

"No." 6.6.3 "Where's your home ?" "Where my bat hangs."

He moved away toward the barn, and the woman returned to the house. When the husband and the other men came in at supper time, the stranger was asleep on the hay. At bedtime he was still sleeping heavily, and they did not disturb him. But in the morning, early as it was, they met him coming up the rocky path from the direction of the creek, where he had made a much needed tollet. Rogers, the farmer, readily struck a bargain with him. and after breakfast he went away to the harvest field with the others. He proved an industrious workman and

staid not only through the wheat cutting, but during the stacking of the grain and while the other fall work went on, after the other hands had gone and only the farmer and his son. a lad of some 18, remained. He had said that his name was Brown. Once be was away at Hawk's Landing for three days, and on his return slept in the barn for the best part of 24 hours. It was the old enemy.

. . . October had come, and the long winding ravines when looked down upon from the bluff edges had become like valleys of fire with the red of the maple and the sumac and the glorious. flaming yellow of the trembling poplars. The thrashing of the wheat was going on everywhere. From before the sun rose in the morning until darkness came there floated from the fields the low, monotonous hum of the thrashing machines, and at night the sky glowed with reflections of the burning straw stacks. One day, somewhat earlier, perhaps in the latter part of September, a small steamboat bound north had momentarily thrust her nose into the slate colored sands of the Hawk's Landing levee. The gangplank had been hastily lowered and something carried down and left on the long windrow of driftwood. Then the steamer backed off and, with a cloud of black smoke pouring from her chimneys, plowed away up the river. The something left on the bank of bark and chips was a slck man. He was carried his trousers were thrust in his boots, hours later, he said the man was near unto death with the smallpox.

The hot last of July sun poured down upon the dusty road along the narrow coulee which led back among the bluffs and up to the prairie stretching away to the west. And at this time, despite the metropolitan pretensions of Hawk's Landing, with its twoscore of Mississippl steamboats a day, this prairie, except for a narrow fringe along the bluff edge, was unbroken by the plow of the settler, for Minnesota was still a territory, and the civil war was a

decade or more in the future. Up the narrow trail and through the stiffing dust a man was tolling. He



HR LOOKED ROUGH EVEN IN THAT WILD NEIGHBORHOOD.

looked rough even in that wild neighborhood and impressed the beholder at first sight as being middle aged, though closer inspection gave the idea of fewer years. He carried a dilapidated black satchel, evidently nearly empty. slung over his shoulder on a bit of pine slab, apparently a piece of driftwood, but still fresh from some up river sawmill. His coat was suspended on the end of this stick beyond the valise. He wore a rather wide leather belt, and to a neighboring barroom to await the from the top of one of which projected return of the only doctor from a visit | the handle of a dirk knife, a utensil to the country. When he came two much affected by the steamboat men and raftsmen of the time and region. ostensibly for table and other uses of domestic peace, but really for employbut soon the disease appeared here and | ment in public brawls when the hand of these worthy citizens was turned against their brother men. Everything, in fact, indicated that the man plodding onward was a river man on his way to the harvest fields of the cul-

THE NORFOLK NEWS: FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1901.

"Brown, temorrow I'm going to take rou both back. Haven't told the boy's folks yet, because I want to surprise them. I'll be up about 10 o'clock."

When, the next morning, the doctor dreve up the coulee, he notleed how man who lives down the river in some bare the trees were becoming. Only town. This will have to be answered the few cedars and spruces and the little red oaks, far up on the bluff standpoint. The law of the country sides, relieved the nakedness of the holds that he has only an equal right scene. The brook bounded down the to the fish in the stream with his town gulch, foaming over the rocks and brother down the river. The law crossing the road in a noisy, impetuous broadly recognizes the rights of the way. It was chilly, and as he got far general public in all streams of runther up the coulee he met a few flakes ning water and meandered lakes. of snow swirling down on the north. Though the fish may be in the river. west wind.

"Bad day to bring my patient down." he muttered, "but it's time he was at is just as strictly bound by the laws home. Guess the family will give him a warm reception-and Brown too." He turned off the main road to follow the path to the cabin. Standing in the right, with all others living tributary shelter of a rock was Brown.

"I was just waiting for you, doc.



down to the Landing. I s'pose it's been long enough, so that if I was going to or obstruct the stream so as to prevent have that there smallpox I would have the run of such fish to other portions it, ain't it?"

"Yes; but you said you had had it anyhow. Didn't you?"

Brown scratched a match on the rock deliberately and lit his pipe. "I've been thinking it over, doc," he said slowly, "and I've come to the conclusion that it was something else l had-yellow fever. I believe. Tell the folks goodby." And he started down the road.

"But where are you going?" called the doctor.

"Where? Oh, anywhere. Just going-going home."

"But where's that?"

"Home? Oh-where my hat hangs!" When Rogers reached the Landing three hours later, determined to find him and carry him home, he was told that the man he sought had taken passage on a down river steamboat. This information came first hand-from the man who had helped him up the gangplank.

Overindulgence in Coffee.

ffee is a nowerful irritant of

DOES HE OWN THE FISH!

We are asked if a farmer has not a name of Duck. The third son was to better right to the fish in the river be christened, and the mother wanted which runs through his farm than the the name to be William. Just before starting for dourch the nurse can up stairs to the father, who was laid up from a legal and not from an ethical with gout, to tell him they were off. the reply. "William be blowed?" said the invalid. "Call un plain Bill." In accordance with these laconic instructions the nurse gave the name of Plainbill to the clergyman, and the infant was christened accordingly. the bed of which he owns, he still does not own the water or the fish in it and Peckham accounted for. When his governing the season and method of taking the fish as though he lived somewhere else. He has a common to the stream, to the use of the water, and must neither divert its flow or insaid the man. "Reckon I'll go along jure its quality to the detriment of his neighbors down stream. A pond which is formed by the spring overflow of a river and which at all other times is entirely isolated from the Camberwell." stream is in the same category as the flowing river, and though such pond be full of fish left there by the overflow, the owner of the poud possesses no exclusive right to or ownership in such fish. If a man should sink a flowing well and thereby create a fish pond which he stocked up with fish, he then becomes the absolute owner of such pond and all that it may contain, and the public : quires no rights whatever thereto. Owning such pond and its fish, he may further catch them and kill them whenever he wants to, reponderance of evidence?" gardless of close or open seasons. The right to enter spon a man's land in pursuit of fish in a stream varies in qualifications as a juror. different states. In some states where a man has stocked the stream he can please." bar out the public, but he cannot dam of the stream not controlled by him. In most states the right to walk up a stream or run a boat thereon and of It." catch the fish therein is allowed, the

common law of trespass not applying.

ECONOMICAL PROGRESS. Eastern farmers develop an agricultural virtue from sheer force of circuinstances which, could it find a foothold among those of the west, would do much to add to the prosperity of the western man. We refer to the practice of ecor my in the matter of little things-the looking after the small connotes of the farm and the avoidance of minor wastes. An eastern farmer once said that the wastes of a sestern farm would easily constitute the profits of an eastern one. Whea iand is cheap and labor high, much of this western waste is absolutely un-

is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence? " avoidable. Then the soll was so rich "Of course 1 am, judge." and productive that the very excess of "Well, let us hear your idea of it." crops naturally fostered a wasteful "It's evidence previously pondered." method of caring for them. Thus the straw was burned in the field and the cornstalks left to rot, while hay was put up in poor, leaky ricks with a go devil, because this way required but a minimum of hand labor. Fifteen and 20 cent corn makes men careless in the matter of feeding it when one man and team will raise 1,500 bushels of it with 45 days' work. But as the value of the western farm increases the eastern virtue of saving can be applied to the management of the western farm with much advantage. In fact, it must be so applied if even the good western farm is to be made profitable. We notice a marked improvement along this line during the past few years. There is but little machinery now left to winter in the "No." field, barns are taking the place of old sheds for stock and the storage of the crops, wet spots are being drained and waste corners of the farms being utilized, more of the products of the farm are being converted into finished products on the farm, and year by year western wastes become less and less noticeable.

-Chicago Tribune.

"Well, what is it?"

that."

that.'

you?"

for you."

you by the counsel."

Mistakes In Christening.

mee resided a poulterer's family of the

What be going to call un, nurse?"

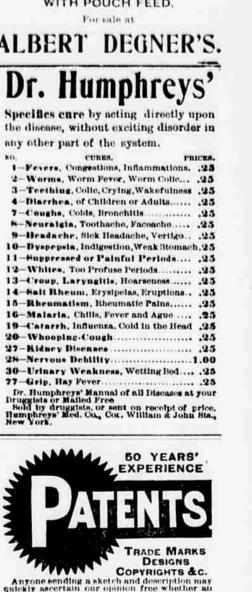
'Missus says it's to be William." was

In an even furnier way is the queer

Christian name of Mr. One Tichiner of

At Ramsbury Manor, England, there

parents and sponsors arrived at the church, his name had not been settled upon, and when the clergyman said, 'Name this child," one of the friends said "John," and another said "Oh, no!" meaning not John, and, as no one else spoke, the clergyman thought that For sale at was to be his name and baptized him One. The full account of the baptism is contained in Blanck's "History of A clergyman's son vouches for the following: "My father was baptizing a boy of 6 years of age. The names given were Benjamin Joseph. After the ceremony he said to the boy, 'You have two very good names, and you ought any other part of the system. to be a good boy. How did you come CURES, by them? 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'we was twins, and the other died!' " Essy For Him, "You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'pre "Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his "Let me have your idea of it, if you "I understand it, I tell you." "Why, anybody can understand "I would like to have your definition "I know what it is, all right. When tell you I know what a thing is, I know It. That's all there is about "Well, what was the question I asked "You ought to know what that was.



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the disease, without exciting disorder in

1-Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations. .25 2-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colle... .25 3-Teething, Colle, Crying, Wakefulness .25 4-Diarrhea, of Children or Adults...... .25 8-Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache25 9-Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo. . .25 10-Dyspepsis, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, 25 11-Huppressed or Painful Periods25 13-Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness25 4-Salt Rheum, Erystpelas, Eruptions . . . 25 15-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains25 16-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague25 19-Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head .25

This was the start-small enoughthere in the neighborhood and began to spread, especially among the thrashing machine crews.

One day the oldest Rogers boy, who had been away down the river a few miles with a machine, came home, complaining that he was ill. The doctor took but a moment to decide that he was suffering from the dreaded disease. Then, kindly, but firmly, the doctor said that he must be taken away, so as not to endanger the rest of the family and suggested an isolated woodchopper's cabin, a half mile away, on the other side of the conlee.

"And some one will have to be found to take care of him." went on the doctor. His mother started to speak, to say that she would go, when Brown got up from his chair and took the sick boy's hand, at the same time saying:

"I'll go, if it's agree'ble to all concerned. I've had it-five years agodown at Natchez."

In 20 minutes the doctor and the patlent and the nurse rode away across the gulch and up the narrow trail to the cabin.

Many anxious days followed for the Rogers family. The doctor went every morning to visit the cabin, but no one



"WHERE MY BAT HANGS."

else approached it. He brought back the report that the boy was having a severe attack, but that Brown was proving himself a good nurse. He had cleared away the underbrush about the cabin, so that the boy's mother could see it from an up stairs window, and he hung out one flag when the patient was better and two when he was worse, or was supposed to be, though he never got out the second flag.

At last the crisis was past, and the boy began slowly to improve. But it took a long while, and it was many days before the doctor was justified in making arrangements to remove the two in quarantine. One day he said:

tivated strip. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the first house, still a little below the level of the prairie. He turned up the steep incline which led from the road and dragged himself, almost staggered, toward the house. At the door he dropped his coat and bag, sat down on the lower step and rested his head in his hands. Some one was moving about inside the house, but he made no effort to open communication.

By and by a woman, thin and perhaps 50 years of age, came to the door with a dish pan in her hands. She started slightly as she saw the figure before her, but only slightly, for figures of the character were too common

"Well, what do you want?" she said rather sharply.

He looked up and for a moment seemed to be pulling his wits together. Then he said simply, "Work." "Well, we want another man, but he

needs to be right smart. Can you bind your station?"

"Yes-tomorrow."

"You don't 'pear as if you could today." She looked at him a moment as he sat with his head bowed. Then she added, "Have you been drinking?" He looked up quickly and for the first time gazed squarely in her eyes. "Yes," he said.

"Thought so," was the woman's comment. "Well, rest up, and when my husband comes down from the field he'll talk with you."

The man rose and looked toward the barn. "I'll just go out and camp on the as he drew a very black brier pipe from his pocket and laid it on the step. "I'll leave that here."

"You'd better leave your bottle here. too," said the woman.

The man started slightly, then drew an empty flask from his pocket, looked at it a moment and turned and threw it down the rocky gulch.

"If you'd done that before you emptied it, you'd 'a' been better off," said the woman. He made no reply. "You look more intelligent than most of these fellers that come along," went on the woman candidly. "Don't you know better?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you stop?" "I can't."

"S'posen you try. If you stay here, we'll do what we can to help you."

The man looked at her, his manner showing more surprise than anything else. "I never had much help," he said slowly. "But it wouldn't do any good. It doesn't matter anyhow." "It must to some one," returned the

woman. "Haven't you got friends?"

cerebro spinal nervous system. Recent tests have shown that it increases mental and bodily waste rather than retards it, as has been claimed. Coffee poisoning is sometimes mistaken for the troubles engendered by the use of alcohol. In both cases the stomach and nervous system are the sufferers. Caffeic and alcoholic gastrifis are

nearly identical as to their symptoms. The use of coffee by children has in several cases caused an arrest of development. Cases have been reported of delirium tremens brought on by the excessive use of coffee. It is related in a foreign medical journal that a man, in the absence of his wife, undertook to make his own coffee. Not knowing the correct proportions for use, he took about one-quarter of a pound of fresh roasted coffee for two cups. Two hours afterward he complained of vertigo, headache and, at first, trembling of the legs only, which soon became general, followed by sev-

eral other distressing symptoms, some of which continued a day or two longer.

By a busy physician it is stated that at least two-thirds of his practice and the cultivation of the soil, the comes from the excessive use of coffee. average rainfall of a given territory The excessive use of tea and coffee, as well as the use of alcoholic liquors, often almost wholly obliterates the sense of taste.-Health Culture.

The Hat and the Title.

There is an amusing English definition of "gentleman." It is "A man who | marked, this being caused by the more wears a silk hat, and if he has no other rapid removal of the water from ti title insists upon having 'Esq.' added to surface into the artificial ditches and his name when letters are addressed to him."

The west end Londoner of social pretensions accepts this definition in account for the drying out of the large practice. Summer and winter, in rain areas of wet lands all through the or shine, he wears a high silk hat in west. The rainfall of the Mississippi the streets of London and carries it valley comes not from moisture evapinto the drawing room when he pays orated from the soil of the valley ithay," he said. Then he added quickly i an afternoon call. It is only when he self, but almost wholly from the watakes a train for the provinces or for ter pumped up by the sun from the the continent that he ventures to use more comfortable headgear.

He also expects to have the distinction of "esquire" when a letter is addressed to him and is highly offended if he finds on the envelope the prefix "Mr." As a matter of fact the number of English gentlemen who are legally entitled to the mediseval honors of "esquire" is insignificant. It is a self assumed title which signifies nothing that is substantial in rank or privilege.

In common use in London "esquire" simply means that the person so addressed does not choose to be associated with tradesmen and ordinary general government is about to take working people and that he is a "gen- a hand in this good work and that at tleman" who invariably wears a silk last our game and song birds will be hat .-- Youth's Companio...

Dreadful Uncertainty.

The Wife-Don't you think our daugh ter's voice improves? The Husband-I don't know. It may

be that as we grow older our hearing becomes less acute. - Philadelphia North American.

DOES THE RAINFALL CHANGE! We are asked whether, with the re

moval of the timber of the country shrinks. No, it does not. The rainfall will, of course, vary from year to year. as it has always done, but the average precipitation will remain the same. It is true that with the removal of the timber and the cultivation of the soil drought periods probably become more waterways and also by the greater

amount evaporated from the soil 1 " growing crops. These two agencies gulf of Mexico. This being the case, it follows that so long as the gulf remains and the sun keeps at work there can be no visible change in the rainfail of the valley itself. The lesson which

needs to be learned under the changed conditions 1, how best to conserve the rainfall, for that undergoes no change.

It has always been that laws passed by the several states for the protection of game and other birds have been held in general contempt. No laws

have been so difficult of enforcement and none so little regarded. It is of special interest, then, to note that the under the protection of national laws, which will be executed by United States marshals and federal courts-an authority which the people hold in pro-

found respect. Congressman Lacey of lowa is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of bird life for his efforts in socuring this legislation.

"I'm a business man," he said brusquely, "and I've no time to waste. have her?"

If you've forgot your own questions,

don't try to get me to remember them

"I don't want to hear any more of

that kind of talk," interposed the court.

"Answer the questions addressed to

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I

"Are you sure you understand what

knew what it was, and I said I did."

The merchant gasped. hurry," he suggested.

"I am," replied the sultor. "As I told you, I am a business man. I made up my mind that I wanted a wife, and I started out to get one. I've secured the refusal of two girls this morning. but my option expires in 24 hours, and if I can't have your daughter I want to close with one of them before it's too late. Do I get her?"

"Good. There's nothing like having a clear understanding. One of the othin time to look over the late mail. There's no use letting the minor affairs of life encroach on one's business.

Good day, sir."-Chicago Post.

Yucatan Ruins.

"Apropos of the wonderful ancient ruins in Yucatan," said a New Orleans college professor, "there is one very fortunate circumstance which has protected them almost entirely from spoliation by the Indians. It is currently believed by the natives all through that part of the country that the ruins are haunted and that devils will carry away anybody who attempts to molest them. This superstition has been encouraged by explorers and is a better safeguard than a picket of soldiers."

A Gem of London Humor.

"Well, goodby, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

"I was delighted to come, Miss Brown, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"My dear Mr. Green, don't let that trouble you. Father's ideal listener is an absolute idiot, with no conversation whatever, and I know he has enjoyed himself tremendously tonight!"-London Punch.

Didn't Know Dore.

In discussing the want of comprehension of one branch of art for another Mr. Sutherland Edwards says that when Gustave Dore began to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson did not even know him by name.

"I wonder what they are going to do with my 'Idylls' next." he said to a friend. "They have now got a man called 'Dore' (without the accent) to illustrate them."

There is a basis for the claim of the epicure that he can distinguish between American made and French or Italian made macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, nonilles, etc. The Italian and French makers employ in their manufacture a special hard wheat grown only in Taganrog, Russia.

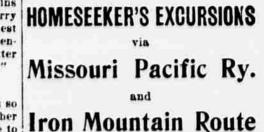
brusquely, "and I've no time to waste. IFGOING EAST OR SOUTH

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