

Never mind the shower, April's here again, And we gaily gather Posies in the rain.

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 ev um!"

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 city, dashed recklessly against the tottering figure of a man who reeled helplessly upon the corner.

"Dear me! but this is getting to be a dangerous street with so many idle men since the mills shut down," said the other.

"And all that line of saloons to tempt and swallow their last nickel, don't you know?"

"But, Laura, is the fellow really intoxicated?" "Why, of course. Come along out of the reach of the vile wretch!"

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 justly and pushed by the tramping lines going up and down the sidewalk.

"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.

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

"My word!" he gasped with a shudder, and he turned and fled from the place as though pursued by the reproachful eyes of the invisible ones who watched beside the dead.

Some hours later, when, as a matter of form, the coroner's inquest was held, the 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.

This was the story of the principal witness, Bartlett O'Callaghan: "About a fortnight before the mills shut down that deceased came along looking for work."

"Dear Pap—Can't you hurry up with the munny. Ma is awfully sick with a drotle pane in her side. She cood not finish the lasste dozen pants."

"The swate rite of him!" mused the sympathetic O'Callaghan, surveying his now peaceable friend with moist and speculative eye.

"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 high priced.

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 soaked out from heat and got on the axles, it began to squeak.

After breakfast next morning, little Nat went to his beloved wagon as usual. As he lifted it over the wood-house step he did not notice the difference, but when he started across the yard his face showed first surprise, then sorrow.

"O, mamma, mamma," he cried, "it's spoiled! It's spoiled! It won't sing!" "But, Nat," she said, kissing him, "it goes so much easier, and you don't want that horrid noise all the time!"

"Tain't a horrid noise! It sings! I want it to sing! Oh, it won't sing!"

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 by Veley. It is believed that this acuum deteriorates on sea voyages.

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 the 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 gauge bent to form a basket surrounding a 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.

Dusts 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 this year in excavations about thirty miles from Thebes and recently exhibited at London. The scales are finely finished, having a beam about four and one-half 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 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.

"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 accident."

"Etiquette forbade my pursuing the subject farther, but after drawing a few vigorous whiffs she removed her pipe and said:

"What Jim died of, sah, was hanging." "You don't mean that your husband was hung on a gallows, do you?"

"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 he died, and I shall never feel right 'bout 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 Lawson, and he never went fur to deny it. John Terrell was thar' all the time, that he killed him. He had to kill him, sah—he had to do it."

"Did they do it a quarrel?" "No, sah, didn't hev no quarrel, Jim was no hand to fuss with anybody. The onery Hiram Lawson finds one of our haws home, and then 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 he sez to Hiram, 'over and drives the hawg home, and then he sez yo' had fur supper was a part of the critter.' 'And he killed him for a hog?' I exclaimed.

"Killed him fur a hawg? Why, of on's he did—of co'se he did. What else would he kill him fur? 'Wasn't goin' to let a drafted good-fur-ruthin' like Hiram Lawson pen up and keep one of our haws, 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 like it to mebbe now, and mebbe now Jim's widdler, and bein' as I won't hev his mem'ry scandalized, I reckon yo'd better shouder yo'r pack and move on further!"

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 many years ago, when there were a 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, wasn't a good time to choose food, and very often my folks made a mistake and got a seven-year-old bantam hen instead of a spring pullet, 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 our victuals, and Smooth kept the fire going night and day, 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 fire 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 grease 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."

"And that's just what he did. And one night, while he was asleep, there came a terrible storm. Of course if Smooth had been awake he would have taken the light down, but he wasn't awake, and the first he knew he heard broken limbs falling all around him, 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 it never went out, but it kept on going 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 because sometimes the bright reflecting thing is turned in the other direction. And when it's turned that 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?" said the Rabbit. "Why," said Mr. Possum, "those are some leaves that blew against the reflecting thing and stayed there."



Many people 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 scaly and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.



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BEE BUZZINGS.

The proper time to transfer bees 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 Dal Norte in the San Luis valley have been experimenting in bee culture and find that it is a valuable addition to their profits.

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 gone through and the drone comb removed. In natural comb building bees do not do the most profitable thing, as it is their nature to increase in numbers instead of storing honey. Drone comb should be removed now, in the spring. It can be told because of its large cells.

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