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Beautiful, Brilliant, Genuine Barrios Diamond, mounted in a heavy ring, pin or stud, will be sent to any address on receipt of One Dollar. In ordering, give full directions and state whether small, medium or large stone is desired.

**CAMILLE SEYBARD, the Prima Donna** of the Walter D'Amico Opera Co., writes: "Barrios Diamonds are lustrous and full of fire. They are magnificent substitutes for genuine diamonds for stage purposes."  
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1131 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
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**TRUSSES, 65c, \$1.25 AND UP**

We are selling the very best Trusses made at FACTORY PRICES, less than one-third the price charged by others, and we GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. See whether you want our French Truss or our New York Reversible Elastic Truss, illustrated above, cut this ad, and send to us with 65c or \$1.25, whichever you prefer. We will send you the one you want, and we will send it to you with the undergarments, if it is as good as we say it is. We will return your money if you are not satisfied. Write for FREE TRUSS CATALOGUE, which shows of trusses including the New \$10.00 Lax Truss \$2.75 that never allows an ease, and which we sell for \$2.75.

**SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. CHICAGO**

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CROUP, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION

### THE WEB OF LIFE.

Full soon the web of life is spun—  
The thread is snapped; the work is done;  
And rising from the whirling loom,  
We pass within the larger room  
From out the weary din of life,  
To where peace overcometh strife;  
And in the Master's presence sweet  
Lay down our little tasks complete.

But still we'll note with throbs of pain  
Where tangled threads made effort vain,  
Remembering how grief's heavy seal  
Was set, our errors to reveal;  
And sadly own, through tear-filled eyes,  
That careless hands could ne'er devise  
A plan to guide the shuttle right,  
Upon life's loom from morn till night.

So when the weaver's heart to cheer,  
The Master Workman draweth near  
With words of counsel to advise  
And patient fingers, skillful, wise,  
He draws the tangled threads apart,  
And lays them straight and smooth  
athwart  
The bar—then listens, that a call  
For help may ne'er unheeded fall.

But when the web at length is spun,  
The thread snapped off; the work all done;  
The weaver bears it from the loom,  
Where in the sunlit larger room  
The Master sits, all tasks to scan,  
And judge the workers man by man—  
Full joy 'twill be if we but hear  
The Lord's "Well done," fall sweet and clear.

—Lillian C. Nevin, in N. Y. Observer.

### HUGH BAIN'S CRIME

By Julia K. Hildreth.

"HE IS a tyrant! That's what he is—a tyrant; and I would like to serve him as other tyrants have been served before!" cried Hugh Bain, shaking his fist at the schoolhouse door.

"What's the matter, Hugh?" asked a boy, standing near.

"Why," cried Hugh, in an excited voice, "I asked him if I could stay at home this afternoon and he said: 'No—decidedly, no!'"

"Just like him!" cried several of the boys in chorus.

"I hate him," said Hugh. "I'd like to—"

"Hush!" whispered Mark Crow, warningly. "Mr. Carver will hear you."

"I don't care," replied Hugh, with a scowl.

"Where were you going?" inquired Mark, curiously.

"Uncle Milton and ever so many young men are going out to shoot a couple of foxes that have been stealing our geese and chickens," replied Hugh. "Uncle Milton said if I could get off, I might go with them."

Hero Hugh broke off, and, with a very savage glance at the door, muttered:

"I wish you were the fox and I had the shooting of you."

"Hush!" whispered Mark Crow again. "You know that you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do," said Hugh, defiantly. "He is a tyrant and I hate him."

The boys were standing about the schoolhouse after noon recess, waiting for a signal to enter.

The bell sounded just then, and Hugh took his place in a very bad humor. He was so sulky and stubborn that at last Mr. Carver became impatient, and indignantly ordered him to apologize at once or leave the school until he thought fit to do so.

Hugh, without a word, seized his hat and rushed from the room.

But when he stood outside of the schoolhouse, his anger cooled as he remembered it would be impossible to keep this disgrace from his parents. Hugh was in no hurry to go home now, and so, when he came within sight of the house, he turned into a little by-path which led to the woods. As he walked slowly along, picking up the dead leaves in his path absently, he caught sight of a pair of sharp eyes, watching him from behind a large stump, and the next moment a gray fox bounded across the road, and was lost to sight among the bushes.

At the same time Hugh heard the barking of dogs and the shouting of men, and his Uncle Milton, followed by half a dozen of his friends, came running toward him.

"Which way?" cried Uncle Milton, too much excited to be surprised by Hugh's appearance. "Did you see him? Which way did he go?"

Hugh pointed in the direction the fox had taken, and away they all went, helter-skelter, pell-mell, dogs and men, and Hugh followed.

At a short distance from the path, and surrounded by a fringe of tall bushes, the party came upon the wall of a deep ravine.

Over this Uncle Milton threw himself without a moment's pause, and with no other support than the bunches of dry grass and weeds growing among the rocks, made his way rapidly downward to the gully below, and went scrambling up the other side. All followed. But one unfortunate young fellow stumbled and lost his footing, and Hugh saw him roll to the bed of the ravine, and lie among the stones, motionless.

Hugh hurried back to ascertain if he were very much hurt, and found him sitting up, rubbing his arm, ruefully.

"Are you injured?" asked Hugh, helping him to arise.

"My arm is either sprained or broken," replied he. Then, pointing to the fowling-piece on the ground, he added: "That belongs to your uncle. If you will give it to him, I'll go home. I have had enough of fox-hunting for one day."

As Hugh slung the weapon over his shoulder, feeling pleased and important, the young man stalked moodily away, holding his injured arm.

"Now," said Hugh, as he hurried along the hunting party, "if the fox shows himself again, he won't get off quite as easily as he did before."

He went out of his way quite often,

to follow some imaginary skulking animal among the bushes, and when at last he determined to follow the others, all sounds had ceased.

Then he discovered that it was growing dark, and also that he was dreadfully hungry, so he turned his steps homeward.

Before he reached the border of the wood, it had grown really dark. When he came to the little stream which separated the woods from a corn field which belonged to Mr. Carver, he hesitated; for that gentleman objected to the boys trespassing upon his ground.

So Hugh stood still, uncertain whether to cross the little bridge that spanned the stream or take the longer way around through the woods to the road.

There was a half-moon that night, but it gave only a fitful and uncertain light. The sky was covered with heavy, fast-flying clouds, and a high wind was moaning dimly through the trees behind him.

As Hugh paused with one foot on the bridge, the moon came from behind a cloud, and shone clear and bright for a moment; and Hugh saw, on the other side of the stream, a fox, the same probably that Uncle Milton had been chasing all that afternoon. He was gone in a second, but Hugh caught a flying glimpse of his brush as he bounded over Mr. Carver's corn field toward a wall.

"What a glorious thing it would be," thought Hugh, "to be the one to carry home the fox, after all!"

He darted across the bridge and on toward the wall. Just before he reached it, however, the clouds again covered the moon.

But he crept softly along by the wall, and presently he heard a slight rustling among the bushes close to him. Hugh softly raised his weapon to his shoulder, and at the same moment, whack! came a blow upon the top of his head.

The boy looked up in amazement, and saw in the dim light an arm extended above him, and the next instant it struck his upturned face, half blinding him.

"Look out!" cried Hugh, angrily. "You have no right to strike me. Don't do it again!"

His antagonist made no reply. Instead, he once more swung his arm around in a very threatening and energetic manner.

Before it could fall, Hugh sprang away; but in doing so he stumbled on the rough ground and fell backward. The gun he held slipped from his grasp.

There was a sudden flash of fire, a sharp report, and a heavy body fell headlong to the earth.

Sick with terror and trembling from head to foot, Hugh struggled to his feet again. He gave one hasty look at the black silent heap on the ground, snatched up his hat, which had fallen from his head, and ran on. He never knew how he reached home; but as he opened the door, the sound of cheerful voices coming from the dining room seemed strange and unnatural. In an agony of terror, he ran quickly upstairs to his own little room.

He found a match and lighted the candle, which stood upon a table near the bed. Then he pulled off his hat and threw it down.

As the light fell upon the hat, he gave a cry of horror. It was not his; it must have belonged to the man whose life he had taken!

Hugh turned it slowly around, a cold chill creeping all over him as he noticed the small hole near the band. Suddenly his eyes rested upon the lining. He gave a low cry, and the hat fell from his shaking hand, for printed upon the somewhat soiled and faded red silk was the name—"Richard Carver."

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" moaned Hugh. "Poor Mr. Carver! Oh! oh! oh!"

Presently the silence of the room began to be unbearable, and he thought:

"I can't stand this. I will go and find father and tell him."

He crept down the stairs softly. The house was very quiet now, but a light was shining from a half-open door. Hugh looked in, and saw his mother rocking backward and forward in a low chair, singing softly to the baby in her arms. There was no one else in the room.

"I couldn't tell her! I wonder where father is?" thought Hugh, as he stole toward the hall door.

Then he remembered to have heard that Mr. Bain was going to call upon some one in the village.

He ran swiftly along the road, so occupied with his own dreadful thoughts that he did not notice a boy who was coming toward him, until his arm was grasped, and Mark Crow exclaimed:

"Hallo, Hugh! Where are you going?"

"To the village," said Hugh, struggling to free himself.

"I say, what is the matter?" cried Mark, without releasing his arm.

The unhappy boy broke down all at once, and sobbed out:

"Oh! oh! oh! I've shot Mr. Carver."

"Shot Mr. Carver?" repeated Mark, shrinking from his friend in horror. "I know you said you hated him, but I never thought you meant to kill him."

"Of course I didn't mean to!" cried Hugh. "I fell and—and the gun went off, and he tumbled down without a word!"

"You don't expect anyone to believe that," said Mark, quickly. "Why, as many as ten boys heard you say you hated him, and would like to do all kinds of things to him only this morning. But if you are really sorry," continued Mark, after a pause, which Hugh filled up with sobs, "you can go to Judge Winter and give yourself

up. And I'll go with you, for fear you might be tempted to run away, you know."

"I tell you I did not mean to!" protested Hugh, wringing his hands. "But I will go with you to Judge Winter's, if you think that is the right thing to do."

"Of course I do," replied Mark, decidedly.

The two boys hurried on toward the village very silently. As they went they met a number of people, to each one of them Mark officiously whispered:

"Hugh Bain has shot Mr. Carver—our teacher. He said he would this morning, and we are going to tell Judge Winter."

These people invariably turned, no matter which way they had been going, and accompanied the two boys. So, by the time they reached Judge Winter's residence, there was a large, horrified crowd surrounding Hugh.

Mark knocked at the door, and, on seeing the crowd and hearing the news, the girl who had opened it flew back and acquainted the judge with what had occurred.

He came out instantly, and after asking where and how the shooting had happened, and telling Hugh to lead the way to the field, they all started off toward the scene of the crime.

Presently, Hugh felt his hand grasped, and glancing up, saw his father. Even in the dim light he looked white and troubled.

"Father, father," whispered Hugh, "you believe I did not mean to shoot poor Mr. Carver?"

His father silently pressed his hand, and through all the rest of that dreadful journey kept close to him.

Hugh felt as though he were in a dream, and that Mark Crow was the blackest of all the shadowy phantoms in that dream, and kept repeating:

"Yes, he did it—Hugh Bain did it!"

Hugh heard murmurs of pity from the men who were following as they passed Mr. Carver's little cottage.

Some one was playing the piano and singing a gay little song—his daughter, probably.

The tears started to his own eyes as he thought what misery he had unintentionally brought upon this happy home.

On they went. Now there was but a stone wall between him and that awful sight, and Hugh's limbs trembled under him at the thought of having to face it.

He climbed over, however, the judge and all the rest following him in profound silence.

As Hugh pointed to a dark, motionless object on the ground, the judge said, in a low, solemn voice: "Stand back!" and taking a lantern from one of the men, went carefully forward.

The crowd drew back and formed a semicircle, and many removed their hats and stood bareheaded under the wan moonlight.

The judge stepped forward and raised the lantern. As he did so, the thick bushes near the wall were parted, and a familiar voice broke the silence:

"What's the matter? What are you all doing here?"

The judge stepped back, with a shout of laughter. The owner of the voice scrambled over the wall.

At that moment, the moon suddenly peeped out bright and clear, and revealed the form and features of Mr. Carver himself!

Hugh sprang forward, as did all the other spectators, with exclamations of amazement.

There, lying at his feet, Hugh saw an absurd-looking object, dressed in coat, trousers and shoes, but with a head made of straw!

"What have you been doing with my scarecrow?" said Mr. Carver, in a puzzled tone. "And what does this crowd mean?"

A loud burst of laughter drowned the answer.

Judge Winter explained the mistake. Then there was another loud laugh, in which everyone joined but Hugh, who had passed too many miserable moments to forget so quickly.

He went up to Mr. Carver, and, seizing his hand, cried:

"When the gun went off and it fell, I thought I had killed some poor old tramp; but when I saw your hat, I felt sure it was yours. Oh, I am so glad it was no one! And, Mr. Carver, will you please forgive me for my conduct this afternoon?"

So, after all, Hugh apologized publicly, though he had quite made up his mind not to do so.

The crowd dispersed, laughing, and for many days Hugh Bain's murder was a standing joke in the village.

But it was a long time before Hugh could hear it mentioned without living over again the misery of that evening—Golden Days.

### IN AN APRICOT ORCHARD.

How the Fruit is Gathered, Dried and Prepared for Market in Southern California.

As soon as an orchard of apricots comes into bearing, advertisements are inserted in the newspapers of adjoining towns for women and girls. Thousands of women leave their domestic duties, taking with them their families to engage actively in the sheds of the ranchers, cutting the fruit for drying, after the men have collected it from the trees.

Sometimes 500 people will be engaged upon a large orchard. Rules and regulations are laid down for their conduct; the women and girls sleep in the tents provided at a low rental by the management, and either cook for themselves, or board with what would be termed in railroad circles a "boarding boss;" the men, not so many, occupy tents in some other and distant part of the orchard. The sole requisite being the ability to pick and cut fruit, an aggregation of humanity representing all classes of society, from the impetuous English family with cultivated manners and aristocratic connections to the nondescript, who travels from town to town in search of employment, is collected together in industrious activity for the revenue to be derived.

Each woman has a small tray in front of her, and, after cutting the fruit with a knife, she lays it open on the tray. Each tray is furnished with a raised end. When five are filled they are piled up, and the operator shouts: "Tray!" whereupon an attendant approaches, punches a ticket with which she has been previously furnished, and takes the five trays to the sulphur house.

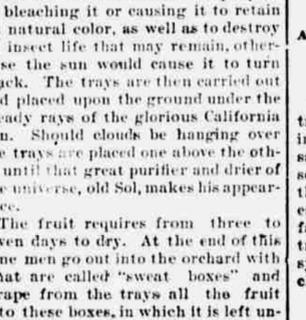
The women are paid ten cents a box, each box containing 60 pounds of fruit. All fruit has to be placed in the sulphur house for several hours for the purpose of bleaching it or causing it to retain its natural color, as well as to destroy all insect life that may remain, otherwise the sun would cause it to turn black. The trays are then carried out and placed upon the ground under the steady rays of the glorious California sun. Should clouds be hanging over the trays are placed one above the other until that great purifier and drier of the universe, old Sol, makes his appearance.

The fruit requires from three to seven days to dry. At the end of this time men go out into the orchard with what are called "sweat boxes" and scrape from the trays all the fruit into these boxes, in which it is left until fully dried. Finally it is hauled to the storehouses and piled up in heaps, perhaps ten feet high, awaiting the eye of the critical buyer.—Pearson's Magazine.

### FIGHTING THE CUTWORM.

An Extremely Simple Contrivance for Protecting Plants Against the Pest's Attacks.

Fold old newspapers and cut into sheets, say, nine by twelve inches. Paint with cheap, quick-drying black paint or waterproof varnish. Sticky paper covered with rosin and sweet oil will answer for one season. Cut the sheets from edge to center. The plant



### FARM ARRANGEMENT.

A Division of Land Which Has been Called an Ideal One for the Great Central West.

The farm here described and illustrated consists of 240 acres divided into three fields for the purpose of saving fencing. Any farm of a section or under can be divided in the same number of fields, the smallest number that, with the system of farming in vogue in the great central west, can be made practical. The system pursued upon this farm is clover, corn, wheat, with stock

### Two Pastures for Swine.

For the pasturing of swine I use two pastures side by side, and next to the yard. I use these pastures in rotation—that is, I use one pasture, while I plow up and sow the other. In this way I manage to have an abundance of pasture, and always made it a practice to clover with a slight sprinkling of clover, but have concluded to try Essex rape this spring. I will tell you that there is a stream of water running through the yard, and that is good shade.—Charles Lamb, Farmers' Review.

### A Thoughtless Honor.

Old Mr. Probus—Yes, Honor's best policy.  
Charley Brouder—Oh, I don't! Old Mr. Probus (penively)—You've never been honest.—N. Y. Herald.

### Experienced.

Miss Bud—Is your mother with you to-night?  
Miss Out—Oh, no, indeed! I should'n't think of allowing my mother to see!—Town Topics.

### In the Klondike.

"Did he die hard?" asked the "W-well," said the spokesman of the committee on notification, hard. Yes, see, he wuz fra' mum!"—N. Y. Herald.

### With Some Assistance.

Maud—How did he propose?  
Mabel—Well, he hemmed and till I got out of all sorts of things with him and helped him out.—Tribune.

One Lucky Man.  
"Do you have any trouble with your servant?"  
"Nops, I'm married to her."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Three Meals a Day.



How many years of her life does woman spend over the hot cook stove getting those three meals a day? Aching, head throbbing, nerves twitching, it's all the same, there are three meals a day to be prepared. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cannot lighten woman's labor, but it can and does increase her strength. It cures those cases of the womanly organs which a dermatine woman's vitality.

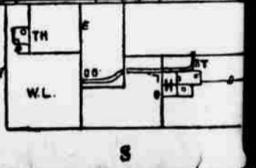
"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription too highly as a tonic for tired, out women who are afflicted with female weakness," writes Mrs. Ira W. Holmes, of Rapid, Iowa. "It has helped me very much, and a skillful physician once said to me in answer to my question as to its efficacy: 'I know of cases where it has really worked wonders!'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do a great-acting upon the system. They are a perfect tonic to keep in the house. One Pellet is a laxative, two a cathartic dose. The medicine for every woman.

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