

AT TWILIGHT.

In the old home alone at twilight gray,
As night falls her robes o'er Thanksgiving day,
I am dreaming again by the firelight's glow,
The beautiful dreams of the long ago—

HOW OLD MAN HAINES LOST PATIENCE.

The red gentleman with the feathers in his hat and the telegraph wire bracelets became too impudent in his demands for cigarettes, and as he had been detected in the act of appropriating a wooden handled skinning knife, valued \$1.50, five minutes before the post trader walked around the counter and kicked him energetically out of the store and half way around the bay corral.

"I wuz suthen of a foot racer myself when I wuz younger an limberer than what I am now," he said, "but I dunno that I ever seen the time that I could have done better than that. I'm regardin it purely as a physical feat, however. I'm not sayin that you showed a strikin amount of judgment. When Young Man Afraid of His Breechclout has got you knotted up with green rawhide an the squaws are fixing the fire for the grand barbecue, mebbe you will regret your pernilous activity an cuss the day that you humbled the proud spirit of the noble Injun warrior. Is this shebang insured?"

"You was never introduced to me," rejoined the post trader. "I've got a half inch of callous on the soles of my feet, an I come into this country from the headwaters of Bitter creek along of J. W. Hancher an Ed Phernetton an the rest of them desperadoes. I've got relatives by marriage among the Crows an Ogallalas, an I've drunk more alkali water an eat more dog an buffalo berry than any white man this side of the big Mizzoura. I didn't bring my outfit in here in the spring of '90. What did you expect me to do—give that greasy, tin tagged coyote my stock of cigarettes to keep him good tempered?"

"An if you had you wouldn't have forfeited his friendship," returned the old bullwhacker. "As it is I've got an idee his heart is bad, an he won't come an see you no more. An Injun has got his feelin's the same as a white man has, an I reckon you would git hostile if any hombre booted you from blazes to breakfast because you ast him for the means of soothin your nerves. You injured that Crow in a sensitive spot, Ike."

"I done my best to," said the post trader. "He may belong to the Badface band an have hair in his tepee," continued the old bullwhacker in the same grave tone of reproof, "but at the same time he's a human, an as a human it's your play to extend the right hand of fellowship to him instid of the sole of your number nine. Hain't they got no Sunday school liberies out on Bitter creek? Hain't you never read about the settler who found a poor, starvin redskin out in the snow plump exhausted an took him inter his shack an fed him up a whole lot an warmed him an then turned him loose with a grub stake, an when the Two Kettle outfit exhumed the tomahawk an raised merry Cain scalpin an burnin through the paleface settlements an the good hearted granger was raked in the Injun that he had saved sashays in an rescues him from a turrible death?"

"I've read them stories," said the post trader. "But you don't believe 'em," said the old bullwhacker. "You ain't sanguine concernin the good that there is in your feller man. If you git a bad deal, you decline to chip in an lay down your hand instid of callin fer cards an drawin to the ace."

for him. He had two boys that wuz just like him, an his ole woman wuz worse'd he wuz. "One fine, cloudy evenin Gus Minnick an Todd Blakey comes along an rustles ten head of old man Haines' ponies an wuz hikin south with 'em when they met up with a crowd of inquirin strangers who were driftin back down Prairie Dog into Kansas after an unsuccessful pursuit of some north bound hoss thieves. The boys had too many brands in their bunch, an one of the stranglers reckerized Blakey, so they tied their feet under their horses' bellies an hended for the nearest timber. They give Blakey the first swing in an wuz adjustin the grass rope to Gus' neck when old man Haines comes up with his biggest boy, Arch. They had been hot an close on the trail all the time.

"As soon as they explained who they wuz an identified their ponies, the boss stranger allowed that there wuzn't no reason why the ceremonies shouldn't proceed, an he throwed the other end of the rope over the limb. "Why," says the old man, "you hain't goin to hang that poor boy, air you?" "I reckon I am," says the boss stranger, cheerfull an gay.

"I don't believe it helps a man to hang him," says Haines. "You jest give him up to me, an I'll take him back to the ranch with me an surround him with moral influences an keep him out of bad company. He's got good in him, an I'll bring it out of him an make a useful citizen of him."

"Well, the long an short of it wuz that he begged so loud that they let Minnick go, an old man Haines started back with him. On the way he talked to Gus like a father an told him how wrong it wuz to rustle cawmes when he could get 'em himself by workin honest fer 'em. He made Gus a present of the ten that he had stole as a starter an offered him good wages to work on the ranch.

"Gus staid there fer two months, an then he got inter a argyment with the biggest boy about breakin a colt an slot him up an lit out. Old man Haines wuz real provoked about it, but he jumped on a horse an put out over Minnick an overtook him at Box Elder. As soon as Gus seen him he throwed down on him with a Winchester, but the old man told him to behave himself an quit monkeyin with firearms.

"I sh'd think you'd seen the evil of them sort of actions after killin Henry," he said. "Did I kill him?" says Gus. "Yes, you did," says the old man as severe as he knowed how. "An I sh'd think you'd be ashamed of yourself. I don't wonder you felt as if you didn't want to look me in the face after such actions. All the same, I don't want you stragglin off whers you'll get inter bad company, so you jest come right back home with me. We've got to have them colts broke, an we're short handed now."

"Well, Gus knowed how forgivin the old man wuz, an he went back, an they all avoided the subject of Henry, so's not to hurt his feelin's. He staid on a month longer, an then because the old woman burned his cakes fer him he brained her with the skillet. The other boy told him that that wuzn't no way to do, an Gus got mad an massacred him with the butcher knife an then set fire to the house an lit out.

"When old man Haines got back an found out what had happened, he said that it wuz enough to make a man lose patience, but he wuz sot in his ways, an he said that he would make a good citizen of Gus in spite of bill an high water. So he went out after him again an coaxed him back, an everybody said that Gus was a changed man from that time forward, as meek as Moses an honest as the day."

"Are they livin there together yet?" inquired the post trader, with some interest. The old bullwhacker took a large chew of tobacco before replying. Then he said: "I wuz hopin you wouldn't ast me that question, becuz it might seem to millerate against my 'eary. The truth is that the old man sent Gus to town one day, an Gus come back with a jug of whisky fer himself, but he forgot the old man's smokin tobacco. The old man said that it showed selfishness an ingratitude on Gus' part, an he allowed that he must be poor material anyway, an he had done the best that he could with him, but that settled it. They wuz standin by the woodpile at the time, an the old man had the ax. I come along jest in time to assist at the funeral."

"Still I never took the old man's view. I reckon that Gus jest forgot." —Chicago Record.

**Good Advice Hard to Follow.** Extreme worry comes from trying to bear all the cares of a lifetime at once instead of letting each day's evil be sufficient unto itself. If we could live our whole life in a few hours, it might be consistent to think it all over in one night. There is no past, there is no future, for doing or accomplishing. The present time alone is for action, and the order is and always will be one thing at a time. This one thing must be done on the instant in whatever circumstances we find ourselves.

Not that we should be forgetful of the past or careless of the future. The former has been our faithful schoolmaster; the latter holds for us the issues of life. That we may act intelligently in the present it is essential for us to look forward as far as the future can reasonably be predicted, but not to worry. A degree of anxiety may be founded upon facts that point almost inevitably to future difficulties, but a large part of the forecast of trouble is groundless, as is proved when things do not turn out as expected. Overanxiety is always crossing bridges before they are reached, and it will stay awake all night borrowing trouble from the remote future. —Chautauquan.

Two Widows and a Salted Mine.

A good story is told about how two prospectors had salted a mine in the Galena district in order to rob a couple of rich widows, which resulted in the aforesaid widows becoming much wealthier. The prospectors had spent their last cent in digging a hole in the ground to the extent of 60 feet without striking anything but yellow clay. But one of them knew of two rich widows who were just spilling to have their money sunk in a mine. Accordingly they spent two nights in salting their mine. They hadn't sufficient money to buy some paying dirt, but they stole this from a neighboring mine and hauled a lot of it over to dump into their mine. When several tons of this "paying dirt" had accumulated in the bottom of their mine, the widows were sent for, and while one was talking about the increasing value of the district the other was dumping out all kinds of lead and zinc ore before their astonished eyes.

The widows bought a half interest in that hole in the ground for \$1,500. The next day there was no more ore in the shaft, and the fellows declared they would dig no longer. Then the widows bought the other half interest at a total cost of \$2,000, and the men liked out for Missouri, laughing in their sleeves. But the women, blindly believing that there must be more ore, continued with the digging and at a depth of ten additional feet struck the richest vein of the whole belt, realizing \$75,000 in less than one year's time. —Kansas City Journal.

Duties of a Missionary in Africa.

He is a teacher, but he must also be a builder, for houses, cattle pens, stores and outhouses have to be constructed by the missionary. He must also be a doctor of medicine and a dentist. He must do the sick natives, who will trust him implicitly to cure them of even leprosy, and he must be able to draw the most solidly rooted molar that ever grew in the skull of a black man. More than this, he must be his own cobbler, and when his boots wear out he must be able to resole them with good understandings and must be content sometimes with nothing but a few French nails and a piece of cowhide with which to accomplish it. His own socks he must darn and keep his temper while he does it. He must be his own carpenter and house decorator as well as furniture maker.

But he must also be his own lawyer, accountant and bookkeeper, and when the currency takes the form of cowrie shells, as it does in Uganda, where 300 tiny cowries make a shilling, it is not easy to keep the accounts right. He must marry and divorce, give judgments and baptize. He must be gardener, cook and dairy maid, grow his own food and look after his live stock. In addition to all this he is the parish minister to help and comfort all who come to him.—From "In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country," A. B. Lloyd.

A Hint to Letter Writers.

The practice of writing private letters from the first to the third page of a letter sheet and then going back to the second page is a matter of taste, but it will not do to follow that course of procedure in writing legal documents.

The New York courts have disallowed the provisions of a will written in this way. The testator wrote the will on three sides of a folded paper, commencing on the first page and continuing on the third page, at the top of which was written "second page," and completing and signing the instrument on a page marked "third page," which, in fact, was the second page of the sheet.

The court held that the will was not signed at the physical end, as required by the statute. The law does not contemplate going backward in order to get forward, and the will was refused probate. The New York court of appeals sustained the decision throwing out this form of will.—Boston Herald.

A Discouraging Entry.

The performance of the Shakespearean drama of "Hamlet" was dragging itself slowly along. The time had come for the appearance of the ghost.

There was a slight delay owing to the tardiness of the ghost in responding to its cue.

The profound stillness that followed was broken by a loud voice in the front row of the main balcony: "Mamma, there are 37 men down there with round white spots on top of their heads."

And no stage ghost ever made its appearance under more discouraging auspices than the armor clad phantom that came stalking upon the stage at this moment.—Chicago Tribune.

Ferrets Natural Gymnasts.

The curious gymnastic feats which ferrets sometimes perform in their cages have been ascribed to the desire of the birds to vary the monotony of their life in captivity. That was the opinion of Mrs. Mandley, the wife of the Central American explorer, until she lived in the forest region near Copan, where she saw the ferrets in a state of perfect freedom indulging in all the feats practiced by their caged cousins.

How They Lost Her.

"Why did your cook leave so suddenly?" "She baked two cakes last Saturday, one for us and one to take to her married sister. When she wasn't looking, I exchanged them and took for our own use the one she had intended to give away." —Chicago Times-Herald.

Law is like a sieve. A man may see through it, but if he gets through it he will find himself much reduced.—Chicago News.

A girl can't speak of any one being in love without using the word "desperately." —Athlon Globe.

FIGHTING OLEOMARGARINE.

Dairyman May Learn a Lesson From Whisky Manufacturers.

The highest authorities admit that the present laws against the sale of butter substitutes cannot be enforced, says L. A. Stockwell in the Indiana Farmer. Even the great Dairy Union of Ohio, representing millions of dollars, is impotent. Is it possible that a class as intelligent as the dairymen in this country cannot see the one thing needful to have the laws enforced? The whisky distillers, a mere handful in comparison with the butter makers, know how to get laws for their protection passed and enforced. Let a man put up a little "still" in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee or North Carolina, see how quickly and with certainty the officers of Uncle Sam will hunt him down and destroy his property. No trouble to get the United States district attorney to prosecute him. No, sir! He is tried, convicted and railroaded to the penitentiary in short order. Now, why this difference? Why can whisky men get such prompt and thorough protection to their business while the butter maker can get no protection at all? Is it because whisky is more valuable and more necessary to the well being and comfort and happiness of the people than good honest butter? No. It is because the whisky men are thoroughly organized and ready and determined to down with their votes any set of men that don't carry out their demands. No petition for them. They don't petition; they demand. Sometimes they get signatures to a proper setting forth of what they want and hand or send it to the proper public officials. When the official receives the document, he knows exactly what it means, for it tells him between the lines that if he don't go "right" he builds his political sarcophagus wide and deep, and—well, he does "right" every time. There is no politics or sentiment in whisky. Let any party enact laws inimical to it, and the makers and dealers go over to the opposition in a body. The politicians know this; hence they get such laws as they want and get them enforced. Is there any such cohesion among farmers or dairymen?

Something About Butter Making.

When I was a boy, nearly every one guessed at everything, says W. L. Camp in The Prairie Farmer. They guessed at the temperature, for there were no thermometers in that part of the country. They guessed at the time of night and day, for no one had a clock or watch. When I was very young, I worked by the month for well to do farmers and had a great deal of churning to do. Sometimes the butter would come in a few minutes and be yellow and nice. Again I would churn an hour, the housewife in the meantime adding cold or hot water as she judged necessary. I remember of thinking that there ought to be some way of knowing how to make butter so it would always come in about the same length of time and always look the same instead of coming white and soft one time and the next time perhaps hard and yellow. There was a great deal of good butter made at that time, but it was considered the result of good luck. A good many of the farmers made butter in just this way at the present time. Later in my life it became necessary for me to again do the butter making. At this time I sent somewhere in the east for dairy information. In a short time I received some papers full of valuable instructions. I was told the value of a thermometer, how to feed and care for my cows, how to milk, how and where to set the milk, when to skim and the importance of stirring the cream when new cream was added. I learned what ripening meant and the importance of doing it right, how to churn and when to stop, how to salt and work the butter. It is inexcusable for butter makers not to know all these things at the present time. I made \$55 worth of butter that winter and sold it for 5 cents a pound more than others were getting.

Balanced Rations For Milk Production.

Most farmers now understand the necessity of giving milk producing food to the milk cow if she is to keep up her production, but many do not pay any attention to the food given to ewes and cows when they are suckling young, and they go to one of the two extremes, as may have been their previous habit of feeding or as may be the food they have or can buy at the lowest price. The result is that while one man will have the mothers growing fat while the lambs and pigs are not growing at all because they do not have milk enough another will have them looking plump and round at the expense of the dam who turns all her food into milk. There is as much need of a balanced ration for them that will cause a good milk production and at the same time keep up a fair amount of flesh and strength as there is for the milk cows.

Milk From Farrow Cows.

The milk of cows that have long passed the season of greatest production, which is soon after farrowing, is much richer in butter fats than that which the same cows give soon after dropping their calves, says The American Cultivator. If they had not been bred, the milk also usually contains more of the albuminoids also. For this reason it is harder to digest, and, as cows' milk is at best unsalted to the stomach of a young infant, that from new milk cows, where procurable, is always to be preferred. The milk of the cow is too rich in fats, causing the infant to throw it up soon after taking a quantity. It may be improved by diluting it with warm water made quite sweet with pure sugar. Even farrow cows' milk thus prepared may be used with safety if the infant is obliged to suck it through a tube, through which it can only get a small amount at a time.

What to Do With Them.

"Just before Montana became a state," said a citizen of Helena, "the Clark-Carter contest occurred, and most bitterly was it fought out. Anything that could be turned or twisted into a campaign argument was sought out and brought to the front. Commissioner Sparks, at that time head of the general land office, had made a ruling that thereafter no trees less than eight inches in diameter should be cut down for agricultural or mining purposes in territory belonging to the United States.

"This ruling had aroused a storm of indignant protest in Montana and had straightway assumed a prominent place as one of the main issues in the Clark-Carter campaign. I was speaking one night at Roseman, and, as was natural, I attacked this ruling of the land commissioner and showed, at least to my own satisfaction, what injury and injustice it did to both farmer and miner, and so I worked up to what had always previously proved an effective peroration by asking the question, 'What, my fellow citizens, can the farmer do with eight inch trees?' "The answer to this had previously invariably been silence, but this time a shrill voice in the rear of the hall blurted out, 'Why, split 'em, of course, ye confounded fool!' and I sat down amid the ribald and derisive jeers of that vast audience."—New York Tribune.

Admonished by Reporters.

"Well, that bumps me!" said the colonel. "I know that the check of those newspaper reporters is always in full flower, but I didn't know that they assumed to legislate for the state." "All I know is," asserted the judge again, "that two newspaper reporters once adjourned a session of the Illinois senate."

"How'd they do it—choke the speaker with copy paper?" "No; they were very civilized about it. It was one day when everybody expected a dull session, and only two of us senators put in an appearance, counting Dave Littler, who was in the chair.

"I want to get an interview with Littler when this thing's over," said one newspaper man.

"So do I," said the other. "I move that we adjourn," he shouted at Littler. "I second the motion," said the first reporter.

"It is moved and seconded that we now adjourn," said Littler solemnly. "Those in favor will signify it in the usual manner."

"Aye!" shouted both of the reporters.

"Carried!" said Littler. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Speaker Reed's Report.

Growing tired of his chair one afternoon, Speaker Reed surrendered it to another member and sat down beside a western Democrat. "My, what a large hand you have!" remarked Mr. Reed, looking intently at the enormous paw of his democratic friend, who was writing a letter.

"Yes, sir," said the member, "and I am proud of it. I worked on a farm for so many years that my hands grew large, as you see them."

The speaker held up his small and shapely right hand, smooth and white as a woman's, and said:

"Well, I think the Lord I never worked on a farm."

The member replied, "You are probably going to run for the presidency some time, Mr. Reed, and if you do I'll placard that statement all over the country. And what could you do about it?"

The big fellow mused awhile and said:

"Nothing—except to brand you as an infernal liar!"—Success.

A Frank Confession.

An old Ulster woman who had made money by selling whisky in a village on fair and market days was visited when she lay dying by a minister, to whom she spoke about her temporal as well as her spiritual affairs.

"And so, Molly," said the minister, "you tell me you are worth all that money?"

"Indeed, minister, I am," replied Molly.

"And you tell me," continued the minister seriously, "that you made it by filling the noggin?"

"Na, an, minister," exclaimed the dying woman; "I made maist of it by not fillin the noggin!"

Force on the Piano.

It has been calculated that a minimum pressure of the finger of one-quarter of a pound is needed to sound a note on the piano and that at times a force of five pounds is thrown on a single key to produce a single effect. Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage taking two minutes five seconds to play that requires a total pressure estimated at three full tons.

In a Bad Fix.

Gadzooks (in a restaurant)—Don't let us sit at that table. I gave the waiter a tip yesterday, and he will expect another today.

Zounds—Well, how about this table? Gadzooks—Won't do. I have never fed the waiter, and he would doubtless expect me to begin today.—New York Tribune.

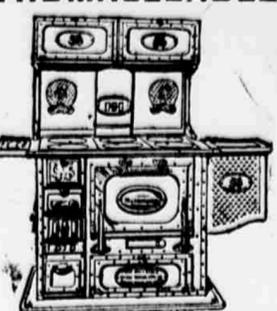
High Life.

When a man who lives in a boarding house has gout, the landlady assumes an air of great importance.—Philadelphia Record.

You can't make a girl with a new engagement ring believe all men are alike, and after she has been married ten years you can't make her believe they are not.—Chicago News.

We never know what we can do until we have failed to make somebody else do it for us.—Indianapolis Journal.

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