

## ROMANCE OF A RED EAR.

Many a country lass would fain
Have been chosen by Farmer Will,
Who was young and handsome, tall and
strong.
And owned the farm on the hill,
But he set his heart upon dainty Ruth,
Whose father, a millionaire,
Had sent her down from her city home
To live in the country air.
Will was too proud and shy to think
She would care for such as he,
Until autumn came and she went with
him

him To the Rockwood's husking-bee.

The great barn floor was heaped with

corn
And lighted by lanterns bright,
And the merry huskers at their work
Formed a novel and pretty sight;
But Ruth looked up at her escort tall,
And puckered her pretty brow;
"I never did such a thing in my life,

Suppose you show me how."
So side by side they bent to their task,
And it chanced there was no one near,
When suddenly Ruth stripped the husks
From a perfect deep red ear.

Will told her then of the custom old, When a girl found an ear like this, She had a perfect right to claim, From any lad there, a kiss. With a smile of mischief back she stepped, In the shadow of the mow:
"I never did such a thing in my life, Suppose you show me how."
You can guess the rest, I will only say They were wed ere another fall, And the red ear tied with a ribbon gay Still hangs on their parlor wall.
—Clara E. Cooper, in Farm Journal.

STRATESTRATESTRATESTRATES Scoundrels & Co. By COULSON KERNAHAN Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED.

"The chief's quite right in insisting upon everything being above board," I said, boldly. "We don't want any hole-and-corner business in a concern like this. We are all like so many mountaineers roped together on a mountain. If one of us makes a slip and the others aren't prepared to set their feet hard and meet the jerk when it comes, the chances are that the lot of us get pulled over the precipice. And mind you, friends, a rope round your body on a mountain is one thing, and a rope round your neck on a scarfold is another. I've sampled one, but I don't want to sample the other. So I think the chief is right in taking us into his confidence as he has done. We all hang by the one rope, so what I say is, 'Let us know where we're go-ing.' Besides, in a concern like this, which claims before all things to be democratic, we don't want any one-man show. Here are we working to overthrow the autocrat or aristocrat wherever you find him, and you pro-pose setting up one man who is to be our pope and lead us all blindfolded by

"Give us your hand, Number Seven," said Number Six, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder. "It's a good job you ain't a parson, for if I heard you preach a few times, I believe you'd convert me, and I'm damned if I could stand that. I'd no idea we'd got such an orator among us. Anyhow, he's convinced me; so go ahead, chief, and let's have the details in full."
Good humor being thus restored,

Number Two continued his explana-

'The thing is to be done in this way," he said. "Hubbock was once chef at the Ishmael club, and is still friendly with the steward and the other waiters. From one of them he has heard a little secret which is supposed to be known only to the secretary of the club and the committee. The Ishmaelites are very fond of having what I may call unrehearsed effects at the house-dinner evenings, and the member who is in the chair often springs a surprise upon the company by providing some unexpected feature for their entertainment. The secretarywhimsical fellow-has hit upon an idea which he purposes to carry out on the occasion of the prince's visit. 'Good fellowship' being a sine qua non for election to the Ishmael, the prince of Wales, who is, as every one knows, the best of good fellows in the social sense, is naturally a prime favorite there. As you all know, the prince is only now recovering from a serious illness, and as his presence at the Ishmael will be his first public appearance after his convalescence, the Ishmaelites intend to give him an ovation. speech of the evening will be, 'The health of our guest his royal highness the prince of Wales.' Well, the secretary has sent the ten-minute timekeeper to Switzerland to have the ordinary gong replaced by a musical box which shall play 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.' The chairman, in proposing the prince's health, will purposely outstay his ten minutes. The gong will strike, but instead of meresounding ten warning notes on the bell it will lead off with 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.' As soon as the members 'tumble' to it (for the affair is to be kept secret from all but two or three), the chairman will spring to his feet and take up the air, which will be sung, all standing, and ending up 'three times three.' That's just the kind of thing to catch on with the Ishmaelites, and I shouldn't be surprised if it proved an immense succes and pleased the prince into the bargain.

"Well, Hubbock has contrived—in virtue of his old connection with the club-to get engaged as an assistant chef for the occasion, and he also managed to get a peep at the address on the box that contained the gong, when

the inside mechanism taken out and replaced by a musical box. The address was that of a well-known instru-ment maker in Geneva to whom Hubbock has since paid a visit. Need I tell you why? It was to get a duplicate gong made—a duplicate, that is to say, so far as the ouside is concerned. But it isn't a duplicate inside, for instead of the musical box, Hubbock is getting an infernal machine made from a newly discovered explosiva. It is an explosive so death-dealing and terrible thorpe, and the prince, who as the guest of the evening will sit on his right, will be as good as dead men. The joke of it is that it will be Lord Cranthorpe himself, who, by winding up the gong-according to the regulations of the club-when he gets upon his legs, will with his own hand put into motion the machinery which will give him and his guest, the prince, as well as a good many of the members, a bare ten minutes more of life. The secretary is no doubt chuckling to himself to think of the stir that his own ingenuity in preparing so pretty a little surprise is likely to make. I think that the surprise which we are preparing for his royal highness, as well as for his lordship and the other members of the club, is likely to make a bigger stir. That, however, we can discuss when the thing's fait accompli. I'm getting shy of counting my chick-ens before they're hatched, since that miserable jubilee fiasco. All the same, I think Hubbock's idea for adding to the evening's entertainment is very curious, and as he is willing and, in fact, anxious to undertake the busithink that he should be allowed to consider his scheme as under our 'distinguished patronage,' as the placards put it, and to have our best wishes for his success. Anyhow, there's his programme, and as discus-sion is freely invited, I hope any of you who have anything to say will

"It's # very clever little arrangement," said Councillor Number Six, "and what I says is, here's my re-



PROPOSING THE PRINCE'S HEALTH

spects and best wishes to Mr. Hubbock, hoping as he'll go ahead and scoop the trick. What do my other two honorable colleagues say?"
"We say 'ditto,' too," I answered,

speaking for myself and for "the silent councillor," to use the name by which I had dubbed the remaining member. "But if Mr. Hubbock and the chief will pardon me for saying so, there's a difficulty ahead which it won't do to overlook.

"What's that?" asked Number Two.
"This. Isn't it very likely after Hubbook has changed the gongs, that some member of the executive of the Ishmael will want to test the mechanism, if only to see that it is in working order? In that case the explosive would be a bit previous. We have no quarrel, I take it, with the members of the Ishmael club as Ishmaelites. In fact, I'm not sure that the memqualified for membership of a club so-called, and, indeed, it occurred me while the chief was speaking, that the Ishmael club would be a versuitable name for the particular fraternity of which we who are present in this room have the honor of being members

"You are quite right, my friend, Number Two, with a laugh 'Hubbock and I both recognized that hat would be a ticklish point. But Hubbock's idea is not to change the gongs until the last moment, when the table is laid and ready for the dinner. The Ishmael is a very free and easy place, and Hubbock is so well known there that he anticipates no difficulty in finding some excuse to effect the change. I think we may be content to leave it in his hands, since he is willing to undertake all respon-

No one demurring to this, Number Two announced that the next meeting of the council would be held in the same place, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the pro-

posed outrage at the Ishmael club.
"I hope on that occasion," he said, genially, "that we shall be in a posioffer Councillor Hubbock our heartfelt congratulations at having succeeded in blowing his royal highness, the prince of Wales, and the Right Honorable Lord Cranthorpe, M.

With which humane sentiment the meeting broke up.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ISHMAEL CLUB.

It was the night of the Ishmael club dinner to the prince of Wales, and It was sent off to Switzerland to have though the rule by which members are to sound. Half a dozen seconds had ye to-day, sor!"--London Tit-Bits.

permitted to introduce guests had on this occasion been suspended, the muster of Ishmaelites in their handsome trophy-hung dining room was so great that even a director of the London, Chatham & Dover Railroad company would have acknowledged that for once in his life he had met with a genuine case of overcrowding. So democratic a gathering—notwithstanding the fact that the future king of England and emperor of India sat in the midstis not often to be seen. At the Ish-mael, brains and "good fellowship" be packed away inside the gong will be sufficient to kill every one in its immediate vicinity, and, in fact, it is more than probable that it will kill every one in the room. Anyhow, the chairman, our old enemy Lord Cranthorpe, and the prince, who as the goal of the goa self lucky if he be allowed to depart unbaited. To see the Ishmaelites "trail" a sufferer from "swelled head" is to undergo inoculation against that fell malady. The author who has suddenly found a public and as suddenly lost himself, or the moneyed noboby who has made a successful bid, for a baronetage by placing his thousands at the disposal of his political party would do well to air his new honors elsewhere than at the Ishmael. When such a man is known to be in the house, the word goes round, and to him these trusting children of na-ture come to be instructed in the secret of his greatness. They sit at his feet and drink in his words of wisdom as if hoping thereby one day to follow—be it ever so humbly—in his footsteps. They ask him artless questions about himself, and when he conde-scends to gratify their very natural desire to be informed upon so inter-esting a subject, they tell each other audibly what a great man he is, or sit listening with unconcealed wonder and admiration in their eyes. They beg to be allowed to present to him this or that friend or member who will es teem it a privilege to know so distin-guished a person, and when their victim is most swollen—like a human wind-bag—with gratified vanity and a sense of his own importance, they unostentatiously produce the necessary pin, and what is left of him when they have done with him is scarcely worth the trouble of sweeping up, not to say of interment.

With the Ishmaelites the heir apparent had always been a prime favorte. Whatever their faults may be they are at least not flunkeys, and his popularity with them is in no sense attributable to his exalted position, but to their regard for him as a man. If there is one man in all England who may be pardoned for allowing a flatterer to get the blind side of him, it is surely he whose every wish or whim it is the business of those about him to humor. Yet if there is one man in England who is absolutely inaccessible to flattery, it is the genial, generous, but keen-eyed prince. This the Ishmaelites know well, and they love him for it, just as they hall him prince of good fellows, and the best and most honest hater of sham and humbug in the country.

Hence the dinner which was being given in his honor was the most brilliant and at the same time the heart-iest function that the club house has ever witnessed. Brains, pluck and good-fellowship—these are what the Ishmaelites most delight to honor; out being a British club, they put bravery before even brains, and at the high table that night sat wearers of the Victoria cross, leaders of forlorn lopes, admirals who had saved life as vell as fought the enemy at sea, explorers, travelers and soldiers who with a handful of men had held an who impossible position or not hesitated to face a thrice outnumbering foe.

Everything had gone without a hitch, and there was no denying that the function was a magnificent succes The prince, still pale from his recent illness, was, it was easy to see, both touched and gratified by the genuinely enthusiastic and affectionate greeting which had been accorded to him; and never had he looked more thoroughly at home than when hobnobbing with the Ishmaelites.

Dinner being finished, and the per mission, "Brother Ishmaelites, you may smoke!" having gone forth and been received with the customary yell. chairman rose make the speech of the evening, by proposing the prince's health. Another yell greeted the placing of the ten-minute bell before him, and yet another the setting of the machinery in motion. Then he began his speech. Nothing of the sort could have been happier, for there was not a false note throughout. He claimed for the prince only that illustrious personage's due; and yet he referred so sympathetically to his illness and paid so graceful a tribute to his qualities as a man, a sportsman and a good fellow, that the Ishmaelites interrupted him again and

again with ringing cheers. The announcement—the unexpected announcement-that the prince that evening expressed his wish to become a member of the club and a Brother Ishmaelite, brought the enthusiasm to the culminating point; but the welcome words had scarcely passed the chairman's lips before the first stroke of the ten-minute gong was heard, and at the sound he held up the customary silencing hand and dropped back into his chair.

The rule of the club is that when the gong strikes, the speaker, who-ever he may be, at once resumes his seat, and every one sits in silence until the ten strokes have sounded, when members are at liberty to give expression to their feelings, a privilege of which they avail themselves by yelling, howling and hurling epithets, and even match-boxes, cigar-ends, or any-thing else which may be handy, at the offender who has transgressed their time-honored ten-minutes rule.

Hence when Lord Cranthorpe relapsed into his seat there was a sudden hush while the members waited dutifully for the ten strokes

not throbbed away before the Ishmaelites became aware that something out of the ordinary—but what they did not know—was happening. There was a flutter of repressed excitement. Then some one called out "Hush" and the silence became electric. What was that sprinkling of bird-song music that percolated the smoke-hung atmos-phere as if fairy hands were flinging the largest of tiny wafer-like silver coins for all to gather? "Hush!" some one said impatiently again. Expecta-tion stood on tiptoe, as every ear was strained and every face became alert and expectant

Note by note the thin thread of music rippled out. It was recognized, and a tremendous cheer set rattling the trophies on the wall as the chair-man rose and with a wave of his hand above his head took up the strain. In another second every man was on his feet, and "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was being sung as it had never been sung before.

"With heart and voice awaken
Those minstrel strains of yore,
Till Britain's name and glory
Resound from shore to shore.
From all our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
G! let the prayer re-echo—
God bless the prince of Wales!"

The secretary's little unrehearsed effect was a huge success. Perhaps the prince's illness had left him somewhat weak and shaky, for as the hymn concluced with the most deafening "Three times three," and yet again "Three times three," that 'ever left human ears buzzing and human hearts thumping, the kindly eyes of that right royal prince of good fellows were suspiciously bright, and when in a few manly words he thanked his "brother Ish-maelites" for the greeting that had been accorded to him, there was just the ghost of a tremble in the voice that is generally so firm and strong.

[To Be Continued.]

Lady Curzon as a Detective. There is a curious story, with dramatic sidelights, going the rounds about Lady Curzon, the American

vicerine of India. It is told by a retired Indian judge and is a leaf from his own experience. He was dining at the viceregal lodge one night when the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial that he was conducting at the time.

After dinner Lady Curzon drew the judge aside and said:

"I do not want to interfere with your judicial duties, but I know as an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent.

"If you will send a detective to me o-morrow morning I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discovered the fact this afternoon, when I was down there in disguise with one of our syces."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Curzon had said, and the innocent man was released.

Lady Curzon would not tell how she found out the murderer .- Philadelphia

Proverbs Up to Date. It takes a big man to eat crow grace-

Modesty is not so easily shocked as

The more knowing a man is, the less he knows. A woman's train of thought is often

on her dress.
Sometimes a comedian's divorce is his first serious part.

Marrying for money is more a matter of dollars than of sense. Marriage is seldom a failure when Cupid furnishes the capital.

It is not considered to a man's credit to merit success if he doesn't obtain

Many a woman employs a private detective when she looks in her mir-The heathen in his blindness uses a club, the civilized Christian a repeat-

We shouldn't mind woman having the last word it she'd only get to it sooner.—Everybody's Magazine

ing rifle.

Ordeals of a Doctor.

It is often claimed by outsiders that having a profession dulls a woman's sympathies; but I cannot believe that this is true in the practice of medicine, where one side of the work is so immeasurably sad. I have seen a baby that came after 15 years of waiting and hoping, and was rejoiced over daily and hourly for a wonderful year, suddenly struck down and gasp its little life out in a day with pneumonia. These are the times when it hurts to be a doctor, to find that all the knowledge that you possess, all the skill at your command, is as so much chaff be-fore the wind. To have a woman cling to you, begging you to save her baby, is an ordeal to which no human being can grow callous. You must feel as though the brand of Cain were upon you when, with all your efforts, you cannot save the little life. Not years nor experience can lighten hours such as these.--From the Autobiography of a Woman Physician in Everybody's

Accomplished the Task.

A iady who had been ill and under medical treatment for some time without getting any better became very distrustful of her doctor's skill, and therefore wished to dispense with his services and to try another man in his stead. She had not, however, the temerity to inform him of this, so she communicated her state of mind to her maid, a gem from the Emerald isle.

"Lave 'im to me, mum, lave 'im to me," caid Bridget. By-and-by the doctor knocked at the door and Bridget opened it about an inch.

"Very sorry, sor," said she, "but can't come in to-day, doctor!

"Can't come in? Why not?" "The misthress is too ill fer to see OPINION OF THE EDITOR OF "NEBRASKA FARMER".

He Expresses His Approval of American Immigration to Canada.

During the Winter months the head of the family consults with the other members as to the prospects for the future, and doubtless one of the most interesting topics discussed is that of moving to some district where it is possible to more easily secure what is necessary for a comfortable existence: where it is an easy matter to become possessed of sufficient farm land to assure a competence for the future. This, not only interests the head of the family but every individual member of it.

Having before me the knowledge where he can secure a home with the expenditure of but little money, it is well for him to obtain all information possible regarding the productiveness of the land in the country that he may select. For several years past a large number of Americans have removed to Western Canada and as nearly as it can be ascertained almost all of these have expressed themselves satisfied with the conditions that exist there. During the past Summer a number of the Editors of Farm papers throughout the United States made a personal visit on a tour of inspection and the reports of these gentlemen prove in-teresting reading. Mr. H. E. Heath, Editor of the "Nebraska Farmer," a paper enjoying a wide circulation as well as the confidence of its subscrib-

ers, after giving some idea of the extent of this wonderful country says: "Western Canada is the last unoccu-'pied and unimproved good agricul-'tural land in America available to-

He then discusses its possibilities for raising live stock and the advan-tages it possesses for dairying, farming and wheat growing, and says:
"What has been said about the coun-'try as to the ability of the soil, the 'yield of wonderful crops of wheat, is 'quite justified."

To quote further from Mr. Heath,

he says, referring to climate:
"These people (skeptical ones) do
"not know or realize that altitude more 'than latitude makes climates; that large bodies of water, both fresh and 'salt, that never freeze over, exert a 'wonderful influence on climate. Another influence on climate, more po-tent than those named above, which applies more to the Alberta district. is the warm Chinook breeze from the Pacific Ocean, which is 600 or 700 miles nearer than Colorado or Wyoming, besides the Rocky Mountain 'range is not nearly so high nor half 'so far from the ocean as it is down in the States.

"In further considering the climate of the Canadian prairies, we should not lose sight of the fact of the in-'fluence of the rains; the total average 'rainfall for the season is but 13.35 'inches for the territories, and 17.34 "inches in Manitoba, and that the amounts falling between April 1st and October 1st are respectively 9.39 inches and 12.87 inches, or about three-fourths of the entire rainfail. From the middle of June to the mid-"dle of July there are over two hours" "more daylight in every twenty-four 'hours than there is in Nebraska. The 'main reason why Western Canada 'wheat grows to such perfection is the 'effect of solar light, or longer period 'of sunshine it gets each day. This "is what makes seeds or grain mor9 perfect, grown in this country than "elsewhere. This extraordinary rapid "growth of vegetation under the influence of this long continued sun-"shine exceeds anything known in low-"er latitudes. \* \* \*

"We do not wish it understood that wheat alone is the main product of "this country; it leads in that, yet it is destined to become famous for its cattle, horses and sheep and for its dairy products. We saw more and larger bands of cattle and sheep grazing in Assiniboia and Alberta than we ever saw on the western plains of "the United States. One band of cat-"tle numbering 5,000 head were graz-"ing on the rich grass and sheep with-"out number."

The Government of the Dominion of Canada is still using the same energetic efforts which have been used for the past 5 or 6 years to settle up these western prairies, and on application to any Agent of the Canadian Government the settler will be able to secure a certificate entitling him to a low rate which will give him the opportunity of visiting any portion of Canada's grain producing domain.

A MOORISH EXHIBIT.

Some of the Attractions North Africa Will Send to St. Louis Fair.

Rudolph Aaronson, who has just returned from the interior of Moroe co, closed arrangements with J. W. S. Langerman, the manager of the Moroccan exhibition at the St. Louis world's fair. Over 200 natives have been secured. They include Razenli, the famous Moorish brigand who captured Harris, the correspondent of the London Times, and 122 hermaches, to illustrate the hatchet and shell play; 20 expert Moorish riders, for play; 20 expert Moorish Fiders, for the power play; 12 Moorish women, for harem dancing girls, snake charmers, musicians, eunuchs, 50 horses and 40 grayhounds. eunuchs, 50

A Missouri Love Letter.

The "devil" of a north Missouri pa-per received a love letter the other day, and the foreman got hold of it and read it. This is what it said: "Dearest of All—At last I know you are thee onley person on earth for me. Darling, iff you don't come to me soon I'll die. I adoor you. When you come out tonite bring that box of chocolates or I'll black bothe yure eyes. Now mind. Yure loveing Lizzie.

American Apples for France. In eight months the French have bought 6,000 tons of American chop-ped apples for cider-making



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual

"To Young Women: - I suffered for periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds. "If young girls only realized how

condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—MISS AGNES MILLER, 25 Potomae Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuine-mess cannot be produced.

The monthly sickness reflects

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention.

## FromPimples to Scrofula From Infancy to Age

To those who have suffered long and hopelessly from Humors of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, and who have lost faith in doctors, medicines, and all things human, CUTI-CURA Soap, Ointment, and Pills appeal with a force hardly to be realized. Every hope, every expectation awakened by them has been more than fulfilled. More great cures of Simple, Scrofulous, and Hereditary Humors are daily made by them than by all other Blood and Skin Remedies combined. a single set, costing but one dollar, being often sufficient to cure the most distressing cases when all else fails.

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When the little folks take colds and coughs, don't neglect them and let them strain the tender membranes of their lungs, Give them Shiloh's

Consumption Cure The Lung

It will cure them quickly and strengthen their lungs.
It is pleasant to take,
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