

MAKE-BELIEVE.

Let's dream, like the child in his playing; Let's make us a sky and a sea; Let's change the things 'round us by saying 'They're things that we wish them to be; And if there is sadness or sorrow, Let's dream till we charm it away; Let's learn from the children and borrow A saying from childhood—"Let's play."

THE BETTER PART.

Mrs. Joseph Pelham received her visitor in the long, old-fashioned parlor of the Rose Hill Hotel. "Miss Susan Lovridge," she red-checked maid had announced, standing and looking into the chamber door with frank interest. "She wants to know if you feel able to see her?"

"Able to see her?" Mrs. Pelham smiled inwardly at the word. Miss Susan Lovridge's advent was a positive boom. Anything was better than sitting alone in the best bedroom of the Rose Hill Hotel, listening to the wind, and thinking of that dreary journey over the flat bleak country where her husband had been born and so, according to family tradition, must be buried with him.

When you went to buy a bag of buttered popcorn from the man with the little wagon on the corner of the street, have you not often stopped to watch him pop corn; or better yet, have you not lain on the rug in front of your own open fire, and as you watched the little dull, yellow kernels dance about in the popper until with a pop and a jump they turned themselves into the beautiful fluffy-looking little white bits that taste so good, have you not often wondered how the heat of the fire acted on them to make them transform themselves so prettily?

The grain, through popping, becomes much larger in size, but loses a great deal in weight. At the base of the kernels, just where they are attached to the cob, the cells appear to contain less moisture, and for that reason these cells do not pop so well, so that generally you can see a little spot there that is not pure white. It is probably for this reason that popcorn is always sent to market on the cob, because when it is dry and old it will not pop so well.

"Then you are one of my husband's old friends, Miss Lovridge?" Mrs. Pelham asked in her refined, well-modulated voice, overlooking intentionally the possibility of anything warmer than friendship between this brown-eyed woman and her dead husband.

Forty Years in Iowa.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.] CHAPTER VII.

Using Chas. E. Flandreau, U. S. Indian agent for the Sioux, for authority. Ink-pa-da and his band, some 200 to 300 warriors, in the Autumn of 1856, began their marauding depredations against the white settlements but were successfully kept at bay until March 7th, 1857. The heavy snows of the winter still lay on the ground.

On this date they went to the log house of Howland Gardner, dragged the family out of the house one by one, beating their brains out with sticks of stove wood, piling the seven mangled bodies in a heap in the snow and ransacking the house, taking such things for use or pleasing to their fancy and the sole survivor of this family, Abbie Gardner, a comely Miss of 15 years, was taken into captivity and made the enforced slave wife of a young brave (?). Six men were soon after met on the way and Dr. Harriott and Snyder, Maddock, Granger, Luce and Clark, were beaten to death with clubs, their horribly mangled bodies being flung by the lake shore almost in sight of their homes.

The Marble house was next visited and the family of four were all murdered and left on a pile in the snow and the house burned to ashes.

At that period there were no railroads, no telegraph and practically no mail so that the only means of transmitting information was by "foot or horseback." The very heavy fall of snow during that winter, which was just beginning to melt and run away, made it worth as much as a life to traverse the vast expanse of unbroken prairie country with its swollen streams, but somehow word reached Ft. Dodge, the nearest settlement 90 miles away.

Three volunteer companies of 37 men each under state authority were hastily formed and on Monday, March 30th, arrived at the scene of this murderous devastation. The march of these citizen soldiers, was certainly one that tried men's souls. With the swollen streams to wade, deep snow and in places drifted to fender through, long nights to pass with wet clothes and no sleep, no shelter and the only comfort a fire by some wooded stream and the frozen bite to appease hunger, fearful anxiety and ambition to relieve the distressed, buoyed them up to activity.

Fourteen men were badly frozen and two died from the exposure on the way. The writer was permitted to converse with several of these men who were in attendance at the Legislature in 1894 when the law was enacted authorizing the erection of a monument, the Hon. John F. Duncombe, who just lately passed away and who was appointed a member of the commission, being one of the number.

On their arrival at Spirit Lake they at once saw no necessity for relief and at once started "in pursuit of the ruffians."

Harvard's New President.

From William Roscoe Thayer's "Abbott Lawrence Lowell" in the April Century.

There are times in every life when the vital forces seem to ebb. Energy gives place to languor. Ambition dies. The current of the blood crawls sluggishly through the veins. It is a condition commonly described by saying, "I feel played out." For such a condition there is no medicine which will work so speedily a cure as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It contains no alcohol. It is not a mere stimulating tonic. It contains no opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It does not doze the nerves into insensibility. What it does is to supply Nature with the materials out of which she builds nerve and muscle, bone and flesh. A gain in sound flesh is one of the first results of the use of "Discovery."

The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands, imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Livingstone watched the bird's habits while in Monpou, and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave.

There is one feature of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in which it differs from nearly all other medicines put up for women's use: It contains no alcohol, no opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It is in the strictest sense a temperance medicine. "Favorite Prescription" accomplished wonders for women. It gives weak and nervous women strength of body and nerve. It cures the drains, inflammation, ulcers and bearing-down pains which ruin the health of women. It practically does away with the pains of menorrhoea. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

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Words of Wisdom. You can give a man good advice until you are blue in the face, but give him a good scare and you will see results.

Some men are so convinced that they are going to wake up some morning and find themselves famous that they can't sleep. It makes a small man big to stand on his dignity.

Some people are only tireless in making other people tired.

Errors, like stars, upon the surface flow; He who would search for pearls must dive below.

John Dryden.

Now that spring is really here and the shops are gay with all kinds of materials from which are fashioned garments for wear in the warm weather season, mothers of young children will do well to lay in a plentiful supply of cool, comfortable frocks.

Simplicity is the keynote in making children's clothes, and should be rigidly adhered to. A cluster of fine tucks here, a bit of hand embroidery there, and perhaps dainty colored ribbons run through beadings at neck, elbow and waist are all that is required for trimming frocks that are half the size in the tail.

The little sack frock for the small daughter is another pretty fashion. It is all in one piece, hangs straight from the shoulder like a peasant's smock, and is delightfully cool and comfortable.

French nanook frocks, trimmed with clusters of tiny tucks, Valenciennes insertion and lace edging or fine embroidery, severe little slips of linen simply embroidered, and frocks of flowered muslin and lawn, are all good choices for afternoon wear.

One-piece slips of old pink or old blue linen, with or without all-over embroidery, guimpes, are also in good style.

These may be embroidered at neck and wrists with a simple design or trimmed with a design in narrow soutache braiding.

Plaited frocks are very good-looking and are at their best when made of linen with piping of a harmonizing color.

Temperance Medicine.

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Give your children a laxative medicine which will not react on the system or leave injurious after effects. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine for children. They do not produce the pill habit.

Cynious—I love— Miss Anteck—Ah! I've suspected it all along—you naughty man! Cynious—I love the delicious freedom of bachelorhood. Miss Anteck—Brute!

A young cadet was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform. Why father, he declared, the collar presses my Adams apple so hard I can taste older.

Sitting on the beach with the sun shining on your back. Staring at the water when the sun is at its brightest. Sitting so the shifting light and the shadow of leaves from the porch or arbor play irregularly on the page. Letting the eyes get unburned. Doing fine needlework in the dim light of a house shaded for coolness. Yachting or canoeing without a broad-brimmed hat or veil as a protection from the glare.

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Should the writer be among the living and be possessed of a sufficient supply of influence with the commissioners of the next International Fair, he will endeavor