

TIDDLYWINKS.

A Children's Story.

AFRIDAY O, no! I'm not afraid of any four-legged creature that ever grew!" said Tiddlywinks.

Tiddlywinks was a Partridge Cochlin, a tall, fine-looking fellow, with beautiful red and gold plumage, which glistened brightly in the spring sunshine.

His tail feathers were long and glossy, proudly arched above his back, with a graceful droop towards the ends, and he had a handsome red comb, which little Rosy declared looked like a scarlet poppy. Tiddlywinks was quite a favorite with little Rosy, but he was not much liked in the barn-yard, on account of his tyrannical disposition, and his boastfulness. He pecked the Guinea-fowls unmercifully, picked a quarrel with the White Pekin duck on every possible occasion, and would not allow the younger fowls to eat a morsel, until he had crammed his own crop with all the corn or oats it would hold.

He kept a respectful distance from old Fadladden, the bronze gobbler, and the White Leghorn rooster, who were larger and stronger than himself, and would not have hesitated to give him a good drubbing if they had caught him at his pranks; but he was selfish and cowardly enough to seize a fat bug, or a fine, plump cricket which some poor pullet had industriously scratched up, and devour it himself, before her very eyes.

And when one of the hens laid an egg, Tiddlywinks would invariably peck at it, and make so much noise you would have thought he had laid the egg himself!

Then, too, he was always boasting. He was standing on one foot, under a tall pokeberry bush, one warm day, recounting some of his own brave exploits to a group of fowls who were gathered near. Some were pluming themselves, others taking a dust-bath in the side of the ash heap, and others again leisurely picking gravels from a pile of sand, which had been dumped in one corner of the barn-yard, expressly for that purpose.

"No," said Tiddlywinks, holding up his head and looking proudly around, "I'm not afraid of any four-footed creature that ever grew! Why, if a fox were suddenly to pounce over the fence into the barn-yard, do you know what I would do?"

"I know what I'd do," said a snuff-colored hen, who was wallowing in the ash-heap. "I'd run into the hen-house and scramble up on the roost as fast as ever I could!"

"And I," said Queen Anne, a motherly old hen, with a black top-knot and a ruff around her neck, "I'd fly up into that big oak tree, double-quick."

"Cluck! cluck! I'd hide under the Burdock bushes, with my chickens under my wings," said Madame Featherleg, anxiously.

"I dare say," sneered Tiddlywinks, "You are old hens, you know, and it's the nature of hens to be cowardly. But I would not show the white feather! I'd just—"

"Cut, cut, cut!" cackled a long-legged pullet, running full tilt from behind the barn. "Cut, cut! O! I've had such a fright!"

"What—what—what—what was it?" stammered Tiddlywinks, while the hens clustered anxiously around him, as if for protection?

"O, dear! I don't know," panted the pullet, still trembling with fear. "I—I was scratching—near the barn—when it pounced right at me! Such a terrible creature, with legs and teeth! And it opened its mouth, and went 'er—er—er—' and I ran away so fast I—I've lost my breath!"

"Was it a—fox," gasped Tiddlywinks, looking up at the oak-tree as if he were calculating the distance to its lowest branches?

"No, it was a fox," said the pullet. "Perhaps it was a 'possum," suggested the snuff-colored hen, ruffling her feathers.

"No, it ran too fast for a 'possum—O! O! here it comes now! Look, look! Cut, cut, cut!" and the frightened pullet tried to hide under Queen Anne's wing, as a small, brownish-colored animal came frisking and frolicking from behind the barn.

The fowls flew wildly about, some in one direction and some in another. The white Pekin duck scuttled away and hid herself behind the hen-house. The Guinea fowls flew up to the comb of the barn, chattering with all their might, and Tiddlywinks was just spreading his wings to take refuge in the oak tree, when the strange animal suddenly rushed towards him.

It was a small brown creature, not so large as a full grown cat, but so plump as to be almost round. It looked indeed, more like a live cushion, with four legs and a white nose and tail, than any thing else.

"Gr—r—r," it said, showing two rows of sharp, white teeth. Tiddlywinks, brave as he was, certainly seemed to

be quite as much frightened as the hens. He was just flapping his wings, to fly up into the oak tree, when the strange animal made a sudden dart at his toes.

"Boo—woo—woo! Gr—r—r!" it cried savagely.

And flop! went Tiddlywinks, sprawling his long legs, while "bee—woo—woo!" went the enemy, diving past him and seizing a respectable top-knot hen by the tail.

"Squawk!" cried the hen who had a temper of her own, and ruffling up her feathers she flew at the saucy stranger, and gave it a savage peck between the eyes.

"Take that for your impudence," she cried.

"Yelp," howled the aggressor, half frightened out of his wits, but spying Tiddlywinks streaking towards the hen house as fast as his long legs would carry him, it suddenly turned and scampered after him.

"Boo—woo—woo," it cried in such a shrill voice that the poor Cochlin stood still with terror, while the savage fowls seized him by his handsome tail feathers and stood shaking them and crying, "er—er—r!" triumphantly.

Poor Tiddlywinks, more dead than alive, could do nothing but stand stock-still and cry "Squawk! squawk—aw—aw!" at the top of his lungs.

The hens cackled in sympathy, making such a racket that Aunt Peggy looked out of the back door to see what on earth could be the matter.

"Run, Rosy," she cried, "Something is disturbing the fowls!" And little Rosy ran quickly to the rescue of her feathered favorites.

But when she reached the barn-yard and espied the tall Cochlin squeaking with terror, while a tiny shepherd puppy stood holding him by the tail, and growling savagely, she burst into a hearty laugh. "Come here, Rosy," she cried, and the fat puppy let go his victim's tail, and went frisking to her with a shrill little bark of delight.

"For shame, Tiddlywinks," said Rosy, "to be afraid of a little bit of a dog like Rosy, who only wanted to play with you!"

But Tiddlywinks, finding himself free, hurriedly sneaked off around the barn, and began pluming his ruffled feathers. He was well twitted by the other fowls, when they ventured to come forth from their hiding places.

"You wouldn't run from a fox, would you," sneered the snuff-colored hen, maliciously?

"Of course not," put in Queen Anne, shaking her feathers, and hopping over the pig-trough to pick up a grain of corn on the other side. "He is not afraid of any four-footed creature that ever grew!"

"Quack, quack, quack," said the Pekin duck, waddling out from a bunch of tall grass, where she had been hiding during the affray. "Pray, Mister Tiddlywinks, do tell us what you would do if a fox were to pounce unexpectedly over the fence?"

"It's only natural for hens to be cowardly," said a yellow-legged pullet, who owed the Cochlin a grudge for robbing her of a dragon-fly that morning.

Even the guinea fowls boldly down from the barn-roof, where they had been sitting in a row, screaming "pot-rack! pot-rack!" during the contest.

"If it had been a great big dog, like Farmer Dill's Hovser," they said, "It would be different. But a little puppy, no bigger than a kitten! And Tiddlywinks equawked as if a whole pack of foxes were after him!"

And Tiddlywinks felt so shamed, that he did not venture to crow for half a day. But he was never heard to boast of his own bravery again.

And what was still better, he was cured of his other bad habits, and was never again guilty of pecking the guinea-fowls, nor quarreling with the Pekin duck, or robbing the pullets of their food.

And in time, Tiddlywinks and the other fowls became quite friendly with Rosy, the shepherd puppy, who grew to be such a good watch-dog that not a fox, possum, or any other midnight prowler, dared venture near the barn-yard.

Quite a Stamping Ground.
"We are blessed with a domestic who keeps us in hot water half the time for fear we will lose her," said an east end householder, "and, naturally, she is welcome to all the usual and a good many extraordinary privileges. Not long ago she decided to buy a bicycle and when it arrived it was a nine days' wonder for all the girls in the neighborhood. Every evening they came over to admire it. My back yard is large and nicely sodded and it speedily became a cycle circus. Our girl did most of the riding, with two or three other girls to hold her on and a half dozen more sitting on the fence to keep out of the way. You never heard such squealing and giggling in your life. Our girl would pedal her way along for a dozen feet or so and then she and her side partners would go down together in one struggling heap and three or four of the girls on the fence would tumble off in sheer excitement."

"I never had more fun than I did last evening watching them through the screened window of our pantry. They didn't notice me, of course, and the merriment was quite unrestrained. Some of the girls are decidedly attractive and I was pleasantly taking in the swift flashes of well-filled bosoms when I felt a sharp grip on my ear and my wife led me back to the porch."

"But the performance goes on just the same every evening."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Treats.
Walker—This "middle-of-the-road" platform won't catch any of the bicyclists. Wheeler—No? Walker—Now they want the whole darn road and the sidewalk thrown in.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A VALLEY FOR NOBLEMEN.

Some Have Lived the Lives of Ranchmen and Become Wealthy.

Eastern people have little idea of the great number of younger sons of British and European noblemen who have come to this part of the state either to seek their fortunes or to avoid the ignominy their poverty might bring upon them in their native land, or to escape the consequences of youthful indiscretions to which the sons of great foreign families seem to be prone, says a Colorado letter to the Buffalo Express. Down at the entrance to Cheyenne canyon, three miles from the lonely spot where Helen Hunt Jackson was buried, there is an estate of hundreds of acres owned by Count Pourtales, a German. He came here to increase a fortune which was beginning to dwindle in the old country and to improve his health. He brought with him his pretty young wife. She had been a leader in the most fashionable society in Germany, and was noted for her beauty, but here she went into comparative retirement. There were plenty of social functions at the springs, but they did not interest her. Her husband, in company with several business men, built the Broadmoor casino on his domains and attached to it a gorgeous restaurant, parlors, dancing halls and barroom. It was a magnificent building, built entirely of wood with broad porches along the front and rear. He built a little artificial lake in the shadow of the mountains and the white-capped peaks were reflected in its waters. He ran an electric car line out past it and he hired a German band to play on its banks. People could sit on the porches of the casino and listen to the music and watch the boats on the lake. It was a delightful place. Then, after it was all completed, he admitted the public at 50 cents a head and made money. But he was more shrewd, energetic and far-sighted and fortunate than most of the noble foreigners. He was only one out of a hundred of them or their sons or relatives who attained much success financially in Colorado Springs there are two or three baronets in pretty poor circumstances. They usually do not wish to be known as having titles. One of them, at least, is known only to very few people as a noble. They live quietly and economically and pass their time away playing polo. But the spot where the impoverished noblemen or their sons, or second sons, are most numerous is a few miles above here, in Wet Mountain valley. Of late years it has been called the Valley of the Second Sons. It is literally filled with degenerate noblemen and their sons and relatives. Only the poorest of them have come to this valley. Some of them have bought land, on which they have built themselves little homes. They live the same kind of life as the ranchmen round about them, chop their own wood, milk their cows and raise their own vegetables. They have parted with all the luxuries of civilization. They wear old clothes and big sombreros, and it is hard to tell some of them from the ordinary uncouth mountaineer. A stranger goes into the valley sometimes and meets one of these second sons, or, it may be, a nobleman himself, and after making his acquaintance and treating him in the same informal way with which he might treat any of the ranchmen thereabouts, is greatly surprised to learn in some roundabout way that his new friend is a person of such distinction.

It has become quite a common thing for impoverished noble families in England to send all the sons but the heir to Wet Mountain valley. There are so many of them here already that it must seem like home to them. They are a pleasant lot of men and they enjoy life. Most of them are having a much better time in the lonely spot in the mountains than they ever had before in their lives.

The Sea Serpent.
Seaside Guest (to landlord)—"I've been here three days and haven't seen anything of the sea serpent yet." Landlord—"Just be patient. The gas gave out but we got a new supply and my man's blowing him up now."—Exchange.

Fatal.
"I guess I had better give these biscuits to the first tramp that comes along," said Mrs. Hunnimmune, with pathetic candor. "No," exclaimed her husband, nervously, "don't do that. He might throw them at the dog."—Washington Star.

Impossible.
"Now suppose," said an arguer to a tramp, "you had \$20 in gold, and—"

"Hold up," said the tramp. "I can't do it. Make it \$5."—Wichita Eagle.

CAUGHT WHILE FLOATING.
Niles (Mich.) farmers recently tore up the roadbed of an obnoxious addition to a railroad a distance of several miles.

The Parisian whistles at the theater in order to show his disgust; the Londoner to show his delight and approval.

During the year ending June 30, 1,261,354,483 pieces of ordinary mail matter passed through the New York postoffice.

In a four-hour rig Ed Bryant and his family recently passed Carson, Nev., having traveled over 800 miles in forty days. Their destination is Bakersfield, Cal., 300 miles from Carson.

A Backstopper (Me.) fisherman pulled up a monster sea crab the other day, and on one side of the creature was fastened a pair of smoked eye-glasses. How they came there is now the question.

Pleasing Old Maids.

The man who told this story prefaced it by saying that it was the sort you could tell only to a young woman or a married one. Whereupon his listener remarked that she was indeed glad to hear a story of that kind, as, according to her previous experience, all stories were divided into two parts—the kind you could tell to young women and the kind you could not. The story was as follows:

A certain man had, somewhat late in life, taken unto himself a wife who was, to put it temperately, not precisely in the first bloom of her youth. At the wedding the man's mother, a typical Yankee, took occasion to say:

"Yes, I'm real glad to see John married and settled at last. An' I'm real pleased at the choice he's made, too. He couldn't a suited me better. Ye see, young girls are skittish an' hard to manage, an' widders are sot in their ways and ye can't manage 'em, but old maids are thankful and willing to please."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, energetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Popular Blouses.
Verily, until the crack of doom shall we wear the blouse. The latest and now prevailing adornment of these, runs in the direction of frills of the material, plain and unadorned. One in blue and green shot silk, which opens with a decided V down to the waist, shows a vest of leaf green chiffon, and round the V are two, closely knitted frills, about two and a half inches in width. Quite half the blouses are finished at the throat by fancy turnover collars and cuffs, while the remaining half divide their favors between deep ruffles or the material wrinkled down to the wrist. A black and white muslin looks effective with a ruche at neck and wrists, edged with narrow white valenciennes.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

McClure's Magazine for October will contain a biographical and personal study of Ian MacLaren, the author of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush," by the Rev. D. M. Ross. Mr. Ross was associated with Ian MacLaren in a circle of students who lived in special intimacy at Edinburgh university, and has lived in intimate relation with him ever since. The paper will be illustrated with portraits of Ian MacLaren, views of his various homes, and scenes in and around "Drumtochty." The S. S. McClure Co., New York.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

Cleaning Sooled Books.
Ink stains may be removed from a book by applying with a camelshair pencil a small quantity of oxalic acid, diluted with water, and then use blotting paper. Two applications will remove all traces of ink. To remove grease spots, lay powdered pipe clay each side of the spot and press with an iron as hot as the paper will bear without scorching. Sometimes grease spots may be removed from paper or cloth by laying a piece of blotting paper on them and then pressing with a hot iron. The heat melts the grease and the blotting paper absorbs it.

Cool's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Not So Certain.
"This is one thing you don't have to do, anyhow," growled Mr. Wipedunks, through the lather that covered his face, as he proceeded to strap his razor. "You're always complaining about your hardships. You ought to be mighty thankful you haven't got a beard to bother you."

"I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Wipedunks. "If I was a bearded lady I believe I could make a better living for this family than you are making."—Chicago Tribune.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Moscow's calamity will cost the imperial exchequer 3,500,000 rubles. The number of persons killed in the crush is said to be 4,500.

The expense of heating a London theater, the Vaudeville, by electricity, using storage batteries connected with radiators, is said to have been less than 70 cents an hour.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use the old and well-known remedy, Mrs. Wesson's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

During his life, a man stars up so much trouble that he is finally willing to die to get rid of it.

The sugar maple tree is botanically known as the Acer saccharinum.

No cough so bad that Dr. Kay's Lung Balm will not cure it. See ad.

If you have any friend who regards you as an ideal, don't ask a favor of him.

Not every man can increase his income but every man can reduce his expenses.

Poor Old Spain.

Between the despotism of the church and that of the state, the only wonder is the insurrection in the Philippine islands did not break out sooner. Cuba has been a heavy drain upon Madrid's pocketbook, but the revolt in the Philippines will be greater still. There are on the Islands about 2,000,000 Malays and Chinese, the former race in particular being renowned for its ferocity, as well as for its bitter hatred of all white people. Moreover, as the islands are more than 9,000 miles farther away from Spain than Cuba, the difficulty in getting troops to Manila before the rising has had time to extend all over the islands is practically insuperable. Then, Japan may not be neutral.—Lewiston Journal.

Architectural Dream.
Silesian glassmakers are making possible the realization of an architectural dream. They are producing substantial glass bricks for building purposes. Since glass can easily be made translucent without being transparent, light may be evenly diffused through a building of glass, while its occupants and contents remain invisible from the outside. It does not require a very lively imagination to perceive that many pleasing effects may be produced when glass is used as the material for dwellings and other structures. Besides, people who live in glass houses will not be struck by lightning.

The Web of Life.
The web of our life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern we do not know, but God knows, and our heart is the shuttle. This being struck alternately by joy or sorrow carries back and forth the thread that is light and dark, as the pattern needs, and in the end when the garment is held up and all its changing hues glance forth it will be seen that the deep and dark hues were as necessary to beauty as the bright and high ones, and the mystery of life will be unraveled.—Rev. J. K. Montgomery.

When bilious or constive, eat a cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

The motives which prompt a woman to accept a proposal of marriage are often to see what will happen next.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headaches, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

She Knows That Much.
"Well, there's one thing that I know about the convention," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "and that is that McKinley hasn't got all of the delegates."

"No?" replied Mr. Snaggs in an indulgent tone.
"No, he hasn't for I read in the paper something about delegates-at-large."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

That Joyful Feeling
With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

All husbands are not alike, because some husbands are 17 degree rooms.

IT'S CURES THAT COUNT.

Many so-called remedies are pressed on the public attention on account of their claimed large sales. But sales cannot determine values. Sales simply argue good salesmen, shrewd puffery, or enormous advertising. It's cures that count. It is cures that are counted on by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its sales might be boasted. It has the world for its market. But sales prove nothing. We point only to the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as proof of its merit:

50 YEARS OF CURES.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

Dr. Kay's Renovator FOR DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, LIVER & KIDNEYS. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

"I have been troubled with NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, could not eat and had loss of circulation, loss of flesh, etc. I commenced taking Dr. Kay's Renovator Jan 7, 1898, and continued to improve from the third day, and have found this medicine most pleasant, no griping, no sickness at the stomach, but a complete Renovator, and I voluntarily, without the doctor's request, recommend this to any one afflicted with indigestion and nervousness, which follows. I now eat well, sleep well, and have gained about twenty-five pounds in weight, am free from cold feet or hands, circulation good, and I feel better than for many years, and I attribute this to Dr. Kay's Renovator. One that has will convince anyone that it supports the whole train of pills and cathartics on the market. I now only take one little tablet when I overeat my stomach and it will relieve me at once."—A. W. Wesson, 100 N. 1st St., W. Va. Dr. Kay's Renovator is a powerful medicine, and it renovates and invigorates the whole system, cures indigestion, liver and kidney diseases, and all nervous and blood diseases, imparts brilliancy to the eyes, restores the hair, and is the best nerve tonic known for worn out business men. It has a 25-cent bottle for the same price. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25c and 50c. Send for free sample and booklet. It has many valuable recipes, gives symptoms and treatment for nearly all diseases, and may say it is worth 10c if they could not get another. Address Dr. J. W. Kay Medical Co., (Wesson Office) 100 N. 1st St., W. Va.