress in a handy position for use. Dust cannot gather in the corners of

a room if a new corner-plate is used which is formed of a triangular sheet of metal with the sides curved in and is forced into the corner by a special tool which causes it to grip the wood and hold itself in place. A pair of scales, much like those of the modern pharmacists, is among the

multitude of objects discovered year in excavations about thirty miles from Thebes and recently exhibited at London. The scales are finely finished naving a beam about four and one-hair inches long.

The humming of telegraph wires is a phenomenon which has not been satisfactorily explained. It is not caused by wind, for it is heard during perfect calms. It has been conjectured that changes of temperature, which lighten or loosen the wires, probably produce the sound.

A cheap method of duplicating concave mirrors for search light reflectors and even telescopes, has been proposed by an English engineer. A well made convex glass mould is silvered, then the silver is backed with copper in an electrolyte of copper sulphate, and the mirror is separated from the mould by gentle heat in a water bath. A most impressive phenomenon seems to have escaped general notice. It is the earth's shadow in the sky, which,

according to Prof. W. R. Brooks of Geneva, N. Y., first becomes visible about half an hour after sunset, as a dark, purplish haze on the sky, and gradually rises until lost in the gloom of earthly night. The shadow, which is doubtless usually mistaken for cloud or haze, is seen equally well on the western sky before sunrise. A Russian engineer has planned an electric railway, over which cars are

to be run 200 miles an hour on rais fixed to brackets on pillars from ten to twenty feet above the ground. passenger coaches will seat twenty persons, and the only windows will be in a smaller type of his invention for small packages and postal matter, and another for merchandise parcels of medium weight. Envelopes cannot be tampered with

to remove their contents in the mails without revealing the theft if a new safety device is used, which consists of material to be inserted in the envelope directly under the address, which bedamp and blurs the writing if

Cool air can be obtained in summer to make the house comfortable by an "The swate rist of him!" mused the Ohio man's invention, in which a series sympathetic O'Callaghan, surveying his of overlapping shelves are placed on the heredity of the Macacus taught the now peaceable friend with a moist and opposite sides of a casing with the others how to crack nuts or peel fruit. free ends tilted down to allow water to drip from one shelf to the next. Air wud say: 'Dom yer natral causes! Dam is then forced through the casing by a blower, which delivers it to the ventilators in the house.

The new Dutton invention for canal is pronounced a wonderful achievement, and has been adopted by the New York state canal board. Briefly it embraces a method of lifts of 150 or 180 feet in height; instead of stone, locks are to be made of steel; instead of using water as the lifting agent, compressed air is used; insted of the present cumbersome and slowworking contrivances, the plan is to ake the largest vessel affoat and lift it to a height equal to that of Niagara almost as quickly as a modern elevator moves; and these locks being built in pairs, and balanced like the two pans of a balance scale, are thus made to operate themselves; that is, are automatic.

In the island of Barbadoes large quantities of a mineral have been found which the natives call "manjak." of a bright black color and occurs at a very slight depth, sometimes on the surface, in beds one to two feet thick. It generally appears under an anglel of about 40 degrees and in the immediate vicinity of rock. It is presumed to be solidified petroleum, which is often seen there exuding from the earth or floating on the water. In its compo-sition this mineral is similar to the pitch of Trinidad, to the gilsonite Utah and the Canadan Albertite, but it is of a much better quality. The best varieties of "manjak" contain 2 per cent of water, 70.85 per cent of volatile organic substances, 26.97 per cent of ditto solid ones, and 0.18 per cent of minesal parts. Trinidad pitch contains from 21 to 30 per cent of water and about 38 per cent of ashes. Hence the manjak mineral is much richer in natural bitumen. It is used, among other purposes, for the insulation of electrical conduits, for varnish, bituminous con crete and for fuel, mixed with peat, etc. It may to some extent supplant gutta percha as an insulating medium.

Edward Verney, in an article on "The Inhabitants of Milk," states that if a drop of milk be mixed with gelatine and examined under a microscope some hours afterward it will be found that three different operations have taken place through the engineering skill of the bacteria. In one part of the gelatine excavations have been made; in another little hillocks have been thrown up, and in a third liquid lakes have been formed. Through the careless methods employed in milking cows and the subsequent exposure fluid to contamination, it should never be used as a beverage, except after heating it at a temperature of 140 de-grees Fahrenheit. Of the infectious influences to which milk is open Mr. Verney mentions the non-rejection of the first flow from the udder of the cow, the dust and dirt on the coat of animal, and unclean hands of the milker. From a cow where absolute cleanliness was enforced the milk contained only 350 bacteria. The same volume taken under the usual conditions from a mixed herd showed 15,000 bac-Prof. Fleischmann says teria. thorough sanitary precautions are almost totally ignored in the milking of

## A WIDOW'S LOYALTY.

I had found lodging for the night at the Widow Hope's cabin, and after supper was over and the smaller children put to bed she lighted her pipe and sat down for a talk. After a while I asked how long her husband had been her hand, and looked at some pencil marks on the back door. After study-ing for a minute she came back to her chair and replied: 'Jim's dead 'bout a y'ar and a half,

"Die of your mountain fever?"

'Lawd, no! Jim was no man to die of a fever. Then he met with an accident?" 'No, sah, didn't meet with no acci-

dent Etiquette forbade my pursuing the subject farther, but after drawing a few vigorous whifts she removed her pipe and said: What Jim died of, sah, was hang-

In' You don't mean that your husband was hung on a gallows, do you?" I asked.

"For shore, sah. Yes, sah, Jim was hung accordin' to law, and a thousand people was thar' to see. Everything perfectly reglar, sah. I was sorter thinkin' I'd like to talk with yo' 'bout it. It was a dawggone shame the way they used Jim, and I shall never feel right about it. 'He-killed somebody, of course?" I

ventured to observe. "Of co'se. It was all in the papers, but mebbe yo' didn't see 'em way up no'th. Yes, Jim he killed Hiram Law-son, and he never went fur to deny it. Jest kept sayin' all the time, that he killed him. He had to kill him, sahhe had to do it."

"Did they have a quarrel?"
"No, sah, didn't hev no quarrel. Jim was no hand to fuss with anybody. That onery Hiram Lawson finds one of our hawgs roamin' about and pens him up. John Tarbell sees him do it, and he comes and tells Jim. Jim takes his gun and goes over and sez: "'Hiram, I want my hawg.'
"'Hain't got him,' sez Hiram,

"That's him in the pen. "That's a hawg I toted up from Bristol. "As I said," continued the widow as she turned to me, "Jim was no hand fur fussin". He knowed that was our hawg and he knowed Hiram wouldn't gin him up without a lot of wranglin'. So pops Hiram over and drives the hawg home, and that bacon yo' had fur supper was a part of the critter."

"And he killed him for a hog?" exclaimed. 'Killed him fur a hawg? Why, of co'se he did-of co'se he did. What else would he kill him fur? Wasn't goin' to let a dratted good-fur-nuthin' like Hiram Lawson pen up and keep one of our hawgs, was he?"

"But it was only a hog?" I foolishly protested. 'Only a hawg!" she repeated as she rose up in her excitement. "Stranger, mebbe you don't know the value of a big black hawg down in this kentry. And mebbe if yo'd bin here yo'd a sworn agin Jim, same as others did, and if yo'd bin on the jury yo'd hev set out to be hung? Looks powerful like it to me jest now, and bein' I'm Jim's widder, and bein' as I won't hear his mem'ry scandalized. I reckon yo'd better shoulder yo'r pack and move on

## Intellect and Instinct.

further!"

"The difference between Intellect and instinct in lower animals may be il-lustrated by the conduct of certain monkeys brought into relation with new experiences. At one time I had two adult monkeys, 'Bob' and 'Jocko' belonging to the benus Macacus. Nelther of these possessed egg-eating instinct. At the same time I had a baby monkey, 'Mono,' of the genus Cercopthese, Mono, bad page and the same a terrible storm. Of course if Smooth had been awake he would have monkey, 'Mono,' of the genus Cercop-ithecus. Mono had never seen an egg, but his inherited impulses bore a direct relation to feeding on eggs, and

"To each of these monkeys I gave an egg, the first that any of them had ever seen.

"The baby monkey, Mono, being of given the egg for the first time, he cracked it against his upper teeth, making a hole in it, sucked out all the subthe light and seeing there was no longer anything in it, he threw it away. All this he did mechanically, automatically, and it was just as well done with the first egg he ever saw as any other he ate. All eggs since offered him he has treated in the same way.

"The monkey Bob took the egg for some kind of nut. He broke it against his upper teeth and tried to pull off the shell, when the inside ran out and fell on the ground. He looked at it for a moment in bewilderment, and then took both hands and scooped up the yolk and sand with which it was mixed and swallowed it all, and then stuffed the shell itself into his mouth. This act was not instinctive. It was the work of pure reason. Evidently his race was not familiar with the use of eggs. Reason is an inefficient agent at first, a weak tool; but when it is trained it becomes an agent more valuablel and

more powerful than any instinct. "The monkey Jocko tried to eat the egg offered him in much the same way that Bob did, but, not liking the taste, he threw the whole thing away."-Prof. Jordan.

Father Tuchy of St. Louis, whom Archbishop Kain is attempting by law to put out of his church, St. Patrick's, has applied for a change of venue. case was to have been up before Judge Hennessey, a Catholic, and the priest wants a Protestant justice, who will not be influenced by his loyalty to his church.

The leaf of a creeping mess found in the West Indies, known as the "life plant," is absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or the application of a redhot iron. It may be divided and cut in any manner, and the smallest shreds throw out roots, grow and form

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, who is presenting the cause of Indian missions in various Episcopal churches in the east, is a full-blooded Arapahoe Indian. He was graduated from the Hobart college, Geneva, N. Y., and after his ordination to the priesthood he took up missionary work among the members of his tribe in Wyoming.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, have become "veterans of "76," for they have celebrated their seventy-sixth birthday Dr. Field continues to perform as usual all his editorial duties. He is vigorous and alert in both mind and bedy, and is good for many more years of active

There are about 130,000 ministers of the gospel in the United States, 180,000 shurches and about 25,000,000 communi-

#### A MOON STORY.

This is the story told by Mr. 'Possum when he and Mr. Coon and Mr. Rabbit sat on the edge of the world and hung their feet over and looked at the moon. "Well," said Mr. Possum, "a good I asked how long her husband had been dead; she got up, took the candle in great many more chickens than there are now, and Mr. Man took good care of them for us and let them roost in trees instead of locking them up every night in a little, unhealthy pen, my folks used to go around, sometimes after Mr. Man had gone to bed, and looke them over and pick out what they wanted for the next day.

"I don't know why we ever began the custom of picking out our victuals at night that way, when it was dark and dangerous, but somehow we always did, and have kept it up ever since.

"Humph!" said the Coon. "Yes," continued Mr. 'Possum, "that was before there was any moon, and the nights were always dark. It wasn't a good time to choose food, very often my folks made a mistake and got a seven-year-old bantam hen instead of a spring pullelt, which is about the same size.

"This happened so much that, by and by, a very wise 'Possum, named Smooth said that if they would keep him in chickens of a youthful and tender sort he would fix up a light, so that they could see and know what they were doing. They all agreed to do it, and that night Smooth built a big fire in the top of a tall tree and sat up there and 'tended to it until nearly morning, and my folks brought home the finest lot of chickens that Mr. Man had raised

for them in a good many years.
"Well, there was never any trouble after that to pick out young meat, and Smooth kept the fire going nights, and ate a good deal and got pretty fat, so that he didn't like to work, and kept planning some way to make his job easier. He wanted to find a light that he wouldn't have to 'tend to and keep piling wood on all night. He thought about this for a long time, and used to fall asleep and dream about it, and once he let the fier go out, and fell out of the tree and nearly lost his job altogether.

"Well, while he was getting well he had a good deal of company, and one day a topknot crow named Dusk came to see him. Now, you know that our friend Mr. Crow is a wise bird today, but in the old times a topknot crow was wiser than anything that now flies or walks, and Dusk was a very old bird He knew a great deal about Mr. Man and his ways, and he told Smooth that he had seen in Mr. Man's pantry, where he went sometimes, a light that would not go out during a whole night, and that it had a very bright something behind it that would throw the light in any direction. Dusk, who used to carry off almost everything he saw, whether he wanted it or not, said that thought he might carry this light off if Smooth would be willing to let him have a few chickens for a party he was

going to give.
"Smooth told him he might take his pick out of his share of the chickens for the next six months if he would only bring that light, and Dusk didn't waste any time, but brought it the very next evening.

It was a beautiful light, and Smooth fastened it to the tip top of the tall tree, so that it would swing in any direction, and the bright round thing behind it threw the light just where he wanted it. It burned oil, and he used to fill it up with chicken oil in the evening and it would burn all night and make a better light than the fire ever did. So all he had to do was to keep it filled and turned in the direction that my folks were harvesting their chicken crop and then he could go to bed and sleep all night if he wanted to.

light down, but he wasn't awake, and the first he knew he heard broken limbs failing and crashing all the heredity of the Macacus taught the around, and he jumped up and ran out just in time to see the tip top of the lamp tree break off, lamp and all, and go whirling around and around, right straight up in the air till it got to the sky, and there it stuck fast. And an egg-eating race, devoured his eggs it never went out, but kept turning by the operation of instinct. On being round and giving light in different directions at different times in the month.
"And that," said Mr. 'Possum, "is

the moon. And you don't always see it bers instead of storing honey. stance—then, holding the egg shell up because sometimes the bright reflecting thing is turned in the other direc- spring. It can be told because of its And when it's turned part way round you see part of it, and it's always been so ever since that night Smooth went to sleep and the storm came up and carried it off." "Humph!" said the Coon.

"What makes those spots on it?" the Rabbit. "Why," said Mr. 'Possum, "thosethose are—are some leaves that blew against the reflecting thing and stayed

"Nonsense!" said the rabbit.

# Something to Kick About.

As we went to breakfast at the hotel I heard an old man warning the clerk that if the 'bus didn't get him down to the train in time there'd be the biggest kind of a lawsuit. The clerk guaraddress E. L. Lomax, General Passenanteed that there should be at ger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb. five minutes to spare, but the old kicker didn't stop to more than half satisfy his appetite. He had to wait in the 'bus for the rest of us to come out, and as we took our time about it we heard him exclaiming:

"If I am not down at the depot for that nine o'clock train I'll sue for \$50,-000 and get every cent of it!"

We tried to guy him a little on the way down, but he lost his temper and was ready for a row. We reached the depot with seven minutes to spare, and he rushed about in a half-crazed to buy his ticket, and get his trunk checked. When he had finished, with four minutes to spare, he turned to the driver of the 'bus with:

"I never saw such arrangements as this in all my life. Why don't you leave the hotel so as to get down here fifteen minutes ahead of the train?" "Seven or eight minutes gives a man all the time he wants," was the reply, "I deny it! Fifteen minutes is little

"But you are all ready to board the "That has nothing to do with you,

sir; suppose you had lost a wheel on the

'Wheels never come off." "Or one of the horses had broken a "I always keep the harness in good

repair."
"Sir!" continued the kicker, growing madder every second, "if you had even stopped on the way to take a chew of tobacco we should have been too late."
"But I didn't stop," replied the driver, "and you are here before the train."
"Only a second or two, and that's by pure good luck. The hotel needs overhauling, sir, and you need over-hauling. Hang it, but I believe the train has come and gone!"

Oh; no sir. "But how do you know?"
"Because the agent just told me she
was three hours late! Want to go back
to the hotel with the rest of the gents.

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? impure blood.



It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

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### BEE BUZZINGS.

The proper time to transfer been from box hives to movable frames is in early spring, as later the combs become heavy with brood and honey.

Many farmers in the vicinity of Del Norte in the San Luis valley have been experimenting in bee culture and find that it is a valuable addition to their profits. This year a majority of the farmers will put in several stands. Apiarists of the Pecos valley of New

Mexico report a favorable crop for last year. Since the introduction of the Golden process the output has been nearly doubled. Mr. Gathright of Done Ana county reports a production of 10,000 pounds from 175 hives.

the larvae with its milky feed and capping them over when they are large enough to care for themselves. about the age of ten days the bees begin to work in the fields.

A set of combs which have been built by the bees without foundation contain too much drone comb as a general thing, and in every case it should be moved. In naturi comb building bees do not do the most profitable thing, as "is it is their nature to increase in numcomb should be removed now, in large cells.

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