

Sand Will Do It

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was painting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives can not always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track,
If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,
When some prompt decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine
And you'll reach a place called Flush-town at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of SAND.
—Richmond (Ind.) Register.

A Great Gamble

New England cotton mills resumed yesterday, and ten thousand persons returned to work. These people and thousands of others were thrown out of work because cotton gamblers, unlike players at cards and faro, are not arrested and put in jail.

Because of the scarcity of cotton, and because of a gambling device known as futures, a clique of men got together several months ago, and after the cotton had passed out of the hands of the producers, shot it up so high that the consumer could not use it.

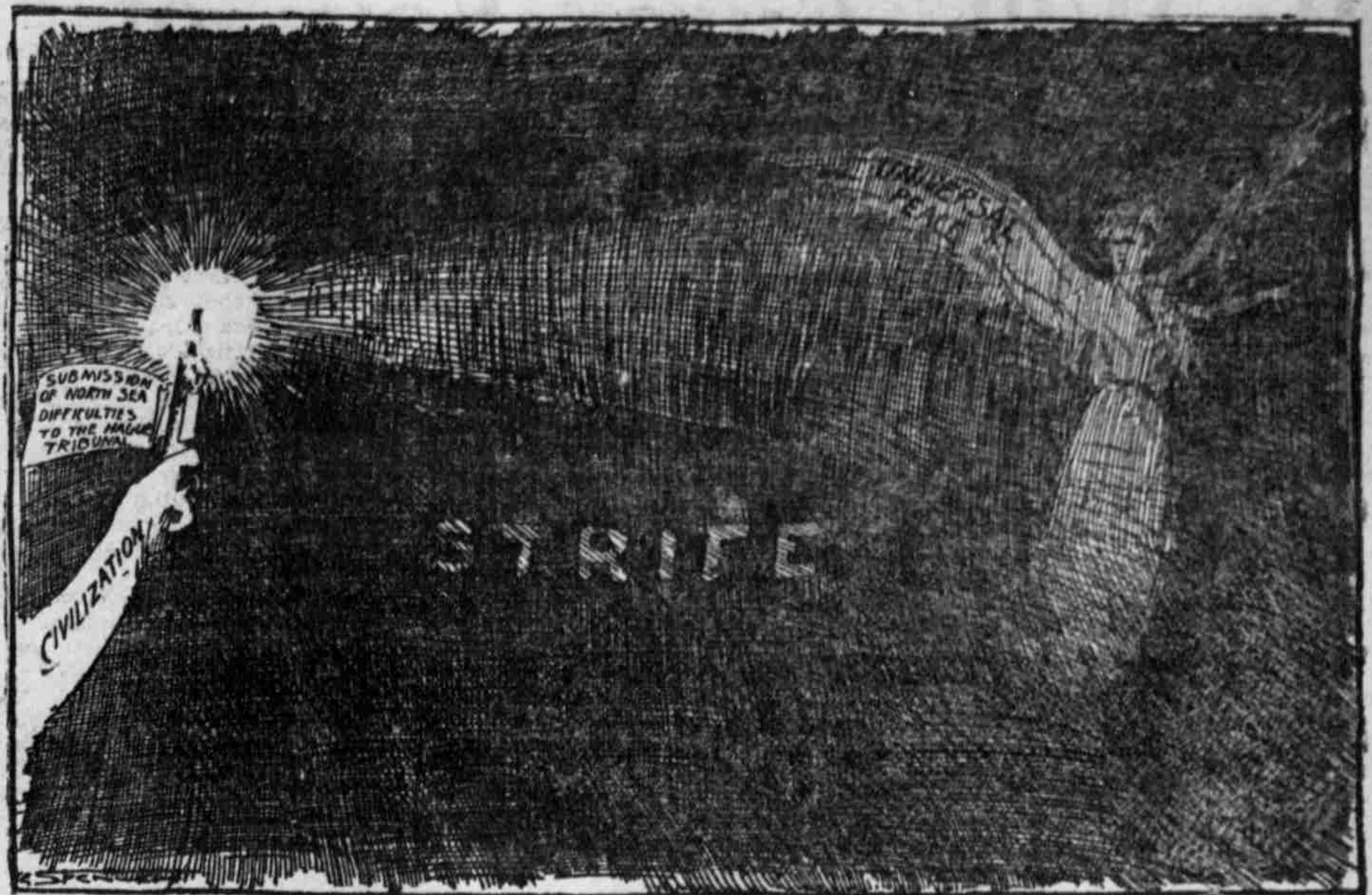
Then they went to fighting one another, and half a dozen of the promoters took the bankrupt law. The rest got away with the "swag."

Now that these pests are out of the market, and the law of supply and demand rules, and honest men are doing honest business, the mills are open and honest men are at work. Cotton gambling and speculative gambling would not be so bad if the gamblers only destroyed one another. The innocent, however, are always the sufferers. Workingmen are turned adrift because manufacturers can not get raw material at legitimate prices, and

TAKE IT NOW.

It's not too late to prevent serious heart troubles if you will take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure at once, when you have dizzy spells, shortness of breath, fluttering of the heart, irregular pulse, weak or hungry spells. These are early, but urgent, symptoms of heart weakness, and must be given immediate attention. Money back if first bottle fails to benefit.

"How far that little candle throws its beam."



Once more is the white-robed beckoning figure dimly seen through the darkness.

the men who give the gamblers credit must lose their dues when the gamblers go broke.—New York Journal.

Had a Right to Kick

"Haven't you any other Saratoga chips than these?" asked the regular feeder at the lunch counter.
"What's the matter with them?" said the waiter.
"They're too insipid. I don't mind their being made of basswood, shaved across the grain. I'm used to that. But you ought to fry the blamed things in something that's at least a decent imitation of butter."—Chicago Tribune.

Restrained By No False Pride

Caller—Mr. Ardup, you said last month if I would come on the 15th you'd be ready to meet this note, and I've brought it.
Mr. Ardup—Why, the fact is, I'm—er—ready to meet it, for old acquaintance sake, but it's simply impossible for me to be chummy with it. Can't you come again some time next week?
—Chicago Tribune.

In the Wash

A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"
"I'm not sure, ma'am," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."—Chicago Journal.

Too Much of a Task

"What did your wife say when you came home last night?"
"Say! Do you think I can stand here all day repeating it?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Stories of Robin Hood

'And his Merry Outlaws. By J. Walker McSpadden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price 75 cents.
The two best known heroes of early English days were King Arthur and Robin Hood. The one stood for the court, the other for the common people, the outlaw's career being at a later day than that of the monarch. The present stories, therefore, are but the

re-telling of old tales whose charm and interest, nevertheless, make them ever new. The old tales were in rhyme and ancient spelling; they have been hid in out-of-the-way places, and they are obscure and disconnected because of their piecemeal growth. Here they are woven together into a spirited, continuous narrative, making a com-

plete picture of the outlaw's life from boyhood to his last adventure. Every story is begun by verses from the ballad upon which it is based, and frequently throughout the pages the exact language of the quaint original is used. Incidents are told more fully than could be done in the early rhymes but always in their spirit.

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