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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

tion of Ford county could have been easily corralled on a quarter section, and had comfortable standing roomat that. Danny was an apostle to these lone settlers, and only one who has experienced the appalling loneliness of existence in those thinly-peo-

the United States mail was concerned,

creise his authority.

last one was put away.

buoyant rider.

and he seized every opportunity to ex-

How longingly and expectantly those

ager pieneers would watch the letters

distributed! Though, perhaps, they

had no grounds for expecting a letter,

yet their hepe did not sink until the

Then the return mail would be made

ip, and at the exact minute Danny

ould vault into the large Mexican sad-

lle-almost as large as he or Dolly-

and with the all-potent mail securely

strapped to the girdles on each side, he

would recommence his long ride, never

stopping as he tried a flying shot at

ome unwieldy rattlesnake that had

pragged its mottled form out on the

cail to loll in the sun, and who would

not be able to wiggle into the tall grass

ere the United States mail was upon

him. Along the route the settlers would

come out of their shanties half bent

and wave their sombreros and cheer the

Wabash was the only stop. It was of

only there were two houses instead of

one, or rather, a double house; for the

owners of the claims that joined up

there occupied a shanty of two com-

how or other the scamp would sit

partments one on each claim. Some

straighter in the saddle and pull Dolly's

girl would come out and chat with the

carrier while her spectacied father's

attention was riveted on the letter

with a jaded mustang and a slash across

been chased by a band of Arapahoes.

These children of nature had grown in-

the same importance as Crooked Creek.

pled plains, where you can see your ing easier. next-door neighbor's shanty on clear "Spang!

days only, can realize the joy with Dolly bolted forward, and a flame of which they heralded this blue-eyed, light flashed in the darkness up the rown-haired bunch of turbulence "Two o'clock," would comment some "Yip-yip-yip!" It was the war cry of unkempt denizen, consulting the sun. the Arapahoes. The fight and flight 'Danny'll be here in ten minutes." was on. With a yell of defiance he fired Then they would look till their eyes at the dark mass tearing after him, and ched afar to where the Sunset trail bending low over the saddle horn spoke tipped over the roll of prairie at the encouragingly to the horse: horizon. Soon their watching would "Dolly, if you ever run, do it now. be rewarded, and steadily and swiftly You're faster than any of them, Dolly, would the bay mare, Dolly, bear her if you'll only try-look out for gopher rider down the trail in that swinging, hills-that's a good horse. Whew! that indefatigable gallop of the mustang. one was close. Now you're gettin' Perchance some settler coming into down to it, Dolly. We'll beat the red the post office would appreciate the devils yit. On, Doll. Remember, we've best side of the road and jog along in got the mail and it must be saved. the path that Danny chose. Here's the trail. Now see how fast you "Git out o' the way of the United can run. Ouch! Oh, God, I'm hit, and States mail!" would come the warning. hit home at that. It's all with you, and he would prudently "Hit" to the Dolly; it's all with you" other side of the road, for Danny could And he clung to the saddle horn and and would shoot, and, besides, didn't he gave the mustang free rein. have everyone of those fellows down at Horse sense: we hear it alluded to inthe office to stand at his back to the a jocular way. Did Dolly realize that last shot? So no matter how much of a in her fleet feet lay her master's only fire eater the obstructer might be, he salvation? I think so, you may not switched off when the carrier demanded But she ran like a frightened antelope, the right of way. hardly seeming to touch the ground, And that was often. For that lad had while Danny with closed eves and the idea inculcated into his bing that all | elenched teeth clung to the saddle horn other powers, terrestrial and celestial, with the desperation of death. were secondary considerations when "Halt, who comes there?" challenged

a start. Down into the waters of the Cimmarron they splashed. Dolly pulled at the rein. "No, no, Doll; can't drink this time."

he murmured. He climbed the bank on the opposite side and rode out on the plain, breath-

over the other end of the counter. fastening the free end to the positive pole of the battery.

All was now ready. We hid behind the counter and waited. Harper, who was very bitter against the thieves on account of their unflattering description of himself, took up his place close to the Wheatstone transmitter, a clockwork machine driven by heavy weights. and capable of attaining a very high An hour passed. It struck twelve. The rain was still beating against the windows. I was stiff and cold and weary, and was beginning to wish we had called in the police, when I heard something a trifle louder than the rain at the pantry window. There was a quick scratching sound like a nail drawn across a slate, and immediately after we heard the window latch slipped back and the sash quietly raised. The men were certainly expert at their work. Had we not been alert and expecting them, we should not have heard their operations. In a few moments the pantry door opened with a gentle creak, and the marauder was in the room. We held our breath. Confident in his knowledge, the man had no light save what came from the windows. He approached the safe, and could not altogether suppress an exclamation of surprise and delight at finding it open. He was destined for more surprise and less delight shortly. Peeping carefully over the counter, I could just discern him in the dim light, with the box in his right hand, turning to retrace his steps. As I had anticipated, and indeed reekoned on, he stretched out his empty left hand to guide himself along the counter, and-seized the brass rail. As he did so the full force of the battery struck him. "Blazes!" he should, or rather yelled out. He tried to let go the rail, but in vain. Then he tried to drop the eash box, but that stuck to him too. He began to hop about, and stamp, and groan, and swear, and pray continually and all at once. We could hear the cash box thump and rattle against the floor or counter as the current jerked

Among the crowd that gathered about the lion's cage in the Zoological gardens one time day recently the writer observed a middle-aged gentleman holding by the hand two children of about eight or ten years of age. The gentleman's erect and soldierly bearing betrayed at once his calling, even had not the Victoria cross he wore on his breast

on the rocks and forest where it would never more reign, and with a final defiance of death sprang into the air to fall back dead almost at my feet. I started back to the camp, and about half way met my friends coming to seek me. When they arrived at camp and found me missing they had not felt



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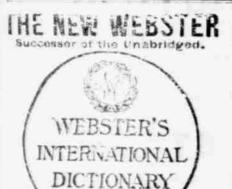
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OF

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In X & Remotize, of Marion, Mass., says: " I whips and the blend and remaining all dysperities for R. M. Derreathing the testing

Dr. R. M. Ortzerti, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I impresented Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of theorem and blood discusses also when a tonic was included and it has proved theroughly satisfactory." Ma Wu Brrass, 25 St. Mary Sr. New Orieans, La., B. Brown's Iron Bitters releved me in a case include poissoning and I heartily commend it to a second poissoning and I heartily commend it to

 a biost purifier.
w w Moxenax, Tusummin, Ala, says: "1
w w Moxenax, Tusummin, Ala, says: "1
been tranhled from childhood with Impure of an emiption on my face-two bottles of an emiption on my face-two bottles of an iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. 1 quantity of Fertilizer and quality of land is considered, this is largest crop of potatoes ever raised in the world.

the guard as a horse and rider came lounging into the fort. "The United States muil," came the faint reply, and Dolly galloped up with blood in her nostrils, and blood on herflanks, quivering like an aspen. "Dan, are you hurt?" queried the sol-

dier, lifting him from the saddle. "I'm hit dead," he replied, with a moon They carried him into the barrack-room and the surgeon was summoned, but there was no hope, he said. It was a wonder he had lived as long as he had. Soon the news spread to the camp, and the rough soldiers and fogitive settlers gathered around him, watching with breathless interest for the end to come. A girl came pushing her way through the crowd-a scaredfaced girl, wringing her hands in agony. She bent down and took the ufferer's hand "Rosle," said he, with a pained smile,

I'm a goner, I guess. Good-by, Rosie: you can have Dolly, and take good care of her, for she did all she could to save me. Good-by, boys. Youder's the 'immarron. That's a good horse, Dolly." "Deligium," said the surgeon.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail-"

head up higher when they approached | desert of death.-Charles Maurice Cray-Wabash, and a pretty little peach of a _ ton, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

> which, in a country where offended "honor" must be satisfied by questionable means, tends to make the practice of during absurd. Many a sensible man has escaped the lifelong remorse attendant on "bringing down his man" by the simple method of throwing cold water on the person's injured sensibil-One day, a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a

ng comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly, another gentleman, dining at a neighboring

nustache bristling with anger. rive me satisfaction!

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quieta mileof the notary.

regular intervals, and breaking from the reservation swept north upon the the scattered settlers of the plains, con-

being weighed in, and there was apparently some difficulty or dispute, as the process was an unusually protracte I waited, leaning against the back one. wall of the shed, and as I did so, became conscious of voices whispering outside. I caught the words: "A bloke with a big red nose and one eye;" and my attention was arrested at once, for this was a description of our counterclerk. I listened attentively and with increasing astonishment. The voices were those of two men; and the gist of their conversation was that a plot which had been formed to rob our office of the cashbox on the previous day had failed, owing to the fact that Harper, our counter-clerk, had taken the box into town early in the afternoon, instead of, as was the practice, at the conclusion of racing. He had, however, been closely watched, and seen to place the box in the local postmaster's safe at the town office. The safe was in the room in which we worked in the evening, and was an old-fashioned, almost obsolete contrivance. All our movements must have been very diligently followed, as the men knew not only the exact position of the safe with respect to the doors and windows, but also at what hour we closed the office, and the whereabouts of our lodgings. They had also ascertained that no one remained during the night in or near the room where the safe was.

This day, however, the persistent down-

pour was too much for him. After the

third race, he sent me to one of the re-

porters on some business. I found my

man in the weighing-room, a small tem-

porary wooden shed at the back of Tat-

When 1 entered, the jockeys were

tersall's ring.

The upshot of the conversation, which occupied less time than it has taken me to relate it, was that the town office was to be entered that night as soon after we had gone as would be considered safe. Entrance was to be effected from the back yard, through the window of a small room adjoining the larger one in which we worked. Further details I failed to overhear, as the dispute at the weighing-chair, which had gradually grown warmer, now waxed loud and furious. Taking advantage of the noise I slipped out and hurried to the office. Taking the boss to one side, I told him all. He was for informing the police at once, and having the place guarded and the thieves seared off; but, after a lot of persuasion, I talked him over, convincing him how much more to his credit it would redound if he himself captured the robbers red-handed and unaided by the police. I expounded to him a plan, the main idea of which had struck me at the first moment, to which he listened attentively, and occasionally smiled approvingly. When I ended he said: "It would do very well but for one thing. It involves three of us remaining concealed in the office." I assented.

"You say they watched us leave last night," he went on, "six of us? What will they think if only three leave to-night?" I was nonplussed.

"I rather like the idea," resumed the boss; "but I think we should have help. Suppose we get a couple of Schinken's men?

semi-public, semi-private officer with a staff of men, who were largely employed by race committees in the task of preserving order in the inclosures, and including bad and doubtful characters. They traveled about from meeting to meeting like ourselves, and in this way a sort of intimacy sprang up. "Oh, they'd just be as bad as the locals," I said. "They'd want to boss the whole affair, and very likely spoil it. I'll tell you what: I'll ask three young fellows I know to come and have a game of cards at our diggins to-night. I'll tell them to call for us at the office half an hour or so before we close. At closing time we can make some excuse, and send them off with our own three men, whilst you, Harper and I remain." He still hesitated. I could see he was

his arm spasmodically to and fro. At this point Harper quietly turned on the transmitter and pushed the lever over to top speed. Anyone who has heard an instrument of this descrip tion set in motion at its maximum speed knows what a sensation of coming disaster is given by the rapidly increasing revolution of a score of wheels which gather speed and force and noise until it seems as if the whole machine will burst up by excess of velocity. Imagine the effect this had on the nerves of the man already in the grip of some mysterious, "unfightable agony. Of course he jumped to the conclusion that the noise indicated some fresh increase of his torments. He began to scream for mercy. "Oh-h-h! Help me! Murder! Oh. gentlemen, stop it! Don't kill me! Help! Help!" He writhed and struggled, fell on his knees, and, by an enormous effort, tore the rail from its place; but the battery wire still held on. For a time his cries and struggles redoubled; but at last he lay exhausted on the floor. I then turned off the current and we turned on the gas. There lay our man, his face gray and distorted as though he had had a fit. He was quite young. After he had somewhat recovered he begged hard to be let go, gasp-Sergeant Schinken was a kind of ing out: "You've done it hard enough on me.

After some hesitation the boss decided to let him go. I fancy he was not quite at his ease as to how his action would be regarded by the department. Another reason was that the second man had got clean away. He had been waiting outside; but on hearing the disturbance and his pal's cries had fled and left him.

The man was grateful for his release and walked slowly and heavily away. He was evidently severely shaken, and I should scarcely think would ever try to rob a telegraph office again .- Chambers' Journal.

Empty Boom Towns.

There are twenty well-built towns in Kansas without a single inhabitant to

"Was the lion you killed, grandpa, as big as this one?" asked the boy.

Well, to my frightened eyes, Arthur, he seemed three times the size, but I can prothfully say he was quite as large as this one," replied the old soldier, as the children led him to a scat near by and implored that the story be told them where the big lion could illustrate it as no words could do; and, interested by what I had already heard, I took the liberty of scating myself on the same bench and distening to the test. The gentleman saw me and understood my desire, but only smiled benevolently and went on

"You two have heard all about it many times, but & suppose there is nothing for me to do but tell it again. Well, then, in 1875 I obtained a furhough of a month, which, with three other friends. I meant to spend in a grand hunt in the great forest that by within half a mile of the station where we mere camped. I had been in India nearly, a year, and was beginning to get tared of the inquiries that came in every letter from England as to whether I had yet killed a tiger. So now I resolved to kill one or know the reason why. But day after day we went further and further into the jun gle without meeting any big game that we thought worth pursuing. We had a native with us named Ram Hati, who occasionally warned us that we were getting into a dangerous and unfrequented part of the country which hunter as he was, he had never pene trated; but this was the very thing we wanted, so pushed on, thinking we must surely run across a tiger soon. One day, a very hot one, that even in the forest nearly prostrated us, us were camped on the bank of a little river llaticalled the Nu, and toward the afternoon my friends proposed to take a swim in the stream. I was feeling rather unwell, so did not join them, but remained lying beneath the trees and doking at intervals. Ram Hati went with the others, and so I was left alone: I had dozed longer than usual when I was awakened by feeling something warm and damp touch my hand, that was thrown out

beside me. "Opening my eyes, to my astonishment I saw a luge beast standing over me, snuffing at my clothes and limbs. 'Here is my tiger at last,' I said. But one glance at the creature's tawny skin, and at the splendid mane that swept the ground, told me that my visitor was not a tiger, but a lion. and a magnificent male at that. He was evidently trying to see if I was dead, for he kept sticking his nose in my face in a way that I might have found comical but for the gravity of the situation. I continued to eye him through my half-shut lids and hoped that he would presently decide to go away. But just here i heard the voices of my companions returning from their bath, and one-a lightheaded subaltern-was singing some camp ballad at the top of his voice. The lion paused and listened, and then, in a sudden panie, sprang towards the jungle, and 1 was congratulating myself on this swift and pleasant termination of my adventure when the royal beast glanced back and our eyes met.

"He gave a roar and then leaped toward me, as if he meant to have me in defiance of the approaching enemy. I closed my eyes at once, but it was too late, and the next moment the lion had fastened his teeth in the sleeve of my coat and was dragging me after him into the thicket. There was no use struggling with the now frightened brute, who would turn and rend me in

was when my absence grew too pro langed to exclude the idea of this being the cause of my stay that they sought for some indications of the way I had gone. When I told them of having killed the lion the tale was laughed at. but prevailing on them to accompany me to the spot where I had left the carcass, they saw that 1 had spoken the truth. I have often been praised for my courage and presence of mind in this affair, but what I did was not the outcome of these qualities, but of desperation and born of necessity, which you know is the mother of invention." -London (Eng.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

alarmed, thinking I had probably

changed my mind about a bath and

sought the nearest bend in the river. It

THE STORY OF A GEM, A Beautiful Emerald That Had an Inter-

esting History. At the Weddell house there is a horseman staving. That horseman has an emerald the size of a thumbnail and the emerald has a history. He bears the gem on his black necktie, and this is its story: Back in '49 he was coaching between Sacramento and San Francisco. His partney had a beautiful pin. an emerald of great size, surrounded with diamonds. The man at the Weddell house wanted the pin and finally traded with his partner, giving a team of horses in exchange. He then took the pin to a San Francisco jeweler and asked his opinion. The jeweler smiled as he looked at the stone, took a little tool out and detached the emerald from the setting. It proved to be two pieces of glass cemented together with a piece of green paper between. The man who owned the pin was mad. He was also flush, so he told the jesveler to put in an emerald to match the glass in size and color and it was done at an expense of seven hundred dollars.

The partner who had cheated his friend liked to bet on a sure thing, and fixed it up with a pal to bet the owner of the pin that it was false. They all met in a barroom at San Francisco, and the pal said to the supposed dupe: "Jim, you like that pin you got in a trade with Abe, but I'll bet dt's no good."

Jim acted the indignant, said his own partner would not cheat him, and offered a modest bet.

"Taint 'nuff," said the pal. "Make it an even \$500 and I'll go yon." "Oh," said Jim, carelessly, "if you

want a big bet make it a clean \$1,009 and put up the dust."

The money was staked and the whole crowd went out to a jewelry store up the street. The pin was presented and was pronounced one of the finest emeralds on the Pacific slope. Abe nearly dropped in his tracks, for he furnished the money secretly to his pal, and the other poor fellow who made the bet was paralyzed.

"There must be some mistake," he said; "let's try another jeweler." They did, and the verdict of the second expert was that the stone was genuine. Jim pocketed his thousand and said quietly to his partner: "Abe, I'm just \$300 ahead on that little deal of yours. I'm going to open a few bottles of champagne for the boys."-St. Louis Chronicle.

Virginia and the Fair.

The Virginia world's fair board at a meeting recently considered without coming to any decision the question of duplicating the Mount Vernon building at the Chicago exposition. The suggestion which receives the most consideration is to creet the frame work of timber and cover it with papier-mache. This it is thought would be a very cheap plan and will enable the architect to retain all of the original designs of the structure. It is thought that enterprising lumbermen will contribute sufficient timber to creet the building free of charge. The house at Mount Vernon is a wooden one; it is not weatherboarded, but the sides are framed and panelle1. The panels could, it is thought, be reproduced in papier-mache and made to appear very much like the original. It is very probable that the design will be carried out.

The end came. Another daring spirit and passed along that unknown trail that leads through the dark, dreary Equals. Every incident should be welcomed

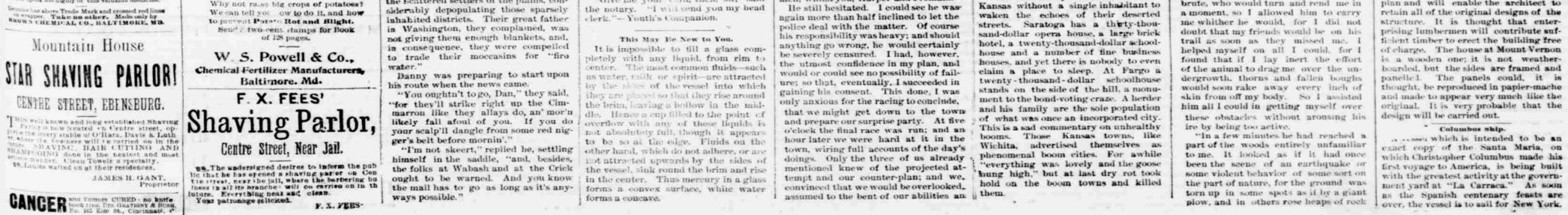
mackage. Dolly would probably think that Danny was getting rather weighty on one side as he bent low in the saddle, dangerously close to that pink sun bonnet. And the scoffing gopher that sat up conveniently close to his burrow would wonder for what reason a fellow would want to bite a pretty girl like her. But Rosie didn't seem to mind the ties in the beginning. punishment a bit. Ah, I fear Danny would feign have lingered longer at the unprepossessing post of Wabash, but-

cafe in Paris, indulged in some stingthe United States mail must be carried One day a cowboy came into the fort able, rose and approached them, his his cheek and reported that he had

"Sir," cried he, tragically, "you shall solent with well feeding and little

work. They often became thus at irply, "but I am his oblef nide-de-camp., the notary. "I will send you my head

"I have not that bonor," was the re-"Give me your curd, then, sir," said



. Columbus ship.

a many which is intended to be an exact copy of the Santa Maria, on which Christopher Columbus made his first voyage to America, is being built with the greatest activity at the government yard at "La Carraca." As soon torn up in some spots as if by a giant as the Spanish centenary feasts are