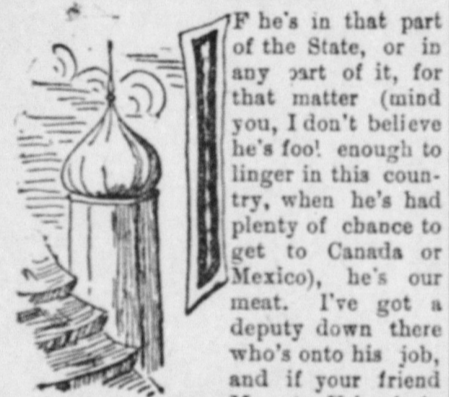


THE MOWER.

He went with the sunlight leaping
Over the hillside's rim.
And his curls were like meadow lilies
Under his wide straw brim;

A BAD MAN.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.



He's in that part of the State, or in any part of it, for that matter (mind you, I don't believe he's fool' enough to linger in this country, when he's had plenty of chance to get to Canada or Mexico), he's our man. I've got a deputy down there who's onto his job, and if your friend Mr. de Vries is in that neck of the woods, Stiles can produce him in twenty-four hours.

"Hm! 'Tall man—black whiskers—dark complected—gray eyes.' Um! C'rect. I'll look after ye 'morrh, Mister d'Vries!"
He had been walking as he read, and had reached the postoffice by this time.

Next morning, bright and early, the deputy-marshal rode gayly forth. He had made a small "borrow," and won a hundred or so, the night before; he would make five hundred dollars and some fees to-day; and these facts, together with the brightness of the morning, the beauties of nature and the excellent breakfast he had just eaten, conspired to make him, if anything, more cheerful than usual, and that was the fact that no reward was offered for the arrest of de Vries, whose history he had read in the papers.

"The idea!" the deputy-marshal said to himself. "Hyar's this high toned cuss fr'm Ohio—busts a bank, robs 'is fr'en's, an' takes th' bread away fr'm orph'n's an' widders, an' gits away; no r'ward fr him! Hyar's a poor moonshiner, got nothin' but a still 'keep 'is family on, an' thinks he's got jest 's much right 't make whisky as anybody else; shoots a revenoo ofuser th' mos' likely shot at him first, an' Uncle Sam offers five hundred fr 'im! It's tough, no use talkin'."
And Mr. Stiles chirped to his horse, which was nibbling at the branches of the trees by the roadside.

Four hours later Bob Stiles, deputy-marshal, rode into a little valley into which the by-road had led him from the main trail. He looked to his revolvers carefully, to see that they were all right for the emergency which was quite probable, and decided on a plan of action. He dismounted, and proceeded on foot toward the shabby, tumble-down log-cabin that stood in a little clearing on the hillside above him.

As he reached the edge of the clearing, he halted, and took note of the cabin and its surroundings, observing, with some surprise, the neat appearance of the garden and yard and the unavailing repairs that had been attempted on the old cabin. "Kind o' decent, pears like," thought the deputy-marshal, as he sneaked around to advance on the house from the rear. "Wonder where all th' folks is!"

As he emerged from the thicket at the rear of the house and started toward it, two or three scrawny curs rushed at him, barking fiercely, but no one appeared to silence them. He spoke to them quietly, and presently they drew off, somewhat mollified, but still growling suspiciously. Then the deputy-marshal tip-toed quickly up to the open window and looked in.

Or a tumbled, forlorn-looking bed, at the other end of the long room, lay propped up with the bed-clothing, a young woman, evidently in the last stages of consumption. She was breathing in short, quick gasps—fighting bravely for a few minutes' respite from the end that, Bob could see, was so near. Her wasted hands rested on the heads of two little children who were crying softly, in their uncomprehending way, in sympathy with the broad-shouldered man who, with his arms about the dying one, as if to hold her back from the awful shadows, was sobbing his heart out.

"Oh, Sue, I can't let ye go! Don't go an' leave me—don't! An' Tom an' Moll—they—they—"
"Don't, Tom," came in a weak voice from the room on the bed. "It's dretful hard t' go an' leave you all, but it had t' be. I'm glad ye think I've been a good wife to ye—an'—Tom—promise me ye'll allus be good t' our children—won't ye, Tom, dear?"
The man only sobbed and nodded his head. The slight form his arms clasped was shaken by a fit of coughing that was awful to hear, and the deputy-marshal, whose cheeks were wet with unbidden tears, murmured: "Poor thing; oh, poor thing!"

Then the weak voice continued: "I know ye will, Tom. I'm only afeared o' one thing; what'll th' babies do ef—ef they sh'd ketch ye an' put ye in jail? Be keeful, Tom, oh, be keeful, fr their sakes, won't ye! My pore babies—my pore babies!"
There came another fit of coughing, more terrible than the other, during which Bob Stiles wiped his eyes on his sleeve, with nervous fingers pulled the money had won the night before from his pocket, rolled it up and threw it on the floor of the cabin. Then he turned, without another look at the man he had come to arrest, and hurried to the spot where he had left his horse, sobbing all the way—for Bob Stiles, ga-bler, still had a heart, though he had thought it buried in the grave of the wife whose young life he had gone from her just as this woman's was going.

He had not been obliged to come here first, when a voice addressed him: "Ah, Mr. d' Vries, I see ye've cut off y'r whiskers."
Mr. de Vries sprang to his feet, pale as death, and faced the smiling horse-man, who sat looking at him from a point near the corner of the house, around which he had quietly come. Mr. de Vries would have drawn his revolver, but it was not so convenient to his hand as were the weapons of his visitor, so he tried other tactics.

"I guess you're mistaken, my friend. My name is White—James White."
"Oh, no, it ain't," said the deputy-marshal, easily. "I've got good reasons for callin' ye d' Vries, an' I reckon ye hadn't better kick none. I'll have t' ask ye, moreover, t' pack up an' ride over t' Columbus with me."
But Mr. de Vries did not want to go. He called on Jen Whatcom, proprietor of the house—which was a sort of boarding-house used by sportsmen during the fishing and hunting seasons—to witness that he was what he claimed to be; but Jen knew the deputy-marshal, and immediately told the bare truth, which was that his guest was a stranger; had come two weeks before, and had, a day or two after his arrival, held a secret conference with two other strangers, who came one evening and stayed only until the next morning.

So, despite Mr. de Vries's protests, he was disarmed and put in charge of the landlord, while Stiles searched his room. A little later, he was riding toward Columbus beside the deputy-marshal; while ahead of them, with Mr. de Vries's possessions, drove Jen, in the buckboard.

It was not a pleasant ride for Mr. de Vries. He shifted in his saddle and eyed the officer nervously, hoping the latter would give him an opportunity to break away—but none was presented. Then Mr. de Vries bethought himself of a scheme. He tapped his companion on the shoulder.

"Say, marshal, I've got something besides what's in the grip" (and he pointed to the satchel in the buckboard, which, Bob had found, contained a goodly portion of Mr. de Vries's fiscal haul).

The officer did not flinch. Mr. de Vries cleared his throat and tried again. "Suppose," he suggested, "that I should get away, and you should find a couple of thousand in your coat-pocket?"

No answer from his captor. They came to the top of a hill, and only a few miles away, could see the little town, their destination, its windows reflecting the glow of the red sunset. De Vries was desperate. He looked down the road; Jen was far ahead of them.

"Say, for God's sake, man, will you take three thousand?" he cried. "No answer."
"Four thousand, then."
The officer began whistling softly, and his prisoner took this as a favorable sign. He halted.

"Marshal, look here. I've got six thousand dollars, and no more, in my pockets. I need a thousand to get out of the country with—you understand that—but if you'll let me go, I'll give you the rest. Isn't that fair?"
The officer spoke: "Jest ride up a leetle ahead o' me, will ye?" he said. "I never like t' have a man laggin'; I want t' keep an eye on 'im."

Later, after he had seen his prisoner safely lodged in the county jail for the night, the deputy-marshal, with some difficulty, managed to borrow a twenty to go and "sit in" a game with.—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Lightning's Queer Franks."
"Lightning plays some queer pranks," said William Cathcart, at the Lindell. "I was traveling through Coles County, Illinois, some years ago, and sought shelter from a thunder storm in a farmhouse. The farmer undertook to build a fire in the kitchen stove to dry my damp garments. He was down on his knees blowing the coals vigorously when there was a terrific clap of thunder, and a bolt of blue fire shot out of the stove into his face. He fell back as limp as a wet newspaper. The lightning tore all his clothing off with the exception of one boot and trousers leg. There was a streak down through his beard, across his breast and down one leg as though made by a red-hot poker. I supposed he was dead as a door nail. His wife picked up a large crock of milk that stood on the table and dashed it over him, and in less than three minutes he sat up, surveyed himself and mournfully remarked: 'Marier, you oughten to treat me that erway store strangers.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Potato Imitating Lemons.
Mr. W. J. Pogue brought into Visalia this morning a remarkable freak of nature in the shape of a potato vine upon which were growing potatoes in all stages of development from the size of a marble to one as large as an average early rose, says the Visalia (Cal.) Times. The vine was discovered in Mr. Pogue's lemon grove recently. When the vine was pulled up a few small potatoes were found at the root, but on the vine there must have been a hundred. The only explanation Mr. Pogue can offer is that the potato must have thought it to be its duty to produce lemons, as it was surrounded by that fruit, and that it made an honest effort in that direction.

Valuable Mineral in Louisiana.
It is said that Edward F. Lemar, a resident of Western Louisiana, has discovered on his property an extensive deposit of black oxide of manganese, a mineral of much use in the arts, and valuable. The deposit forms a stratum averaging about eight feet in thickness and covering an area, according to searches made by Mr. Lemar, of over square mile. The stratum of manganese is covered by about two feet of a material which recent experiments have proven an excellent cement.—New Orleans Picayune.



SWEET CORN.
Sweet corn has many uses besides fitness as a table delicacy. Animals like it much better than field corn, even as men and women do. Sweet corn will be useful to feed cows when the grass begins to fail in the late summer, and will make milk and butter equal to that produced by June grass. It is also the next thing to milk for fattening young pigs. Chickens are very fond of it and do well on it. But it will not do for the silo.—American Farmer.

MANURING MEADOWS.
Meadows will be much helped by a liberal dressing of manure immediately after getting off the hay. The sudden change from dense shade and ample moisture to bright hot sun and scorching dryness by the mowing is very trying to the grass roots, and undoubtedly is one reason why our meadows are so short lived. To top dress the grass with manure is thus a most effective help, and without it is hardly possible to maintain the grass in permanent good condition. The manure should be fine and well rotted, so that it may not choke the grass.—New York Times.

GOOD GRADE CATTLE.
Between the well bred grade cattle and the ubiquitous scrub is a great gulf fixed. It is by no means necessary that an animal should be thoroughbred to be profitable, but it is necessary that he should have good blood and that a reasonable amount of care should be taken in his breeding. If this is done you will be well repaid. If not, the chances are against you. Any calf of whatever breed ought to have a good sire, and with a good grade dam, weigh from 700 to 1000 at a yearling. Blood tells, and there is plenty of demand for primely bred cattle, calves or heaves. A well known breeder of Hereford cattle recently sold a lot of yearlings of that breed, weighing over 1000 pounds per head, at \$4 per hundred. Why can't every farmer do as well?—Farm, Field and Stockman.

WHERE THE TREES GO.
There are many things which seem to have had their influence in preventing an overproduction of good fruit. In the first place not one-half the trees planted ever reach a bearing age, and of those that do live and thrive not more than half bear fruit of any special value to the owner, because the varieties are not adapted to the climate or other conditions under which they are grown.

Blight, noxious insects, and general neglect all contribute to keep the supply of good fruit down to or a little below the demand. Thousands mayow where but few reap is as true to-day as in any age of the world, and it is well that it is so, else the truly deserving would have less to show for their skill and industry. The immense increase in population has, of course, given a proportionate increase in consumption, while the modern facilities for transportation of fruit from one part of the country to another, as well as to foreign ports, has helped enormously in providing good markets. In addition to all of these, the drying or evaporation of the perishable fruits of late years has stimulated the production of such kinds, and it is likely to continue, because there are many foreign Nations who want our dried fruits in immense quantities.

Under present conditions we think there is little danger of overproduction of choice fruits of any kind in this country, at least not until all who attempt its cultivation know more about the business than they do at the present day.—New York Sun.

WHOLE AND PIECE ROOT GRAFTING.
A study of whole and piece root grafting has been begun at the Illinois Station. For this purpose more than 2000 grafts were put up and set, though many of them failed to grow. Advocates of the whole root method claim as its greatest advantage that the graft is set on the collar of the seedling tree, that there alone is the natural place for union between the trunk of the tree and the root, and that to put the graft on any other part of the root must necessarily make a less perfect union and consequently a poorer tree in the nursery and a less enduring and perfect orchard tree. Many of them do not advocate the use of the whole root, as one would naturally be led to suppose, but what is usually called the upper cut, five to six inches long, from the collar down.

As reported by Messrs. Burrill and McCluer, station horticulturists, they have used roots in various forms, from whole roots ten inches long, to roots cut into pieces of different lengths, with cions set two inches above the collar, on the collar and two inches below the collar.

The conclusions from one year's work are: The whole root has no advantage over a piece root of the same size. (Size refers to both length and thickness.) Roots with small side branches left on gave better results than roots of the same size with the rootlets cut away.

Roots five inches long gave better results than roots four inches, two inches or one inch long. Roots five inches long, not trimmed, gave nearly as good results as roots ten inches long.—New York World.

PASTURING MEADOWS.
Whether or not the quantity of feed secured by pasturing the meadows after its crop of hay has been harvested will make up for the damage done is, to say the least, questionable. This is especially the case when the summer is hot and dry, and the regular pastures

Folks Who Live Long.
"What occupation tends most to prolong life?" asked a Star reporter of the chief mathematician for one of the great life insurance companies.
"That is a difficult question, he replied. "I can only answer it by referring to the occupations of persons whose lives are and have been insured by us. Inasmuch as they number several hundreds of thousands they will afford good basis from which to draw conclusions on the subject. According to this evidence it appears that commercial travelers and agents live longer than men in any other kind of business, notwithstanding the hazards which attend transportation by rail and water. Next to them come dentists, teachers and professors, including music teachers."

"And who after them?"
"Next to them in point of longevity are hatters, clergymen and missionaries. The last may occasionally furnish food for the larder of untutored, but they are a first rate risk nevertheless. Next come bookkeepers and capitalists, who seem to live just a little longer than butchers and marketmen. Lawyers and jewelers follow, and they are succeeded on the list by merchants, peddlers, milkmen and pawn brokers. Then come gardeners, laborers, civil engineers and canvassers. Perhaps the treatment which canvassers are apt to receive in the ordinary course of their business shortens their lives."

"Where do newspaper men come in?"
"Oh, they don't live as long as any of the people I have mentioned. Even bookkeepers and bank cashiers, as well as artists and architects are ahead of them. They come in next, with the printers, physicians and gentlemen who are not engaged in any active employment. Then follow the apothecaries and photographers, and after them in order bakers, cigar makers, real estate agents, army officers and soldiers, liquor dealers, mariners and naval officers. Shortest lived of all seem to be the auctioneers, boarding house keepers, barbers and drivers."
"Do you take into consideration the question of a customer's occupation in granting a policy?"
"Of course it is more hazardous than any of those I have mentioned, though, if we were in doubt about accepting the man as a risk for other reasons, such a point might turn the scale."—Washington Star.

A Title for the President.

The question, "What shall be the title of the President of the United States?" according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was one which elicited no little discussion among the members of the first Congress, and it is said that the inauguration of Washington was delayed several days by consideration and debate as to what should be his title. "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of Their Liberties," was discussed and rejected. "His Excellency" was also proposed and also rejected. After numerous suggestions, it was finally decided that the Chief Executive Officer should be officially known as the "President of the United States."

The title Excellency, as applied to the President, was of later growth than the time of Washington, who was greatly relieved when Congress decided the question by giving him no title, as he was much in dread lest a lofty title should provoke envy and antagonism.

No Chinese has been naturalized for thirteen years.

A Mother's Gratitude

Too great for tongue to tell, is due Hood's Sarsaparilla. My daughter Olive 3 years ago had dreadful pains, beginning in one knee and extending to all most every joint in her body, caused by Constitutional Scrofula. The pains grew less and the swellings subsided after using one bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. Then improvement was rapid, until it effected a perfect cure. Mrs. J. A. CARL, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headaches.

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Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

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Impaired digestion, gout, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, indigestion, constipation, kidney troubles, La Grippe, urinary troubles, bright's disease.

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