

A LOVE SONG.
When the summer was bright, love
And the moon was fair and free,
And the soft moonlight at night, love,
Over the restless sea, and the
You came with wondrous charm, love,
On a happy summer day,
And with never a thought of harm, love,
You stole my heart away.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE DEAD, LOVE,
And the world is white and chill,
And the moon is pale and cold,
And the birds' sweet songs are still,
But deep in my heart to-day, love,
Burns hope's undying glow,
And hidden safely away, love,
Is the summer's blissful dream.
—May H. Taylor, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

A HORSE THIEF.

BY ALICE MACGOWAN.
GRACE PENDLETON rode into the ranch, jumped lightly down from her pony, and showed one of her eyes, thereby discovering that there was nobody on the place, even old Felipe having given her a holiday while her young mistress was away.

So Grace unstrapped the pommel from the side of her pony, and, taking her pony's bridle over her arm, went to the corral to put him up herself. Grace had been out on horseback from the ranch for several months, and her riding was as good as that of a professional. She had come to Randall, one of the Texas panhandle counties, to keep house on the ranch for her brothers, Jack and Theodore; and she was a more fearless rider, a better ruder and a more complete all-around ranch woman than most Texas girls who had been born to the life, and who were so lively in enjoyment of the whole thing.

As she strode down to the corral, the sun, which was low behind her, sent a shaft of light against the open, parting side of an upstart pony tied to a post in the opening of the corral; and before she could take another step a voice from within called hoarsely:

"Who are you? Stop where you are, you cursed brutes! I've got two shots here for you!"

Grace's first feminine impulse was to flee to the house and barricade herself against a lunatic. But the speech was that of one person rather than an aggressor; the voice was a bit of raising anger at being ordered out of her corral.

"Who's in there?" she called sharply. "I want to put my pony up."

At the sound of the girl's voice a hand with a gun, bloody with the sweat of the struggle, reached out against the strange pony's side and pushed him back, and a tall, young fellow stepped or rather staggered out before her.

He was covered with both dust and mud, and the edge of a blood-stained handkerchief showed beneath his cowboy hat, which he made a faint movement to raise. But even in such a plight, and despite the fact that he was a stranger, there was a certain air of the well-to-do in the man's bearing.

"O, I'm sorry; but I frighten you! I'm John Farris from over in San Miguel County—over in New Mexico. There's a crowd of cowboys from away up in the Strip after me, for a horse thief. I'm not the man they want; but there's no reasoning with them. They make me this morning. That's where I got this, lifting his hand to his bloody handkerchief on his forehead. "They will hang me as sure as they put hands on me, if they don't shoot me as soon as they get in pistol range. You may as well shoot me now, if you can, help me—help me quick. You'll be glad of it."

sought him, whirled him round and hurried him away, down stream. Grace fought her way out; and it was all she could do. She rode home across pastures at a hard pace, with the horse and rider of a man, but with her heart aching and her eyes half blinded with womanly tears over the fate of the poor, tired little pony.

No reasoning nor philosophizing availed to help her, she shocked and smarting sensibilities. It was the act itself that hurt her so, the act, that seemed like a treacherous murder of the willing creature, that had helped you through the worst of times.

But she had short time to dwell on the matter or grieve herself over it. As she came thundering down toward the ranch house, at a full run, and bending low in the saddle, she saw, in the distance, a man on horseback, and she knew that he had been in the corral with Farris had come, and had his flying figure from anyone traveling it, a line of dust that indicated several riders, approaching at moderate pace.

She dropped about a mile distant from the house, on the west, she the same distance away on the southeast. Could she make it in time? She would—she must!

"Get down! Get down!" she gasped. "Get down! Get down!" she gasped. "Get down! Get down!" she gasped. "Get down! Get down!" she gasped.

"I know it," he said, quietly. "Get into the further room; I'll light it out this is cruelly hard on you."

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How much they suffer when nervous, weak and tired. Nervous prostration is a lingering, aching, living death to those afflicted, though wholly incomprehensible to others. The cause of this condition is impure and insufficient blood.

Make the blood pure, give vitality and make the nerves strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures nervousness because it acts directly upon the blood, making it rich and pure and empowering it with vitality and strength-giving power. No other medicine has such a record of cures.

Thousands write that they suffered intensely with nervousness and were cured by this great medicine. The building-up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful. Even a few doses are sufficient to create an appetite, and from that time on the healing, purifying, strengthening effects are plainly seen. The nerves become stronger, the sleep becomes natural and refreshing, the hands and limbs become steady, and soon "life seems to go on without effort," and perfect health is restored.

Such is the work which Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for hundreds of women to-day. Get Hood's because

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WOMEN ONLY KNOW

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Pure Blood.

THE RAINMAKER.
To Has a Hard Time When the Weather Doesn't Suit It.

THE INSECT FELL INTO A RIFE AND TRICE
Last week, says the Baltimore American, Charles Johnson, a well-known hunter, got out his rifle, after it had been standing for two weeks in a closet with the barrel loaded, and proceeded to clean the gun, that the lead of the bullet had been eaten away and poured out of the barrel in fine dust.

THE BULLET BORED BY A MOTH.
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THE METEOROLOGICAL ZETZCHRIFF.
For the Meteorologische Zetzchrieff, Dr. G. Hellmann, of the German Emperor, has written a very interesting account of the invention of the barometer, which has now been in use 250 years.

THE NEW ARMY CAP.
Critical Officers Say It Is Devoid of "Military Smartness."

ILLUMINATED HARNESSES.
Electric lighting has now been applied to private carriages, in which a storage battery may be secreted under the seat and the whole equipment costs less than \$50 for each carriage.

MR. GLADSTONE DEFENDED.
The late Dean Church, of St. Paul's Cathedral, heartily admired Mr. Gladstone's intellectual and moral greatness, although he did not think with him on the question of home rule for Ireland.

A DAINTY DRESS.
Italy's population is very dense, there being 270,000 people to every square mile of territory.

ONE ENJOYS.
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

THE NUMBER OF HAIRS ON THE ADULT'S HEAD usually ranges from 128,000 to 180,000.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

'Fool's Haste is Nae Speed.' Don't Hurry the Work Unless You Use

SAPOLIO

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.
Geese and ducks should be young, but it is more difficult to judge of the age and quality of the geese than of any other bird. Both geese and ducks should have white, soft fat, yellow feet and tender wings.

THE DINNER TABLE.
Colony glasses are quite out of date and low glass dishes shaped like a scroll are in vogue.

Need Clear Heads.
Working people need clear heads, sound sleep and good digestion for their success in life. It is cheaper to keep well than to "booster" when you are sick.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars, employing forty-five different hands.

THE CAT WAS DOMESTICATED IN EUROPE shortly after the Christian era, and the first specimens brought into England were very highly valued.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN'S COLIC, SOFTENS THE STOMACH, REGULARS THE BOWELS, AND CURES ALL THE BRUISES, SCALDS, AND BURNS OF INFANTS.

THE LATE DEAN CHURCH, OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, HEARTILY ADMIRING MR. GLADSTONE'S INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL GREATNESS, ALTHOUGH HE DID NOT THINK WITH HIM ON THE QUESTION OF HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

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DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

RUPTURE

WALL ST. SEWA'S LETTER OF VALUE

KIDDER'S PASTILLES

DENSON'S

PISTON'S

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE BEST PREPARED FOOD

SOLD EVERYWHERE. JOHN CARL & SONS, New York.