## BRIDE OF SKELETON CAMP

Ecalped Bill Had Named Him Jack o' Spades and it Rankled.

REVENGE OF THE TONGUELESS DWARF

Had to Marry the First Woman in Camp-She Arrived and Was Willin'-A Caution for Snakes-He Wilted and Levanted.

Salt Lake Tribune. In the guich we found the ghastly grinning skeleton of a man the bones

bleached white by exposure, here and there a shred of clothing, at his side a miner's spade, a few feet away a miner's pick and a gold pan. Around the waist a buckskin money belt well filled with coarse nuggets, also a cartridge belt and a 45. Up the guich we found a ruined hut, from the ridge pole hung a shriveled piece of bacon. Scattered about was the camp kit oaten with rust. All dumbly telling the story of the lone prospector who at last had struck it rich, who had washed his last pan and found his last color.

"Boys," said Scalped Bill, "he staked his claim, but the old chap with the sand glass and hay cutter has jumped him and he's gone to make a new filing."

The money belt and the 45 told that he had not been murdered, but had suddenly died, and the body had lain there for years until we, like him, in our search for the yellow god, had found his blenched bones. .

We washed several pans of dirt at the little stream near by and they showed rich color. Then we pitched our tent, gathered the bones of the lone prospector and buried them. Scalped Bill called it "Skeleton Camp" and so it has ever since been known.

For several months we worked the rich field alone, but we knew that before long other prospectors would find our camp. And so it proved. Early one morning there came into the gulch the oddest figure I ever saw-a dwarf nearly as broad as he was tall, his shoulders square and broad, his head proportionately large, his chin massive and square jawed; his hair was black and long, curling slightly at the ends; on his head he wore one of those broad flat caps such as German immigrants wear; his arms were so long that his hands could touch his knees while he stood erect, his legs were bowed and his enormous calves showed plainly through the rather tight-fitting pants which he wore. "Well, I'm damned! the Jack of Spades just out of the pack!" yelled

Chalk White crept up to me and whispered, "Boss! send him away-fo' Ged he'll cunjer the camp!" 1 confess I almost shared the darkey's

fear, the stranger looked so weird and like some pictured gnome. The figure had reached us and stood silently awaiting our critical inspec-

tion, "Whar do yer hail from, stranger?" asked Bill. The dwarf opened his mouth and

showed us that his tongue was gone, then taking a small slate from inside his shirt he wrote rapidly for a moment and held it up for us to read. "Tongue cut out by Injun. I'm on a prospect. Can I stay here?"

I read to the others what he has writ-"Boss, fo' de Lor's sake tell him no," entreated Chalk White; "if you let him stay, boss, he'll hoodoo der camp, else we'll all wake up some dese ere mornings wid our throats cut an all der

"It's free digging," said Scalped Bill.
"I don't like the shape of the cuss, but no use driving him away. If we do, why he'll just spread the find and they'll swarm into camp like bees.

So he staid and built him a brush nut some distance from the tent. Day after day he toiled patiently, seldom coming near us, and seemed to have formed a strong dislike for Scalped Bill, probably on account of Bill's calling him the Jack

of Spades. Before long other prospectors found our camp, until we counted fifty men good or bad. Among them a delicate boy who had one day reached the camp and fell exhausted to the ground. In an instant the Jack of Spades, who was and bathed his head and face with water, and when he revived lifted him in his strong arms and carried him away to his hut. Through the fever which followed the Jack of Spades nursed him as tenderly as a woman could by night and day until he recovered and grew strong and was able to stake a claim and work it, but strange to say his was the only claim that did not pan out well. Scalped Bill dubbed him "the Chicken" and said "Le guessed he threw all the smaller color away looking for the big nuggets."

One night I was wakeful and could not sleep, so lighting my pipe I strolled up the gulch. The moon made it as light as day, and as I slowly moved on I saw the form of man or beast, at first I could not tell which, up the gulch. Drawing nearer I discovered it was the Jack of Spades. In his hand he held a pointed stick which he thrust in the ground and then pulling it out he would stoop over the hole for a moment, then moving a step he repeated the operation.

What was he doing? Looking about I saw that he was on the Chicken's claim, but what mad freak possessed him? I stood in the shadow of a bank watching him as he moved about silently and quickly. At last I knew, he was "salting" the Chicken's claim. And it was true, for the next day the Chicken panned out twenty ounces of coarse nuggets, and from then on the Chicken's claim was the best pay-

ing one in camp.
One night the "Parson," whose red nose plainly told how he had fallen from grace, made some remark about the first voman in campand "Pegleg Crane" said 'twas about time for a petticoat to come

"I'd give an ounce just to look at a woman," said Genteel Jerry. "I'd give two," said Red Hart.
"I say, boys!" said the Parson, "sup-

pose we play freeze-out, and the last man in the game shall propose to the first single woman who comes into

And so it was agreed; each man, barring the Jack of Spades, who declined, the Chicken, Chalk White, and Wun Lun, a moon-cycd leper who had come into camp, was to buy an ounce worth of chips and play poker until one man held all the chips, and the last man in the game was to ask the first single woman who came into the camp, barring niggers, to be his wife. No matter how old or ugly she was, if she said yes, he must marry her, and the parson was to

do the splicing. "Howld on byes," said Danny Kerry, "suppose a man and his wife comes inter ther camp an ther chap wot wins the. choice was ter have a row wid ther man and kill him: wnd ther widder be considered ther first single woman, an wud

ther man who killed the husband have ter ask the widder ter marry him?"

We all agreed no. And so we started playing. Forty-seven men sat down in different groups, and the game lasted for ten nights, and at the end Scalped Bill held all the

It was hard to tell how Bill felt when he cashed in and quietly asked the boys to drink to the coming bride.

"Bill, yer want ter keep your lamps il o' oil. Yer don't know what hour the bride cometh," said the Daacon. "Better go down to Oretown and get ver bridal trowso," suggested Pegleg

Genteel Jerry thought maybe she'd wear Bill's. Scalped Bill took the banter all in good part and only said, "All right, boys; jes' wait; p'r'aps I'il laugh when she gets here.

The Deacon thought we ought to build an arch and hang up a sign, "Welcome to the bride," but Genteel Jerry said it might be a year or so before she came, o the idea was abandoned. It was decided, however, that each man "ante" five ounces for the bride, to be paid as soon as the ceremony was over.

The days rolled into months. At first when we started out in the morning we would look unconsciously up the gulch as though we expected to see the bride coming. Three months passed by we had almost ceased to speak of it. Three months passed by and The Jack of Spades had been away

at Oretown. He had taken a mule to ride and two pack burros. looked for his return daily. Late one afternoon he rode into camp and came quickly to me. I saw he was unusually excited, the perspiration stood out in great drops, and upon his face was a grin which no other term than devilish can well describe. Slipping from his mule he drew his slate and nervously wrote and held it for me to see. I looked and read "She is coming." I did not comprehend. "She! Who?" I asked. He wrote. "The bride, be I asked. He wrote. "The bride, be here in one hour," and then the dwarf grinned and tried to laugh, uttering that horrible sound made by mutes. In a few minutes every man in the camp had heard the news and with one accord we all sought Scalped Bill. Chall

White was the first to reach him. "Marse Bill, yer bride's comin' "The bride cometh," said the deacon

Bill, are ver lamps oiled? Scalped Bill dropped his spade and stared vacantly about him. "Boys, is it gospel truth? How do yer know?" he asked.

It was explained that the Jack of Spades had seen her and that she would be in camp in about an hour. "is she single?" almost whispered

Yes, the Jack of Spades had asked her. "That devil's imp!" muttered Bill. The dwarf stood looking at Bill, his hands on his knees and his body stooping, looking like some horrible beast ready to spring. We quickly scattered to our tents and propared to greet the expected bride. When we had all again assembled each saw that the other had made some attempt at sprucing up and decorating himself for the occasion. The hair and boots of nearly every man showed the greasy bacon marks and whiter skins told of a special washing. The Parson had put on a long black rubber coat and wore the only "biled shirt" in the camp. Scalped Bill had on a brand new flannel shirt and a pair of pants whose wrinkles told of a tight squeeze in a miner's pack; his hair was smooth and shiny with bacon fat; he had shaved and in his nervous hurry had cut his cheek and the blood yet slowly trickled down the side of his face; about his neck he wore a bright red scarf, clumsily knotted; his high top boots bore traces of a recent application of bacon When he came up the boys greet-

ed him with a yell. Boys, said the parson, "it is proper that a committee should be appointed to receive the coming bride and welcome her to Skeleton Camp, and I don't know any one more suitable for the office than the bridegroom that is to be." So Bill was appointed a committee of one to greet the future queen of Skeleton

Chalk White could play one tune, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" on his mouth organ, so in lieu of other music it was agreed that he should play that when the bride arrived.

"Yer see, boys," said Bill, "I ain't used ter this kind er thing and we orter go slow. P'r'aps she'll refuse to take

"She'll take him," wrote the Jack of

"How in hell does that er imp know?" "Maybe he proposed for you," said

Genteel Jerry. The dwarf grinned and grasping my arm pointed up the gulch. We looked near, was at his side, loosened his shirt ) and saw slowly riding on a white burro and followed by a Chinaman, a tall, thin woman dressed in black, on her head a man's broad-brim felt hat, her dress was short and showed her very thin ankles clad in gray stockings thrust in a pair of canvas shoes. As she drew nearer we saw that she was at least 60 years old

and so tall and thin that Chalk White whispered: "Boss, dis ere's anudder skeleton cum ter look fur der one dat we buried. Under the felt hat showed a faded brown wig; one bony hand that seemed a claw rested upon the pommel of the saddle, the other held the reins; her face was the color of a new saddle and the skin was drawn over the high cheek bones so tight, it seemed that to touch it with a knife would cause it to burst asunder; a bit of lace was about her neck and a knot of red ribbon fastened with a

huge old-fashioned cameo brooch. A deep groan made me turn and look at Scalped Bill. His face was bloodiess and his eyes seemed standing out of his head as he stared at the wom in he was to ask to marry him. The Jack of Spades almost danced in flendish de-

"Boys:" gasped Bill, "poys I-I can't. I-I weaken. Boys, I'll throw down my cards and quit ther game. Taint right ter ask a feller ter hitch onter that er old corpse. Boys, I ain't handsome, but I'm an Apollo Bellview l'ongside er her. Boys, sho's died and come back. I'll throw up my hands. Yer can take my pile, but don't, don't ask me ter marry that!"
"No, no!" shouted a score of voices.

"Yer took yer chance and yer can't back out. It ud been all right if she'd been young an' purty. Go ahead and

A whipped cur with hanging head and tail between its legs never looked more utterly dejected than did Bill. Great beads perspiration rolled down his face and his hands worked nervously. The woman had rode within about fifty feet of us and sat waiting. At last Bill started slowly as though his feet were weighted with lead, the crowd follow-Bill stopped. "Boys," he asked,

"have any on yer got some whisky?"

A flask was handed him in which was about half a pint; he raised it to his lips and drained it, then we started again marching to the music of Chalk White's "What Shall the Harvest Be?" Scalped Bill, hat in hand, advanced, pulled his forelock and scraping his left foot said, "I ask yer pardon, but may we enquire if yer marn or miss?"

"Miss, sir, if you please," responded the woman in a shrill voice, disclosing a very even row of store teeth.

Scatped Bill grouned. "Well, miss," he gasped, "yer see I'm appointed a committee of one ter wel-come yer ter Skeleton camp and hope

yer luck will pan out well. [Applause.] An' miss, ver see bein's as ver the first petticoat in camp, we wanted ter build smarch and give yer flowers an a good send off with a band o' music and all them fixia's; but this ere camp's new an we ain't got those things yet, which we opes yer'll excuse. We know dead sure hat 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' that played by a nigger on a mouth organ, ain't jes the thing ter welcome a lady, but we've played ther full limit of ther game. An' miss, we hope ver won't think we've been too fresh like, but yer see we've lived here nigh onto two years and ther ain't been a petticoat near enough to shoot, and the boys got lonesome like, and one night we sot down ter play freeze-out ter see who'd win the first single woman what came inter camp, and gol darn my luck, miss, but I won. I know it's kinder sudden like and sort o' a surprise party to yer, and we hope ver'll take time to think over it, take a month or longer if yer like. Yer see, ther ain't no strings on yer to nake yer say yes, and I hope yer'll act free and speak out. Don't mind hurtin my feelings, miss, cause yer see I might hitch onter something else. An now, miss, if yer'll allow me ter help yer off that jack, we'll escort yer ter ther best tent in camp and leave yer ter yer reflections. Might we be so bold as ter ask ver name, miss?

"My name is Lone, Miss Hannah Lone," she sighed deeply. "Pardon my emotion, gentlemen, the suddenness rom camp for ten days to get supplies of your proposal overpowers me. "Wul, Miss Hannah Lone, 'said Bill,

'allow me to introduce ter you, the gentlemen of Skeleton camp. The boys all bowed and scraped and gave three cheers for Miss Hannah Lone, and Chalk White blowed a blast on his mouth organ.

"Gentlemen, I feel deeply the honor you have shown me, and to you, sir, I am deeply grateful. I have lived the summers and winters of my few years alone and unprotected. I have heard of the noble men of the Wild West and my hungry heart has always yearned for a more intimate knowledge of their chivalry and honor. In my maiden heart I felt the influence of my guardian spirit which said, 'Go among these sons of nature and perchance you'll find some congenial soul seeking its other self and in you it shall find its affinity.' In you, sir, I see my hopes realized. I find my ideal (Bill groaned) a noble soul, a dia mond in the rough, a mighty oak which I like a slender vine may cling to with the tendrils of love, and lest you think I scorn your offer, I say in the presence of these your companions, Yes, take my maiden love to your manly heart, but deal kindly with it, sir. (Bill's groan jarred the earth.) And now gentlemen, oray permit me to withdraw to the seclusion of the tent which you have so kindly provided until my nieces and sbands, who are on the way, ar-

rive. Will you kindly conduct me, sir? "Certainly, miss," and with knocking ences and stumbling feet Bill led her to the tent, the boys following and Chalk White blowing his only air. Arriving at the tent we gave three cheers and tiger and dispersed. As darkness came on and the camp fires were lighted, east ing fantastic lights and shadows up and down the gulch, frequent bursts of laughter would peal out, caused by some wit's joke about Scalped Bill's bride, There was a light in Scalped Bill's tent until late that night, but no one ventured to disturb him.

I had been asleep for some time when a strange noise at my tent awakened me. I called out "Who's there?" By the sound that came in answer I knew it was the Jack of Spades. Arising and looking out I saw the dwarf lying on the ground, bound hand and foot. Quickly cutting him loose I led him into the tent and lit a candle. I have seen faces that might justly be termed infernal, but I have never seen any exression so fairly devilish as the face of the dwarf as the light of the candle showed it; his frame shook like a man with the palsy; his veins stood out upon his forehead and neck like corus; his eyes bulged out and rolled horribly, while he muttered that horrid sound in striving to speak.

"What is it?" I asked, He motioned for a drink and taking my proffered flask he drained half its contents. Several times he tried to write on his slate, but his hand shook so with excitement that I could not read what he has scrawled except the word

"Is Bill dead?" The dwarf shook his head "No." "Did Bill tie you?" "Yes," he nodded, and showed his

teeth like a dog. "Where is he now?" He pointed up the gulch.

"Gone?" He nodded his head again and the bruth flashed into my mind. Bill had skipped. Taking some matches I quickly went to Bill's tent followed by the dwarf. Striking a light, I saw in the middle of the tent floor a paper addressed to me.

I read: "My OLD PARD:-I can't do it. I have thought and thought over the thing and the idea of marrying that old mummy and having to keep it warm on cold nights, just made me crawl. I have fought grizzlies and moun-tain cars and Injuns and greasers, and pard I never weakened before, but to think of wak ng up some night and touching that leather kinned skeleton, almost gave me the D. T.'s Pard. I'd rather he alongside the skeleton we found in the guich, cause that one couldn't move. All the dust I won at that devilish game of freeze-out I leave for you to give back to the boys. Give my tent and outfit to the Chicken. I'd like to give my bride to to the Chicken. I'd like to give that devil's imp the Jack of Spades. Par Bill.

I handed the letter to the dwarf and when he read the reference to himself he seemed to lose control of himself. dancing about like a madman, and rushed out of the tent.

The next day we learned from the dwarf that he had suspected that Bill would leave, therefore he watched his test, and when he saw Bill come out and catch his horse, he followed him and tried to prevent his going, Although the dwarf was a giant in strength, Bill was more than a match for him, and bound him hand and foot, and giving him a parting kick, rode off. The dwarf had succeeded by rolling over and over,

in reaching my tent.

Later we learned from the bride that the Jack of Spades had met her party in Oretown and discovering that she was single, had told them of the richness of the placers and persuaded the party to visit it, and had further induced the old maid to hurry on in advance and reach camp before any other single woman got there, thus obliging Bill to ask her to marry him. The dwarf had planned a neat revenge and was ter-ribly enranged at Bill's escape. The bride strained a tear for "William, the lost partner chosen by fate," but recov-ered and suggested that the boys consult the oracle in another game of te out, but every man in camp swore

he had a wife away back samewhere. Some months later I received a letter He had struck it rich in Old Mexico and wrote that he "would stay there until the bride of Skeleton Camp had been mowed down by the old man with the sand glass and hay cut-

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## MONTH OF MAY ON THE FARM.

By D. D. T. MOORE. May-Month for activity, A-id nature by fertilizing. Young stock need attention.

May, always a month of activity with farmers, will prove unusually so this year on account of the lateness of the season, which has caused most soil-tillers to be so delayed in their spring work that they will be compelled to use extra efforts to prepare and put in their crops before it is too late to secure profitable production. Even those who have matured their plan of operations with great care, and provided for all possible contingencies, must necessarily be prompt and vigilant in order to render their spring labors effective. Some may find it advisable to change their plans somewhat and plant a smaller area to heed crops than they had intended, but whether planting few or many acres, every cultivator should make it a point to see that whatever is undertaken be accomplished as well and quickly as expedient. Above all things, do not attempt to plant more acres than you can cultivate thoroughly. Thorough tillage tells, and to the lack of this essential requisite, more than anything else, is due the complaint we hear so much nowadays, that "farming don't pay." Indeed, it is doubtful if there yould not be comparatively few worn out and abandoned farms in the older sections of the country had it not been for the pernicious practice, formerly so common, but now happily less prevalent, of attempting to cultivate a larger area than could be properly tilled and Field Crop

For these crops it is essential that the ground be thoroughly prepared, good seed secured, and the necessary fertilizers obtained and applied in season. Good tillage and pure seed are import-ant factors, and intelligent cultivators need not be advised that home-made fer tilizers are the cheapest and often the best. Indian corn, the most important and most generally grown spring crop, is of course the first to be considered. It requires a well tilled soil and liberal manuring is also essential. Use the best seed attainable and that sure to germinate, as no crop depends more upon the quality of the seed than corn, and the utmost pains should be taken in its selection. It is a rapid growing crop, de manding a large amount of plant food, and it pays to sow some quick fertilizer at the time o acting to start and hasten with. Planting in drills planting the growth. gives more plants and a greater yield to the acre, and is considered best on clean land; but hill planting allows the crop to be planted both ways, and is preferable on weedy soils. The chief enemies of sprouting corn are various cutworms and grubs below the ground, and crows after it is up. Tarring seed corn will keep off insects. Stir a pint of warm tar in a peck of seed until every seed is thoroughly coated. Then roll in plaster-Birds will have be kept off with scare. crows of some kind-clattering wind mills being among the most effective. Potatoes should be planted as soon as

the soll is in condition. The early planting of early varieties is advisable wherever the beetle is likely to prevail. Parsnips and mangles are profitable root crops, and rutabagas may be made so if planted on rich soil and well cultivated. Root crops need much timely at tention to keep down the weeds and prevent a failure, and they pay well if this is done seasonably Sugar beets are grown to advantage in many localities. Soiling crops may be sown this month -such as oats, peas and corn-and are in creasing in popularity. Sweet corn is excellent for soiling, though other varieties planted purpose. Oats and peas may be sown to advantage in some sections; use any leafy variety of oats, and marrowfat peas are best on rich soil. Drill ing in corn is preferable to broadcast sowing. One bushel to the acre will give the best results when drilled in on rich soil. To secure a succession of green fodder, corn should be drilled in or sown every two or three weeks until the middle of July.

Mendows-Pastures-Fertifizers. Grass lands, whether meadow or pasture, will repay any attention in the way of cleaning, fortilizing, etc., that may now be given them. Old meadows should be top-dressed this month, and if they are thoroughly dragged and timethy seed sown (especially on thin spots) will improve them materially Meadows should be made ready for the mower by rolling; pick up whatever rubbish would obstruct the machine. Of course no sensible farmer will pasture his meadow in spring. Those who pasture their cows are advised that shade and watering places are good invest ments. On many farms all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is abundant room for improvement in the care and management of both meadows and pastures, and the latter especially should receive much attention from

dairy farmers during this month. Home made manures should be made and used liberally at this season, and as all animal and vegetable matter furnishes fertilizing material-and in fact. anything that will rot and decompose produces the food for plants-see that nothing of value for manuring purposes be wasted, but added to the compost heap or otherwise utilized. Cultivators cannot make too much manure for corn and other crops, and for top dressing, while commercial fertilizers and special manures will pay farmers and gardeners large dividends. Green manuring affords a cheap and most effective method of soil enrichment. Buckwheat is the best crop for a very poor soil, turning under two crops in a year. Early the next spring clover can be sown, fertilized with a dressing of plaster; and i the crop is a luxuriant one, an early cutting of hay may be made; when the seeds are partially ripe the clover can be turned under. Where wheat is raised the field is cross plowed very lightly, or the grain sowed upon the surface and worked in with the cultivator.

Care of Live Stock. The heavy snow storms and cold rains in April that have characterized the backward spring, have proved unfavorable to stockmen in most sections of the country, and prolonged the seeding season; and while May usually brings warm weather and good pasturage, farm stock must not be neglected this month, especialty while going from hay to grass, Working teams seed extra care and lib eral rations to keep them in good condition at this busy season. Horses cannot be guarded too carefully against galls and other injuries Keep the harness clean and soft, and when the teams come to the barn in a heavy sweat, do not strip them at once, but wait until they have somewhat cooled. After the col-lars are removed, bathe the shoulders with salt and water. Give brood mares plenty of succulent food.

Cows should be very gradually changed from dry feed to pasture. It is a good plan to give salt to prevent over eating of grass. Give them grain and hay, and also roots if you have them. If brought up early and fed hay with grain or roots at night, and given hay before going to pasture in the morning they will thrive. Calves and other young animals need good care and feed now to

Sheep ought to be appreciated this month when the time for washing and

shearing has arrived and they are yielding big clips. But there is a difference of opinion among farmers as to whether washing pays and many have discon-tinued the practice. The ewes and lambs require attention until turned out to summer pasture which should not be done until the grass is well started. Tag sheep before they go to pasture. The ticks that collect on lambs after old sheep are shorn may be destroyed by using a dip of tobacco water or some other decoction sold for the purpose.

Swine should be looked after care fully now. Hogs should be fed regularly but no more than they will eat up clean. They will thrive and fatten on clover, the fattening process to be completed later by feeding grain. If allowed to run in the orehard pigs will gain and also do good service by destroying many insects. Special care should be taker now to keep young pigs growing, as a set-back at this time will prove injuri-

Poultry keepers who aim at profit should destroy vermin, provide good dusting boxes, whitewash roosting dusting places and nesting boxes, and give the birds plenty of range. Cleanliness is a great factor in successful poultry keep-

The vegetable and fruit gardens both

demand attention this month, and it

should be given even by the busiest of

farmers, suburban residents and vil-

lagers. Good vegetables and small fruits are palatable and healthful, and ought to be considered indispensable in the family. The seed catalogues are now so complete in details that it is unnecessary to give the times of sowing or the distance apart of the various vegetable seeds. But we arge that the seed beds be well prepared and en riched, and carefully protected at night, where there are late frosts, after the seed has been sown. Plant raspberries and blackberries early, and set out currants, gooseberries, grapevines, quinces, etc., that were kept through the winter. Manure and thoroughly weed the strawberry bed, and apply a heavy mulch. It will pay to use a mulch of straw, bog hay or litter on currants, raspberries and all other fruit bearing shrubs. Fight weeds and insects as soon as they appear, with sharp hoes, elbow grease and insecticides. It is not too late to plant fruit trees in gardens and orchards. Trees that have been heeled-in to retard growth can be safely planted later than others. Remove caterpillar nests, using a swab, with kerosene emulsion or lime wash. Destroy the curculio on sight. Daily jarring the plum and other trees infested, and catching the curculios on sheets, is the best remedy. Spraying with Paris green or London purple is the panacea for many insect enemies that infest both gardens and orchards Gardeners and orchardists should inform themselves in regard to the use of insec ticides, and give timely attention to their application to infested trees, vines and plants. These of our readers engaged in fault growing are advised to give the matter of thinning timely attention. According to a pomological authority, the only way to make fruit growing pay is to sed good fruit at large prices, and the only way to have good fruit is to throw away one-half or thirds of it while it is still young. This may be done before the flowers have bloomed, by the operation of disbudding But this rarely removes enough, and as soon as the fruit is set a large share should be removed. If it appears that too much still remains the number may be reduced when it is half grown, and still more, if need be, just as ripening is about beginning. So with grapes, certain number of clusters of which apportioned to the age and strength o the vine. Of course precision like this is not looked for in market culture, yet an approximation to it may be tried; but

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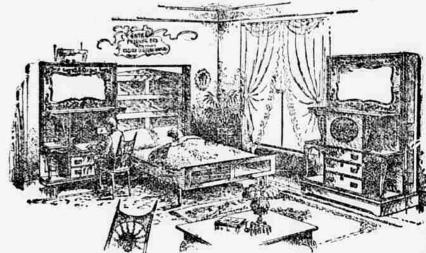
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CRIPPLE CREEK

# MINING STOCKS PATENT

MINING STOCKS, and can fill telegraphic orders on short notice. list comprises the following Cripple

Anaconda, Cold King, Blue Bell, Alamo,

Bull Mountain, Beuna Vista, Work, Washington.

And all other reliable stocks of these mines, as well as many stocks of the Leadville, Aspen and Creed mines.

Many of the Cr p c Creek stocks have more than doubled within three months. The Anaconda stock sold four months ago at 11 cents, and sells now for over \$1 per share. Other new mines are opening every few days with just as good prespects. good prospects.

A gentlem in of Council Bluffs bought some of this stock at 15 cents, the inter-part of March, and has since refused it for it for vestments made at low rates. All correspon-

dence promptly answered. J. S. GIBSON, · 10 Pikes Peak Avenue, Colorado Springs, - - Colorado

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