THE MISSING $200,000

THE STORY OF JOHN SWINTON AND HIS WEALTH.

The Old Man Had a Pot of Money Left Him, and Now the Question Is, Who Got Their Hands on It?—Empty Boxes Only Remained.

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In the year 1860—and some of you will no doubt remember it—the newspapers had many paragraphs concerning old John Swinton, of Creston, Ia. He was an old bachelor sixty years old, living on a small farm seven miles from the town of Creston, and he had neither kith nor kin in America. In January of the year named he received a legacy from England. I have heard the sum named as low as $50,000 and as high as $500,000, but I have the best of reasons for believing that the exact figures were $200,000. He got his drafts cashed in Chicago, and he would take nothing but gold. This money he shipped home in sheet iron boxes and buried in his cellar. He was a loquacious old man, and he made no secret of his wealth. On two occasions he invited friends in and let them inspect the contents of the boxes. It got into the papers, and no doubt more than one gang of robbers laid plans to get hold of the money.

To prevent being despoiled and perhaps murdered, the old man surrounded himself with ten large and savage dogs, and he armed the house with half a dozen guns. After he got the dogs no one dared enter upon his premises, and on several occasions travelers on the highway were attacked. Litigation resulted, and the old man became disgusted and indignant and left the state. One would naturally have expected him to go east, and perhaps to England, where he could have fully enjoyed his handsome fortune, but what did he do but head for the west! He bought a span of horses and a covered wagon, loaded up his few household goods, and taking seven of his ten dogs along he made his way to Council Bluffs to join an emigrant party. He had his boxes of gold in the wagon, and people along his route in Iowa turned out to gaze at his outfit as it passed. Here and there he even permitted strangers to look at the gold. It has always been a wonder that he was not robbed, but perhaps those who would have entered into such a scheme did not credit the stories afloat and regarded him as a boaster or a lunatic.

Swinton joined a caravan bound to California. I had relatives in the band, and therefore can state that the party had not been out two days before every one in it knew of the gold. Many efforts were made to persuade the old man to return to civilization, but he was as obstinate as a mule. He didn't intend to go to California, but to stop whenever the country suited him. There was hardly a tribe of Indians not on the warpath against the whites, and there was no spot where Swinton would be safe for a day. Arguments proved useless, however, and he accompanied the party for many weeks. When it had reached a point about fifty miles from South pass, in the Wind River mountains of Wyoming, the old man found a spot to suit him and announced that he would go no farther. The party numbered 126 people, of which forty-eight were men. They had been attacked by Indians no less than eight times on route, and had had three men killed and four wounded. They were now in a country occupied and overrun with hostile red men, and a halt was made for one day in hopes to persuade Swinton to keep on. He was as thickheaded and mulish as ever, and next day was left to his fate. Perhaps he should have been forced to go on, but there was trouble enough from the Indians without creating more in the party. He would not have gone except as a prisoner.

The last white man who saw old John Swinton alive was the guide of the party, whose name was McCall. He rode back a distance of two miles to recover some article left behind, and he found the old man turning his horses out to graze and looking for a site for a cabin. To a last invitation to accompany the party he waved his hand and shouted a goodby.

It was in the spring of 1861 when the story got back to Council Bluffs. The war had then fairly begun and was exciting the country, and two or three expeditions which were planned to learn the old man's fate were abandoned. At no time, from 1861 to 1866, could a party have reached the spot where he halted, as the emboldened Indians had regained over 200 miles of lost frontier and were unusually vigilant. Meanwhile the story had gone to England, where Swinton had relatives, and in March, 1866, Jackson Thomas, acting for the next of kin, arrived at St. Joseph to organize a party to fight its way to the spot and settle the question of whether the old man was dead or alive. As I was one of the members of it I can give you the particulars first hand.

There were thirty-six men in the party as it finally got away, and all except Thomas were veteran cavalrymen of the war. The leader was an ex-Confederate captain named Wakefield, and we were under strict military discipline from the first. Each man furnished his horse, arms and ammunition, while Thomas furnished two wagons loaded with provisions. The agreement was to pay each man two dollars per day on our return, whether successful or not. If the money was recovered, then each one was to have a thousand dollars as a present. It was an adventure promising both excitement and profit, but none of us had the least hope of securing the slightest trace of the old man. If we got his gold it would be because he had buried it before the Indians had discovered him, and some lucky circumstance would direct us to the cache.

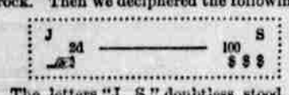
On the trip to and fro we encountered at different points an aggregate of 5,000 Indian warriors. We had fifteen fights with them, suffering a loss of four men killed. We spent three days searching the valley where old John Swinton was last seen, but not a sign that he had ever been there could we turn up. We should have felt the hopelessness of further search even had the Indians left us to peacefully pursue it. It was the general opinion, and it was shared by Thomas, that the Indians had captured the outfit and removed it miles away before destroying the useless wagon and killing their prisoner. If not that, then the man had removed of his own accord, and might be hundreds of miles away. We returned empty handed, were paid off and disbanded, and it was generally considered that the search was ended.

In the spring of the following year, while I was at Fort Laramie, I met an old hunter and trapper named Dunn. We got to yarning, and he told me of finding some of the iron work of a wagon in a valley to the east of South Pass. Not only that, but there was a rude shanty which he believed some white man had constructed and occupied. It was so far into the Indian country that he was puzzled over his find, and could only conclude that some emigrant family had left the caravan and fallen victims to the savage red men. He had not heard the story of old John Swinton. When I told it to him we were agreed that these were traces of him, and that the pair of us should set out on another expedition. The Indians were still hostile, but we believed that a party of two, taking all due precautions, could accomplish more than a larger one. We outfitted for a hunting expedition, having a third animal to bear our packs, and we were sixty-two days making the trip from the fort to the valley. Some days we had to lie quiet to avoid the Indians, and on others the weather prevented travel.

It was not a valley I had ever seen before, and not the one in which the old man had first stopped. It was a spot three miles to the south of it, reached by a pass through a separating spur. For reasons which no one will ever know the old man had decided to make a change. This valley was smaller and was completely walled in, like a lake among the hills. The area was about 300 acres, with a creek running through the center, and it was a little paradise. He had built him a very comfortable cabin of rocks and poles, and might have lived there for months before the Indian discovered him. We found the tires of the four wheels hidden in the thick, green grass, with other portions of the wagon scattered about, and there was no question but that the vehicle had been burned. This may have been the result of accident of course, but no one has ever reasoned that way. We found about the shanty many bones, which were undoubtedly those of the dogs. The wolves must have carried many away, but there were enough lying about to force us to the conclusion that all the dogs had perished. Who but Indians would have killed them?

There was the cabin, but not a trace of the old man, and we were sure that none of the bones was his. Accepting the theory that he had occupied the valley for some weeks or months before discovery, what would he have done with his gold? Hidden it away, to be sure. He had a rude fireplace in the cabin, and we were not ten minutes discovering that his money had once been buried under it. The Indians would never have suspected his wealth or searched for it, and this would have been a safe place, but for reasons of his own Swinton had removed it. Where to? After half a day's search we discovered the spot, but it was also empty. He had dug a hole in the base of the mountain near the pass, but some strange idea had caused him to look for a spot he thought more secure.

It was our fourth day in the valley when I accidentally discovered what we hoped was the clew to the treasure. Many bushes had sprung up in the five or six years. In pulling one away which hid the face of a rock near the entrance to the pass I saw that some letters had been cut into the stone. We could not make them out until we had brought water and washed the rock. Then we deciphered the following:



The letters "J. S." doubtless stood for John Swinton, but it was some time before we could decide on the meaning of "2d — 100." There were three small and narrow ravines running off the main pass, and so we concluded that he meant second ravine and 100 feet or paces. The hand certainly pointed down the pass, and the dollar marks stood for money. There was nothing else—rocks, trees, hills or stumps—which we could make "2d" out of, and so we went down the pass and turned into the second ravine. We had the clew! On the face of the cliff, as high as an ordinary man could reach, were three $ $ $, which had been cut by the same hand as the other.

The ravine was dark and lonely, and not over four feet wide. In the rainy season it was a water course; in the dry a capital retreat for reptiles and animals. We had to light torches to make our way, and as we slowly advanced we measured off as near as could be 100 feet. The old man had meant feet. Right there was a natural cavern in the right hand wall, and we had no sooner thrust a torch into its mouth than I caught sight of gold pieces. On the rocky floor lay three twenty and two five dollar pieces, and as we picked them up we realized that we had the treasure at last. But had we? Alas! no. Old Swinton carried his gold in six sheet iron boxes, each one of which was a smart lift for an ordinary man. There they lay in the cavern, each one open and empty! The lock on each had been broken.

How had it been with the old man? I have always believed that after a few weeks of his isolated life he could stand it no longer and so made ready to set out on his return to civilization. He had cached his money, expecting to return for it, and he had wisely left marks by which it could be found in case he sent others. Before he could get away he had been attacked. He was killed, but where or how has never been ascertained. Who got his money? Not the Indians, as no gold was in circulation among them when peace came, and their finding it without a clew could hardly be considered. White men, then; but who? No expeditions had been organized anywhere along the border, nor was hunter or trapper ever subsequently discovered to be flush with money. It would have required at least three pack animals to carry the coin; but at what point had they struck civilization on their return? Also, how could they have kept the find so quiet?

I ask you these questions. I have asked them of myself until weary. Some one got that golden treasure, but no further facts will ever be known. Hundreds of Indians have been consulted as to the fate of old man Swinton, but not one has ever furnished any information.

THE ROAR OF GREAT GUNS.

A Situation That Will Test Any Man's Nerve.

Here are two field batteries—12, 6 and 9-pounders in all—firing as rapidly as they can be loaded. The reports blend into a roar, and you must raise your voice as if a hurricane was howling about you. You are not impressed, but rather aggravated and annoyed. There's a snap to each report like the cracking of a great whip—a spiteful sound which reminds you of a dog following at your heels with his yelp! yelp! yelp!

There is no more trying situation for a soldier than to be lying down in support of a battery. He is only a few yards in front of the guns, and he not only feels the full force of the concussion as communicated to the earth from the "kick" of the gun, but the report itself seems to strike the spinal column and travel up to the back of the head. Then, too, there is the fear of shells exploding prematurely or of grape and canister "dribbling," to cause wounds or death, and it is a positive relief to see a column of the enemy break cover for a charge. The roar of the guns does not linger for hours after, as is the case with mortars and siege guns, but you find your nerves on edge and your temper spoiled for a day or two. The men who lay in lines with a battery firing over them probably endured more mental suffering than the enemy at whom the guns were pointed. The fire of great guns is terribly trying for the first few minutes, but this feeling gradually gives way to one of awe and sublimity.

There is something so terrific and appalling—you feel yourself so atomless in comparison—that you would speak in whispers if the roar should suddenly cease. You are an onlooker; if assisting to work a gun, physical activity would take away from the mental strain. When Admiral Porter got his twenty mortar boats, each armed with an 8¼-ton mortar and a 32-pound rifle cannon, at work against the forts below New Orleans, and the big guns in both forts had opened in reply, there was something akin to the sound of heaven and earth coming together. The mortar shells weighed over 200 pounds apiece, and the rush of them through the air made one's hair feel as if it crawled. The venomous hiss of a big skyrocket was magnified thousands of times, to be followed by a crash which seemed to split the sky open into cracks and crevices.

When the firing had continued until all reports had been merged into one steady roar there was little short of an earthquake on land or sea for ten miles around. The earth shook as if a great steam hammer was pounding it a few yards from your feet. If standing near a tree you could feel the roots letting go of the soil with a sound like bugs crawling over dry leaves. On the water great mud spots rose up here and there to show where the earth forty feet below had been disturbed. In the Mississippi river itself huge catfish leaped above the surface in fright and pain or floated belly up and were carried along with the current gasping for breath. Out on blue water air bubbles as large as dining plates floated to the surface and bursted with a snap, and fish of all kinds exhibited the greatest confusion and alarm.

Thirty miles away the roar was like that of a gale sweeping over a pine forest. Horses and cattle sought to hide away, birds flew about uttering cries of distress and dogs pointed their noses toward the sky and howled dismally. Birds and fowls felt the air and earth waves long before human beings did, and their actions were so queer as to become alarming. The coming of the roar to those afar off was preceded by a jarring of the earth and a moaning in the air. Springs overflowed and the water in wells circled around as in a whirlpool. The wildest species of birds left the woods and thickets and came flying about the houses, and rabbits deserted their burrows and sought the companionship of domestic animals. The thunderstorms of a score of years combined could not have rent the heavens nor disturbed the solid earth as that cannonade did.

If the beginning was painful and exasperating the ending was something to be remembered for its grandeur. One mortar after another, one great gun after another was silenced by order. The reverberations had traveled through air and earth and water a distance of fifty miles. They now seemed to return back to the guns. The rent and riven skies had kept up a constant moaning and complaining. These sounds gradually died away, as a man in pain finally drops off to sleep. The earth resumed its solidity again, the sun shone forth in its old familiar way and the bank of clouds piled up in the west and tinged with gold all along their lower edges seemed proof to the eye that the world still stood as we had lived in it the day before those monsters awoke and demanded human blood and wreck and destruction as the price of their silence.

M. QUAD.

The Sense of Touch.

Of all the senses we possess, the sense of touch is at once the most complex and the least understood. Blindness and deafness are too common, and we can all more or less appreciate the nature and extent of these dire afflictions. But who ever thinks how he would be affected by being deprived of the capacity to feel, inability to distinguish by touch between smoothness and roughness, heat and cold, or by an impaired power to receive the various sensations of pain and pleasure which reach us through the surface of the body? How is it that the same finger which tells us that a substance is hard or soft tells us also that it is hot or cold, smooth or rough, long or short, even though we do not behold it with our eyes?

Have we, as some physiologists aver, a sixth sense, that of temperature? If not, how comes it that a single touch of the finger conveys to the brain, in the same instant, three or four distinct impressions, for the substance in question may be wet or dry as well as hot or cold, hard or soft, rough or smooth?

But the physiologists cannot tell us the "why" of these things; they only know that the sensations so conveyed are separable, and that the routes they travel before they reach the brain are not the same. Observations on this important subject, besides being highly interesting, both psychologically and physiologically, would be, it seems to me, of considerable practical importance in their relations to the training of blind persons.—St. Louis Republic.

M. QUAD.

He Has Almost Forgotten That His Real Name Is Charles B. Lewis.

Of course you know M. Quad in a general way. He is the fellow who used to write all those funny things for the Detroit Free Press. And then there is the Arizona Kicker, the Limekiln Club, Mr. and Mrs. Bowser—but we are not going to say anything about them, because if we did the illusion would be destroyed and you might begin to think they were not real after all.

Quad is fifty years old. He has been a sailor. He has been in the war, and at a certain period in his life he was probably one of the worst newspaper reporters in the known world. There isn't anything about the newspaper business that M. Quad wasn't familiar with, but there were some things that he couldn't do. One of them was to go out and get facts. But on the other hand there was one thing that he could do. He could be funny. He could do still another thing. He could be pathetic. Here is a man who for years has been making people laugh and cry. Think of the power. There are plenty of millionaires who can make people cry. Mr. Lewis'

CHARLES B. LEWIS.

power lies in the fact that he cannot only make people laugh and cry, but he always makes them better for it. He writes about real life, and he comes very close to it at times—so close that the majority of people know his characters better than him. So that if you should say to some colored brother of yours, "Hello, there goes Br'er Gardner, of the Limekiln club," he would reply, "Wall, I 'clare ter goodness, sah, ef my eyes ain't ben pinin fer a look at dat good ole man."

But if you should say, "There goes M. Quad," he would look at you in wonder and say: "Um! I neber heard ob dat man."

We are not going into details about M. Quad's life, or how he came to be what he is. He couldn't help it. He was born so. He is probably the most prolific writer in America. His copy comes to the editor 10,000 words at a time without a word altered and as plain as print. He writes with a lead pencil on plain white paper, and those marvelous stories of his which the New York Sun has been publishing so long under the heading of "Good Stories of the Present Day," come side by side with those odd creations, those humorous conceptions showing how wide is the range of this genius who started out on his career by being blown up in a steamboat explosion, and then writing an account of it which was the cornerstone of his future fame. He is a small man. You wouldn't pick him out of a crowd. But it may be said of him as was said by Goldsmith of his schoolmaster—

And still they gaz'd and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Some time ago Mr. Lewis left Detroit and now lives in Brooklyn, where his writing is done. His circle of personal acquaintances is not wide, but how many are there who are indebted to him?

Keep Him from Cutting Them.

"What's the baby howling about?" growled Mr. Newpop.

"Poor little soul, he is cutting his teeth," replied Mrs. Newpop.

"Well, why in thunder don't you watch him and see that he doesn't get knives or scissors in his mouth?"—New York Truth.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

INSTRUCTIVE AND INTERESTING READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A Fairy Tale That Is Popular in the Land of the Mikado--A Moving Tail--The Boomerang--Magic Eggs.

Japanese Fairy Tale.

It is said that once upon a time a cross old woman laid some starch in a basin, intending to put it in the clothes in her wash tub, but a sparrow, that a woman, her neighbor, kept as a pet, ate it up. Seeing this the cross old woman seized the sparrow, and saying: "You hateful thing!" cut its tongue and let it go.

When the neighbor woman heard that her pet sparrow had got its tongue cut for its offense she was greatly grieved and set out with her husband over mountains and plains crying: "Where does the tongue-cut sparrow stay? Where does the tongue-cut sparrow stay?"

At last they found its home.

When the sparrow saw that its old master and mistress had come to it, it rejoiced, and brought them to its house and thanked them for their kindness in old times, and spread a table for them, and loaded it with cake and fish till there was no more room, and made its wife and children and grandchildren all serve the table.

At last, throwing away its drinking cup, it danced a jig called the sparrows' dance. Thus they spent the day.

When it began to grow dark and they began to talk of going home, the sparrow brought out two wicker baskets and said: "Will you take the heavy one, or shall I give you the light one?"

The old people replied: "We are old, so give us the light one; it will be easier to carry it.

The sparrow then gave them the light basket, and they returned with it to their home.

"Let us open it and see what is in it," they said. And when they opened it and looked they found gold and silver and jewels and rolls of silk. They never expected anything like this. The more they took out the more they found inside. The supply was inexhaustible. So that house at once became rich and prosperous.

When the cross old woman who had cut the sparrow's tongue saw this she was filled with envy and went and asked her neighbor where the sparrow lived, and all about the way. "I will go, too," she said, and at once set out on her search.

Again the sparrow brought out two wicker baskets and asked as before: "Will you take the heavy one or shall I give you the light one?"

Thinking the treasure would be great in proportion to the weight of the basket, the old woman replied: "Let me have the heavy one."

Receiving this, she started home with it on her back the sparrows laughing at her as she went. It was as heavy as stone and hard to carry, but at last she got back with it to her house.

Then, when she took off the lid and looked in, a whole troop of frightful devils came bouncing out from the inside and at once tore the old woman to pieces.

A Moving Tail.

Some one is acquainted with a very fascinating and wonderfully intelligent dog named Lion, who shows plainly that he knows just what is said to him, and also what is said about him to others. He manages to do considerable talking himself with his tail; and a conversation took place one day, when a lady called on his mistress, that amused the visitor very much. During her call, Lion walked into the parlor with an air of being the right dog in the right place, laid himself comfortably down on the soft carpet, and closed his eyes in great content.

"What a handsome dog you have!" said the lady, as her eyes rested on the noble-looking animal.

Lion opened one eye at this.

"Yes," replied his mistress; "and what is still better, he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children."

The other eye was opened now, and Lion waved his tail to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out," continued his mistress, "he always goes with her, and I feel sure then that no harm can come to her."

Lion's tail thumped violently up and down on the floor.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a nice playmate and companion, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

The tail seemed in danger of being thumped and shaken off; it went up and down, to and fro, round and round, in such uproarious glee.

There was something different, however, to come. "But Lion has one fault," added the speaker.

The tail was now perfectly quiet, as though it had been turned into stone; and if ever a dog's face expressed disappointment and uneasiness, Lion's did at that moment.

"Again and again have I told him that he must not come into the parlor with dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, and again and again does he disobey me."

Poor Lion! The visitor really pitied him, his expression was so utterly wretched and crestfallen. He packed up, as it were, his eloquent tail, and slunk mournfully out of the room in the deepest humiliation.

The Boomerang.

Three years ago I lived close to an aboriginal camp in New South Wales. This camp was only about two hundred yards from our settlement, and it was my daily custom to walk over to the mooring, as they called it, and study the habits of the blackfellows, as the original natives of Australia are called.

I was naturally more interested in the boomerang than in any other of their weapons, and with a little practice soon learned to throw it. In the language of this tribe, the Weng-ei-bong, which is situated in the Bogan River region, the boomerang is called a womera.

I shall therefore call it a womera. The womera is made from what is technically known as an "elbow" from the kurrawung tree, and sometimes from the yarran and myall trees. All of these trees belong to the acacia tribe, and have sweet-scented woods.

The blackfellow, having found a suitable elbow, chops it out of the tree, and, as it is generally too heavy to carry home, trims it on the spot into the rough outline of the forthcoming weapon.

After two hours' labor the womera will be reduced to three or four pounds weight, but it is still a long way from being a finished weapon. As it now appears it is a flat, heavy club, longer and thinner at one arm than at the other. The black is a decidedly lazy specimen of the human species, and he will as often as not lay aside his uncompleted weapon for a week or perhaps a longer period. When he resumes work the wood will have become hard and dry, and consequently difficult to work upon, but it never occurs to him that he is now paying for his former indolence. Time, however, is of little or no consequence to the black.

After some paring down the weapon is charred all over, and this part of the work is quite skillfully done, no one part being more burned than another. The charcoal is chipped off, and the blackfellow then licks the weapon all over with his tongue, and places it in a smoky fire of green boughs, which warms it and makes it quite pliable.—Arthur Howlett Coates, in March St. Nicholas.

Magic Eggs.

Blow the substance out of an egg through as small a hole as possible. When the interior shall be perfectly dry fill it about one-quarter full of fine sand, then close the opening dexterously with white wax, so that it appears like an ordinary egg.

The next time boiled eggs are served for breakfast place amongst them, on the sly, your prepared one. And that is the one you must take to put in your egg-cup. Tell the family that your egg is a very obedient little fellow, and that he will hold himself in any position desired. In fact, you can show them that your egg can balance itself on the handle of a knife, stand on the edge of a bottle, etc., etc., etc., whether you put it on its point or give it an oblique position, which last case will seem very contrary to the laws of equilibrium. All that is required to make this trick successful is to shake the egg slightly in the position which you desire it to keep. The sand will become compact and take a horizontal level, permitting the egg, in this manner ballasted, to remain fixed in a position of stable equilibrium.

You may prepare another shell by putting into it some shot mixed with tiny pieces of sealing wax. Heat the whole on a stove, holding the egg in an upright position. The wax melts and with the shot forms a small mass at the bottom of the egg. Let it cool, keeping it in a perfectly vertical position. Then close the hole with white wax and you will have an egg which will refuse to take any but one position. This one you will call the disobedient egg.

Difficult Feat.

In the old days in western Pennsylvania, when the people had little money to pay for teachers, and could spare their children but little time from the field, school "kept" almost incessantly during the few weeks when it was in session, with no Saturday holidays and very brief recesses.

At one little school house among the mountains, an old-fashioned Irish school-master was once employed, who kept his boys grinding steadily at their tasks, but gave them permission to nibble from their lunch baskets sometimes as they worked.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a piece of apple pie than to the lesson.

"Arrah, there!" said the master, "Jack Bates be listenin' to the lissin, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listenin' it is!" exclaimed the master; "then it's listenin' wid one ear ye are an' atin' poi wid the other."

A Popular Mistake.

"Couldn't be hotter at the equator," is a common hot-weather expression; a common way of giving the idea of intense heat.

That is a mistake that is ignorantly said. It "could be hotter" in Detroit than in Equatorial Africa, in the interior, and it often is.

The nights in the torrid zone frequently are cold. Travelers sleep, right over the equator, under a quilt and a pair of blankets. The author of "The Greatest Thing in the World" says that during the hottest month in central Africa thermometer never registed above 96 degrees.

He gives the reason, and with one who knows physical geography there is no question about it.

The interior of Equatorial Africa is not low land, not a steaming jungle as is commonly supposed; the land rises as you go in from the coast, plateau on plateau, until it is from three to five thousand feet above sea level, and we all know that with every 300 feet of ascent the thermometer falls a degree.

Breath.

The following composition by a twelve year-old English schoolboy was the cause of his being recommended to take a special course in physiology the next term. The theme given him was "Breath."

Breath is made of air. We breathe always with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath we should die whenever we slept.

Boys that stay in a room all day, should not breathe; they should wait till they get out-doors. For a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonicide. And carbonicide is more poisonous than mad dogs, though not just the same way. It does not bite, but that's no matter as long as it kills you.

OUR BOOK LIST

Our list of choice literature is made up of the best and most reliable reform books, by the most noted writers. If you want to keep posted on the great questions before the American people you should consult the authorities. We name below a number of the best books published.

	PAPER.	CLOTH.
The Railway Problem, by Stickney. The greatest sensation of the year is this great book on the railway problem by a railway president. Cloth edition has 14 illustrative diagrams	$ .50	$2 00
Jason Edwards, by Hamlin Garland, a new book that should be read by every Alliance member in Nebraska. Dedicated to the Farmers' Alliance it gives a graphic description of life in a pioneer settlement, and the glimpses of city life are not in the least overdrawn	.50	
Main Traveled Roads, by Hamlin Garland. Don't fail to read it	.50	
In Office, Bogy. The latest sensation	.25	
Dr. Huguet, Donnelly	.50	1 25
Cæsars Column "	.50	1 25
Whither are We Drifting, Willey		1 25
The Farmers' Side. Senator Peffer of Kansas has in a very careful and plain manner stated the injustice of the present methods in this new book, and outlined plans for relief		1 00
Looking Backward, Bellamy	.50	1 00
Emmet Bonlore, Reed. A new book of engrossing interest by a popular author	.50	1 25
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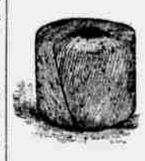

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