I know dat de weather is chilly and cols-Be in time! He in time! Yet de jes mine flower's bright as gole-la its prime! In its prime!

Hit bloomin bright, hit bloomis light— In its prime: In its prime! Fer I plant it on a moonlight night. See it climb! See it climb!

I brought it from de darkly awamp-See it climb! See it climb! I brought it from de chilly damp-Be in time! Be in time!

I plant an name it for my beau— Be in time! He in-time! Hit wind aroun my eabin do'— See it climb! See it climb!

If he should coase to love me true—
Be in time! Be in time!
Dut jee'mine hit would wither too—
hi its prime! In its prime!
—Ell Sheppard in New Orleans Times-De

### A TENDERFOOT.

"Speakin—of—tenderfeet," said Jim Harden, as with a critical air he packed the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, pre-paratory to relighting that article— "speakin of tenderfeet reminds me of one I knowed onest, sence which time I have bein a whole, left more respective in hev be'n a whole lot more respective in speakin of 'em.
"'Twas in the summer of 18—. I was

then workin for Ole Harvey Skerrett, who kep' store an run a ranch down at Three Forks, in th' foothills.

"Near Skerrett, bout two miles away Ole St Hendershott hed a ranch. He Ole Si Hendershott hed a ranch. He likewise had bont th' purtiest an nicest darter thet ever wore millimery, an Si, he was proper proud of her, you bet. Moreovermore, all of us galoots round Three Forks was up to our back hair in love with her—plumb, tearin, wide awake mashed, as I've heard say. But it didn't do none of us no good—leastways, only one of us. That war Perry Roane, a young rancher from down the creek bout ten mile. Perry, he cut ut creek bout ten mile. Perry, he cut ut all out, 'thout half tryin, 'cause he was a big, han'some cuss an well fixed, besides havin been t' school lots when a kid. So he wentin an winned—almost. That is t' say, he froze us out an kep' That is t' say, he froze us out an kep

ragilar comp'ny with Hetty.
"I guess 'twas all settled that they
was t' be hitched some time or other,
when 'bout May along come a feller
from Boston with a letter to Ole Si from some relation o' his'n, an jes' camped right at Si's fer th' summer. He was one of these here artist chumps—not a real, genooine fottygrapher, but one of th' sort that carries a lot of paper an pencils an colors in little lead equiri guna, an draws red, white an blue sunsota, likewise funny lookin trees an bowlders. He talked like a book an called all th' boys 'Mister,' besides say-ing 'Heg parding' if he didn't hear what ye said first time.

"Sure nough, we guyed th' chap lots at first, but Spenceley—that wuz th' tenderfoot's name—was so doggoned mice an pleasant an took a joke so easy, we all got t' likin him tiptop. All 'xcept Perry Roane. He hated him lots soon's he seen him. 'Cause why? Jest 'cause Spencoley was under th' aame roof with Spencoley was under the same root was Hetty, an he knowed that it might turn out kind of bad for him, 'specially as he knowed right then—which nobody else did—that Hetty wa'n't much stuck on him, anyhow, an had only promised t marry him t' please th' ole man. Ye see Perry was a good deal of a bully, an frank considerable, an then there was an ole story bout his havin skipped out from th' states, leavin a wife that died s little later. But this didn't cut no figger with Si. He had his eye on Perry's pile He had his eye on Perry's pile. an was willin t' take chances on makin Perry treat Hetty first rate, 'cause th' ole man was a toler'ble daugerous cuss himself.

"Well, th' artist feller got t' feelin sort of soft on Elotty himself, an most ev'ry day they'd go wanderin 'round th' country, drawin, an fishin, an so on, an in th' ovenin when Perry come over t' set awhile bo'd find Mister Artist there in th' settin room, cool as a cucumber an polite as polite, him not knowin that Perry had a first film on th' calico. An Hetty, jost like any woman, 'njoyed it

"But Perry wasn't th' chap t' stand this very long; so one mornin, happenin t' be at th' store an meetin Spenceley there, he walks up an ease t' him: 'See here my pale faced an weak eyed consumptive. D'ye know whose toes you've been

queer, but said he didn't know as he'd hart anybody.

hart anybody.

"Well, says Perry, 'it's my toes, and it'll pay you't climb from under, 'fore something draps on yo. D'ye know who has th' first claim on Miss Hendershott's company? Better find out and take care of yourself. And Porry started t' go out, swaggering, but th' artist says, real sharp. Mr. Roane, I wasn't aware that I was interfering with you. If I am, how-ever, and you don't like it, I'm sorry; but I wish you t'understand that nyther you n'rany other rowdy can bluff me one bit. D'ye understand?

D'ye understand?
"Perry turned tilte he'û ben kicked.
It was til first time we'd ever beerd itim
eessed and we was looking for til artist
feller t get bruised a whole lot. But he
wasn't—not any. Perry looked at him a whole minute and seen there was no scare there, so he jest turned and walked

out, grambling and carsing.

"Somebady hid, took a shot at Spence-ley a few nights later, but he never fielded none, only come up t'th store an blowed hisself in fer a forty-four an took shots at a mark ev'ry day-jes' fer aport, be see, but I kinder s'mised he

was 'xpectin Mister Roane an him'd hev

"One day not longer arter this some galoot brung word that th' Paches was out 'thou muzzles, an was chawin ev'rythin in sight—an, moreovermore, con our way, an not fur off, nuther. No our way, an not fur oil, number. Nope, we didn't wait nome. Me'n an the ole man jes' tuk all th' dust in th' box, hid all th' stock we could, nailed up th' shop—'twas stone—an lit out fer Hendershott's t' tell them. Thur Skerrett leaves me, him havin th' fastest little mustang in the kentry, an goes on t' tell folks, or many er he kin.

"Wa-al. Hendershott's folks was ready, real sudden, only Old Si, he wouldn't go. Sex he: 'I hain't goin one foot. This here's all I've got, cept th' ole lady an Hetty, an I'm goin t' stay right here an hold it. Et them wimmen hed me an no ranch they'd be wuss off nor nothin. An thar Ole Si staid, an hundled no 'n th' artist an the women nor nothin. An thar Ole Si staid, an bundled me 'n th' artist an the women folks off for Chloride quick. Th' wimmen was in a light waggin, little Jose, a Gresser kid, drivin, an two Gresser girls on th' back seat. Me 'n Spenoeley rid the bronce back 'longside.

"Long in th' arternoon, 'bout 5, we

looked over south, an here come a feller on hoseback, like a streak o' greased lightnin, throwin dust like th' very dooce—an back o' him, 'bout two'r three miles, come 'bout a dozen 'r tifteen fellers-near as we c'd guess-also kickin

"Twas a good ten mile t'Chloride and we thought we was goners, fer of course we didn't s'pose them last fellers

was nothin but Injuns.
"Spenceley set his teeth an looked at his gume, an so did I. Then he rid up t' his gune, an so did 1. Then he rid up t'
th' waggin, give Hetty a six shooter,
sayin somethin I didn't hear, and sold
th' boy t' make them unues fly. Then
he come back whar I wux an sex real
quiet, 'D'ye think we kin hold 'em off
long 'nough, Mr. Hardeus' I guessed
yes, but great Scottl didn't I wish I was
outer that;

"Th' lone chap come racin up. "Tw "The lone chap come racin up. I was perry Roane, whiter n gravescine. He didn't stop, only yelled 'lnjuns' an kep' on going, not stoppin t' say 'Hello' t' Hetty in th' waggin—jes' kep' on, headed for Chloride. 'Th' artist turned t' me in a minute, with his mouth curled up an ez, 'Stampeded!'
"We waited, all ready for them in-

juns, but when they come up th' blood sort of come back t' my heart agen, 'cause we c'd see a mile off thet they

cause we c'd see a mile off that they was white—surveyors an cowboys; some stampeded theirselves, we foun out.

"Things got quiet in a day'r so, fer it happened that Uncle Sam hed a lot o' sojers lyin in camp near Chloride, an th' way they kep' them Injums movin back south was real lively.

"Wal, in a week 'r so up come Mister Roams, jes 's big es life, an ex chipper, an goes t' Hendershott's when th' old folks was at th' store and Spenceley out ridin. I rockon him 'n Hetty jes' hed a real lovely row. He hed th' gall t' tell er thot he was jes ridin fer a doctor fer a sick cowboy, an hadn't heard o' no Injuns. Hetty was onto him, though, an juns. Hetty was onto him, though, an talked real rough t' the case, I reckon. "Bout 5 o'clock little Jose come ridin

t' th' store in a lurry, an tole us he hed be'n listenin t' Hetty an Roane talkin, an all of a sudden he heard a little scream. Nex' thing he seen Roane carryin Hetty outer th' door an puttin 'er in his buggy—she lookin like she'd fainted—an Roane druv off, an Jose lit out fer th' store, meetin Spenceley on th way, an tellin him.

'Th' ole man an I guessed th' same thing-he'd doped th' girl with chiory-form, 'r somethin', an lit out for Mineral Point, wher Eph Hines, a justice of the peace, lived. I don't know how we come t' think of it; but I bed read o' sech things, an so had Si, I reckon. Lord, but th' ole chap looked tur'ble! He didn't say nothin, but he looked like he was thinkin lots, an it didn't take me'n him long t' git t' Mineral Point, fifteen mile—bad trail too. When we got near th' burg Ole Si loosened up, an ef he didn't cass for fifteen minutes I'm a jay.
"We rid up t' Hines', ready t' shoot.

an Si kicked th' door open, an there, on th floor, lyin tied han's an feet, was Perry Roans—an Spenceley, kind of flustrated, but smilin, riz up, an pointin t Hotty, who was settin in a cheer, lookin kind of pale, sez. Gentlemen, let

me interjuce my wife."
"Twas this way: Roans "Spenceley looked at him kind of time now-bedn't drugged th' gynri, neer, but said he didn't know as he'd only gagged er, an, between thar an th' point, hed made 'er promise t' marry him an make no fuss, 'r else be'd kill him an her both—an he meant it. Hines was jost gettin ready for th' perform-ance when Spenceley rid up. Perry reached for his gun, but Spenceley was too sudden, an caught im in th gun arm, an him an Hines, who tumbled at oncet, tied th' cuss, arter which he ast Hetty t' marry bim on th' spot, an ab

"No, I don't never play low on no ten-derfoot."—R. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Amtonant.

Boarding Launaties Out.

An experiment is about to be tried in France where 100 lumines will smerly be sent to the Department of the Cher and placed in the bouses of farmers and other people who are willing to take care of them. -Galignam Messenger

A whale recently expended in arctic waters was found to have indecided to its side a harpson that belonged to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century

Why are American farmers trooping into the Saskatchewan district of the Canadian Northwest Territories? The answer is simple. Settlers from the Eastern States are unable to find suitable unoccupied land in the Western States; the young men who were born and raised in the West look about for land and cannot find it near home, and of those who have land some have necessity for more. They want first-class farming land that does not require irrigation; they want rich grass land for their cattle, and they want it cheap. They find that they can attain such land in all quantities, some of it free and as much as they want at \$3 an acre, and that as a settler need pay only a tenth of the purchase money down, with nine years to pay the rest, his land increases in value far above the purchase price long before his payments are due. And the men of Washington, Oregon and Western States see by the map that they have not far to go; that lines run up from the boundary at several points to Calgary and Edmonton, and that the lands to be acquired are along the line of railway and within easy reach of a station. It is no wonder therefore that there is a quiet but extensive movement among American farmers to get to this Northern Alberts country, and that the lands from fifty miles north of Calgary to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan and beyond it are very eagerly sought. In several parts, where two years ago only a small railway station marked the district, mixed colonies of Canadians and Americans have now established themselves.

The Phonograph and the Dumb.

Recent tests in the use of the phonograph in the deaf and dumb institute at indianapolis show that it is useful in concentrating sound upon the drum of the ear, so that many pupils otherwise deaf can hear it. It is thought by the superintendent that he can by this means soon leach the use of their voices to many mutes whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have nover heard speech.—Exchange. heard speech. - Exchange.

FAR AND WIDE.

Not on this broad continue alone, but in malariat breading tropical regions, in Guatemaia, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Fanama and elsewher. Hoseleter's Stomach Bitters at forcis to inhabitants and sejourners protection ugainst malaria. The miner, the frashly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb anti-febrile specific a preserve against the poisonous missme which in vast districts rich in natural resources is yet fertile in disease. It smithlates disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifice those who use it against rheumatic aliments bred and fostered by outdoor exposure; infrases genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robe of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors ladict with literifainces; strengthers the weak, and conquers incipient kidney trouble.

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