



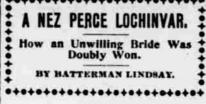
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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

Fully two-thirds of the divorce cases now are brought about by disagreea-Growth of Moth- ble mothers-in-law, er-in-Law Evil. asserts a Ghicago exchange. In 17 of the middle western states, since last January, 457 divorce suits have been filed wherein the husband accuses his mother-in-law of having induced his wife to leave him. In these same states 47 suicides have been caused by the wife's mother taking too much interest in her daughter's household affairs. Of this number of suicides the daughter has been the suicide in 32 cases. So it hardly pays for the mother to interfere with her daughter's husband and their household, for in a majority of cases she causes her own child's death. The ourse of the mother-in-law is growing instead of getting better. The young man who marries nowadays finds himself. in six cases out of seven, hampered by his wife's mother; if not that the girl finds herself unable to put up with her those women. The one with her hair gag from between Looesa's teeth and mother-in-law. The reason for this Six-sevenths of the marriages which have taken place in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri within the last six weeks were between young men and women who, not being able to start in keeping house, had to go and live with one or the other of their families.



THE Yakimas, the Nez Perces and the Umatillas were holding a midsummer love feast. It was a country fair, a camp meeting, an athletic meet, a Knights Templar conclave and Monte Carlo fused in one and poured into a picnic mold. For assembly room and banqueting hall they had a sandy plain on the first standard parallel of latitude, not far ing up a blind old pack horse, and from the confluence of the Snake and Columbia. It was walled by the horizon, roofed by a sapphire vault and festooned at night with innumerable scintillant sparks, to account for whose origin and destiny the Indian

loes not lie awake at nights, though

he has his explanations of such maters, too. The sportively-inclined braves of the three tribes-and what Indian is not sportive?-had come to the meet, bringing their ponies and blankets, their fine baskets, their trinkets and pelf, and, incidentally, their squaws and papooses. Your Indian is a resolute player and a good loser; games of hazard are his inborn racial passion, to which he devotes himself with all the ardor he erstwhile displayed in war and the chase. He has a favorite game which the pale faces call Indian poker, and such of them as have mastered its intricacies say it is quite as efficient as the white variety

And now, after three days of play, the loot was stacked up in heaps on the Nez Perce side. The Umatillas and the Yakimas had not a pony, a blanket, a valuable of any kind left them-scarcely a battered tin to boil water in. The fun was over, there was nothing left to do but to break two might have been observed, if up the conclave and return whence they came. But among the Yakimas was one young man, Konewock by name, who was not as good a loser as the others; when he looked over at his two fleet ponies, with headstalls Heron was not so indifferent to the and bridle reins of braided horse hair, his finely woven baskets, worth much money in the marts of the curie hunters, his thick blankets, his beaded belts and moccasins, his trusty knife, his heart rebelled within him. He strede up to Blue Heron, the Nez Perce, who had been his principal opponent, and said to himt "One game between us two only. 1 will stake my squaw against all you horsemen hobbled their ponies behave won from me."

straight-lined, devil-may-care fellow, fresh from a morning plunge in ing for fagots to feed the dying fire, the cresk, and groomed to the very perfection of an Indian toilet. "The Nez Perces have plenty of girls," he replied. "I bad rather have the ponies."

"Coward!" sneered Konewock. You refuse a challenge!"

"Never!" said Blue Heron. "But what kind of a squaw is it that you think to put up against two ponies and two blankets and baskets and bead work? I never saw one worth so much."

"There she is, standing among unbound. She is anery because I state of affairs is easily explained. made her give me the strings of beads his pony's head; he still retained his and silver pieces she had braided in with it." "Huh!" said Blue Heron, surveying

stretched himself. His laugh was echoed by his friends in the crowd, which broke up into little knots with much noisy jest and babbling. Old Teenat strode through the dissolving groups without answering any of the would be witticisms flung at him. Blue Heron linked his arm through

that of Konewock, and said: "Come on! Let us get the woman; I want to be off."

They found her standing by her father's wickiup; her mother, sitting on the ground before a smoldering fire of sage brush, appeared to be absorbed in watching the contents of a tin can which was simmering on the coals. Teenat was occupied in cinchpaid no attention to the young men.

"Looesa, this is Blue Heron," said Konewock, at once, sulky and shamefaced. "You belong to him now."

The girl regarded them with blazing eyes. "I belong neither to you nor to him," she said, with concentrated fury in her tones. "I will stay here.

"You will not!" asserted Konewock, taking hold of her, none too i lay which he wished to follow. There gently.

The girl screamed, and old Teenat turned, but did not stir from his place. He was a man of substance and character, much respected among his people, the Yakimas. "Let be!" he said, briefly; "my daughter is not a slave to be gambled for over a blanket. She goes with me."

Konewock dropped the girl's arm and turned to Blue Heron, questioningly. The latter only laughed, as usual, observing (freely translated into English vernacular): "Well, it seems you can't deliver the goods! I'm not looking for a fight. I am satisfied with the plunder I have. I only accepted the wager to please you. Ta-ta!" Turning lightly on his heel he went away.

Konewock shortly followed, sulky and sore, and half an hour later the every one had not been too busy with his own affairs to give them any further thought, plotting together under the high banks of the coulee. As a matter of fact, Blue girl's rejection as it had pleased him to appear. He rather piqued himself upon his personal appearance, and was not wont to sue in vain. He considered that he had fairly won the young squaw, and lent himself read-Hy to Konewock's suggestions, with the result that when Teenat's family, already several miles on their homeward trail, camped for the night, two hind a hillock not far away. The Blue Heron laughed. He was a tall, first time Looesa ventured abroad among the uncertain shadows searchtwo pairs of sinewy arms seized and gagged her and bore her away without sound of struggle or cry to alarm her relatives, and five minutes later a little Indian pony was making record time, despite its double load, in the direction of the Blue mountains, amid whose recesses Blue Heron intended to lose himself until the pursuit was given over. For he did not doubt that the young men of the Yakimas would make Teenat's cause their own. When Blue Heron considered that

it was safe to do so, he removed the t her down on

the serrated mountain ridge leaped out in every detail against a bluewhite background of sheeted flame, while, with scarce an interregnum, the thunder bird flapped his wings with terrible reverberations that almost stunned the fugitives.

They proceeded thus for more than half an hour before they met the advancing storm. Without other warning than the fresh smell of wet earth and a sudden sound in their ears of rushing waters, they entered the deluge, and were drenched to the skin in a moment, but kept doggedly on their course, until, with the first flush of dawn, they stood upon the bank of the Walla Walla. The storm had now passed entirely, but the little river that Blue Heron had expected to ford was running bank full, yellow flood, bearing driftwood on its bosom.

Blue Heron set his pony and his aptive at liberty, and walked to and fro to straighten his legs, while he considered. A fire and breakfast seemed equally desirable, but it was more desirable still to be on the other side of that stream, where the trail had evidently been a cloudburst in the mountains and it would be many hours before the water would run past. But once on the other side, he fancied he would be safe from pursuit for some time; and it would be a strange thing, indeed, if he, Blue Heron, with a fittle leisure for proper courtship, could not conquer the humors of ever so coy a maiden or madam. Though, sooth to say, this one had shown no symptoms of docility as yet. Blue Heron was quite aware that there was something beyond mere risk in attempting to cross the flood, but that was rather an incentive than otherwise.

He decided to chance the issue. So, after giving his pony a half hour to rest and refresh itself, he cinched it up again, and removing the clothing from his fine glistening body he bound it on Looesa's shoulders. The latter, understanding now what it was he contemplated, protested vigorously; at length her dignity sucsumbed entirely, and she begged with tears. But Blue Heron was laughingly inexorable. He forced her to mount the pony, and, bidding her hold on well, drove the unwilling animal into the water. Grasping the pony's mane, he swam beside it on the lower side, and kept its head against the current as much as possible. The pony struggled for its life, and Blue Heron swam like the athlete he was. All was going well, when suddenly around a bend above them a cottonwood tree came down on the flood, held upright in the water by the weight of the earth clinging to its roots, its branches swaying menacingly as it swept along. Loosea uttered a cry of despair, and Blue Heron, raising himself out of the water enough to look over the pony's neck, saw what was coming upon them, and with a shout to the animal sank back and put forth all his reserve strength.

It was now verily a race with death. Where the swimmers gained a foot against the current the tree gained yards with it. Loosea busied herself in an endeavor to unfasten the pack from her shoulders, while her eyes remained fixed in horror on the approaching doors. The pony,

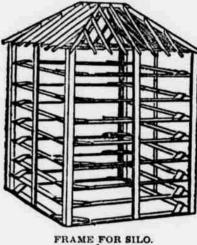


Observations and Experience of an Ohio Farmer Who Says He Has No Ax to Grind.

Before binding my silo I examined silos of different construction, some of stone, some of cement and others of wood; some round and some square. Then I built my silo of wood, square, with corners well rounded. 1 aimed to make my silo strong and cheap. There are many methods of construction, some complicated and

costly. But I still think that the simplest, strongest, cheapest airtight pit that will preserve the silage is the best.

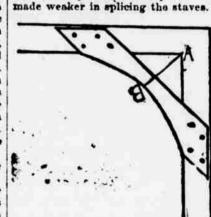
I believe that for the best practical results the diameters should



range from 12 to 16 feet, according to the amount of stock fed from the silo. I do not think it advisable or Machinery on the alarm" the conpractical to build a silo smaller 'han 12 feet square or 12 feet in diameter. And rather than go above 16 or 18 of labor-saving machinery in this feet in diameter I advise increasing country will find food for thought in the capacity by building more silos. the present efforts that are being The craze just now is for the round stave silos, but I think the average farmer who expects to build a sile would better build a square frame with rounded comers, for the following reasone.

A square wood silo with ribs 0 girts around it horizontally, lined up and down inside and weatherboarded outside, whether built in a barn or outside, whother tied to another buffding or standing alone, will always be firm and rigid, and will not suffer from the drying-out process that occurs during the hot weather, when the silo is empty. And this, I think, is a strong point in favor of the unemployed. In some instances as the frame silo. I have learned of high as three dollars a day and free round allos that went to wreck, like transportation are offered. But the an old barrel, in the dry weather. In idlers prefer the overcrowded city the Wisconsin bulletin No. 83 the writer says he visited a number of stave siles that were badly damaged and wsecked in this drying-out process and by the wind. In my judg-ment this wrecking process would

had been spliced, for they must be





"By their fruits ye shall know them, The way to judge of the value of an medicine is by its cures. Apply that test to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it is at once lifted high above all other put-up medicines designed fo the cure of womanly diseases. Chronic forms of disease which local physicians have failed to cure, and which have yielded to no other treatment, have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes monthly regularity. It dries debilitating drains. It heals in-flammation and ulceration and cures. female weakness.

female weakness. Mrs. Shopshire, of Ballou, Shelby Co. Ohio writes: "My mother had an ovarran tumer which we thought would result in her death but we had sead your advertisements and we commenced using your 'Favorite Prescripton' We got one dosen bottles to commence with and before she had taken three bottles she began to improve; she is living te-day and we have given your medicine the credit. My mother was mixty-six years old when the tumor commenced to grow; she is seventy-six now and the tumor is all gone. She had gotten awfully large, and her limbs began to swell before we began to use your 'Pavorite Pre-scription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

Economists and students of indusfrial conditions who "view with stant invention Farm. and multiplication

made to coax the idlers and hoboes from the cities to the western wheat fields. It is the same old Macedonian cry for help from the farmers of Kansas and the Dakotas, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The harvest is ripe and the reapers are few. Vast fields of golden grain are aiready overripened and the farmers are threatened with heavy losses through insbility to secure the necessary het te harvest the crop. Employment agencies and railroad companies are making the most tempting offers to with a meager and uncertain livelihood to good wages and plenty to est on the harvest fields of the Dakotas. The various proposals to ship the hoboes by the car load to the wheat be worse in a silo where the staves fields of the west may sound reason-Tole and attractive to the economist. but the man who is familiar with the

tastes and habits of the hobe knows that he will not work after he has been shipped to the wheat fields. Out in

This is how a Memphis young man. in a fit of absent-mindedness, lost his

He Forgot to girl a few days ago, as reported Wink. by the Scimftar, of

that city: "He took the young lady to a soda fountain. She ordered the regulation ice cream sods, and then the clerk asked him what he would have. 'Gimme a glass of beer,' carelessly said the young man, and then he calmly went on talking with the young lady. 'I beg your pardon: what was it you wanted?' asked the clerk. "Beer,' responded the young man, still unconscious of his mistake. Then the young lady asked him what he wanted, and she asked in a manner which brought him around in a hurry. Their stay in the place lasted only about two minutes longer. Since then the young lady has refused to see him. She had been regarding him as a model of propriety, and has not yet recovered from her shock at finding him something else. He is now denouncing soda fountains as disturbers of the peace."



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the young woman, critically. "She has a temper."

"Sometimes," admitted Konewock. "But she is strong and a good cook; and very pretty."

"Well, I agree," said Blue Heron.

The Nez Perce brought one of his lately won blankets and spread it in a convenient spot, Konewock produced a deck of cards, and the two sat down. News of the wager rapidly spread throughout the camp, and the players were quickly surrounded by a triple ring of deeply interested spectators.

Either from a mellcious desire to torment his opponent, or from a wish to prolong the excitement of the game, Blue Heron chose an original method of wagering. "The pinto pony against her head," said he, as he sat down opposite Konewock. He won the head.

"The buckskin pony against her of the next wager.

"This blanket against her hands." said Blue Heron. He won the hands. "The other blanket against her feet," said Blue Heron. He won the feet. By this time a dense throng sur-

rounded the contestants. A spokesman in the foremost rank communi-

cated the result of each play in a gutteral undertone to the man behind reached the outermost ring of women conversation and giggling were going

on. "The buckskin pony against her there was some commotion among the spectators. A sturdily built old Indian was forcing his way toward had been playing an hour.

"I wager all against the heart," sai? Blue Heron, dealing the cards.

hold of the riata with which his captive's wrists were bound, and thus forced her to walk beside him until his winded steed had recovered itself, when he lifted her in front of him and again loped away at full speed, the unshod hoofs of his pony beating softly on the sandy plain. It was

Blue Heron's intention to reach the Walls Walls, ford it by break of day, and, following it up hato the foothills, cross over the divide at his leisure and come down into the canyon of the Grande Ronde. This he could descend to its junction with the Snake, and thence get him home to Fort Lapwal with his prime without much danger of interruption.

For a week the days had been like the opaline chamber of a hollow shell, the nights like a crystal goblet inlaid with gems, saturating the earth with balm from its inverted bowl. But this night was black and breathless, the moon, in its third quarter, was not yet risen, and though the sky

seemed cloudless, few stars were visheart," said Blue Heron, winking ible. The heat which rose from the gravely at a bystander opposite him. 'desert, instead of losing itself as usual He lost the heart and the buckskin among wide, cool spaces of fluent air, pony. Konewock laughed jubilantly, settled back on the earth, as if shut and a wave of excitement ran through in by a great lid; not even a cricket the crowd, which then settled into a chirped; the death-like, brooding sibreathless silence to watch the result lence was pregnant with menace. The fleeing trio, horse and woman

and man, were oppressed for breath and damp with sweat as they hurried forward through the night, pausing now and again for a moment's respite, and anon racing through the blackness, invisible to pursuit had there been any.

Suddenly in the northeast a great sheet of lightning blazed up to the him, who passed it back until it zenith, and for half the round of the horizon showed them the summits of and girls, where much suppressed the Blue mountains sharply defined against its glare. Almost simultaneously an awful peal of thunder seemed

to shatter the vault of Heaven and head," said Konewock. At this point send it rattling down in fragments upon the appaked earth. The pony stopped short and trembled; neither man nor beast in these longitudes the center, and recognizing Teenat, is accustomed to such display of elethe father of the wagered girl, the mental forces. Such a storm as they crowd parted and allowed him to were about to witness is rare, indeed, pass. Konewock dealt, and the hands on the western slope of the contiwere played out in absolute silence. nent. But, after the shock of sur-Konewock lost and the buckskin pony prise occasioned by the first onpassed back to Blue Heron. There slaught had passed, Blue Heron remained but the heart of Kone- pressed on steadily toward it. Imwock's squaw in his possession; they mediately around them the black stillness continued, but before them the ebon curtain of the night was

proidered with zigzag traceries of Blue Heron won; he laughed loud- burnished steel, and ever and snos

ed by her grantic shouts, labored until his sides seemed ready to burst. Blue Heron's eves were starting from his head with his exertions, and his breath came in painful gasps. The space narrowed swiftly; it was not a question of moments, but of seconds. Nearor, nearer swept the tree, its branches towered above them.

"Quick!" shouted Looesa, in the voice of the lost. "It is here!"

One last, supreme effort, and the mass of foliage swept past the pony's flanks, just grazing them. Saved by a hand's breadth! But where was Looesa? Had she not escaped? As if with deliberate malice, the tree had courtesied to the flood, and, bringing down a branch that the instant before was high above her head, had swept her from the pony's back.

Looesa was a good swimmer, but. half stunned and weighed down with the pack from which she had not succeeded in releasing herself, she was unable to do more than keep her head above the water. It took an instant for Blue Heron to realize what had happened, another (as it would you or me) for him to rise to the level of the hero; then he let go of his pony and safety, and gave himself to the flood. He reached Looesa just as she was giving herself up to her fate, and seized her long, floating hair.

It was far down the stream where they landed, and at the last it was woman who dragged the young the Nez Perce out upon the sand, where he lay prone and naked, panting his soul out in sheer exhaustion.

Then it was that the girl he had gambled for wooed Blue Heron back to life by her ministrations. For the brave shall ever win the fair, and sly little Cupid looks just as winsome warming himself by a fire of sage brush in the early chill of a midsummer morn in the desert, when all the earth is rosy with the level rays of the newly risen sun, as peeping forth from the honeysuckle of Amaryllis' bower is an older and a paler land .--San Francisco Argonaut.

Decidedly Up to Date.

"Is she an up-to-date girl?" he repeated. "Is she? Well, rather, Why, do you know what she did?" "What?"

"Well, sir, when the young man to whom she was engaged began to show indications of a desire to reconsider, she went into court and applied from breaking the engagement."-Chi- sects that are injurious to plants. mgo Post.

CORNER OF THE SILO.

As I am not a draughtsman, I in close an illustration from the Wisconsin bulletin that exactly indicates the framework of my silo, except that my sho is 30 feet high and that the girts are closer than here indicated. The corner pieces or segments are not properly indicated in the cut, so I have drawn another sketch that more clearly indicates them. In Fig. 2 you will see that I have the corner well rounded. From the inside of the corner (A) to the face of the segment (B) is 12 inches, and we have no trouble in going around this corner with ordinary tongued and grooved flooring. We lined this framework with yellow pine flooring and gave it a coat of hot

coal tar every year; one dollar's worth of tar and one dollar's worth of labor are ample for this work. It is air-tight and preserves the silage perfectly, and I believe if the tarring is not neglected the lining will last indefinitely. Some advocate a brick lining, but I do not think this practical, for the crevices would let in the air and the outside woodwork could not well be made airtight. While in wood-lined silo, tongued and grooved, the moisture of the silage will at once swell it into an air-tight condition, and when the tarring is well done the drying out is reduced to the minimum and the wood protected against decay. The next pit I will build will be of

the same construction, but larger. I believe it is practical to build them firm enough and strong enough against any bulging, up to 16 feet square. I do not think cement at all mer or not at all. The difficulty may practical in silo construction (except as a foundation), for the least swelling or contraction would crack and break the coating and let the air in .--M. C. Morris, in Ohie Farmer.

The hedgehog is of great value to farmers, and should be protected. He for an injunction to restrain him is always searching for worms and in-

Iowa farmers in desperation held up a train recently to capture some laborers. It was not a difficult job to capture them, but to compel them to toil in the harvest field they found was a different matter. Very few men are needed on the farm to-day compared to what were needed 20 or 25 years ago. The self-binding reaper now does the work of six to ten men in each field. But men are still needed to shock and load the wheat and haulit to the barns or stacks. If men persist in their unwillingness to work on the farm and the scarcity of farm labor becomes more pronounced each year. it is plain that mechanical genius will be called upon to make the farmer still more independent of human help. He must have machinery that will not only harvest the crops but will gather them, store them and thresh them without the aid of human hands. Machines of this kind are already in use on the thousand-acre farms of the great west. It may be that the necessity for farming almost entirely by machinery will bring about an era of great combinations among farmers by which all may have the use of the most expensive labor-saving devices.

The post office department is having trouble over a little post office in Bartholomew county, Ind., which was established some years ago under the name of Springer. A month later it was changed to Cushman, and three months afterward back to Springer. In 1893 it was called Grammer, but in 1897 the old name of Springer was given it. It next appeared as Grammer, but Springer followed. A post master was appointed who refused to qualify as postmaster of Springer, but insisted on being postmaster of Grammer. The department chose his successor, Miss Mollie Bergman, and changed the name back to Springer. Miss Bergman has followed the tactics of her predecessor and insists on qualifying as the postmaster of Grambe solved by closing the office entirely.

