WHERE WISDOM LIES.

comes booming along; drum of life is decided Then the h And every big vesture goes wrong;

And you loss, as you make it, each bet; When to heap up your trouble Old Nic

It is windom, my boy, to forget

When the frowns you meet daily disperse all your

and your serve is inclined to cry quits; When you fall a noft victim to coquetry's wiles, And are nearly boreft of your wits; When your down on your lack and the devil's b

And your eves with despair's tears are wet, "It is windom, my boy, to forget."

When a long cherished project is knocked in the

head, And you're left eadly "holding the bag;" WLes Gies takes its flight and Gloom in its Makes a subject of you for the wag; When there isn't a sign of a rift in the cloud, Nor a sip of sweet solace to get; When you feel all alone in a big bustling crowd, It is windom, my boy, to forget.

When you see, as you look o'er your shoulder.

train Of calamities trailing along, And there isn't the least bit of cheer in the strai That you dismally pipe to your song; When existence is hollow and tasteless and glam And your soul is consumed with regret; When you're tempted to inpue from the man

It is wisdom, my boy, to forget. --Kirbe La Shelle.



Old John Sanbourn-"Farmer John his neighbors called him-was a very energetic and successful farmer in the great wooded belt of central Wisconsin. The heavy timber of nearly two hundred acres had melted before his brawny arm, and months at a time the ring of his heavy ax had accompanied the sun from its rising to its going down. Great farm buildings had risen slowly by the rude sheds which were first called home. and droves of sheep and cattle fed where the one cow and unbroken steers first found pasture.

Farmer John had fairly met all the discouragements usual in pioneer life, and, aided only by his equally energetic wife had honestly acquired a competence. That he was an honorable neighbor and a fair dealer none could deny, but somehow, as the years passed and the farm was improved, there had grown up toward him on the part of his neighbors a feeling of distrust and aversion.

As a rule, they called him honest but "close." Some of them thought him elfish. "The almighty dollar's all he's after," was the often repeated remark of uncharitable neighbors, who, less thrifty and industrious than he, found it hard to feed their large families, much less accumulate stock buildings and machincry, as Farmer John had done.

The fact was, when John Sanbourn

on the door and Mrs. Baldwin mat "Poor Mary!" and as he continu with a puzzled look on her face, but gave him a kindly "good morning," and when he entered Helen herself offered under light came into the hard gray that night after they were all gone. How good she was! how hopefully she talked! him the great armchair. The pale face and troubled even of the You'll soon have the roof on, John,' she girl were kind enough, but something in said, 'and then you can take it easier. Shan't we be glad when 'tis all over them sent a pang of pity into the old man's softening heart. He had always with? Yes, yes, we thought then that sometime 'twould be all over with; but said it was only the money Will might get that made her partial to him, but during the day he had thought there might be something else, and now he that time seems never to come, never to The sunlight on the floor moved farther

along. Little Bright had lain down for his midday nap, and still the gray head was bowed, and no fresh water found its knew there was. Pretty fair weather for the time of year," he at length said, after an awkward silence in which the measured tick way back over the hill to the boys. of the old clock seemed to gain in vol-Thus an hour passed. Then old Kit, who had stopped chewing, and with drowsy eyes was living over colthood days, was suddenly brought back to the present by the old man hurriedly getting to his feet. ume at every swing. He would not have said even this had he known what the weather was, for a

strong spring shower had been gathering. and was about to break on the cottage A moment later it did break, and what "Beats all! beats all what I've been to do or say next the old man did not thinking about all these years!" he burst out. "We've had enough an' ter spare

When he came in they were about to for the last fifteen of 'em, and here I am spread the table for dinner, and after working 'em all to death 'n myself, too some delay country manners demanded -for-well, for nobody knows what. that they should proceed. Farmer John I'll stop it, yes, I declare I will ! Mary's watched them closely, hoping a third too old to work this way, an' I oughter plate would not make its appearance on seen it before. I'll turn over a new leaf. the snowy cloth. But it was placed see 'I don't-half a dozen of them. there, and when dinner was ready Mrs. Wilson can have that forty of he wants Baldwin with a pleasant smile asked it, an' if I only dared to, I'd go clear down ter Widder Baldwin's and tell 'em him to sit up and eat with them. In vain the old man declared he was

old orchard, but only for a year or so,

and now it was never done.

I'm ashamed of myself, blamed if I not hungry-that he had just eaten a very late breakfast-and that he hadn't Here he stopped a moment for a very good appetite anyway. The rain breath: then went on: "P'raps tain't jist kept pouring down, and in spite of him-Farmer John found himself scated

the thing ter go pokin' down there 'thout bein' asked, after all's been said; but at the table with Helen and her mother. then I'll go, yes, I will." They can't As soon as they were seated Mrs. Baldwin glanced quietly at her neighbor, and more'n tell me to leave." Here the old man hurried out of the

then proceeded to ask a plain, old fash-ioned blessing. Farmer John had asked door, and casting a side glance at the sun, at once set out for the kitchen door. blessing-but that was before the new "No mistake," he repeated, as he barn was built-for somehow during the walked along. "I was a little too hard hurry and worry of the time, blessings on the boy. Will worked hard and was were often left out, and finally dropped good to me, always was. I took a poor altogether. To be sure they were regirl when I started, an' I've never seen a newed the spring little Ben's sleeping rich one I'd trade her for." and on he place was changed from the warm room off the kitchen to the narrow bed in the went up the cool back steps into the

kitchen. "Maryl "Yes. John!" came from the cellarvay, whence Mrs. Sanbourn was bringing a large pan of potatoes, a half dozen

wouldn't!"

adavs.

turnips and a cabbage. "What did you want, John?" she asked placing the future dinner on the table nd resting her hands on the sides of the Den.

"Oh. nothin'. Only wanted to know where ye was, kinder;" and then, seeing the worn look on the once handsome face, added: hearty amen. "Ain't ve pretty tired, Mary?"

Of course Mrs. Baldwin and her daugh "Well, no, not more than usual, bu ter were nuzzled as to the object of the somehow, John, I'm always tired nowold man's visit. Mrs. Baldwin thought possibly it was some matter of business. "Well, Mary, ye look tired, that's sar-

but his evident embarrassment about intin: but I"- Here the old man found it troducing it was inexplicable. hard to proceed, for visions of the Mary who ne in the past and the Mary now, of the little Will and the Will of today, came Sanbourn, feared his visit boded no good too vividly before his troubled gaze. for the absent boy. Mrs. Sanbourn, noticing this, hastened But they had not long to wait. to ask if anything was wrong. "I do' know but I might jis' 's soon tell "Oh, no, dono's there is. Thought I'd ve what I come for first as last. Taint stop in an' rest a bit. Somehow I don't no pleasant job, I know, but I felt 's though I didn't do jist right toward ye in the matter 'bout Will, an' I want to seem ter stand as much this spring's common. But as I's goin' ter say, I'm-I'm goin' ter turn over a new leaf, Mary, tell vo that I'm ashamed uv myself. Ian'-an' Will, Will didn't do so very bad. I was too hasty altogether." after all. You know I-I"---This was not exactly what he had Here the old man choked up again meant to say, but it was all he could say. and seeing the great tears starting to and it had to do. Mary's faded eyes, caught up the big dip-Mrs. Baldwin, greatly astonished, manper, and saying something about a cool drink at the spring, hurried out. When he got to the spring, he didn't drink at aged to say that there was nothing for him to be ashamed of. They always believed he did what he thought would be all, but leaving the dipper on the stones. for the best, and had no reason to think nassed out of the big gate into the road. he had done otherwise in this matter. Here he stopped, looked up and down Helen was too much overcome to speak the way, went on a little, then stopped but when the old farmer extended his hand and asked her to overlook the past Wonder 'f I'd better? Can't hear and he would do better by Will, the from Will 'f I don't, that's sartin." Then dark eyes filled and the girlish form after a moment's pause, "Yes, I'll goshook with enotion. go now! If it's put off, 'twon't be done, Farmer John had winked back a good that's all. I can tell 'em jist how 'tis. many tears in his day, but this proved a Mother's dvin' ter see Will, an'-well, little more of that kind of work than yes, an' I am, too, for that matter. I'll tell 'em 'twas I made the rumpus. even he could manage, and one after an-They'll know where Will is, an' I'll other the great tears rolled down his know, too, 'fore this road sees my boots face. Mrs. Baldwin was about to make some agin, see 'f I don't!" With this he gave the old hat a vigorfurther remark, when a step on the front ous jam to gain courage, and started off stoop attracted their attention, and in a with long strides toward the clump of moment more Will Sanbourn stood before the astonished trio. Helen sprang maples that hid the widow's cottage. "Good mornin', Wilson!" he called to toward him first, but Farmer John was a passing neighbor. "I'd like ter speak a close second, and grasping him warmly by the hand extended a most hearty we o ye jist a moment." With a puzzled look the driver stopped An hour later the sun broke through and gazed earnestly at the old man. the clouds, and shortly after two men Well, Wilson, how 'bout that forty acres-want it yet?" could be seen dodging the puddles along "Want it? I supposed you knew ! the road leading by one of the best farms wanted it badly enough. But what's the in Central Wisconsin. One of the men use? I can't pay all down, and you was a little bowed, with one hand resting on his back just where two wide, knit suspenders met. The other a little can, so of course you'll get it."

HER MIND NOT MADE UP YET. Ton any that you love me, you after your has And you ask in return for my own; You speak of - future without pain or cross,

A future no mortal has known. But are you quite certain that I am the ene, To help you to live life aright? I would not decrive you, would not disappoin So don't ask an answer to night!

I do not distrust you, nor doubt one sweet w Of the beautiful things you have said; But I think it were better to live far spart, Then to use these fair hopes lying dead. For wellock, you know, is a trial of faith, Where love makes each shadow seen light, So don't think me crust or cold when I say, Ob, doe't ask as answer to sight!

For if you insist, I must only say no, Though it breaks my heart time to decide; For I'd rather go lonsity and and here below Than to walk a mistake by your side. You see, I but caution, and ask you to wak, Until we both know what is right; And don't think me heartless, though atl

Ob. dos't ask an answer to-night

Oh, don't ask an answer to-night! Nay, don't ask an answer to-night! Just walt till you're sure my beart is secure, And don't ask an answer to-night. -Mary E. Buell in Inter Ocean.

TRAIN NO 5.

I am an "old railroader." and I think view of the fact that it is almost forty veara since I did my first day's work or the iron horse, my claim to that sobriquet a good one. I am a "prom official" now, and am permitted to trans act most of my business in a pleasantly furnished office overlooking the broad and busy street of a large western city. Quite frequently old associates, more recent acquaintances and newspaper men drop in to visit me, and, when they see that I am not particularly busy, they are apt to linger long and will sometime worry me for "a railroad story." Espe cially is this the case with the reporters when "things are dull" in their own cepecial line.

"Now, Mr. Rennie," one will say "we all know that you are an old stager. up. Your record is public property. You have traveled east and west, north and south, probably half a million miles. Tell us a 'rip snorting' yarn, for The Bangtown Trumpet.

Whereupon I will occasionally humo Perhaps the old man's conscience was them and resurrect an old dead and disturbed by this omission-we cannot buried reminiscence, but more often will reply in this wise: say as to that-but somewhere in his

"It is very true, gentlemen: I am in crusty heart there was a lingering respect for those who did not omit it that deed an old timer. I have fired up gave them a warm corner where warm bossed the throttle, graded roadbeds, dis corners were exceedingly scarce. Nor patched trains and managed two or three thousand miles of railroad prop can we say whether it was this or the desire to say something in the right place erty, and yet, I venture to say, that that caused him at the close of the blesscannot relate a true story that will be ing to astonish his hostess with a very wonderful enough for The Bangtown Frumpet.

There is, however, one incident which ame under my especial notice some years ago, that I have never yet related to the reporters or to my more private friends-an incident which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, did not find

"The One How Shay." The conductor was John Bolton and the regular patrons of the C. and A. were giad of it, for when the genial, open countenance and portly form of Conduc-ter Bolton were seen upon the train the pessengers knew they were in good hands. He was looking at his watch by the aid of a stray ray from the setting our when a small ber hurried exiting healthy human body, and represents the un when a small boy hurried quietly atural term of its service. If, however, "Mr. Bolton!

a man has catarrhal, bronchial, asthmatic, or pulmonary disease, he cannot live out half his days, unless he eradicates "Why-bello, my lad! What is it! aid John, who, even when busy, gave a

"Mr. Bolton, I'm no sneak or tell the scrotulous humors whose presence causes these local troubles. The great but it's only right to let you know that blood-cleansing alterative of Dr. Pierce. Engineer Daly has been talking ugly this evening. There isn't time to tell you all about it, sir. I heard him and his fireknown as the "Golden Medical Discovery," rids the blood of scrofulous man talking and they mean mischiefpollutions, and, by improving the nutrithis very night. Excuse me for interfer tion, gives new vigor to the debilitated ing but you ought to change engineers of system, and cures these diseases.

else watch Mr. Daly pretty close." "Oh, pshaw!" said the conductor, with his usual guffaw. "Daly and his man Unequalled-Dr. Sage's Catarrh Rem-

were just talking-those fellows always Every man's censure is first moulded do like to talk considerably. They won't in his own nature.

do any harm-for, don't you see, the The peerless empire of form and color an't hurt the train without hurting themselves. I'll keep my eye on them when we stop. Much obliged to you, my lad, all the same. All aboard?" is found in Colorado." says a great artist. So are many other very wonderful effects. There is that grand triumph of engineer-Thirty seconds later the heavy train ing skill the Bow Knot Loop, famed all was moving out of the depot. but no one over the world; the pretty town of Graynoticed on the front platform of the formont nestled against the base of Gray's ward baggage car, just behind the en-Peak, the giant prince of the range; gine, the curled up form of the underized boy. Charlie Stockwell. sunrise on Gray's Peak-a sight once witnessed never to be forgotten: Idaho When the express left Axleborough he was scheduled to run ninety miles Springs the ;beautiful, a restful spot cross the prairie without a stop, the blessed with the healing waters for all time allowed being two hours and fifty who come, within two hours ride of minutes. Along this ninety miles there young levithian Denver: the storied gold were no towns and few settlements, and camp of Georgetown perched in the as No. 5 had the right of way clear upper air of the mountains ever fresh brough there was no necessity for stop-

ing, or even for slowing up. The train had run perhaps twenty and cool and clear-these are a few of the delightful spots in the "American miles, and was well on to the thinly peo-pled prairie, when Stockwell, in his hid-Alps" reached by the Colorado Central Division of the Union Pacific Railway in Colorado. ing place, noticed that they were slowing

With an effort he climbed on to The devil never assails a man except the tender and cautiously peeped over the coal and wood into the cab. The lad he find him either void of knowledge, or of the fear of God. took in the situation at a glance, for this

is what he saw: The engineer was at that instant turning on a full head of steam; It is un-American in the higher se for our people to prate about Europe so the fireman was closing the door of the glibly when so many of them are profurnace, which he had just filled up with foundly ignorant of the wondrous beaucoal; both were preparing to desert the ties of their native land. As a matter of

fact there are hundreds of thousands of Charlie whether he had better go back and ham- American citizens who are thoroughly mer on the door of the baggage car to familiar with Switzerland; who have notify the train men or stay where he idled away weeks at Lucerne, done was and be ready to take the engineer's Chamouni, and attempted the Matterplace. He concluded that it would be horn, and yet have never feasted on the safer to stay where he was, and he had lovely beauty, the wild weird majesty of hardly arrived at this decision when the engineer and fireman dropped off, one any one of the Colorado Peaks. "More from each side of the locomotive, leaving than Alpine glory" rewards visitors along No. 5 with its living freight to dash on- the South Park Division of the Union ward to destruction. Pacific in Colorado. There is no scen-But quick as a flash the boy hustled

Old John Bolton died last year, but he

mechanical department of a great rail-road. But if you, reader, desire to know

and Duluth Short Line. He will doubt

less answer your letter .- William H. S.

Shopping Among the "Elect."

She might have called cousins with

looking at them with scorn; "I want

something elect to match this green and

Atkinson in Philadelphia Times.

ery like it in the new world. over the coal laden tender, down into the cab and took his stand on the plate with

Much money makes a country

GOLD DUST The great WASHING POWDER has commenced to and it will soon be in your wash-tub.



Give it a trial when you next scrub your floor or clean house : try it for washing dishes. "GOLD DUST" is used in place of soap, and it will polish anything from a silver spoon to a skillet, and costs you nothing to try it.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR GOLD DUST And he will give you a sample DET FREE OF CHARGE.

Made only by N. K. Fairbank & Co., St. Louis. P. S .- Fairbank's "Fairy" Soco will make the hands white



extremely hard, and it required strict economy to make the few dollars he had brought with him from the east provide for his wants until he raised his first crop. A poor harvest and a still poorer market in the second year caused Farmer John to pinch almost to the verge of nakedness and starvation. A habit of closeness was thus formed which time did not diminish, and which grew in the eyes of his neighbors into a fault of the most exaggerated dimensions.

One little grave had been made during these troubled years, and another trouble which we shall presently mention had contributed to leave the old man as we find him - overworked, morose and

On this particular morning he seemed rather more surly and gloomy than usual. It was just as the spring's work was beginning, and the never ending round of toil was swelling into even greater proportions than usual. On every hand, look where he would, there was something to be done, and to his business eye there was no more chance for a resting spell than there had been thirty years before.

"Something must be wrong, yes, something must be wrong," he repeated to himself, as he walked on up the wide lane leading to the old barn.

Something was wrong. Like a good many men who are anxious to do well and have little to do with, Farmer John had saved and worked till he thought of nothing but saving and working. Ambitious as he was, he dreaded to see any of the boys start out in life unless he started well, and above all he could not bear the thought of one of them marrying into a family not well supplied with money or land. So when the oldest boy, Will, had reached his twenty-second year, and began to call occasionally on the Widow Baldwin's bright little Helen, it surprised no one to hear that his father had told him to stop going there, or to leave the farm.

Will was deeply attached to the old place and had worked faithfully every day since he was big enough to pile brush. So one morning, when the old man found the breakfast a little late and Will's mother trying to hide the tears when she called him, he was not prepared to hear that he had gone-gone no one knew where.

Although in his heart the father felt as badly as any one, he was still inexorable and declared that no boy of his should marry a beggar-no, not if he never saw him again. So Will went away, and the autumn and winter came and went, and the spring's work was upon them, with all the extra labor Will's absence en-

Thus things stood when we find the old man talking to himself along the path to the great red barn. The boys had gone over to the hill pasture to repair the wall before turning in the stock. which, impatient to go, was still fed at the barn.

pa's arm, and grandpa is sleeping too? they could not read a tenth of these books, and the fact is they do not. They Farmer John had come up in the mid We did not intend to say anything all the Badger state. Then he turned Six months passed away, and in the autumn a bitter quarrel was in progress between the Chicago and Aridie of the forenoon to look after things OURES A STHMA, COUCHS, about the baby's name and will not. But -AT-A man's destiny is always dark. and drove furiously back home to astonlend them to their friends whose fathers and carry back a jug of fresh water, and you can always tell when the thin locks U. P. Depot, Columbus. ish his family with the glad news. English Spavin Liniment removes all while there he stopped at the barn to feed out a little before going to the are non-official, and, therefore, have not are pulled a little too hard, by the way Bronchitis All this time the cause of his past mis-AND ALL DISEASES "THROAT the free privileges of the library. This is hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemona Railroad company and its employes. the old man says-"Johnny!"-Millard feed out a little before going to the house. He had thrown some stalks over to the sheep and cows, shoved a bright hit of hay to the new hossy, and now. chiefly the engineers. At the same time against the rules. But rules are flexible | ishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, Greeley in Youth's Companion. OFFERED and LUNGS - Sold on Gunning the engineers being for the most part a for those connected with the government splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, cheery "Good morning, Mr. Sanbourn, sprains, all swolen throats, coughs, etc. for an incumble case of Ca Send for circular. 4 per lottle 3 pr 9 2. nen, no serious trouble had distinctly understood, while they are in after giving old Kit all the oats she Words and their uses again. Som Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. from the yard of a poor renter near the ABLETINE MEDILCO. OROVILLE CAL the whirl. For those who are not, the Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Co- DR. SAGE'S CATARRN REMEDY queer phrases come to the Listener's ear needed, found himself with a large-forkmaples, broke the current of his thoughts rules are as the laws of those much been experienced, nor was any looked in the course of a twelvemonth! Here is ambus. ful left. just as he was preparing himself to meet 6-1y for by the company and its officials. All freight traffic was suspended, but the quoted Medes and Persians.-New York Star. Symptoms of Catarrh. one word, told of by a friend, which is Just what to do with it did not seem the worst. The virtue of a coward is suspicion. quite new. To this friend a woman. to come to him at once. So, mechani-"That you, Martha? Well, good mornin'. I'm in a hurry, but glad ye engineers detailed certain of their numspeaking the other day of her surroundif others, thick, tenacious, microaring in cars bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in cars deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expecto deafness, difficulty matter; breath offensive An Absolute Cure. cally isoning his fork against the pile, he Rachel's Intellectual Power. ber to run the mail and passenger trains. But there were just a couple of men of whom the officials were somewhat afraid, ings and home, her neighbors, more es-The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OIN'S ast down upon it. Yes, sat down to think, and the way he did it, and that he The late Matthew Arnold, comparing spoke after all. How'd ye like goin' up names, omerany or estaring throat, expecto-ation of offensive matter; breath offensive; mell and taste impaired, and general debility, haly a few of these symptoms likely to be pres-at at once. Thousands of cases result in con-umption, and end in the grave. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, k. Sage's Remody curve the worst cases. Sepecially, said: Rachel and Bernhardt, said, after seeing an' helpin' Mrs. Sanbourn for a couple MENT is only put up in large two-ounce did it at all, showed he began thinking "We have very little society-very few the latter act in tragedy: "I had never weeks or such a matter, p'ra'ps longer tin boxes, and is an absolute care for "We have very little society—very lew callers; we find we don't congeal very well with the people about here!" Possibly the trouble was that the peo-ple really did congeal because they didn't like Partingtonisms. But what she meant was probably congene!—Boston and who the engineers themselves were till now comprehended how much of That is if yer mother can spare ye. I'll before he mt down. old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands fearful would involve them in serious do what's right by ye-two dollars a week-if that'll do. It's 'most too much That Farmer John should stop work, Rachel's superiority was purely inteland all kinds of skin eruptions. Will trouble and so damage the cause of the lectual power; how eminently this power and above all in the middle of a bright positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for strikers. These were Michael Daly, an forenoon, was something quite out of his for Mary to feed an' run us all. Go right counts in the actor's art as in all art; The Original CILETCO'S The Original SETTERS CILETCO'S ANTER ANTERNAL ANTERNAL CILETCO ANTERNAL ANTERNAL engineer, and his fireman-men fearless the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT usual way of proceeding. Farmer John how just is the instinct which led the up an' help her get dinner, ef yer can, and thoroughly capable at their work. Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box-by mail 30 cents. mar7y BIETINE MEDEC OROVILLE CAL dom did think much, and what think-Greeks to mark with a high and severe 'n' I'll pay ye from this mornin'." Ch but who would stop at nothing to acing he did was generally done upon his Transcript. The girl was as much astonished stamp the muses. Temperament and complish a mean revenge when they considered themselves injured. quick intelligence, passion, voice, charm, poetry-Mile. Bernhardt has them all. One watches ber with pleasure, admira-AND CATfeet: but whether this particular mornas Neighbor Wilson had been. She had Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, chen t, entiret to take. One Pollet a Deet BALE BY DOWTY & BECHER MARVELOUS ing found him in a more troubled state A Valuable Book. helped them once before in "thresh-One evening express train No. 5 stood A Frenchman named Cayro, who has than common, or the great pile of soft ing time" and got only a dollar for a in the big barn like depot at Axlebor-Trade supplied by the H. T. CLARK Dave Co., been sentenced to ten years' penal servi-tude for burglary in the suburbs of Paris, hay proved too much of a temptation for his tired legs here we find him. interes. Constipution, Indigoriti Hous Attacks, and all derangements stomach and boweis. S cia. by drugg week's hard work. Compared with this, tion, and yet not without a secret disough, about to start for the west. A lo quietude. Something is wanting. That the present offer was dazzling. So before comotive had just pulled out of the is the author of a work called "The "Well, well," he exclaimed, as he reher employer was many rods away she omething is high intellectual power. It EUSPAPER A book of 100 pages round house and was "backing up" to onsumption Surely Cured Manual of the Perfect Burglar." No moved the worn straw hat and rested the was off, with a light heart, to help at the was here that Rachel was so great. She the waiting train; it was engine No. 400 To THE EDITOR-Please inform your doubt we shall soon have a translation of began, one says to one's self, as one recalls surned arms on his knees, "there's great white house. DVERTISINC suit, be he exp DISCOVERY. readers that I have a positive remedy and was manned by the very men who this important work issued in a cheap no use talking! I've had 'bout all I can Naturally a bashful man. Farmer her image and dwells upon it-she began were so much disliked by both officers and popular form for circulation in this almost where Mile. Bernhardt ends."-Pittsburg Eulletin. for the above named disease. By its tains lists of news stand of this. It's nigh onto thirty years John as he opened the gate almost wish-ed himself at work again in the pasture. Sealing Longrad in case presiding. and employes. Nothing much, however, was thought of this. They were closely since we rolled up the old log status are used to stand here, and, sakes alivel we thought then I couldn't stand much more." But his mind was made up, and to re-ing the hayseed from his overalls; he re-adjusted the old hat, rolled down his sleaves and started in. country in the interests of technical eduince we rolled up the old log stable that timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall i and shak I granty b cation.-London Globe. watched about the shops and yards; when they were in the cab it was tolerbe glad to send two bottles of my reme-Just for a joke a Des Hoines man put an old clay-pipe in his store window and labeled it: "Martha Washington's pipe." Within half an hour a patriot called and punched his head and broke the pipe. Idi canal Valuable Seeds. dy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respect-fully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl we, R. Y. street, New York. 30y Seeds of the most valuable varieties of ably certain they could do no mischief. cinchona bring \$1,000 per ounce in Ceybecause any peril to which they might through the great door fanned the The neat appearance of the walk and the inkied face, his mind seemed away other evidences of thrift which abounded 23.0.8 ion. There are nearly 100,000 seeds in an expose the train and passengers must of necessity include themselves. onnon.-Scientific American. back-back "nigh onto thirty years." were not lost on the visitor. He knocked

"Well, I do' know 'bout that, Wilson. It would square out your sixty, and taller, upright and strongly built, was make ye an even hundred. Ye oughter trying to keep up with him. Which was

happier of the two it would be hard to have it, an' can for all me. I've got two hundred now-an' it's goin' ter kill me an' all the rest of 'em ter run that. An' and Will, with a strong hired man. is in bout the money-ef ye aint got nuff the same back field, mending the old why I have, an' jist's soon let ye have pasture wall. The other boys are away two or three hundred for a year or so's at school, and as we are passing so near not. I'm somethin' of a hurry, Wilson, the old farm house, let us peep into the but mind, I mean what I say. Good

mornin'." "Good morning," repeated the astonished Wilson, as with open mouth he looked after the retreating figure of the "What under the sun's got into him-

can it really be the old man?" he thought eyes is flitting back and forth to the to himself. Yes, there was no mistaking kitchen helping the girl with the dinner, those home made suspenders-both fastwhile every step is taken lightly, as off ened to one overworked button. and on furtive glances are cast toward Though Neighbor Wilson was the well worn lounge in the corner. For letely thunderstruck, and rode with his don't you see a chubby 2-year-old, with a pair of gold bowed spectacles in his dimpled fist, has fallen asleep on grand-

head twisted round, looking after the object of his astonishment till he was nearly thrown from his wagon by a bad stump, he was still the happiest man in

er thought of Jo Sanbourn except in connection with Will of its occurrence. In the year 1870 I was the superintend

ent of motive power on the thir ! ision of the Chicago and Arizona My duties consisted of supervising the movements of some forty locomotives and their crews. I was also in charge of the shops at Axleborough, although they and the great round house were under the more immediate care of the master mechanic.

One day I stood on the huge turn table in the yard, just outside the round house, talking to my friend John Bolton, one of our best passenger conductors. While we were chatting together, a small boy trotted up. I recollected having seen him once or twice about the yard and in town, but I knew nothing about him, not even his name. Bolton, who Charlie's fireman. was a whole souled, genial fellow, passed the time of day to the boy, though he lived to see his young friend and prime favorite occupying a high position in the knew no more of him than I did.

The little fellow was as bright as new dollar and looked as smart as a whip, but he was exceedingly small and I judged him to be about 18 years old. any more about the plucky young ap-prentice, just drop a line to Mr. Charles Stockwell, chief engineer of the Denver "If you please, sir," he said, looking me full in the face, "are you the chief

of the locomotive department? "Well," I replied (with a grim smile

I suspect), "that is not what they cal me, although on this division of the C. and A. I am in charge of the shops and locomotives. Why?"

"Because, sir, I want a job. I mean two or three of the women whom Mr. to be a railroad man, anyhow, and want Howells has drawn, but she did not say to be an engineer if possible. Can I go whether she was Harkness or Hubbard to work in the shops? r Kilburn, but asked for gloves, and I laughed, but John Bolton patted the

after examining several pairs, looked up boy good humoredly on the back as he discontentedly with "Haven't you any elect ahades?" "Must mean electric, thought the salesman, and produced the box of electric blues. "N-no," she said,

"Good for you, my son." "Indeed, sir." continued the boy, who vas evidently very much in earnest, "I know a good deal about machinery and ocomotives-just try me."

this brown. The colors are well enough, I did ask him a few questions about the construction of an engine, and the boy actually gave me wonderfully inteligent answers.

"You go to school for another year or two, and grow up a few more inches. my boy. . Then if you come to me I will put you to work in the shops."

His face clouded as I spoke, and he of ered a last word in his own behalf: "I know I'm small sir, but I'm older than I look. I'll soon be 15, and I'm quite

open door of the long front room. The two elderly ladies by the window strong. "Oh, give the boy a show, Rennie,

said Bolton, in his slow, good natured we have seen before. And the restful peace on the face of one of them tells drawl. "He'll pan out all right." "Well," I said, relenting, "what is that the time when "'twill be all over

It is just four years today since then,

A young woman with dark, earnest

with" has really come.

our name?" "Charles Stockwell, sir."

"Then, Stockwell, I will give you irst vacant apprentice job." The lad thanked me joyously enough but I noticed that he grasped burly John Bolton's hand and thanked him twice over.

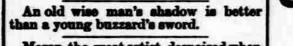
Three weeks later I put young Stockvell to work in the locomotive repair

the coolness and nerve of a veteran. Yet for it sets a dearer price on everything though his head was level his young blood "They rested there escaped awhile

flowed fast and Charlie Stockwell was a From cares which wear the life away, proud lad as he regulated the speed of To est the lotus of the Nile the giant locomotive. He was sorely And drink the poppies of Cathay."tempted to take the train right through And every American business man to Tetterby Junction, but remembering beginning to find that his summer vacathat he was ignorant of the train orders. tion is more and more of a necessity; the his better judgment carried the day. So money making machine won't stand the when, after a nine mile run, he sighted Boonville telegraph cabin, he pulled up his snorting, histing steed and reported the whole affair to John Bolton. strain without an occasional rest. The "American Alps" of Colorado offer the highest conditions for perfect relaxation. But the lad was permitted to indulge pure vital air, comfortable hotels and his wish, after all, for Bolton was so the noblest scenery in the country, and pleased with the brave conduct of the may be reached on the South Park Di-vision of the Union Pacific Railway. clever young machinist that he insisted upon Charlie's acting as engineer clear through to the end of the run, he him-Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned. self taking the second place in the cab as

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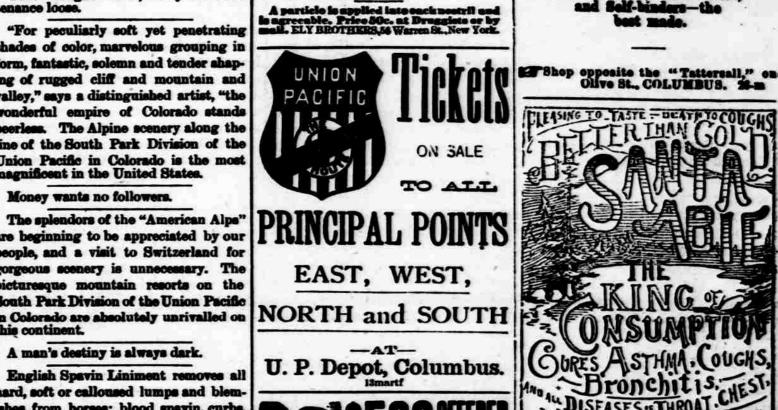
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and she told him, and the two are wondering whether it would not be well to put up a sign, "Elect Gloves. Great Bar-gains." Why not? And why should not the butcher announce "Sausages. Very Elect," and the clothing dealer "Over-coats, \$5; Elect Lot?"-Boston Transcript. Money wants no followers.

The Congressional Library Bales. The families of national legislators and ficials seem to read an immense num ber of books. The daughters are espe cially voracious. They will go to the library at 10 in the morning and keep an esistant busy until late in the afternoon

looking up books for them, which are arried to their homes by men servants whom they bring with them for that purpose. They repeat the programme the next week. It is quite evident that

but I want something elect in quality." And the salesman told her that the firm comparison is the superb scenery along Pacific in Colorado. tenance loose.

the South Park Division of the Union had decided to stop keeping them because there was no call for them; and, as soon as she was gone, conferred his fib to one Your thoughts close, and your coun of the girls at the counter, and asked what "elect" meant. The girl reads Harper's Magazine and The Editor's Study