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STAFFORD PRESS, New Haven, Conn. 23 Church St., 8-21-18.

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The Bulletin Press Association, New York.

**Anarchist Hid in Vatican Gardens To Assassinate The Pontiff.**

**ARRESTED BY A GUARDSMAN**

When Searched By the Police the Prisoner Had a Revolver and Dirk Upon His Person—Authorities Keep His Name a Secret.

Rome, Aug. 27.—The Italian police authorities are taking extraordinary precautions to keep secret the name of the prisoner captured in the Vatican gardens, suspected of an attempt to assassinate the Pope. It has leaked out, however, that the man is a noted Anarchist. To the police he freely admitted that he intended assassination. He denounced Leo as "a spiritual giant, keeping millions of men in



POPE LEO XIII.

thraldom." The Holy Father was notified of his narrow escape last night, but refused to comment upon it in any way.

New York, Aug. 27.—According to a special cable dispatch to one of last night's papers, the man carried a revolver and a dirk. He lay hidden in a part of the gardens through which the Pope traverses daily. His holiness was being carried from his private apartments in a chair to where his janitor waited to convey him to the pavilion of Leo IV, when a Swiss guardsman heard a noise in the shrubbery some distance away. The soldier investigated and discovered the assassin, whom he placed under arrest. At the rooms of the Swiss guards, where the man was taken, the revolver and knife were found. The man said he had been hidden all morning in the Vatican gardens and expected to have no trouble in killing the Pope.

**INSOMNIA**

"I have been using CASCARETS for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets has given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLIARD, Elgin, Ill.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
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 REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grippe. 10c, 25c, 50c.  
 CURE CONSTIPATION.  
 Suffering Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 100 No. 70-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

**OUR TENDERFOOT.**  
 How He Repaid a Camp-Mate for a Simple Kindness.

BY BOURDON WILSON.

IT'S a sure thing that if a man has any cur in him, the hair of the brute is going to show up mighty quick when you get that man out in camp. That's the way it was with Hays; he hadn't been with us a month before he had given everyone in the outfit cause to dislike him, even the "Old Man," who was very slow in such matters. It was back in 1883. We were down in the eastern part of Chihuahua, making the preliminary survey of a railroad that has never been built, and Hays had been sent out from headquarters in Boston to take the place of an engineer the Apaches had picked up. That he was a tenderfoot was sufficient cause for all hands to wish him anywhere else but in our party, for tenderfoots always give trouble; and that he was from Boston was a grievance additional, for tenderfoots of that brand can't be taught anything—they know too much.

Individually, our dislike came of various things; the Old Man's and mine was because he had been boosted into his position without having had to work up, as we had done. And then he was mortally stingy; would not come in on our little games of draw, because, he said, he couldn't afford to risk the money—and he received as much pay as I did. Jim, our cook, had it in for him because he had ventured one day to mildly criticize Jim's make of biscuit, something none of the rest of us had ever dared do, although they were not always edible. And he had found fault with Jose's method of cinching a saddle, which stung Jose to the quick, as he prided himself upon knowing all that was to be known about a horse and saddle. And he had been so incautious as to report Bill and Tex to the Old Man for some trivial neglect of their work.

One morning the Old Man and I noticed the boys with their heads bunched, talking in whispers, and we figured it out that things were going to happen to Hays pretty soon—that the boys were going to make him fight or leave the outfit. We were not mistaken; the fun began that night while we were eating supper. We were about half through, when Hays suddenly laid down his knife and fork, and got up, then walked hurriedly away, gasping and wheezing like a choking horse. Nobody said a word, but the Old Man reached over, and pouring the coffee out of Hays' cup, discovered a small cube of plug tobacco at its bottom. A few mornings later, when Hays got on his horse, he was promptly bucked high in the air, and when he came down landed in the midst of a big bunch of gray-beard cactus. We cheered him, of course, and, while he was picking the needles out of his skin, gathered around him, making remarks that seemed to us calculated to make even a coyote fight, but not so much as a scappy word could get out of him. Besides that, Jose caught the horse, and, leading him up to us, took from under the saddle a spine of the same gray-beard cactus; Hays saw him do it, too, and of course knew that Jose was responsible for the accident. Any man who would let a Mexican rub it in that way was n. g. we thought.

The boys were just getting their hands in. And so it went on, hardly a day passing that did not bring some accident to Hays; it was enough to make a genuine man lose his nerve, much more a Boston tenderfoot, and so he soon lost his color, and would start and tremble at every unexpected sound. I got sorry for him in spite of myself, he looked so abjectly miserable, and had about decided to speak to the Old Man and get him to call the boys down, when the climax was reached. It was one morning while we were slowly picking our way up a steep mountain that was scattered about with loose rocks and boulders. Hays, focking to himself, as he had to do pretty much all the time, had fallen back about a hundred yards behind the rest of us. Presently Bill stumbled and fell against a boulder as big as a barrel, and instantly it started downward on the jump, rising and falling in long, easy bounds, like a jack rabbit going through sage brush, straight toward Hays. He heard the yell of warning we sent down, and looked up and saw the boulder coming; but, instead of flattening himself out behind a ledge rock, as we expected him to do, he stood with his eyes and mouth wide open, loosed-like, staring up, as if by good luck the boulder started on a long jump just before it reached him, and went whistling 20 feet above his head, so there really was not anything for him to get badly rattled about; but just the same, the next thing we knew he went down in a pile in as hearty a faint as any woman ever had.

Disgusting? Well, that hardly expresses it. A creature with so little nerve had no business trying to be a man. We picked him up, though, and toted him back to camp, and after a while brought him back to his senses. He was too badly knocked out to do any more work that day, and as somebody had to stay in camp to look out for him, the Old Man left me. As I have said, I already was sorry for him, and as I sat there watching his thin, white face, I began to pity him, and to feel ashamed of myself for not having headed the boys off. It was not his fault that he came from Boston, I argued; he had to come from somewhere, and Boston was about the best place to come away from that I knew of; and it was not his fault that he got boosted into a job without having to work for it. It was hard

for me to swallow his stings and lack of grit; anything else would have gone down easier, but I finally charged that to his being a little more than a kid—and really, that was all he was. I had just reached the decision to tell the boys that they must let him alone or else go up against me, when he disturbed my thoughts by opening his eyes and saking in a timid, scared sort of a way for a drink of water. Of course I gave it to him. I'd have done the same for a dog, but it was the first kindness any of us had ever done him, and so seemed to get right next to his heart. Two big tears rolled out of his eyes while he was drinking, and when I reached down for the empty cup he grabbed my hand and thanked me as earnestly as though I had just saved his life.

The upshot of it all was that I met the others just as they were coming in, and, telling them what had been running in my mind, ended by playfully promising to make dead meat of the first one that should spring another accident on Hays. And the Old Man backed me up. The boys took it in the right spirit; they had had their little fun, and, besides, they were not half as tough as they thought they were—their hearts were too big. And so Hays came to have an easier time.

It was in the first part of the spring that all of this happened. Every day that passed was carrying us farther down the country, farther away from civilization, and by the time July with its roasting heat came we were swallowed up by the desert foothills of the Sierra Madre. One day, about the middle of July, we knocked off for Sunday, at least we called it Sunday—we'd been away from civilization so long we'd lost all track of the day it really was—and made camp on a narrow ridge, where a scattering of scrub cedars gave us a little shade. And maybe we didn't need that shade. If you've ever been out in the desert when there is not a breath of air stirring, when the sand and rocks and everything else get so hot you can't afford to sit down without first putting your hat down to sit on, you will be able to understand just how much we needed it, for it was that kind of a day.

"Phew!" Tex cried, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "if that place the person used to tell about down 'San Antonio's any hotter'n this, I hope I won't never git sent there to take a job surveyin' a fool railroad."

"Humph! I'll bet it ain't a bit hotter'n this," Bill answered. "All we need is a devil. Now, if old Ceronimo and a bunch of his bucks 'ould come an' jump us, we wouldn't need to ask hell or no other place any odds."

"You bet!" Tex exclaimed. "Say, let's all hands out the cards to see who'll go an' bring a bucket of cool water."

This was a proposition that aroused interest in all of us, and everybody came in, except Hays—he was off by himself enjoying good company. Low man was to win the job, and so of course I had to turn up a duce. That is the kind of luck I usually have. Off to one side of the camp the bare, blistered foothills stretched away hill after hill close to the Gulf of Mexico, for all that any of us knew to the contrary; and on the other, towered high above us one of the peaks of the spur of the Sierra Madre. Up the arroyo, about a hundred yards away, was a deep tenaja, a natural tank formed in the bed-rock, which held an abundance of water for our needs, and water that was cool, it being protected from the sun by a mass of overhanging rock. Naturally, I wasn't in a hurry to get out in that withering heat, but I knew it would only make it worse to delay, it was getting hotter every minute, so I picked up a bucket and started for the tenaja.

I had covered perhaps two-thirds of the distance, following the bottom of the arroyo, when I heard a wicked little hiss, and a puff of dust flew from the bank of the arroyo at my side. The next instant I heard a faint "spang," the crack of the rifle almost muffled by the dancing, heated air. I dropped the bucket and wheeled around, just in time to see the men in camp grab up their rifles and belts, and start for the rocks on the jump. The Old Man stopped long enough to yell and wave his hand to me, and then hustled on. I didn't make out what he said, but I didn't wait to ask him what it was, nor did I trouble to ask who had fired the shot. I just took it for granted that it was some long-haired, saddle-colored gentleman in gee-string and cartridge belt, who might even then be peering at me through the sights of his rifle from somewhere up on the side of the mountain, and I started running as fast as I could for a pile of rock a little farther up the arroyo.

The next thing I knew I hit the ground with a crash, and when I tried to get up my left leg wouldn't work; it was paralyzed. I didn't need the blood trickling down in my shoe to tell me what was the matter—in fact, I didn't see that until later on, and I put out all my strength in an effort to get behind those rocks before my Apache could pump another cartridge into his rifle. Crawling and hopping and rolling, I did succeed in making it, and then turned to my wounded leg. I found no bones broken, but the bullet had gone clear through, leaving an ugly hole that let the blood out freely.

Looking about, I found a crack in the rocks that sheltered me, through which I could get a tolerable view of the mountain side, and, crawling there, I glued my eye to it—I didn't want Mr. Indian sneaking up unannounced. Pretty soon the numbness began leaving my leg, but it was aching and throbbing, and in trying to get into a more comfortable position, I sat up, raising my head too

high. Almost at that instant my hat flew off, and half a dozen shots came sailing down through the quivering air. I ducked down again, very quickly. There was a whole band of Apaches, instead of only one, it seemed. No doubt they were coming down to the tenaja for water when the foremost one, scouting the way, spied me and took a snap-shot at me, and the others had crawled up in time to help spoil my hat.

There was plenty of fun in it for the Indians, maybe, but precious little for me; what with my leg hurting as if it were paid for it, and the heat pouring down on me as if the sun were hung only ten feet above me, I was getting feverish, and as thirsty as a dead fish. There was not a single chance in my favor that I could see. My comrades could do nothing for me without exposing themselves to almost certain death, and I knew I could not last long where I was—the heat alone would kill me. I decided that my game was up, and with that came the determination to take at least one of the red devils along with me for company. By sheer accident I had one of my guns buckled to me. Again watching through my loop-hole, I presently thought I detected a suspicious movement in a bunch of grass 200 feet or so up the mountain. I watched it closely, and soon was rewarded by a distinct quivering of its stems. Poking out the muzzle of my 45, I took careful aim and fired. Instantly the grass was scattered about, a brown arm went convulsively up in the air, stayed there a moment, then fell back on a dark form that was quivering in death.

I yelled with exultation, and then again with defiance as a volley of shots came from up the mountain. But I was puzzled that I heard no hissing or pattering of bullets. Were they not shooting at me, I wondered. Then I heard a rattle of shots from our side of the arroyo, and I understood—the boys knew now that I was still alive, and were taking a hand at last.

To my surprise the firing was kept up, and presently I heard somebody running toward me, a white man I knew by the crashing of his shoes in the gravel, and cautiously raising my head I saw Hays running up the arroyo, bareheaded and unarmed. Bullets were knocking up the dust all around him, but the boys were making it so interesting for the Apaches they couldn't shoot straight, and he got to me without being hit. He looked like he was scared half to death, his face was so white and drawn, and he was panting like a horse with the thumps. He nearly fainted when he caught sight of the blood on my leg, but without a word he gathered me up in his arms and started back down the arroyo, staggering as he ran, for I was no feather-weight.

And maybe that was a pleasure trip for me! If you've ever had your face all swelled up with toothache and with somebody punching you in the jaw as steadily as a clock ticks, you may be able to form an idea of what I suffered. You see, the bullet had cut a nerve in my leg, and, with every twist and jolt I received, that nerve just got right up and kicked, sending excruciating pains shooting all through me. I tried to make believe that I was having a picnic, gritting my teeth together till my jaws cracked, but it wouldn't work, and before we were half way to camp I was so sick I'd quit dodging my head from the bullets that kept zipping past us. The rest comes to me hazy. As I remember it, Hays had left the arroyo and was climbing the ridge, when he let out a screech like some wild thing, and I felt myself falling; the next instant my head seemed to explode, and I went to sleep without any rocking.

I don't know how long I stayed clear out of it, but the sun had got over behind the mountain and things were getting cool, when the string of red-hot devils and Apaches and such things quit chasing through my brain, and I found that I was still alive. The sure-enough Apaches had hit the trail, too, owing to a company of Mexican soldiers following them up too close for comfort. Then the boys told me about Hays. He made the home-run with me down that arroyo and up that ridge without getting a scratch, and was within 20 feet of the rocks that covered the boys when a bullet cut clean through his heart. Of course it rattled me to learn this, but I was all broke up when they went on and told me about finding letters in his war-bag that said he'd been sending his salary to his invalid mother.

The boys felt pretty bad, too, at the way it ended. It was Tex that started the ball to rolling. "We've got to do somethin' to square this thing," he said. "Of course, now 't he's dead, he's goin' to stay dead, an' so our only show's with th' old woman—his mother, I mean. Now, I've got four month's pay a-comin' to me, an' if ever I'd hit civilization with all that stuff in my jeans I wouldn't do nothin' but go on th' biggest old halleluiah of a drunk a white man ever saw; an' so I reckon I'll jest chip it all into a pot for th' old girl. Who follows my lead?"

"Me for one," Bill came in without hesitation. And now it was up to Jose. "Yo tambien!" he sang out, talking Mexican, as he always did when excited. And so it went round. I'd have given a full year's pay if I'd had it to give. The boys buried Hays that evening, firing a volley over his grave, as soldiers do; and when a runner came along a few days afterward, on his way to Chihuahua, the Old Man sent Mrs. Hays a letter telling her all about it, and inclosed the orders for our pay.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**GRIT FOR POULTRY.**  
 Some Reasons Why It Should Be Kept Constantly Before the Hens in Some Form.

There are two kinds of grit needed to be successful in the poultry yard, one of keeping right in the business in spite of discouraging difficulties, the other a substance taken by the hen into her crop for the grinding of the food.

Go into your poultry house at evening, when the hens are on the roost, walk quietly up to a drowsy old biddy, lay your ear carefully over her distended crop and listen; you will hear the process of digestion going on. You will then realize the necessity of grit and plenty of it in the poultry business.

There are two kinds of prepared grit on the market to-day, the broken oyster shell and the mica grit. The oyster shell is eaten very greedily by the hens and also aids greatly in the quality of the shell of the egg.

The mica grit is a little higher in price, but as there is no waste in dust, as in oyster shell, the hens do not eat it so greedily; still they eat all that is necessary for digestion, and as it lasts so much longer in the crop it is much the cheaper grit to buy, and will also keep your hens from eating eggs. It is a very necessary thing for young turkeys and will surely bring them home at night if it is constantly kept where they have access to it.

I found one year my young turkeys got the habit of going to a distant neighbor's. I followed to know the reason for it and found it was charcoal they went for, something they did not have at home. I purchased grit for them and had no more trouble.

But when a large number of fowls are kept, the utmost economy must be exercised and in regard to grit among the rest.

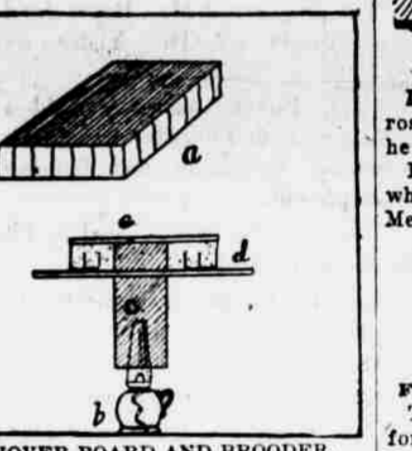
I would advise keeping grit constantly before the poultry in some form.

The best place for broken crockery and glass is to pound it for the hens, also charcoal, hard coal ashes and broken bones will be eaten greedily by the hens.—Clara Ransome, in National Rural.

**HOMEMADE BROODER.**

In an Emergency the Contrivance Here Described Can Be Used to Excellent Advantage.

A very good brooder may be made easily and cheaply with a five-gallon oil can from which the top end has been removed. Insert the can (c) with top or open end downward through the brooder house platform



HOVER BOARD AND BROODER.

(d), until the closed end projects above the floor but four inches.

On top of can place a hover board 18 or 20 inches square (a, e), with strip of cloth slit every three or four inches, tacked clear around the outside edge of board. A piece of tin should be placed on the under side of the hover board, with a half-inch dead air space between tin and board. The oil can should be wrapped with a single ply of cloth. The hand lamp (b), is placed under the inverted can. A tin chimney is used for safety. The idea is not original, but I have used these brooders in emergency, with satisfaction.—R. J. Ives, in Farm and Home.

**CHICKENS AND BEES.**

Little chicks should not be kept on a bare plank floor.

Warmth is as necessary as feed in the early life of a chick.

A hen must have a big money value to make it pay to doctor her.

Do not think because the little chick has a soft, downy coat it is a warm one and let the little fellow get chilled.

A cold, wet coop for little chicks will knock off all the profits from the early hatched broods. You will be well paid to act upon the suggestion in this note.

To get bees in the best condition to store good crops of honey in summer when the honey season is on they should have a constant supply coming in during the spring months, and when flowers are not furnishing it to them, they should be fed. This will enable them to breed up very strong, otherwise they will not do so.—National Rural.

**Liver Trouble in Fowls.**

Recently a poultryman talked in public of liver trouble in fowls and expressed the opinion that it is to be met with almost entirely in turkeys. We are certain that it exists to a considerable extent among chickens, but is often not recognized as such. When apparently healthy fowls drop over dead it is sometimes, if not frequently, due to this trouble. The writer had this trouble in his flock at one time, and ascertained the facts in the case by an autopsy on the fowls, which autopsy showed the livers enormously dilated with the blood that had been drawn from the heart and all other parts of the body. It is probably a germ disease.—Farmers' Review.



**Building**

Requires a foundation. That is just as true of the building up of the body as of the building of a house. The foundation of a strong body is a strong stomach. No man can be stronger than his stomach. A weak stomach means a weak man.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of the food which is eaten. Thus it builds up the body and restores strength in the only way known to Nature or to science—by digested and assimilated food.

"While living in Charlotte, N. C., your medicine cured me of asthma and nasal catarrh of ten years' standing," writes J. L. Lumsden, Esq., of 221 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga. "At that time life was a burden to me, and after spending hundreds of dollars under numerous doctors I was dying by inches. I weighed only 121 pounds. In twenty days after I commenced your treatment I was well of both troubles, and in six months I weighed 170 pounds, and was in perfect health. I have never felt the slightest symptom of either since. Am sixty-six years old and in perfect health, and weigh 170 pounds. No money could repay you for what you did for me. I would not return to the condition I was in, in October, 1875, for Rockefeller's wealth."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery," when a laxative is required.

**Ambition.**  
 My happiness would be complete with what I have if I could know that no one else below The sky had more than I, and no one else stood quite as high. —Chicago Record-Herald.

**ENTIRELY SUB ROSA.**



Daughter—My betrothed must love roses, for when he sends me flowers he always chooses roses.  
 Father—Then I don't understand why he should want to marry you.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

**Yearning for the Impossible.**  
 "If I had a million dollars—"  
 Just then he stopped to think, and said: "If I had a quarter I'd go and get a drink." —Chicago Record-Herald.

**Friendly Treatment Bad Enough.**  
 Towne—I'd hate to have that man for an enemy.  
 Browne—Who is he?  
 Towne—I don't know; but he punished my head once.

Browne—Well, if he wasn't an enemy I'd like to—  
 Towne—Oh, you see it was all a mistake. After he punished me he said: "Excuse me, Buddy, I took you for a friend o' mine." —Philadelphia Press.

**A Hint for Inventors.**  
 Church—A Frenchman has invented a tobacco pipe which has a whistle in the stem in order to enable the smoker to summon a cab without taking the pipe from his mouth.

Gotham—What we want now is a cigarette with an attachment to a small undertaker without disturbing the peace.—Yonkers Statesman.

**A Second Washington.**  
 Judge—What excuse have you for being so disgracefully drunk yesterday?  
 Prisoner—You see, Judge, a doctor told me I was going to have the grippe, so I—  
 Judge (interrupting)—Oh! That's the old story! You tried to cure it, eh?  
 Prisoner—No, your honor! I tried to have one more good time before I'd be laid up.—Puck.

**Another Problem Solved.**  
 Mr. Suburb—My dear, don't you think that instead of building a \$100,000 house, and putting in \$600 worth of furniture, it would be better to build two \$5,000 houses and put \$300 worth of furniture in each?  
 Mrs. Suburb—Of all things! What for?  
 Mr. Suburb—So we'll always have one house to live in while the other is being cleaned.—N. Y. Weekly.

**To the Letter.**  
 "Take that dog off the street, or I'll run you in," ordered the conscientious policeman.  
 "But why?" asked the man with the dog. "He has a license on."

"That's all right as far as it goes, but that's a Spitz dog, and we have strict orders to enforce the anti-molestation ordinance." — Baltimore American.

**DON'T TOBACCO SMOKE**  
 Your Lungs  
 You can be cured of any form of tobacco habit easily, be made well, strong, energetic, full of life and vigor by taking Dr. J. C. Williams' "PINKETTES" which makes weak men strong, many men cured in ten days. Over 100,000 bottles sold. All druggists. Care given to the patient. Write to Dr. J. C. Williams, 100 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.