Out on the Pampas

By G. A. HENTY

CHAPTER V.

Monday morning the boys were at work at two wheelbarrows, for which Mr. Hardy had brought out wheels and ironwork; and Mr. Hardy and the men went down to the stream, and began to strip off the turf, and to dig out a strip of land twenty-five feet wide along the line where the dam was to come. The earth was then wetted and puddled. In ten days a dam was raised eight feet high, three feet wide at the top and twenty-five feet wide at the bottom. In the middle a space of two feet wide was left, through which the little stream at present ran. Two posts, with grooves in them, were driven in, one upon either side of this; and thus the work was left for a few days, for the sun to bake its surface, while the men were cutting a trench for the water to run down to the ground to be irrigated.

A small sluice was put at the entrance to this and all was now in readiness to complete the final operation of closing up the dam. A quantity of earth was first collected and puddled and piled on the top of the dam and on the slopes by its side. A number of boards two feet long, and cut to fit the grooves, were slipped down into them, forming a solid wall, and then upon the upper side of these the puddled earth was thrown into the water, Terence standing below in the stream and pounding down the earth with a rammer. The success was complete; in a couple of hours' time the gap in the dam was filled up, and they had the satisfaction of seeing the little stream overflowing its banks and widening out above, while not a drop of water made its escape by the old channel.

While this work had been going on the boys had been engaged up at the house. The first thing was to make a churn, then to put some large closets and some more shelves. The girls tried their first experiment at butter, and the result was most satisfactory. The dinners, too, were pronounced to be an immense improvement upon the old state of things.

Mr. Hardy was rather surprised at Seth Harper, the Yankee, having remained so long in his service, as the man had plainly stated, when first engaged, that he thought it likely that he should not fix himself, as he expressed it, for many weeks. However, he stayed on, and had evidently taken a fancy to the boys. Of an evening, when work was over, they would go down to the bench he had erected outside his hut, and would ask him to tell them tales of his Indian experiences. Upon one of these occasions Charley said to him: "But of all the near escapes that you have had, which was the most hazardous you ever had? Which do you consider was the narrowest touch you ever had of being killed?"

Seth considered for some time in silence, and then said: "That's not altogether an easy question to answer. I've been so near wiped out such scores of times that it ain't no easy job to say which was the downright nearest. But I think that, at the time, I never so much felt that Seth Harper's time for going down had come as I did in an affair near San Louis."

"And how was that, Seth? Do tell us about it," Maud said.

"It's rather a long story, that is," the Yankee said.

"All the better, Seth," Charley said; "at least all the better as far as we are concerned, if you don't mind telling it."

"No, I don't mind, no how," Seth answered. "I'll just think it over, and see where to begin."

There was a silence for a few minutes, and the young Hardys composed themselves comfortably for a good long sitting, and then Seth Harper began his story.

"Better than five years back, in '47, I were fighting in Mexico. It wasn't much regular up and down fighting we had, though we had some toughish battles, too, but it were skirmishing here, skirmishing there, keeping one eye always open. Me and Rube Pearson worked mostly together. We had 'list the Indians out on the prairies for years side by side, and when Uncle Sam wanted men to lick the Mexicans we concluded to go in together. We 'listed as scouts to the 'Rangers,' that is, we agreed to fight as much as we were wanted to fight, and to go on in front as scouts, in which way we had many a little scrimmage on our own account; but we didn't wear any uniform, or do drill. Rube came from Missouri—most of them very big chaps do. I shouldn't wonder if Samson did, though I never heard for certain."

The young Hardys had great difficulty to prevent themselves from laughing aloud at Seth's idea on the subject of Samson. Charley, however, with a great effort, steadied himself to say, "Samson died a great many years ago, Seth. His history is in the Bible."

"Is it, though?" Seth said, much interested. "Well, now, what did he do?"

"He carried away the gates of Gaza on his back, Seth."

Seth remained thoughtful for some time. "It all depends on how big the gates were," he said at last. "That gate down there is a pretty heavyish one, but Rube Pearson could have carried away two sich as that, and me sitting on the top of them. What else did he do?"

"He was bound in new cords, and he broke them asunder, Seth."

Seth did not appear to attach much importance to this, and inquired: "Did he do anything else?"

"He killed three hundred men with the jawbone of an ass."

"He killed——" Seth began, and then paused in sheer astonishment. Then he looked sharply round. "You're making fun of me, lad."

"No, indeed, Seth," Charley said; "it is quite true."

"Oh, it was a miracle!" Seth said, thoughtfully. "I have no doubt that it is all true, and I wish I could read it for myself. I can just remember that my mother put a great store of her Bible, and called it the Good Book. I can't read it myself, and shouldn't have time to do it if I could; so it's all one as far as that goes. I am just a hunter and Indian fighter, and I don't know that for years I have ever stopped so long under a roof as I have here. My religion is the religion of most of us out on the prairies. Be honest and true to your word. Stick to a friend to death, and never kill a man except in fair fight. That's about all, and I hope it will do; at any rate, it's too late for me to try and learn a new one now. I listen on a Sunday to your father's reading, and I wish sometimes I had been taught; and yet it's better as it is. A man who acted like that wouldn't be much good for a rough life on the prairies, though I have no doubt it could be done in the settlements. Now I will go on with that yarn I was just beginning.

"One day our captain sent for Rube and me, and says, 'I've got a job for you two scouts. It's a dangerous one, but you won't like it any the worse for that, I know.'

"'Not a bit,' said Rube, with a laugh. He was the lightest-hearted fellow, was Rube; always gay and jolly, and wouldn't have hurt a squirrel, except in stand-up fight and as a matter of business.

"'What is it, Cap?' said I; 'you've only got to give us the word, and we're off.'

"'I've had a message,' he said, 'from Col. Cabra of their service, that he is ready to turn traitor, and hand us over some correspondence of Santa Anna, of which he has somehow got possession. Being a traitor, he won't trust any one, and the only plan we can hit upon is that he shall make a journey to San Miguel, thirty miles north of this, as if on business. I am to make an expedition in that direction, and am to make him prisoner. He will then hand over the papers. We shall bring him here, and, after keeping him for a time, let him go on parole. No suspicion will, therefore, at any future time, arise against him. Now, I want you to go on to-morrow to San Miguel. Go in there after dusk, and take up your quarters at this address. Get up as Mexicans; it only requires a big cloak and a sombrero. Stay all next day, and till daybreak on the morning afterward, and then ride back on this road. You will find out, in the first place, whether Cabra has arrived, and, in the next place, whether El Zeres is in the neighborhood. I shall only bring forty men, as I do not wish it to be supposed that I am going on more than a mere scouting expedition. You understand?'

"'All right, Cap; we'll do it,' I said, and we went off to our quarters.

"'We had better start early, Seth,' said Rube, 'say at daybreak.'

"'What for, Rube?' I said.

"Rube laughed. 'I don't want to get there before dusk. You remember Pepita? You know I did feel uncommon soft toward Pepita, and really thought of marrying and taking her back to Missouri.'

"'Only she wouldn't come, Rube?'

"'Just so, Seth,' said he, laughing. So we agreed we would be the best friends; and she asked me, if ever I went out to San Miguel, to go and see her. She lives in a small hacienda, a league this side of the town.'

"I saw that it was of no use to argue, but I didn't like it. The Mexican women hated us worse than the men did, and that warn't easy to do. But next morning off we started, and by ten o'clock we rode up to the door of the place which Rube said answered to the description Pepita had given him. It was a pretty place, with trees around it, and might have been the residence of a small proprietor such as Pepita had described her father to be. As we rode up to the door it opened, and I saw at once that Rube was right, for a dark-eyed Mexican girl came out and looked at us inquiringly.

"'What can I do for you, seniors?' she asked.

"'Don't you remember me, Donna Pepita?' Rube said, laughing, as he lifted the sombrero which had shaded his face.

"The girl started violently. 'Ah, Signor Americano, is it you? I might have known indeed,' she said, smiling, 'by your size, even wrapped up. This, of course, is Signor Seth—you are always together. But come in,' she said.

"'Who have you got inside, Donna Pepita?' Rube asked. 'I know that I can trust you, but I can't trust others, and I don't want it known I am here.'

"'The house is empty,' Pepita said. 'My father is out. There is only old Jacinta at home.'

"At this moment an old woman made her appearance at the door, and at a word from Pepita took our horses, while Pepita signed us to enter.

"'Excuse me, signora,' I said. 'We will go first and see our horses stabled. It is our custom; one never knows when he may want them.'

"I thought Pepita looked annoyed, but it was only for a moment, and then she said something in one of the country dialects to the old woman. She nodded her head and went off round to the back of the house, we leading our horses and following her. The stables, I observed, were singularly large and well kept for a house of its size, but, to my surprise, instead of going to the long range of buildings, the old woman led the way to a small shed.

"'Ain't these stables?' said I.

"She shook her head, and said in Spanish, 'They were once, but we have only two horses. Now they are used as a store for grains; the master has the key.'

"I could not contradict her, though I believed she was telling me a lie. However, we fastened our horses up in the shed, put the pistols from our holsters into our belts, and, taking our rifles in our hands, entered the house.

"Pepita received us very warmly, and busied herself assisting the old woman to get us something to eat; after which she and Rube began love-making, and it really seemed as if the girl meant to change her mind, and go back with Rube, after all. Still I was uneasy, and shortly made some excuse to leave the room and saunter round and about the house. I found nothing to excite the smallest suspicion, and was therefore content to return to the room and to throw myself lazily down and go off for a siesta, in the wakeful intervals of which I could hear that the delighted Rube was arranging with Pepita how she should escape and join him when the army retired; for of course neither had any idea that her father would consent to her marrying one of the hated enemies of his country.

CHAPTER VI.

"At 3 o'clock I roused myself and soon after the old woman came into the room with some lemonade. I observed that Pepita changed color, but she said nothing, and a moment after, making some excuse, she left the room. I was about to speak to Rube on the subject, when the window was darkened with men. Five or six shots were fired at us, and with a yell a crowd of Mexicans rushed into the room.

"As they appeared Rube sprang up with the exclamation: 'Trapped, by thunder!' and then fell flat on his back, shot, I believed, through the head.

"I rushed to my rifle, seized it, but before I could get it to my shoulder it was knocked from my hand. Half a dozen fellows threw themselves upon me, and I was a prisoner. There was such a hubbub and a shouting at first that I couldn't hear a word, but at last I picked up that they were a party of the band of El Zeres, who was in the neighborhood, and had been fetched by a boy that traitress Pepita had dispatched for them directly we arrived. I had my eyes fixed upon poor Rube, whom no one thought of noticing, when all of a sudden I gave quite a start, for I saw a move. I couldn't see his face, but I saw a hand stealing gradually out toward the leg of a man who stood near. Then there was a pause, and then the other hand began to move. It wasn't at all like the aimless way that the arms of a badly hit man would move, and I saw at once that Rube had been playing 'possum' all along."

"Doing what, Seth?" Ethel asked.

"Just pretending to be dead. I held my breath, for I saw he had come to the conclusion that he could not be overlooked much longer, and was going to make a move.

"In another minute there was a crash and a shout as the two men fell to the ground with their legs knocked clean from under them, catching hold of other men and dragging them down with them. From the midst of the confusion Rube leaped to his feet and made a rush for the window; one man he leveled with a blow of his fist; another he caught up as if he had been a baby, and hurling him against two others, brought them on the ground together, and then leaping over their bodies, dashed through the window before the Mexicans had recovered from their astonishment. I could have laughed out loud at the yell of rage and amazement with which they set off in pursuit; but two or three of them remained to guard me, and I might have got a knife in my ribs, so I kept quiet. I heard a shot or two, then there was a silence for a time, then a shout of triumph. I knew it was all over, and that Rube was taken again.

"He told me afterward that he had made a dash round to the stable, where he had found seven or eight Mexicans looking after the horses; that he had knocked down one or two who were in his way, had leaped upon the nearest animal, and had made off at the top of his speed, but that a dozen others were after him in an instant; and seeing that he would be lassoed and thrown from his horse, he had stopped and thrown up his arms in token of surrender. Rube's hands were bound tightly behind him, and he was led back into the room.

"The horses were then saddled, and we were soon off, Rube and I riding in the midst of the party with our hands tied before us, so that we could just hold the bridle. We had found out from the conversation that El Zeres with his band was about twenty-five miles distant.

"It was about nine o'clock when we rode into camp; and as we approached it we acknowledged that a better place against a sudden surprise could hardly have been chosen. The ground was flat for miles round; but the site of the camp rose in a slight mound, of nearly circular form and perhaps one hundred yards across; the central part was thirty feet or so above the general level. Round this the band of El Zeres was encamped. We were led up toward the central hut, which was evidently the abode of the chief. He was standing at the door, tapping his riding boot impatiently with a heavy whip; a man was holding his horse in readiness. One of the other leaders was standing talking to him. El Zares was a slight, wiry man, with a small, wicked-looking eye. He was the ravagest and most bloodthirsty of all the Mexican partisans. The man with him was a tall, swarthy, ferocious looking villain.

"El Zares looked at us for some time without a word. Then he said, 'I've got you at last; I've been on the lookout for you for a long time past.'

(To be continued.)

Told by a Smoker.

In the cigar stores of New York an objectionable fad seems to have originated. The cigar dealers there now make a practice of giving to their customers a box of matches of a kind originally invented for the use of marines. They have fat heads ad they cannot be blown out by the strongest wind. The careless purchaser, who has been used to matches that will go out if you wave them after lighting your cigar, strikes one of these new-fangled things recklessly, and as recklessly throws it away. What is the result? The match burns on, wherever he throws it. I was given five or six of these dangerous affairs recently by as many cigar dealers, and as I had been accustomed to the ordinary match of commerce, I used them accordingly. I threw one from the window of an office building and it fell on the awning of the window below. That caught fire, and much excitement was created. Then I went into the lobby of a hotel and bought some more cigars. I was given the same kind of match, but I did not notice it. I lighted a cigar and threw the match away. It fell into the waste paper basket of the hotel stenographer, and if a cool-headed person had not come to the rescue, the fire department would have been called out. They are dangerous things to handle.

It Would Seem So.

Rubberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger, but you're not the only man that's failed at it.—Chicago News.

One principal reason why men are so often useless is that they divide and shift their attention among a multiplicity of objects and pursuits.—Emmons.

OLD FAVORITES

The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shots of flame on midnight's pall
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

MONEY IN GOAT RAISING.

An Industry in Which There Are No Unsalable Remnants.

"You can sell every part of a goat but his scent," said John Collins in the course of an interview recently on the subject of his Arizona goat farm. "There are thousands of goats on the farm," he said, "but whether there are 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000 I couldn't tell you for the life of me.

"I can tell you, however, something about the way in which our goat industry was started. By the death of a grand-uncle, my uncle, Harry McCormick and I inherited the Griebe St. Anne silver mines, which are two days and a night of steady burro travel south of Tucson. There was silver in the mines, but by the time we got it out and got it to Tuccon we were paying for it at about the rate of 16 to 1. But it wasn't a case of free silver, by any means. It was the most expensive money I ever got hold of. Finding the venture a losing one, we took lessons from the 'greasers' and bought from them 150 common goats.

"There is nothing but sagebrush and cactus out there for those animals to feed on, but no man ever saw a dead goat, unless he had come to some violent end. They live and thrive where nearly every other living thing starves to death.

"We started out with 150 goats, deriving our profits from the sale of the hides. In 1892 we decided to mix them with Angora goats. After two years the cross disappears and you get a perfect Angora goat. It is a valuable thing to have. The long hair is sold to the manufacturers of plush for furniture, sleeping cars and such things. The hair next to the skin can be made up into valuable shawls. The meat of the kids is delightful when fresh and is sent in its canned shape to Cuba, the Philippines, other parts of the United States, to China and to many other foreign countries as canned lamb.

So rich is goat's milk that one teaspoonful of it is equal to three tablespoonfuls of the purest cream. But the best part about the milk is that it is a deadly foe to tubercula, and consumptives who drink it are often cured of the disease. We are planning to condense the milk and sell it for medicinal as well as family use. If there is any other dumb animal with more valuable qualities than the goat, then I don't know it.

"No stables have to be provided for the keeping and six ranchers are sufficient for herding up those we want to sell. Once in a while the greasers and Indians get away with a few, but where you've got some scrappy ranchers they are not likely to repeat the performance often.

"As a rule now, we sell the goats on the hoof," continued Mr. Collins, according to the Washington Star. "In order to do so we have to drive them into Tucson. And a tough job it is. Of course, horses are not much good then, as it is so hard to get provender and water, but there is a species of broncho which the natives call 'loco poka,' which is as hardy as a goat. The loco poka is the craziest thing between Arizona and the next hottest country. As long as the notion doesn't strike 'em they're all right, but if ever they make up their minds to stop nothing on earth can start 'em. Whenever one goes, the rest go. A stampeding loco poka might go through a town where a score of his kind are hitched, and every blessed one of them would break loose in some way and go galloping after him. They run till they get good and ready to stop. If you happen to hang on that long you can turn your loco poka around and the rest will follow.

"We use the loco pokas for packing the kid meat to Tucson and, barring this one accomplishment, they are all right."

FLANNEL SHOULD BE WORN.

This Fabric Is Much More Healthful Than Other Woolens.

In England one sees much of the hygienic underwear which is so strongly urged for general adoption, but in this country it is less common. From a sanitary point of view, this is a pity, since physicians regard it as a preventive of many forms of disease. It affords the body the greatest protection against cold, heat and dampness with the least obstruction to the body's exhalation. These conditions are instinctively felt to be better fulfilled by woolen than by linen or cotton fabrics. Hence the very general use of flannel garments by athletes and by members of cricket, boating and other sporting clubs, who are called upon to engage in vigorous physical exercise likely to cause profuse perspiration.

As formerly woven, woolen fabrics were objectionable to many, because they irritated the skin and caused discomfort by preventing the proper escape of its exudations. Moreover, they were as a rule so heavy as to be intolerable for summer wear. These objectionable features have now been removed, and to make woolen clothing truly sanitary and suitable for all seasons the usual process of weaving woolen fabrics has been materially modified by adopting a method which produces a much less closely woven texture than the ordinary flannel.

The feeling is instinctive, too, that woolen clothing is "hot" in warm weather; that if we wear wool in winter to keep us warm we must wear something different in summer to keep us cool, or be inconsistent in theory and practice. But this is a mistake.

It is obvious to all how a non-conductor of heat—a woolen garment, for instance—prevents the escape of the heat of the body to a colder atmosphere, or the ingress of heat to the body from a warmer atmosphere; a familiar illustration of which is found in the practice of wrapping ourselves in blankets to keep us warm and of wrapping ice in a blanket to keep it cold—to keep the heat in in one case, and not in the other. It may not be so easy to understand why we should clothe a warm body in a blanket to cool it off or keep it cool when the temperature of the surrounding air is in or near equilibrium with it.

The explanation lies in the nature and condition of the body, the woolen fabric's two-fold property of non-conductivity to heat and permeability to moisture and the evaporation of the moisture at the fabric's outer surface. This evaporation disperses the heat, thus lowering the temperature. This is the reason the soldier keeps his woolen-covered canteen wet in hot weather. A wet woolen garment disposes of the surplus heat and leaves the body cool. —Hartford Times.

Queer Food Plants.

In the department of agriculture at Washington, hidden away in an obscure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit of queer foods eaten by out of the way people.

There is a loaf of bread made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied on the century plant. Another kind of bread is from dough of juniper berries. These are relished by some tribes of Indians, while others manufacture cakes out of different kinds of bulbs.

The prairie Indians relish a dish of wild turnips, which civilized people would not be likely to enjoy at all. In the great American desert the beans which grow on mesquite bushes are utilized for food.

Soap berries furnish an agreeable diet for some savages in this country, while in California the copper colored aborigines do not disdain the seeds of salt grass.

Also in California the Digger Indians collect pine nuts, sometimes called pinones, by kindling fires against the trees, thus causing the nuts to fall out of the cones. At the same time a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving the purpose of sugar. The seeds of gourds are consumed by Indians in Arizona.

Light-weight Books.

Many book-buyers, says a writer in the Youth's Companion, must have noticed the remarkable lightness of some of the volumes recently issued, especially from English presses. The paper, although of normal thickness, is singularly lacking in weight. Some American books also begin to show this characteristic. In some cases the relative loss of weight, as compared with older volumes of equal size, amounts to thirty or forty per cent. The cause is the recent adoption for book-work of paper made of esparto-grass fiber. This paper lacks the smooth surface of the older kinds, but the relief afforded by the loss of weight in bulky books is very agreeable.

The world is but a ring on which men cut their eye teeth.

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of life.

Food does not strengthen,
Sleep does not refresh.

It is hard to do, hard to bear, when it should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, the whole system suffers.

For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down and debilitated conditions.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. 25 cts.

His Inherited Dramatic Talent.

Miss Blanche Booth, a niece of Edwin Booth, has established a dramatic school at Minneapolis. She was formerly a member of her uncle's company and played Ophelia at his request.

THE WHITE SUMMER GIRL.

She Is a Symphony in White and Her Teeth Should Match.

The girl who now plans to go to her summer vacation recognizes that it is a white year. Everything in the line of feminine apparel is white in preference. White is all the rage. White dresses, white ribbons, white hats, white stockings, even white parasols, indeed the summer girl is a symphony in white.

Now comes the point we wish especially to make.

Do you think this beautiful white loyliness, this summer girl in her white costuming looks well when she opens her mouth to laugh and shows a yellow set of teeth?

Heaven forbid that any dainty woman who expects admiration this summer, from those who look upon her will forget the absolute necessity of having her teeth white, clean and perfect.

Before you go to the coast, or the country, for your vacation, go to Drs. Brothers, the famous dentists of the Failing building, Portland, Or., and have your teeth put in good order. The cost is very moderate and it is nothing.

In Sunny Kansas.

Druggist's Clerk—See Old Lady Wolf—what a brown study he's in! He's wrestling with a tremendous problem.

Druggist—What's that?

Trying to figure out how he can get a drink in a prohibition town.

Oh, that's the trouble, eh? Then upon the kind druggist offers the noble red man to the back door of the store, and the Indian problem is quickly and easily solved.

The Last Resort.

"I am very sorry that none of my prescriptions has relieved your insomnia," said the eminent practitioner, "because that makes it necessary for me to try a heroic remedy, but I have one that has never been known to fail."

"What is it, doctor?" asked the sleepless one, eagerly.

"Dress yourself up in a police uniform."—Judge.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Tip for Inventors.

"Isn't it surprising how time flies?" said the busy person.

"That's what," rejoined the man who refuses to work between meals. "I've often wondered why someone didn't make an airship of it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Miss Schley Ill From Exposure.

Miss Schley, daughter of Admiral Schley, who was on board the Boston when she ran down and sunk the Saginaw recently, is seriously ill from exposure on the morning of the collision.

REIERSON MACHINERY CO.

(Successors to John Poole)

Foot of Morrison Street, Portland, Or.

The Eli Gasoline Engine—A child can run it. Valves and all working parts covered. 2 h. p., $185; 4 h. p., $210; 6 h. p., $300. Turn on the Gasoline and then go to sleep. Write for illustrated catalogue and prices on anything you need in the machinery line.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep the bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The mildest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clean and clean is to take

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