THE ONE-PRICE HEIFER.

Yew wanter buy thet heifer, Zeb? I don't believe yew can;
I wouldn't sell thet heifer, sir, to any livin' man.
No, sir, if yew should come an' lay a fifty in my hand
I'd go an' shet the stable door an' let thet heifer stand.
I'd let her stand right where she is till she is old an' gray
Afore I'd sell one side of her, thet's all I've got to say.
Yew heerd I wanted to dispose? Yew must hev heerd it wrong;
I'd buy a dozen like her, Zeb, if yew'd bring them along.

Of course I've got a lot of stock, more stock 'en what I need,
An' I am short of stable room, an' somewhat short of feed;
But ez for selllin' thet there beast I wouldn't, no siree!
Let forty dollars come between thet heifer, Zeb, an' me.

I am a one-price critter, Zeb, no man kin beat me down;
She's wuth a heap more'n forty, Zeb, ask any man in town.
Hi Hunker wants her purty bad, an' so does Deekin Hale,
But ez I said before, of course, the heifer ain't for sale.

She's gentle an' she's good an' kind, an' slicker then an eel;
A child could milk her any time, she'd never raise a heel.
She never hooks nor jumps the fence, she never runs away,
An' comes around at milkin' time ez reg'lar ez the day.
You'd orter see the milk she gives, it's yaller, thick an' sweet,
An' ez for quantity, by gum, thet heifer can't be beat!
They're jerks of butter floatin' round inside the milkin' pail,
An' speakin' of her butter, Zeb—but then, she ain't for sale.

Yew say yew're bound to hev her, Zeb? Yew want her purty bad?
The slickest piece of cow-flesh, sir, a farmer ever had!
Wuth thirty dollars ez she stands, an' not a dollar less;
For I'm a one-price critter, Zeb, yew'll find thet out, I guess.
Wuth thirty dollars ez she stands. I'll tell yew what I'll dew:
I'll swap her now for twenty-five—'twixt me an' her an' yew.
Jest twenty-five, no more or less, for I'm a one-price man,
An' if yew'd want to swap her back, why durn it, Zeb, yew can.

—Joe Cone, in N. Y. Sun.

Finders and Losers

BROADLY speaking, girls are divided into two great classes—the ones who find and the ones who lose.

Meta is a girl who finds. Ownerless earrings and brooches and shirt studs are scattered along her pathway, entreating her to pick them up, whichever way she strolls, and little things like horseshoes and four-leaved clovers seem to leap up in the most unlikely places at the first sound of her step.

"Guess what I found to-day?" is her regular form of greeting; so no one was surprised when the question came that day at Georgia's tea.

"Oh, I don't know," said Lilian, indifferently. "Probably a cotton handkerchief or somebody's other glove." Lilian is one of the girls who couldn't find anything if they would. Possibly that's the reason she assumes the manner of one who wouldn't if she could.

Meta gave a withering glace at the scoffer. Then she removed her Ladysmith hat and extracted from its crown a roll of money, which she spread upon her lap. A $50, a $20 and a $10 bill stared out.

"Counterfeit!" gasped Lilian.

"No, sir. Uncle Mac says they're as good as any ever made."

"You didn't find them, Meta; you're joking," protested Georgia.

"No joke about it. I was walking down Wabash avenue, and stacks of people were passing in both directions too, but suddenly there was an open place about a yard square right in front of me, and straight in the middle of it lay this money, all rolled up. It just seemed as though the crowd parted, and everybody looked the other way on purpose to let me have it."

"Well, I never!" sung the chorus.

"What are you going to use it for, Meta?" somebody asked, but Lilian, whose interest had revived wonderfully, didn't give her time to answer.

"Use it for?" she cried. "Do you s'pose Meta would spend that money? Think of the poor woman who lost it!"

"Woman, indeed!" retorted Meta.

"Uncle Mac doesn't think that. He says there's a little pocket just inside the waistband of his trousers where he keeps a wad of bills—whenever he has one—and that it's the easiest thing in the world to slip the money in back of the pocket instead of into it. And I asked him if that ever happened to him. You ought to have seen how guilty he looked when he said: 'Once—but don't tell Ellen!' That's my aunt, you know. Well, we think—Uncle Mac and I—that some rich club fellow lost it, and that he'd put it to some extravagant use even if he had it again."

"But I can't help thinking about some poor old washerwoman who hadn't another cent in the world," murmured the blue-eyed innocent.

"Washerwomen without another cent are so likely to go strewing $50 rolls around!" said Meta.

"More likely 'twas a school-teacher with her month's salary—and teaching is such nervous work!" suggested Lilian.

"Or a fagged-out woman clerk," added Georgia.

"Well, I wouldn't take it from a woman any sooner than you would," declared Meta. "Of course I wouldn't mind so much if it belonged to a man. But I intend to advertise it, anyway."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Lilian as if she'd been thinking of that all the time. "That's the proper thing to do," and blue-eyed innocent added: "I should just use that money for advertising every day in every paper until there wasn't a cent left."

Meta pursed her lips. "Well, I'm taking Uncle Mac's advice about this," she said. "He says to study the papers a day or two and see if the loser advertises. Then, after that, he says to advertise: 'Found—Sum of money, at such a place, at such a time.' Not a word to give a false claimant any help in identifying the bills, you see. But he doesn't think I'll ever find the owner, and, say, girls, if he shouldn't turn up, what do you say to a lake trip together or some kind of a regular spree with this money?"

"I couldn't enjoy it," said the righteous Lilian.

"Not unless you gave half to a hospital," amended another.

"Oh, I don't know," dissented Georgia. "I think my conscience would take in a trip to Mackinac."

"Good for you!" replied Meta, as she rolled up her wealth and put on her hat. "We'll spend it all for gum if we want to, Georgia; and we won't treat them, either—see if we do!"

They didn't see her again for three weeks, and then she came flying into luncheon at Lilian's with a look in her eyes as if she'd just fallen heir to a million in gold.

"I've had the loveliest experience in the world!" she announced. "You remember that money I found? Well, I waited a few days, as Uncle Mac said, and no one advertised the loss; so I put one in myself. Told them to address X, the newspaper office, you know—the way they do. Next morning I went down to get the returns. There were nine answers, and of all the pathetic things! Not one of the people who wrote had lost their money on the day or at the place I found mine, but they were just as hopeful, for all that, and they actually made me feel responsible for their losses.

"First there was a man who had dropped a small, flat, black book, with a pawn ticket, a laundry bill and two two-dollar bills in it. And distressed over it! You'd think he'd lost a gold mine. And he was so sure 'twas his money I'd found—poor fellow! Then a woman poured out a whole sheetful of her heart, and drew a picture of the purse she'd lost, and told me how the money in it belonged to her sister, who was in the hospital and who needed it dreadfully, and how I'd be blessed forever if I only restored it. Next there was an old man who had dropped two $20 bills, and he went on in a shaky, feeble hand to explain that the reason he was carrying it was because he couldn't trust the banks; and then another girl, who told about an alligator-skin pocketbook containing a latchkey and a time pass over the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinac road. When I showed that to Uncle Mac afterward he said that road was a regular joke, because it didn't run to any of the places mentioned in its name, and he just shouted over the pass, because it had expired September 30, 1897. But it wasn't funny to me. I thought the girl must be in a sad way to be hanging on to an expired pass over a road like that for three whole years. Besides, she mentioned in a postscript that there was a five-dollar bill in her purse.

"I got awfully worked up over those letters. Then, suddenly, I had a brilliant idea. I just made up my mind to wait a week and then, if no one claimed that $80, to send for all those forlorn people and pay them what they had lost out of what I had found. I didn't dare tell Uncle Mac the scheme until the week had passed and I had really written notifying them all to be at his office at ten o'clock this morning. Then I just gave him the news all in one piece. I don't believe in breaking things, especially when you've set your heart on doing them. Oh, he thought I was crazy, of course, and wished he'd answered my 'ad.' himself and claimed the money. Said he could have done it through some one else so I would never have suspected, and then could have kept the money for me until this fit of sentimental foolishness had passed off—and all that sort of talk. But the end of it was that he took a chair over by the window in his office and let me have things all my own way with the people I had sent for. They all came, mind you, and of all the surprised-looking beings! Each one was expecting to find the identical purse he had lost, and at first every one looked suspicious of everyone else. They couldn't seem to grasp the situation.

"I had the money, all changed into the right amounts and lying in tempting little heaps on Uncle Mac's desk. First I made a little speech and then I served gold and silver refreshments. It took every cent of the money, and I had to put in a dollar besides, so there goes our gum, Georgia; but you wouldn't grudge it if you'd been there. Such larks! I never felt so much like a beneficent fairy in my life. Oh, dear—fun! Vaudevilles are nowhere—and, say, the man who lost the pawn ticket will never get over his grudge against me because I couldn't give that back. He thinks I've cost him a fortune! But the rest were more than sweet. Girls, I've been blessed and hugged, and the old man with the two $20 gold pieces actually kissed my hand. Think of that—will you? And the woman with the sister in the hospital was so happy! And I cried. Me crying—can you see it? And Uncle Mac needn't pretend he wasn't wiping his own eyes, either! But when they were gone he squared around at me, stern as stern, and said, in a disgusted way:

"'Well, of all the girly-girly performances!'

"I looked straight back at him and just said: 'How would you have a girl, Uncle Mac, if not girly? Do you want me mannyy?' And honest fact, he didn't know a single thing what to say."—Chicago Daily Record.

A Hostess on Parade.

"What was it Myrtilla did that wasso dreadful?"

"Why, our literary club met at her house, and she wanted to show her new hat, so she wore it."—Puck.

Where He Drew the Line.

Casey—That do yez prefer as a chaser afther drinkin whiskkey?

Cassidy—Anything but me woife.—Judge.

Time to Oil Up.

Like every other complex machine, the human body has its periods for repair. Sleep is Nature's time for rest, when the repair shops of the brain make good the damage of the waking hours. The man who cannot sleep, or who suffers from headache, nervousness, lost appetite, indigestion, heart trouble or pain, is running with a hot box. Give the tired brain and worn-out nerves a chance to rest. Stop! It is time to oil up.

"LaGrippe left me with shattered nerves and a weakened heart. I was short of breath, my heart fluttered and I was so nervous and irritable that I could not sleep. The first two doses of Dr. Miles' Nervine brought me relief. Five bottles invigorated my whole system and cured me. Although I am 88 years old I am as strong and hearty to-day as most men are at 60."
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2-3. PUFFINESS OF THE SKIN UNDER THE EYES, due to a collection of fluid—in other words, DROPSY. HUDYAN will cause the extra amount of fluid to be taken up by the blood and be eliminated by the Kidneys.

4-5. PALE, DOUGHY COMPLEXION. HUDYAN will restore the circulation to its normal condition and cause the cheeks to become red and rosy.

6. WEAKNESS OF THE HEART. HUDYAN will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart and make it strong and regular in its beatings.

7-8. WEAKNESS AND PAIN IN THE REGION OF THE KIDNEYS. HUDYAN will cause the kidneys to perform their functions properly, thereby relieving the pain and weakness.

Get HUDYAN at once and take it regularly. HUDYAN is sold by all druggists for 50c. per package, or 6 packages for $2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to the HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal. Remember that you can call and consult the HUDYAN DOCTORS FREE. Call and see them. If you cannot call, write to the doctors and they will advise you. The advice will be given free. Address

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Price 50c. and $1. Large size contains 2½ times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.

Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.

FOR SALE BY W. F. KREMER.

The young mother thinks, when she has completed the baby garments that are to clothe the little form. But she is not all ready for baby's coming, unless she has done something more for the baby than merely to prepare his clothes. Many a young mother who goes through hours of pain and suffering wonders why it was not possible to prepare in some way for the baby's advent, and to avoid the agony that seemed almost unendurable. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the one medicine for women which prepares them perfectly, both for the burdens and pleasures of maternity. It prevents the morning sickness from which so many women suffer. It strengthens the whole body, so that there is no nervousness nor anxiety. It promotes a healthy appetite and causes refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength for her trial and makes the baby's advent practically painless. Healthy mothers have healthy children, and it is the general testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for motherhood, that the children were healthier and happier than those born after months of mental misery and physical anguish on the part of the prospective mother.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without fee or charge. As chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. R. V. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has in the past thirty years and over treated and cured more than half a million sick and suffering women. The testimonials of these cured women are on record. A large number of them were cured when doctors had pronounced a cure impossible and after enduring years of useless suffering.

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Hoped for Death.

"For the sake of poor suffering women, I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit your medicine has given me," writes Mrs. Callie Bowles, of Waitz, Iredell Co., N. C. "I was in a most miserable condition when I wrote to you. I had uterine disease so bad I could scarcely walk and suffered such dreadful misery I hoped to be relieved by death. You wrote to me to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and I have taken eleven bottles of it, and two of your 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am entirely well and feel like a new woman. I feel thankful to God and to Dr. Pierce for the blessings I now enjoy. I have a fine big boy, two months old and never got along so well in my life. I can't praise your medicines enough."

Very Thankful.

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. F. S. Douglas, of Manneville, Brome Co., Quebec. "During the first four months when I looked forward to becoming a mother I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting and I felt so terrible sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each and when I had taken them a few days I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble. I could not do any thing before. I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine and I tell all who tell me they are sick to get these medicines or write to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper cover, or 31 stamps in cloth binding.

HANDS UP!

"WHAT a pity Jack is not a hero!" sighed Mary, laying down a paper containing a list of the latest recipients of the V. C. "Dad is so fearfully keen on soldiers just now."

She glanced toward a dainty writing table, where the photograph of a handsome curly-headed young barrister occupied a prominent place. Power was expressed in every one of those clear-cut features—the power to cleave a way through the world.

But Col. Warwick could think of nothing but soldiers, and his daughter, Mary, clandestinely carried on her love affairs, and concocted all sorts of impossible plans to transform her civilian lover into something like a man for the colonel. She even went to the length of inquiring at the war office if lawyers, as well as doctors and clergymen, were not attached to the headquarters staff of the army in South Africa, and, being disappointed in that, religiously set to work to inculcate some martial ardor in her lover by requesting him to take her to all the military functions in town. Yet the unconscious Jack would not be a hero.

"Why don't you help me, Beat?" she cried, plaintively appealing to her cousin, who, gracefully reclining on a velvet ottoman, was devouring the contents of the latest novel from Mudie's. "Your affair is all settled, and you've no troubles in the world. Do put that wretched book away and help me think of Jack!"

"Mary, you're a nuisance!" exclaimed the calm-minded young lady, shutting her book with a slam. "And so is Jack! Why don't you think of something else for a few days? If I worried half so much about Geoffrey, I should pine myself into a convalescent home!"

"Yes; but you don't have to. You're engaged; and, besides, your dad isn't mad on soldiers."

Miss Beatrice burst out laughing, and her charming cousin assumed a dignified pout. "My dear girl," she said, patronizingly, and ignoring the pout, "uncle's only a silly old man, and he doesn't mean one-half he says!"

Mary was about to espouse his cause, and even sacrifice her Jack in his defense, when her cousin stopped her.

"But as for being a hero, why, Jack can be that as well as anyone if he likes—and he shall be, for all your unworthiness."

"A hero! How, Beat—how?"

"Never mind. You say he's coming to stay over Sunday?"

"Yes. I worried dad into asking him, and he consented—just to keep me quiet."

Beatrice gave a sympathetic sigh.

"Well, then, next Saturday will put him to the test, and unless he proves himself a hero and a man under such desperate circumstances I shall be sadly disappointed. Now, stop worrying, and go and read the war news to uncle. He's dying for it, I know."

And before Mary had time to stop her and demand an explanation she had flown from the room.

Jack Winchfield put in an appearance on the following Saturday, and, with a little coaching from the two girls, made quite a good impression at dinner, when he discussed military tactics with keen interest, if not correctness.

At half past 11, after a game of billiards, and a one-sided argument on the subject of cavalry remounts, the two men retired, and an hour later the house was dark and silent.

"Mary, are you awake?"

"Rather!" came in a sleepy voice. "I thought you were never coming."

"Uncle's been reading and only turned his light out a few minutes ago, but he's snoring now."

The two girls shivered simultaneously and in sympathy. Midnight encounters are wont to try the strongest nerves. Mary turned on the gas.

"Why, Beat," she exclaimed, "you look just like a man! Where did you get those old clothes? And, oh! your face is so dirty and smudgy!"

Beatrice laughed, in spite of her nerves.

"Shall I do?" she asked.

"Do? You're simply horrible!"

"Good-by, then. Listen for me coming back, and if you hear me running open the door and let me in."

In obedience to which command Mary, as soon as her cousin had left the room, looked the door, threw herself upon the bed and laughed and cried intermittently until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The amateur burglar gingerly picked her way downstairs, and silently turned the key of the library door. Feeling her way toward a comfortable couch, she threw herself upon it and waited, listening to the beating of her own heart and to the awful silence that possessed the house. Imagination ran riot and played her awful pranks. Fearful sounds crept stealthily through the gloom, and ominous noises came from every corner. A footstep from the direction of the window sounded most painfully realistic, and a low murmuring was like nothing more it was the whisperings of hidden human beings.

Beatrice shook herself and remembered her errand. Partly to help her cousin and partly for her own amusement she had planned to masquerade as a burglar to arouse the unconscious Jack and to test his courage. In the light of day it was a splendid project, with countless opportunities for harmless fun. But here, in the dark and silent library, at one o'clock in the morning, it was cruelly unromantic.

Creak, creak! This time it was no fancy, for the library window was being forced open, and through the blinds came the occasional flash of a lantern. In a moment Beatrice was on the alert. Of a sudden it dawned upon her that instead of a timorous mock burglar the unfortunate Jack might have to deal with a gang of hardened criminals, and the probable result of such an encounter would so upset arrangements that Mary would in future thank her to leave her affairs alone. So the little joke had developed into a huge tragedy, and Jack must not be sacrificed. Even in the hour of danger she could not repress a smile as she thought how the papers would make such a sensation of the affair. Nay, Beatrice decreed that it should not be. And so Jack slept on, unconscious of the opportunities for distinction that awaited him downstairs.

In the meantime, the enterprising young lady with the smudgy face and ragged clothes had seized an old dueling pistol and intrenched herself in the rear of the sofa, from which she could obtain an uninterrupted view of the proceedings within the room. There she propped herself up, with one arm extending over the back of the sofa, pointing an unloaded pistol in a menacing manner, and there she meant to fight and die, as she had heard her uncle tell of brave men in the trenches, for it was a desperate matter now, and it was scarcely realizable that such a terrible plight could ever have originated in a harmless little joke.

A man crept stealthily into the room through the half-open window and cast the light of his lantern in all directions. Then, upon a sign that all was right, another long-legged villain followed, and the two conferred in muffled tones. Then they carefully shut the window, closed the shutters, lit the gas and pounced upon the safe. That was Beat's opportunity.

"Hands up!"

If an electric wire had been connected with the automatic figures, and a button had been pressed, the upper limbs could not have responded more promptly than did the hands of those two desperate burglars. Scared and baffled as they were, they staggered round on their heels, to discover the source of that sudden command, and encountered the frowning muzzle of a pistol. It was enough. The younger man groaned and the older one said something beneath his breath.

Five minutes passed, and not a word was spoken. Two pairs of hands still moved aloft and two pairs of cowed eyes fearfully watched the muzzle of the pistol. But it never moved. The aim was deadly!

"Urry up, gov'nor!" at last groaned the younger man. "Ring for the servants, or what yer like, only don't let us get cold in our armpits!"

In support of which the older man again swore, but the victorious one said nothing. Only the pistol continued to frown threateningly.

Two more minutes that seemed like hours to the captured men passed by and the older burglar commenced to swear more loudly. The younger man also began to indignantly assert his rights to humane treatment, and matters were just becoming strained when the door opened, and a poker, followed by the white face of Jack Winchfield, appeared upon the scene.

It was the first time Jack had taken an active part in a burglary case, and he was considerably nonplussed to find two hard-featured villains straining their arms to the ceiling at sight of a common domestic poker. That he concluded it must be the usual thing among such gentry, and his face regained some of its color as he took the cord from his dressing-gown and requested one of the men to hold down his hands to be bound, which he did with a grateful glance. A curtain cord served for the other, and the two men stood side by side, trussed like cockerels.

"Now, then, gov'nor, tell the bloke behind the sofy to shift that pistol. I don't like it!" exclaimed one.

"Pistol? What pistol?"

Jack looked round in the direction indicated, and staggered back as he encountered the frowning muzzle. The idea suddenly occurred to him that this was another burglar in hiding and that he had been outwitted, as the colonel would probably have expected. But as he moved, the pistol held steadfastly in its place, and at last he nervously round and discovered a slight form, dressed in ragged men's clothes, and propped up with cushions and chairs.

"Now, young 'un, put up that gun. It's all over. Why, look here! Great Scott! It's Beatrice! And she's fainted!"

"Fainted?" echoed the two trussed men in chorus. "Fainted? Fainted? 'Ere, gov'nor, let us loose to kick ourselves, and we'll go quiet." * * *

"A smart capture, Jack, and a bold venture on your part," said the colonel. "You ought to have been a soldier, my boy. There's a career waiting for you in the army!"

"Yes," said Jack, "but—"

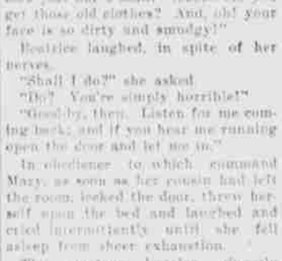
A vicious tug at his coat tail stopped him, and at that moment the colonel was called away.

"If you mention my disgraceful part in the affair," said Beat, "I'll expose your cowardice on the spot. Uncle would have a fit if he knew I had been masquerading in boy's clothes!"

"But what on earth were you doing with that pistol?"

"Oh, never mind. Perhaps I was rehearsing a play, and the burglars entered at an inconvenient time. The rest of the comedy went fairly well though, only the poker was a little undignified. But the audience appear to be well satisfied, and the colonel in particular is delighted with the hero. Do your best for those poor villains when you defend them, for they did act their parts most beautifully! Now go to Mary. She's dying to scold you!"—Chicago Herald.

The DENSMORE



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DON'T BE DUPED

There have been placed upon this market several cheap reprints of an classic edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered under various names at a low price

By

dry goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and in a few instances as a premium for subscriptions to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively

Worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book, when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all, from A to Z,

Reprint Dictionaries,

phototype copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in its day was sold for about $10, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, being then a work of some merit instead of one

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