rest of a Desperado.

—

years ago I had a great desire the United States service. I care in what capacity just so as I got my living from Uncle Mentioning my desire to the States marshal for the north- ict of Florida, it was gratifi- was at once ushered into the of the United States judge, my right hand and, with a worthy of a better cause, to support the Constitution of ed States, though at the time hardly able to support my own tion. Taking my formidable sion and a supply of station- went back to the village of Pine to await orders.

Pine is a small town so nam- use there is a large live oak in of the principal saloon. Dead not an imposing place. At me it had a little depot, some some mortgaged farmers three saloons. It also had a al back country, with plenty of men" living in it, a couple of starved churches, and some ins loaning money at from 2 per cent. monthly to their ing neighbors. It was also the of a lumber and turpentine dis- where prominent citizens steal and government timber and call ness.

ew days my trouble began. I ed a portentous document from quarters at Jacksonville. It had impressive and sinister looking stamps on the envelope, and ed me to at once seize the body homas Perkins, supposed to be g somewhere in the country, and said body before the United e court, then in session at Jack- lle. By a careful reading of the what diffusive warrant, I discov- at Thomas had been guilty of ry in violation of the statutes in nses made and provided.

hour later the following dispatch handed to me:

E OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

United States Deputy Marshal, Dead Fla.

derstand Perkins desperate charac- get help necessary; take him dead or

MARSHAL.

that dispatch made me very indig- Get help indeed! Not I! I was but 1 inch in height, weighed 185 ds. If I couldn't alone arrest man I was unworthy to wear the red ribbon on the lapel of my labeled "United States marshal." sides, if I got help, there would be enough glory to go around. I ed it all for myself, and deter- to bring in the prisoner-elect by unaided efforts, or occupy the misfit coffins at the village ertaker's.

The first thing was to locate the sman, who, suffering from some ction of the intellectual liver, had ted to perjury. I located him. miles from town, in a veritable erness, two miles from any other e, lived, moved and had his be- Mr. Thomas Perkins, in whom great government of our was so lously interested.

The next thing was to make neces- preparations. I made them. In morning by the bright light, of a ful winter's day, a stout wagon, by two sturdy and reflective was drawn up in front of the hotel, which was very inap- priately named "The Delmonico." the front seat was my negro driver pilot, Bill. On the rear seat sat writer. Under a blanket at my was a Winchester rifle and a double barrel shot gun ell loaded with buckshot, al- ough I was oppressed with harrowing doubt as to whether I n't put the buckshot in first. In pocket of my overcoat was a ch & Wesson double action sixty- , and in the breast pocket of inner coat a bowie knife that once belonged to a Texas evange-

A curious crowd had gathered to me off. They knew my mission, ch none of them knew who I was . They cheered me with novel gestions and well meant advice. Cap," said one, "ye'd better a bottle of whisky erlong wi' you. ain't no barroom whar you're

My driver looked approvingly at speaker.

"He won't look very pretty comin' here with a furrer driv cl'ar his chist, will he?" said an-

"Wouldn't do fer him to go out hunt'n' at night with that red shirt, would hit?"

That last remark hurt my vanity. nose was rather red, but it come an undue partiality for stewed toes, not from any other cause.

"When you fire at him, Cap, watch off mule's hind leg, fer he's goin' kick," said a long, lank feller on outskirts of the crowd.

Then the negroes had something to Approaching me with deference, of them whispered to me confi- ially:

"Boss, ye'd best tie dat fool nigger 's drivin' ter the seat, fer soon's hears a cap pop he's gwine ter jump an' run like de debil."

gave the mules a stimulating of the whip and away we went. two miles out we had roads. After that, the est and worst that I had ever Stumps, tangled roots, hills, gul- swamp, coduroy, and the county missioners know what else, made ular penacea for the twin evils dyspepsia and love, according to ulting up theorists. Now we in the wilderness, a solemn, awful broken only by the tramping mules, the creaking of the wag- and the hiccoughs of the driver, was about half drunk when we . It a pine wilderness, and the underbrush all gone, no song of bird, no scent of flower, no flutter of insect life, a strange, dreary desert of forest. Here was majestic trees aged with a century of growth. Gazing at their stately tops, one could well imagine that in days agone perhaps under the very trees we were passing, "Lo, the poor Indian," had once assembled to shake dice to see who should pay for the beer.

I was absorbed in these meditations when the wagon ran into a huge stump and away I went sailing out into space. The shot gun about this time decided that it was tired of riding and came along also. Neither of us were hurt, and we resumed our seats in the wagon, the gun rather unwillingly I thought.

We were now getting near the camp of the enemy and a rather curious sensation took possession of me. Of course it was not fear, but my heart evinced a curious disposition to desert its pericardium and homestead the lower portion of my throat. I cocked both the rifle and the shot gun, placing them sideways in the wagon to satisfy the manifest uneasiness of the driver. The revolver I took out and placed on the seat by me, covering it with a superabundance of coat tail. The knife I loosened in its sheath. About half a mile further on I saw approaching one of the most villainous looking men I had ever seen. He was of negro blood, nearly white, of herculean frame, and if not a born criminal and assassin, should have had his face indicted for malicious libel. He carried a glittering ax on his shoulder and eyed me insolently.

The driver turned around with a whisper, "Dat's him, boss."

My knees now partook of the general excitement, my hand trembled as if my best girl was about to refuse me, and my blood seemed determined to go into the cold storage business. At the same time an overwhelming conviction reached me that this was not the man I was looking for, and that it would be impolite to risk a suit for false imprisonment.

As he came opposite the wagon, my driver drew up and assumed the initiative.

"Is your name Perkins?"

"Naw", was the surly reply.

My thermometer immediately resumed its normal condition of 72 in the shade.

"My good man," said I, carefully concealing all weapons, "I am looking for one Perkins; can you inform me where that most esteemed gentleman lives?"

"In that house over yonder," he said, pointing about a quarter of a mile distant, where a thin spire of smoke emphasized a tumble down log house.

When about 100 yards from the house I halted the team and gave a few brief directions to the driver.

With the rifle at full cock I cautiously approached the house. It was of rough logs very rickety, with the usual stick and mud chimney. Outside of the smoke from that there was no sign of life about the place. Silently I came up to the back door, with a vigorous kick sent it off the leather hinges, and covered with the rifle a figure dimly seen in the semi-darkness of the room.

"Throw up your hands!" I commanded. "If you stir I'll shoot."

From the figure, in shrill, frightened accents, came:

"For de Law'd'sake, watcher mean white man. I ain't dun nuffin."

The gun dropped from my nervous hands.

Thomas Perkins, alleged desperado, was an old crippled negro, about 178 years old, half paralyzed and wholly stupid.

Three hours afterward I drove into Dead Pine with my prisoner, to be greeted with ironical comment and uproarious laughter.

"Did he kick much, Cap?" said one big fellow, while another, after eyeing Perkins a moment in silence, said, as he moved off:

"Yes the thing is alive, I saw its tongue wiggle."

Four hours later I was in Jacksonville, and delivered my prisoner to the United States marshal. As the major audited my accounts and drew a check for my expenses he was shaking with ill suppressed laughter.

"What do you see so funny about this?" I inquired, rather tartly.

"I was wondering what the judge will say when he sees him," was the reply.

Just then the judge strolled in. He gave a look at the prisoner, then at me, and inquired mildly, but with a merry twinkle in his handsome eyes:

"Did you have much trouble in securing this desperado, Mr. Officer?"

The major fairly roared.

I took my check and left the room. I have not seen prisoner, United States marshal, or Jacksonville since that eventful day, and Dead Pine shall know me no more forever.—Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Pree.

Poor Security.

A certain gentleman, who keeps a boarding house for the accommodation of actors not far from Union square, has resolved that he will never again accept the manuscript of a play as security of an unpaid board bill. An author manager, whose name is quite well known in theatrical circles, lived at this boarding house something over a year ago, and when he was ready to depart he was financially embarrassed. So he stated his case to the landlord, and left with him as collateral a sealed package, which he said contained two manuscripts of a well known play. Boniface was good natured and lenient. He thought the play was valuable and that the author would in time pay the bill. The package remained for a year. Then the landlord called a theatrical business agent into council and they broke the seals. The contents were 250 "property plots" of the play, but there was no manuscript in the package. The "property plots"—list of the properties required at a performance—are worth the price of old paper.—New York Star.

Have a Bath Room.

It is often a mystery to those to whom a bath room is a necessity as well as a luxury, how some families will get along year after year without any such convenience. There are many homes in Maine where the occupants are fully qualified for all the work necessary to build such a room, and who could easily give the time and money required, and who yet have no place down stairs for washing hands except the kitchen sink, and sometimes even this is unprovided with a spout for carrying off the water. There often is a place near the kitchen where a regular room may be finished off, with set tub, wash bowl, etc., but where there is not a room with a wet sink, table and looking glass kept provided with water, towels, brush, combs, and scissors can usually be provided, and after such a place for washing and combing hair is once enjoyed no one will be willing to give it up. Even a rough lean-to just outside of the back kitchen door will be found convenient on a farm for the use of the men from their work in the fields, or a corner of the kitchen most distant from the spot where cooking and dishwashing is carried on may be fitted up. Perhaps there is an unused brick oven in the kitchen that may be taken out, thus giving the required room.—Lewiston Journal.

Girls Kept in Cages.

United States Consul Griffin, stationed at Sydney, N. S. W., tells of a remarkable custom of the inhabitants of New Britain, as follows: "The inhabitants, it is said by Wallace, have a peculiar custom of confining their girls in cages until they are old enough to be married. This custom is said to be peculiar to the people of New Britain. The cages are made of the palm tree and the girls are put into them when two or three years of age. The Rev. George Brown established a Wesleyan mission in New Britain in 1876, and I learn from him that these cages are built inside of the houses, and that the girls are never allowed to leave the house under any circumstances. The houses are closely fenced in with a sort of wicker work made of reeds. Ventilation under the circumstances is rendered difficult. The girls are said to grow up strong and healthful in spite of these circumstances."—New York Telegram.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on washday? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

Permanent Benefits of Irrigation.

Persons who have watched the progress of irrigation in the west and observed how civilization and wealth have followed in its wake have been impressed by the uniform permanency and steady growth of these oases dotting the wilderness of sand comprising what is known as the arid region. The unvarying, albeit sometimes slow, progress of these agricultural communities has been in marked contrast with the erratic course of mining towns, which as a rule have experienced alternate periods of excitement and depression. These facts have impressed themselves upon the reflective mind, and many, doubtless, have indulged in the dream of the ultimate subjugation of the arid region to the purposes of agriculture and have pictured to themselves the wondrous beauty of the great west when prairie, mesa and valley have been clothed in amaranthine garb.—*Globe* (Ariz.) Silver Belt.

APPLIED TO THE WRONG PLACE.

The following letter is significant as to the result of the prohibitory laws:

WATERLOO, Douglas Co., Neb.

Willow Springs Distilling Co., Omaha, Neb.: You will please send me a catalogue of your "temperance drinks." Have you any "Peach Cider" and "Bee Bee?" If not, please recommend us to some one who does sell it. Yours truly,

W. A. ROGERS.

Query: What has the distillery to do with temperance drinks?

Moral: Buy "Kennedy's East India Bitters" from your grocer or druggist.

An Old Chestnut Revived.

An old preacher after service one Sunday announced his reading for the following Sunday. During the week some mischievious boys obtained his Bible and pasted two of the leaves together, right where he was to read. Sunday morning coming, the aged divine opened his book and read as follows: "And Noah took unto himself a wife who was—" and here he turned the leaf—"fort cubits broad, one hundred and forty cubits long." With a look of astonishment he wiped his glasses, read and verified the passage, and then said: "My friends, although I have read the Bible many times, this is the first time I have ever seen this passage, but I take it as another evidence of the fact that man is most fearfully and wonderfully made."—New York Mercury.

TICKET 12,758.

A Pick-Up of $15,000 by Three Well Known Cheyenne People.

Cheyenne (Wy.) Leader, August 8.

The drawing of $15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery in the July drawing by three well known Cheyenne people has created a decided sensation. The children of fortune are all employed at H. H. Ellis' bakery. They are Louis Salada and wife, and Edward P. Gaylor an old-timer and a prominent Odd Fellow.

Forty-eight hours after the drawing Salada and his wife and Mr. Gaylor were overjoyed to learn from a list that ticket No. 12,758 had drawn the capital prize of $300,000 and that they were entitled to one-twentieth of that sum, or $15,000.

Advices from New Orleans confirmed the list and the money was collected through the First National Bank of this city, being paid over to the winners August 1.

Salada and wife are visiting relatives in Missouri. The lady, who has been an invalid for several years, is to retire to an eastern hospital for several months and will be treated by eminent specialists.

Couldn't Deceive Him.

Speaking of custom house oaths some one recalls the story of Charles Phillips, a clever London criminal lawyer of Irish descent, shrewd in dealing with facts and successful with juries, who became a judge in an insolvent court, that when he had detected a witness kissing his thumb instead of the Testament, on taking the oath, a practice then common among certain quasi-religious people who fancied that false swearing in this world, under such circumstances, would not prejudice them in the next, he said to the witness, after rebuking him, "You may think to desave God, sir, but you won't desave me."—Boston Transcript.

New York school book publishers deny that they have formed a "trust."

A whisperer separates chief friends.

The early potato crop in Delaware was ruined by wet weather.

Japanese Horticulture.

Japanese horticulture shows a wonderful patience and a sort of ill directed skill. The object of the Japanese nyekiya, like that of his Chinese brother, but in a greater degree, is to deform, maim and cripple nature, as we see especially in the dwarfing of trees and shrubs—nanization, as Dr. Rein somewhat pedantically terms the process, which consists mainly in starving the plant and crippling the circulation of its juices. Kaempfer is quoted as describing a trio he once saw in a small box one and a half inches broad, four inches long and six inches deep, for which the price of £100 was asked. The three denizens of the box were a bamboo, a blossoming plum tree and a pine tree, perfectly formed, but in a piccolo.—New York News.

Send two cents in stamps to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsomely bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball, free. Just issued.

Representatives of 270,000 miners demand 8 hours in a day's work.

The Best Yet.

In addition to the unequaled Dining Car Service between Council Bluffs and Denver, the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," will on Sunday, August 18th, and daily thereafter, run Dining Cars between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., on "The Overland Flyer," leaving Council Bluffs at 7.55 p. m., Omaha 8.15 p. m.

These cars are models of excellence, and the best meals the market affords will be furnished at 75 cents.

May the ribbon of the "ticker" be termed red tape?

Sioux City, Ia., Corn Palace.

Tickets to the Third Annual Festival of the Sioux City Corn Palace will be sold September 23d to October 5th, 1889, inclusive, from all points on main line and branches of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway, in Iowa, at the rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be limited to continuous passage in both directions, good to return to and including October 10th, 1889. For further information apply to any ticket agent of the Rock Island route, in Iowa, or address John Sebastian, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, at Chicago.

The Garden Patch—On the Knees of Overalls.

KANSAS CITY & TEXAS SHORT LINE

Via Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, and Parsons Pullman Buffett Sleeping Cars Daily Between Kansas City and the Principal Cities of Texas.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway via the Kansas City & Pacific division and Parsons, is absolutely the short line to Texas and Mexico. Evening train from Kansas City has Pullman Palace Buffett Sleeping Cars to Parsons, Denison, Fort Worth, Waco, Taylor, Austin and San Antonio without change. Connects at Parsons with Pullman Buffett Sleeping Car for Sherman, Dallas, Corsicana, Houston and Galveston; connects at Fort Worth with sleeper for Pacific coast points, and at San Antonio with sleeping car for points in the Republic of Mexico. Morning train from Kansas City runs solid to Parsons and Coffeyville, connects at Parsons with solid train carrying Buffett Sleeper for Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco Tayor and Austin; also carrying Pullman Buffett Sleeper for Sherman, Dallas, Corsicana and Galveston via Denison. See that your tickets read via Parsons and the Missouri Kansas & Texas railway. For tickets and further information apply nearest ticket agent or correspond with J. L. Daugherty, Traveling Passenger Agent, 402 Court street, Des Moines, Ia.

New Jersey's annual crop of oysters is valued at $2,000,000.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Rain has almost ruined the Hudson river valley grape crop.

Buy a Home in Ellis, Kansas.

This town is one of the most promising in Kansas, located on the Union Pacific Railway. It is a division station of that road and has division shops, round house and eating station. Mills and factories are springing up and it is becoming a thriving place, in the midst of a prosperous farming region. It is a healthy place and the soil and climate are excellent. Albert Woodcock, General Land Commissioner U. P. Ry., Omaha, Neb., or Leroy S. Winters, Land and Emig. Agt. U. P. Ry., Ellis, Kan.

America has 181,000 miles of railroad of the 342,000 miles in the world.

5. HARVEST EXCURSIONS. 5.

Via the WABASH LINE to Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana AT HALF FARE. Tickets will be sold August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, good for 30 days. Remember the Wabash is the quickest route south with elegant reclining chair and Pullman Buffet sleeping cars on all trains. For tickets and further information call on or write G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agent, 1502 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb.

English capitalists are trying to buy breweries in Germany.

Soda Springs, Idaho.

The splendid, new Idanha Hotel erected last year at Soda Springs, Idaho, is now open for the season under the direct management of the Union Pacific Ry. This hotel is first-class in every respect with all the modern conveniences and will accommodate comfortably several hundred guests.

The medicinal springs which abound about Soda Springs are noted for their curative properties and many remarkable cures have been recorded. Splendid hunting and excellent fishing is to be found a few miles from Soda Springs. Good livery and guides always to be had. For further information address, E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Rochester, N. Y., fines milk dealers $2 or 25 days in prison, for adulteration.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Natural gas has been struck in Buffalo, N. Y.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

The biggest waterfall is but a drop of water.

Buy Union Soap and make a guess. Ask your grocer about it to-day.

The new postal cards are to be made in three sizes.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by druggists, 75c.

Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did one good to look at her. She was all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eye is gone. She is a woebegone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

Courtship isn't a ship at all—merely a two-master.

All's fair in love, but flirtation is only half-fare.

THE QUESTION

one asks themselves after a night made unpleasant by a barbarous toothache, is: What shall I get to cure it? Were that question addressed to a Druggist

THE ANSWER

would be: Procure a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, and use it according to directions. It cures like magic. In such cases what a happiness to have at hand an instant relief such as

PAIN-KILLER

has proved itself to be. Physicians say it is one of those Remedies which is calculated to relieve an immense amount of suffering.

RESULTS

show that almost every other description of pain is relieved by its application, *external* and *internal*.

All Druggists sell Pain-Killer.
25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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