# THE PRICE OF PEACE.

### BY MRS. HENRY L. PRATT.

In all my travels, from Maine to Rhode Island, I've never come across a couple more unlike than what Mr. and Mis' Nims was.

Mr. Nims was one of these shut-upto-himself men, and he'd glum 'round for days over some little matter that a word would 'a' set right if he'd only been plain-hearted.

Mis' Nims was all the other waytalk it out and done with it; a little hasty and imprudent, maybe, but she is well-meaning, Mis' Nims is, and as good a woman to neighbor with as I want to see.

I hey thought whether or no being of different persuasions didn't work to keep 'em apart. See, she was brought up an orthodox, and he favored the

Methodists. She joined with him and laid out to do her part amongst 'em, but she never was to home with the Methodists.

Then, another thing, she hated a dog, and Mr. Nims must always have a great clumsy hulk, good for nothing but to bark and eat and lie around under foot, while Mis' Nims, she marn't have even a kitten, though she set

everything by a cat. And so it went. One day I stepped in to borrow Mis' Nims' cutting-board, and just as I got to the door I heard her say: "You ain't going to turn Charley in amongst my flowers, be ye?"

He didn't condescend any reply-not as I could hear.

"Now, Mr. Nims," says she, "he's stepped on my pansy-bed and broke off a dahlia a'ready. Ain't there any other place on this whole farm where you can put him? I don't want him sere," says she.

Mr. Nims' countenance didn't change more than a wooden Indian.

"I do," says he. "There's a good bating of grass to be fed down, and I calculate to leave Charley here for a spell," says he. And he budged off as stiff as though he'd swallowed a a ramrod.

Mis' Nims didn't say a word more, but she gave that old dog a push that sent him out of doors with a yelp; and I didn't blame her a mite, nuther.

I brought the cutting-board back as they was a-settin' down to dinner, and Mis' Nims asked me to draw up to the table. She had an excellent dinner-Mis' Nims is an elegant cook-but not one identical word did he speak, only to ask if I'd have another potato.

She seemed chipper enough, but I see a shadow pass over her countenance when the old horse sneezed right under the window where her piney bed was, and the dog, that had got back under the table by that time. yopped out as though somebody had accidentally trod on his tail.

Mr. Nims was a great hand for raising colts, but she was a terrible scary creature; and I expect riding after half-broken colts has given her a fit of the newralogy many's the time.

He was dreadful set in his waysame as the general run of men airand it was like fighting the east wind to try to move him out of it. Them two used to remind me of a pair of napajawed scissors that you can't cut with. Some might have put the heft of the blame on to her; and I s'pose she did mag him some, and flash out when she'd better have kep' still.

I run in one day to borrow a sleeve pattern, when I heard Mr. Nims ing out kind o' gruff, and I halt-

I had my thoughts, but I kep' 'em to myself, and only said I should admire to do anything I could. Then she hushed up and said no more.

Squire Hosley's wife is second cousin to me, and she had been after me to help about her sewing. So I thought I might as well go there Saturday as any day.

The squire's office is at one side of the house, with a door opening into the orchard and another door opening into a little back room. Mis' Hosley uses this for a sewing room. So there I was. I had set the door into the office on the jar-the room being so small

and close. It was still work that I was upon. mending stockings and the children's clothes, and I couldn't help but hear all that was said in the office.

Mr. Nims made the explanation of what they wanted, and said it was understood between them that he kep' the house and farm. I'll warrant ye I knew he'd never yield an inch of his ground. He was a man who wanted all the land joining his, and to plant in your garden.

"The bed and table stuff is hers,' said he.

"Oh, no, Elisha!" says she, "I don't consent to that. Sarah Jane had a good setting-out, and Asa's house is full. Besides, if I find I need more things I can make 'em, and your mother's eyesight plagues her. She can't do as she could once," she sava.

"The bed and table furnishings are hers," Mr. Nims repeated. "What she didn't make she bought with her butter money.

"Nos'Lisha," Mis' Nims began; but Squire Hosley interrupted her. I see they was beginning to wear on his patience.

"Why not put the property in two piles and draw cuts, if you've no choice. That would be fair," says he. I knew by the way I heard her snuff

that Mis' Nims hadn't give up, though she said no more-not then; but from that they went on to wrangle over every stick of furniture. She should have no use for this, that and the other thing. An' no more wouldn't he.

I could hear the squire drum on the table, and I knew he was getting restless. Finally he made an end of the talk by saying: "Why not let Mr. Nims keep the downstairs furniture, and she take what is above? How would that do?

Well, they demurred, each one being afraid the other would be cheated. but at last, seemingly, let it go, and worked their way on to the live stock.

"Three cows for her, ' says he. "Two will be full and plenty for me. She was always more for a dairy than what I was," he says.

"Why, 'Lisha, you are going to make beef of old Brindle," says she, "and that leaves only four."

"I've concluded not to beef her, she is such a favorite of yours," says he. That was a great piece of news.

Mrs. Nims had felt awful cut up about having Brindle tatted and killed, for she called that cow the best for butter in the herd. But Mr. Nims appeared firm.

"And the pigs," he began. "I don't want any pigs! I've no use for 'em. What can I do with pigs down to Baker street?"

And she burst out crying. She had set a good deal by that litter of pigs. had a Turkish bath, no doubt to bebringing 'em up by hand, as you might say, for the old mother died when they his horsey friends as being the first

## LITTLE THINGS.

Only a little thing-a word or two-no more: But it pierced with a tiny sting, and left a true heart sore: It hushed awhile the music that hearts alone

can hear. And dimmed the inward sunshine that else had been so clear.

Only a little thing-a word-a smile-so slight One could not tell the reason why it made the day so bright;

Why it brought the light of Heaven so close to the troubled heart. And cleared the dusky shadows-like morning mists-apart.

Only a little thing-the breadth of a hair-se small-

That either eye nor ear could trace its silent fall. Yet it turned sweet chords to discord, and

jangled the noble score. And not till it has been banished can the mu-

sic breathe once more. Only a little thing-a withering breath that

blew O'er the exquisite bloom of the flower, and

dulled its tender hue--Yet ne'er again shall it smile at the kiss of the

morning sun. For the soul of its beauty hath vanished, and its fragile life is done

Only a little thing-yet from small beginnings flow The wondrous ways of life, from whence r

world might grow-And in tiniest germs may lurk the poison-bear-

ing breath That may lay the hope of a nation low in the

grasp of death. Oaly a little thing-yet smallest things may

grow To mightiest future issues, that now we cannot know; And, handling the little things with a soft and

reverent touch. We shall prove that the faithful in little is the

faithful, too, in much! -Agnes Machar, in Chicago Interior.

HIGHBRED HORSES. 1

Diseases Peculiar to the Aristocratic Equines of the City.

Their Artificial Lives Are Conducive to

Numerous Allments-How the Animals Are Treated by the Veterinarians. •0.

Indigestion is the curse of the city horse as well as the city human being. Probably half the horses in New York are afflicted more or less with indigestion. In their natural state neither horse nor man knew indigestion. Where man has gone he has taken the horse with him, and the horse as well as the man has become the victim of the diseases which are the penalties of civilization. The milestones of modern civilization are marked by the new discases, and, later, their cures, discovered by the modern physician. When Russia sent la grippe to the western world the horse got it as well as man, and it showed the same contagious tendencies in horse communities as in men communities. Not long ago a horse in California got the brain fever. The surgeons at first thought that there was something the matter with his car.

As he couldn't speak, he couldn't tell the surgeons that his poor old head feit as if it was about to split open. So he did the next best thing. He shook his head as hard as he could, and tried to raise havoc with everything within reach of his heels. After he was tied firmly the surgeons found out the trouble, and in a few days sent him back to his owner feeling like an old gentleman who had just

come a source of wonder among all of

can't get enough of it. If he had his way he would become an inebriate. out will not allow his horse the same privilege.

There's a hospital for horses up town where horses are treated for all of the diseases in the category and which has a great table to which horses are strapped for operations. A wise man who does the doctoring told the reporter all of the things he is telling you, and many more

This hospital, which is the annex of a college, is always experimenting on horses that are past curing except by experimenting. It also manufactures anti-toxine for the board of health, and possesses famous No. 7, which originally cost seven dollars. No. 7 has been at the point of death a dozen times, but is still alive and covered with scars where his blood has been drawn to save the life of his young countrymen who get the diphtheria. He won fame in two hemispheres instead of the offal cart, because he is a veritable anti-toxine genius, without a rival anywhere in the world.

Just now the doctors at the hospital are experimenting with tetanine. which is to lockjaw (or tetanus) what anti-toxine is to diphtheria. A fine specimen of lockjaw came in the other day; but before they could inject any tetanine into him he was dead. One horse has been cured in France. An Italian was the first to discover tetanine. The Italians and the Germans are the greatest masters of the theory of veterinary science, and the English and Americans are the best practitioners.-N. Y. Press.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

How Max O'Rell Purchased a Straw Hat at St. Malo.

Max O'Rell tells the following in his "Jacques Bonhomme": I remember once-it was at St. Malo, in the summer-I entered a hatter's shop at one o'clock in the afternoon. A well-dressed, lady-like girl came out of the back parlor and inquired what I wanted.

"I want a straw hat, mademoiselle," said.

"Oh, that's very awkward just now!"

"Is it?"

"Well, you see." she said, "my brother is at dinner," and, after a pause of a few seconds, she added: "Would you mind calling again in an hour's time?"

"Not at all." I replied; "I shall be delighted to do so.'

I was not only amused but struck with admiration for the independence of that worthy hatter. After a few years' residence in England a little scene of that description was a great treat.

An hour later I called again. The young girl made her second appearance.

"My brother waited for you quite ten minutes," she said to me; "he has gone to the cafe with a friend now.

"I am sorry for that." I said: "when can 1 see him?"

"If you step across to the cafe, I am sure he will be happy to come back and attend to you.'

I thanked the young lady, went to the cafe, and introduced myself to the hatter, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and having a game of dominces with a friend. He asked me to



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matting. Horses, harness and wag-

ed, for I didn't wish to intrude. (I were eight days old. never wear squeaky shoes myself). I After that it was still as death for a didn't find out what went before, but the first I heard was this:

"I can't please you," says he. (It don't like my hired men, you ain't satisfied with my breed of cows, the color of the corn barn don't suit ye. and I'm thinking you'll be happier if we divide and separate. You've always thought more of your brother Asa than you do of me, and you can be free to go to him, so you'll be well fixed."

"Why, Mr. Nims!" I heard her kind o' gasp out, and I surmised by the sound that she let fall a teacup. I I looked to hear her burst out in her quick way, and I'll warrant ye he supposed she'd flare up, and that would be the end on't. But she seemed dumfounded. By 'n' by she said, quite quiet:

"I'm sure Asa would be pleased to have me there. He misses Sarah Jane, and so do the children. There has to be somebody at the head to make things so. But what would you do, Elisha?"

I had to smile, for she scarcely ever called him Elisha.

"I can look out for myself," says he, and stalked off to the barn.

I went right in, and said I guessed I could tell what was in his mind. He was calculating to make a home for his mother, and get along they two together. Old lady Nims never was any too particular, and now she had the shaking palsy. So I could see Mis' Nims set right to thinking how things would go to wrack and ruin under such no management. She is an awful nice housekeeper herself, and set a great store by her things. She made an arrant up chamber pretty soon, and was gone quite a spell. When she came down her eyes were some red, but she stuffed it out and went on as matterof-fact as the cows coming home.

"I've got to flax around," says she, "and get Elisha's new shirt done; and there's the pickle-vinegar needs scalding, and the brine, too. And 1 was laying out to put up a few more quinces. Elisha is very partial to quince sauce."

The next day I went over to offer my help, and she seemed glad to have me there. I guess she felt she must let out a little to somebody, and she knows I'm no hand to run and tell. She told me they were going to Squire Hosley's to get his help about a division of the property. She wanted to wait till after Monday, so she could get one more wash done, but Mr. Nims had laid out to begin cutting corn

she.

2

minute, then Squire Hosley spoke up. "My good friends," says he, "if you

can't agree about living apart, my best beat me if he'd ever tried.) "You advice is that you agree to go on living together."

For a minute or two all was still again, and the old clock ticked up like the Day of Judgment. By 'n' by Mr. Nims spoke rather low:

"What do you say, Louisy?"

"I was thinking whether we hadn't oughter drive over to your mother's and see how her cough is. I'm some worried about that cough," says she. "I'm agreeable to that," says he.

As I was leaning forward, I caught sight through the crack of the door of him mopping up his face with his old red handkerchief: so I see he had felt it some. Squire Hosley, he said nothing.

Well, I made my way home middling early, and was keeping a watchout as they driv into the yard betwixt sundown and dark, and 1 see her stop and pat the yellow dog that was flopping his tail on the top step of the piazza. Old Bose was so tickled that he jumped knew by the looks of the back of Mr. part of trained nurses to the highly nervous beasts. Such things weren t Nims' neck that he took it in. After awhile I made an arrant to carry over the horse of to-day has a great many a dish of Dutch cheese, and there they were, eating their supper as cheerful as a basket of chips.

"Set up and have a cup o' tea," says she. "We've had quite a ride this afternoon," says she. "We've been to The youth fresh from the quiet of a see Mother Nims, and Elisha drove mile further. but he knows how skit-Uncle Seth's old scow. I'm silly, I s'pose. Elisha and I, we think mother is getting too old and feeble to live alone, and we have about persuaded her to break up and come to us."

She run on tor a spell, but that was all she said concerning their arrangements. And-would you believe it?from that day to this Mis' Nims has never opened her mouth to me on the subject, though she knows 1 never repeat. And now, to see them two jogging 'round together after old Charley, as content as ducks in a millpond, nobody mistrusts it took e'ena'most a separation to unite them.

Nobody knows but me and the old squire. It won't get out from him-he is as close-mouthed as a fish. And I was never one to talk .- Outlook.

-The second war with Great Britain Monday; and Saturday suited his time began June 18, 1812, and ended on Febbest. Pretty soon she said: "I hope ruary 17, 1815. It involved the enlistyou'll look in and do what you can to ment of 471,622 volunteers and the see that Elisha is comfortable," says service of \$5,000 regulars, a total of 576.022

nag who had ever recovered from "wheels in the head."

The modern horse doesn't get writer's cramp, but the modern horse does get "racer's heart." The "racer's heart" is the most aristocratic of horsey affections. A race horse always has a larger heart than a coach horse or a truck there was no chance of haste making horse; often he has twice as large a heart. In racing or trying to beat a record the greatest possible exertion is required of the heart, which results in enlargement. Sometimes the horse will have his heart enlarged without being affected; but often the result is a valvular disease, which is pretty certain to take him off the track, if not to kill him. The race horse is a hothouse production, anyway. He is like a highly civilized man. Nancy Hanks, for instance, is a sort of Paderewski of the horse world. Your finely bred horse wouldn't be worth his oats as a farm horse. It must have a veterinary surgeon at his heels every minute, and is prepared for a race with all the care that a violinist uses in tuning his instrument. Men who have big "strings" of horses have the entire service of a veterinary surgeon to supervise the work of the trainers, who play the necessary two hundred years ago, but more nerves than his ancestor, and he can also run a great deal faster.

It's the horse from the country which is suddenly set down in the midst of eity life that suffers most. country college town, who does twelve 'round by the bridge. It is all of a hours of apprenticeship on a newspaper as his first day's experience in tish I be about crossing the ferry in the artificial life of the city, feels no worse than the dumb beast, fresh from pastures green, which is driven a few miles up Fifth avenue hitched to a landau. The horse often becomes so nervous that he does not digest his evening meal.

Pneumonia, however, is his greatest enemy. When the wise stableman goes home for the night he closes all of the doors and windows, depriving the stable of all ventilation. This is hard on lungs used to fresh country air. When the horse is taken out he gets a chill and pneumonia ensues. Then the poor fellow sits down on his haunches, spreads his feet wide apart to give his lungs room, breathes from his abdomen and suffers like a hero. When he convalesces he is' the hungriest horse in town. He is fed on milk punches and eggs, and he developes such a great liking for them that he will follow the one who feeds him about the stable, using all of the horse methods of coaxing at his command. In this, too, he is like man. Once he gets a taste for whisky he

allow him to finish the game, which. of course, I was only too glad to do,

and we returned to the shop together, and after my several hours' waiting was enabled to make the purchase of a straw hat. Surely, in this case waste.

#### PERSONAL MENTION.

A LIVELY old couple were recently married at North Adams, Mass. Elisha Kingsley, aged ninety-two, led to the altar Mrs. Julia Howes, who is in her seventy-first year.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S Lenten bonnet is a mass of Parma violets and so natural in appearance that many people refuse to believe that they are artificial.

> Bad dreams distress the man whose digestion is out of order. Constipation creates more dreams Sometimes they can-not sleep at all, and when they do sleep, the dreams come. It doesn't take so very long to wear a man

out with that sort of thing. He gets up in the morning feel-ing worse than he did when he went to bed. He is listless and without energy. The chances are he is dizzy, has "heartburn," palpitation, sees black spots before his eyes, has headache and is bilious. What nonsense it is to let a condition of that sort continue. Nine-tenths of all the sickness in the world comes from constipation and neglect of it. It is a simple thing to cure if you go about it

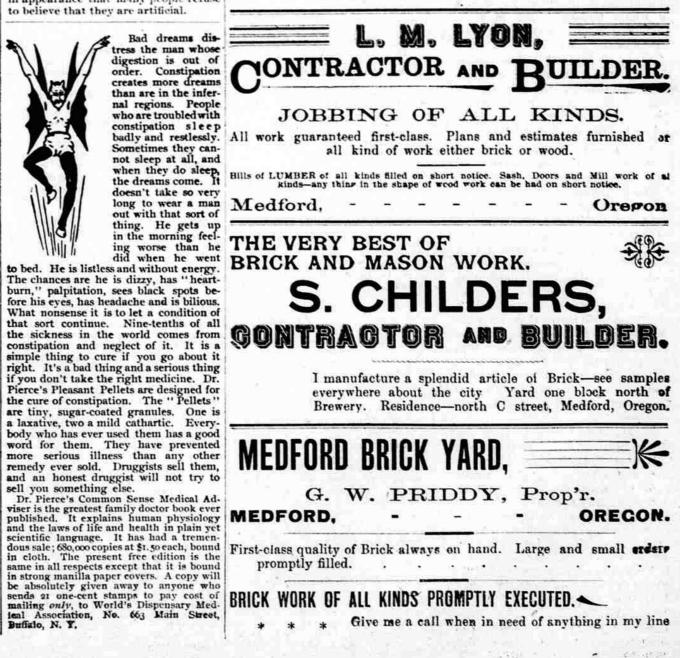
than are in the infernal regions. People who are troubled with constipation sleep

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