

**PASTORAL.**  
As the tender leaves look shyly  
From the loughs that long were bare,  
Whose dead foliage rustled dry,  
Wilted hopes still cling there,  
Southern winds again are breathing,  
Soft reminders of the charm  
That is blossoming and wreathing  
Over Jack and Mollie's farm.

White the sunlit roadway glimmers,  
Thin gins in myriads gleam;  
North the bridge of planks there shrines  
Lazily, a lither stream.  
And a water snake is basking,  
Contented in the world of gold,  
All make free without the asking  
Shore at Jack and Mollie's farm.

Showering loughs have spread and brightened  
Where the lough's tresses fall;  
Near by your cat's clasp has tightened  
As it hugs the old stone wall;  
Flowers grow in smiling splendor,  
For a rugged, tireless arm  
Toward these things is kind and tender,  
Out at Jack and Mollie's farm.

Jack and Mollie, Jack and Mollie,  
From your nook so far away,  
You may watch the world of gold  
Fleetingly, day by day;  
Over you the years descending  
Lightly fall without alarm,  
Radiant still and softly blending,  
Take the twilight over the farm.

**BAD BILL JONES.**

"Professional bad men nearly always come to grief, and their reputations are usually smashed in some unexpected and often ludicrous manner," said William Jones, owner of a group of friends.

"It was working a claim at a mining camp in the Black Hills in 1879, when a professional bad man from the headwaters of Filter Creek came along, put down stakes, and proceeded to make it impossible for every one around, especially the few tenderfoot who had not been long in the West. Our bad man was a big, strapping fellow more than six feet tall, with a face that would convict him before any intelligent jury."

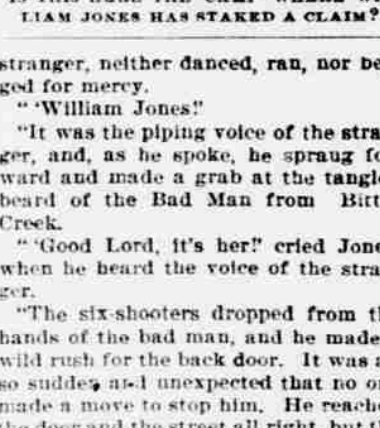


JONES LET OUT AN INDIAN WAR-WHOOP AND PROMPTLY SHOT OUT ALL THE LIGHTS.

"I was working a claim at a mining camp in the Black Hills in 1879, when a professional bad man from the headwaters of Filter Creek came along, put down stakes, and proceeded to make it impossible for every one around, especially the few tenderfoot who had not been long in the West. Our bad man was a big, strapping fellow more than six feet tall, with a face that would convict him before any intelligent jury."

"The fellow knew how to shoot; there was no mistake about that. He marched into the saloon the night of his arrival and ordered the bartender to set up drinks for the crowd. When the man at the bar demanded to see the color of his money in advance, Jones shot out all the lights in the place, after he had perforated two or three hats and broken the necks of a few bottles with bullets."

"This one night's performance established the reputation of the man, and for a time he lord his own way. The fellow knew little or nothing about mining and failed to strike pay dirt. In fact, he spent most of his time loafing about the saloon, looking for a fight. He was a loud talker, and at securing his control over any dozen men in the camp, he soon found that he was a bully and a dead beat. He would borrow money from the boys who were flush, and never repay it. I'm Bad Bill Jones, from Bitter Creek, and I run this claim!"



THIS IS THE CAMP WHERE WILLIAM JONES HAS STAKED A CLAIM?

"The old-looking tenderfoot climbed down from the wagon in a clumsy, hesitating way, and stood around for several minutes without speaking a word. Finally, he stepped up to the storekeeper, and, in a harsh, piping voice, asked:

"Is this here the camp where William Jones has staked a claim?"

"The only language carried by the new arrival was a small bundle done up in a piece of faded blue cloth. The fellow had lost two front teeth, and a third one, long and yellow, protruded beyond the lips. On his chin there was a large black wart and a smaller one on the nose."

**A SCIENTIST SAVED.**  
The raising of peppermint has become a considerable industry in Southwest Michigan, where a large acreage is devoted to its cultivation. The English or black mint has been the chief crop for several years; but better prices are offered for the American plant, and that is to be the leader this year. Greater areas also are to be planted this year than heretofore.

**Turned to Stone.**  
The Superstitions Mountains, some up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt River Valley. On the crest of the range, and in full view of the unfrequented atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain, are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all various attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and a second glance confirms the impression. They represent ball throwers, outlooks, mere view of the country, roudabouts, men remounting and completing a ride starting on a foot race, and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood, however—nothing but stone—yet it is impossible to convince the Indians, and some white men, that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air on the mountains. The Indians will have nothing to do with the mountains. Their belief has grown out of an Apache legend handed down for hundreds of years. They have it that an ancient chief, who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitions Mountains, forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route, and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said—they never got down alive."

**RHEUMATISM.**  
Mind this. It makes no difference, Chronic, Acute, or Inflammatory of the Muscles, Joints, and Bones is cured by this medicine.

**Lady Agents Wanted.**  
For light, easy profitable business. Address: 211 W. Jefferson St., South Bend, Ind.

**Chinamen were unknown to the ancients.**  
The ancient Greeks had no idea of the Chinese or Roman architect. A hole in the roof let out the smoke.

**My physician prescribed for me for some time, and advised me to take a change of climate.**



PROF. ALVIN F. BARNARD.

**Michigan egg shippers claim that they pay more money annually for Michigan eggs than is paid for Michigan wheat.**

**There were more than 100 colossal statues in the City of Rhodes, besides the great bronze image that bestrode the harbor.**

**Dr. Winslow's Sarsaparilla for children** relieves the cures, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. In bottles.

**A Peron's Tale.**  
Of all the cat tribe leopards are the easiest to tame and teach if they are captured while young. When these creatures are old their savage habits have become fixed, and it is almost impossible then to tame them."

**The leopard was never confined in a cage, but was always allowed full liberty, and was well fed and petted. He slept on a comfortable rug in his master's room, and if the night was cold, he was wrapped in a blanket. He was taken with him by the master, and followed the baron about like a faithful dog and displayed a dog's affection for his master.**

**Learn the Business Not Over-Crowded.**  
A practical knowledge of advertising and printing is necessary to business success. The Jones School of Advertising and Printing, Binghamton, N.Y., teaches the art of advertising and printing in all its branches. The school is located in a modern building, and is well equipped with the latest machinery and apparatus. The school is open to all, and charges no tuition. The school is a perfect school, and is the only one of its kind in the world.

**F. Fowler Correspondence College of Advertising.**  
Tribune Building, New York City.

**Best Way to Get Money.**  
It is to see it. This can be done by buying the JONES SCALE. Remember, Jones He Pays the Freight.

**JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**

**PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
JOHN W. MORRIS, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

**CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**  
A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.  
Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Qualitative Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

**Try These Jaw-Breakers.**  
Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:  
"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears."

**Who Got the Baby?**  
Read over this little story and see if you can tell who got the baby:  
Once upon a time when all living animals could talk together and understand each other, an ugly old crocodile stole a tiny baby and was about to make a dinner of it; but the poor frantic mother begged so piteously for her child the crocodile said:  
"Tell me one truth and you shall have your baby again."  
"You will not give him back to me," she replied.



**They Know the Single Cell.**  
Speaking of the cleverness of horses, a foreign paper tells a most interesting story of an American horse:  
In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, the Third United States Cavalry formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota. At nightfall the horses were tethered by a long line to the ground. Toward daybreak a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley, when the terrified animals broke loose from their fastenings and tore away up the steep sides of the valley into the territory of the enemy. Without horses, at the mercy of the enemy, we would have been lost; yet it was impossible, in the darkness, to go after them in an unknown country. The commanding officer, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and we were saved.

**Pertinent Questions.**  
Why Will a Woman Throw Away Her Good Looks and Comfort?  
Why will a woman drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence and miss three-quarters of the joy of living, when she has health, beauty, and vigor?  
Why, if she does not value her good looks, does she not value her comfort?  
Why, will your sister, will you suffer that dull pain in the small of your back, those bearing-down, dragging sensations in the loins, that terrible fullness in the lower bowel, caused by constipation proceeding from the womb lying over and pressing on the rectum? Do you know that there are signs of displacement, and that you will never be well while that lasts?  
What a woman needs who is thus affected is to strengthen the ligaments so they will keep her organs in place. There is nothing better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is constantly rolling in, proves that the Compound is constantly curing thousands of just such cases. The following letter from Mrs. Marlow is only one of many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those she has relieved—surely such testimony is convincing:  
"My trouble commenced after the birth of my last child. I did not know what the matter with me. My husband went to our family physician and described my symptoms, and he said I had displacement, a falling of the womb. He sent me some medicine, but it did little good. I let it go on about two years, and every time I did any hard work my womb would come down. Finally a lady friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. The first bottle helped me so much, I continued to take it right along. My back was almost the same as no back. I could not lift scarcely any weight. My life was just a drag to me. To-day I am well of my womb trouble, and have a good, strong back. Thank you, Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. L. MARLOW, Milford, Ill.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND CURE CONSTIPATION.**  
REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS.

**Gandy Cathartic**  
Beautiful Location, Healthy Climate. Good Water, Woodland, No Bush. Agents Wanted—TERMS OF PAYMENT VERY EASY. For information address:  
**F. Missler & Krimmer, 106 WEST STREET.** Bankers and Brokers. Checks for Europe. Collections of Inheritance.  
**THE CLEANER 'TIS, THE COSIER 'TIS. What is Home Without SAPOLIO.**