COOPERSTOWN. - N. DAKOTA

#### A SONG OF LOVE'S LABOR.

- I take the little kiss she gives when I go forth at morn,

  I take the little farewell wish upon the
- breezes borne;
  I take her little arms' caress and in the morning light
- Go out into the world of toll to battle for the right. Ring, anvils, with your clangor! Burn, forges, fierce and far!

  The night shall bring the world of
  - Where love and goodness are!
- I lean to little lips she lifts to my rough
- lips of love,

  I read the mother-hope that shines in
- eyes that gleam above;

  I hear the roaring city call, and unto it I go Light-hearted for the stress, because
- child heart loves me so. Swing, hammers, with your clatter! Whirl, wheels, and shaft and beam! The light of love shall guide me hom From out this shroud of steam!
- I take the little rose she holds and pin it
- on my breast,

  1 take the tender memory of her word that cheered and blest;
- I face the urgent purpose of the labor
- that is mine,

  Filled with her trust and patience, her youth and faith divine.

  Plunge, cities, with your thunder Of traffic-shout and roar!

  I take the task and do the deed,
- I take the task, I face the toil, I deem it sweet to be Bound to the labor that is love for love's
- fine liberty;
  From morning unto eventide, remembering her I go Under the bending wheel that glides for
- ever to and fro. Sing, mills, your clattering chorus, Down where the millions sweat! I bare my arms and give my strength
- And joy is what I get I give and take, and give again, and unti-
- dark am bent Beneath the burden of the task for which sweet life is spent; ah! the wage so dear to have, the little lips that walt,
- The hearts that ring, the arms that cling, when I unlatch the gate! Clang with your mighty revel!
  Roar, cities, with your strife!
  And God be praised for strength to
- For wage of love and life!

  -Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore News.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Legacy of Amos Todd's Wife.\$

BY HOPE DARING.

WISH Amos would come to supher eyes with her hand, gazed out to where two men were standing in the shade of a great butternut tree.

"I rang the bell fifteen minutes ago, and the potatoes will be spoiled. Wonder what Tom Haskins wants. Oh dear, how hot it is here! There, Tom is going."

Mrs. Todd busied herself taking up full-grown. the long-delayed supper, while her isband sauntered towards the house in the leisurely way in which he usually did things. Amos Todd was a heavily-built but erect man of sixty. He was bald, and the straggling fringe of hair in his neck, his broad face, and stubby beard were all the

same shade of faded red. "What does Tom Haskins want?" Mrs. Todd asked when they were seated at the table.

Her husband waited even a little longer than usual before replying. At last he said, his voice somewhat husky because of the pork and potatoes with which his mouth was

"Me and Tom was talkin' bout that air black horse of hisen, Eagle."

Mrs. Todd laid down her threetined steel fork, her hand trembling violently. "Now, father, you surely are not going to buy that horse."

"Course I hain't. But it's jest because I hain't got the money to do it. Seems to me, Jane, there 'ere potatoes don't taste jest right." "It does not improve potatoes to

stand half an hour, not even if horses are being discussed," Mrs. Todd said, a little tartly.

"Humph! Some folks think they be smart," and Amos' watery blue eyes opened a trifle wider. "Eagle is a beauty, and if I had the money I'd buy him to-morrow. His skin shines as if it was black satin, and he carries his head like-well, jest like Queen Victory. But Tom wants a hundred and fifty dollars for him, so there's no use talkin' 'bout it. I do like a good horse, though."

Mrs. Todd leaned back in her chair. too warm and tired for the food before her. She knew her husband's love for horses only too well. To it could be traced many economies and privations. She had not cared so much for herself as for Alice, her only

child. Alice was married now and settled in a cozy home of her-The mother's musings were interrupted by a rap at the front door.

"Somebody's knockin'," Amos anmounced, leaning back and picking his teeth, while his wife rose and went into the adjoining room to open the door.

She was gone so long her husband came near falling asleep. He sat up, and there was a frown on his brow when he saw that she carried an open Hetter in her hand.

"A letter! And you opened it!" "It was for me, father, the first Hetter I've had in years. Aunt Mary's lawyer wrote it. He says her will's been read, and, Amos, she left me

"Two hundred dollars! Somebody's hen foolin' you."

I wanted for myself."

Mrs. Todd had handed the type written letter to her husband. His on him.

Jane sat down near him. Her hands were clasped in her lap, and there was an expression of childlike delight upon her worn face.

"Father, I believe I'll buy me a dia mond ring. It's the one thing I've wanted all my life, ever since Cousin Helen visited at our house when I was a girl."

"A diamond ring! Why, Jane Todd, vou're crazy!' "No. You remember I never had

a ring, not even an engagement one. Then there's my sunrise window. I if I could have an east window in our bedroom, so I could see the sun he murmured, "I'll be a little differrise.

Amos Todd was puzzled. What did such talk mean?

"Oh pshaw, mother!" he exclaimed. 'A woman never knows how to spend money. You better leave it in the you think of something useful you want?"

"I want a washing machine, have wanted you to buy me one for ten vears.

Amos twisted uneasily in his chair. His wife continued speaking, her eyes wandering out through the open door to where the few flowers she had planted were parching and dying in the August sunlight.

"And I want a lawn, one where the grass is kept mowed and there are flower beds and-"

"See here, mother." The farmer tan and sunburn of years, a dull such tom-fool ways. I won't 'low

Mrs. Todd, too, had risen. The and fell. "The money is mine. I shall use

t as Aunt Mary wished—to buy something I want for myself."

Weeks went by. Mrs. Todd's determination never weakened. The trouble was to decide what she wanted.

Alice proved her mother's strong ally. Since his daughter's marriage Mr. Todd had come to consider her as a person of good sense. This opinion was overthrown; Alice favored his far-away youth. per," and Mrs. Todd, shading the diamond ring and the "sunrise window."

This was because the daughter realized, as no one else did, the elder woman's hunger for the joy and beauty of life. Since her girlhood Jane Todd had striven to repress the cravings of her nature, yet they had emerged from their long repression,

Mrs. Todd dreamed and planned. meals late and poorly prepared. Mrs. Todd no longer waited on him but Mrs. Todd lifted the coffee pot from let him attend to his own wants.

In the meantime she had visited ready." the nearest jeweler and tried one diamond ring after another on her crooked and enlarged fingers. An architect had been consulted and an estimate of the window obtained. Washing machines had been inspected and lawns discussed. Mrs. Todd azine. had listened tentatively to Alice's suggestions that she buy a quantity of new clothing and visit her relatives in the east. Yet no decision had been

arrived at. One glorious October afternoon the maple trees along the lane were wrapped in golden and crimson glory when Amos Todd sauntered along under them. He was returning to the house after a half day spent in corn husking. The farmer was hungry, cold from sitting on the damp

ground, and despondent. "If I could only be goin' home to one of mother's good warm supperscoffee and potato stew now! But that darned legacy's spiled everything." There was no fire and no prepara-

tion for supper. Jane was rocking back and forth by the window. She rose and put some bread and milk on the table.

Amos sat down and looked round the dirty, disorderly room. For the first time in years he felt tears starting to his eyes.

"I-I say mother, I wish you'd spend that pesky money. Buy what you want-rings, windows, or anything, but let's go back to the old way of livin'. I'll start a fire and put on the kittle, Janie, if you'll make a cup of tea. You like tea best."

Mrs. Todd turned and looked keenly at her husband. She said nothing but complied with his request.

The next morning Jane Todd woke when the leaden light of early morning was beginning to creep in at the one small window of her room. She lay still, looking at the blank wall opposite her and thinking how delightful it would be when she could look through her sunrise window and see the gray east burn to rose-pink

and then to deepest gold. How she had longed for that window! And now-

Something rose between her and the fair picture of her imagination, It was the despondent face of Amos. There was a glimmer of tears in his eyes, and he had called her Janie.

Rising carefully, she dressed and, opening the back door, crept round the back of the house to the spot where the window was to be. There was the beauty and the glory of the twins.-Chicago Daily News.

"Here is a check for it. The let- sunrise just as she had pictured it. er says that Aunt Mary left word A haze of low-lying clouds were althat I was to use it to buy something ready edged with carmine, and all the eastern sky was aglow with a soft amber flush.

"It is here every morning. When frown deepened as he bent over it. I am in the house, there is only a To give money to a woman was fool- wall between, and the eye of faith ishness, and that injunction regarding learns to pierce the wall. The glitits use sounded like a reflection up-ter of the rising sun was better than diamonds. I have made up my mind how I will sped my legacy.'

She re-entered the house and started the kitchen fire. Amos was to go that day with a load of stock to a town 15 miles distant and would not return until night. There was little conversation be-

tween husband and wife that morning. Breakfast was ready on time and was perfectly to Amos's liking. As soon as he finished eating, he started off on his errand.

It was late when he reached home. All day he had thought of Jane. Had might have that. I've told you so his appeal of the night before made many times, Amos, that I'd be happy any difference? "If she goes back to the old way,"

ent. I guess I've ben as good a husband as a woman ought to expect, but-land sakes! What's this?" He had unhitched his team and en-

tered the barn with them. Although it was fast growing dark, he saw that bank, but if you must spend it, can't there was a strange horse in the stable. "Must be company," Amos went on to himself, as he proceeded to light

> why, I swan! It's Tom Haskins' Eagle." He stood looking straight before him, vainly trying to solve the problem. "I don't see jest how it is. Tom's left him here for something. Maybe Jane'll know. My, hain't he

the lantern which hung near. "I-

a beauty!" and he patted the horse's arching neck. After caring for his own horses and giving Eagle an extra measure had risen to his feet, and, under the of oats, Amos started for the house "Yes, there's company," he said

pallor was perceptible. "You hain't when he saw that not only the goin' to waste \$200, good money, in no kitchen but also the sitting-room was brilliantly lighted. "Well, that'll mean a good warm supper."

He was right about the sup weight of weary years seemed to fall was waiting on a spotless cloth and from her; she drew her tall, angular in a kitchen as neat and clean as it form proudly erect. Her brown eyes could be. Amos eyed the fried chick-looked straight into those of her husband, and the man's gaze wavered biscuits and golden citron preserves with an appreciative delight, while the fragrance of the coffee was as nectar to him. To his surprise he saw that the table was spread for only two.

"Company, mother?" "No, Amos."

"What's Tom Haskins' horse doin' in the barn?' A moment's silence. Then Mrs.

Todd spoke, and, in some strange way, her voice made Amos think of "Eagle does not belong to Tom Haskins. He is our's, Amos, I

bought him with my legacy." "Why, Jane Todd, what do you mean? "I did as Aunt Mary said-bought something I wanted for myself. I

wanted it because you could enjoy it with me. But I wanted it Amos, I really did." Another brief silence. Amos swalneglecting her work. Amos found lowed once or twice and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

> the stove. Come, father, supper is "You're-you're a remarkable woman, Jane. If the crops turn out well next year you shall have your sunrise window-you really shall." And, after the manner of women Jane Todd was content.-Home Mag-

### EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

The Sanctum Scribe Has Much to Contend With, but He Is "Johnnie on the Spot."

The troubles of an editor are many Besides the difficulties inherent in making up his paper satisfactorily, he often has to live up to a reputation for limitless knowledge. For many people he is an oracle, and the column headed "Notes and Queries," or something similar, is his mouthpiece. A Philadelphia paper received a communication bearing pertinently on this matter. It ran as follows:

"Dear Editor. Will you kindly inform me by return mail what number of seeds are contained in a 73 to 75pound pumpkin, as I wish to settle an argument?"

A western parallel to this request lies in an unhappy experience of an editor who one morning received two of them are willing to pay good letters from subscribers. The first, prices for articles that are always an anxious father, wrote to find out kept up to the mark in quality. The the best way to bring up his twin babies in health and happiness. while the other, a farmer, wanted to know the quickest method of getting rid of grasshoppers.

The editor hesitated; then, out of the fullness of his knowledge, he wrote two letters in reply. But in the haste of business he put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

The next morning the father of the twins received this interesting an-"Cover them carefully with straw

and set fire to it. After jumping in the flames a few moments the little pests will be speedily done for." And the man who was troubled with grasshoppers was bidden to "Give castor-oil regularly in moderate doses and rub their gums with a

### It All Depends.

"Two heads are better than one you know," remarked the individual with the quotation habit.

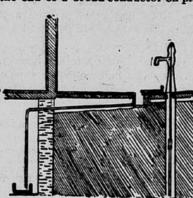
"Well, I don't know anything of the kind," rejoined the glum man, who happened to be the father of

WASTE WATER UTILIZED.

A System of Pump Drainage That Will Prove Quite Satisfactory in Most Localities.

A method of conducting the waste water from a pump to a trough in the cellar under kitchen of a farmhouse is shown by the sectional sketch. The trough is used for holding crocks of milk, butter, or in fact any like articles it is desired to keep cool and fresh by means of the cold water that runs to trough after pumping.

In the case illustrated, the well is about 11 feet from the house, and an open porch nine feet wide extends from house to pump platform. Under the end of a broad conductor on plat-



HOW TO USE WASTE WATER.

form, which catches the drip from spout of pump, a small trough is located. This trough is made from a piece of squared timber chiseled out hollow and is about 22x8x8 inches outside and 18x51/2x51/2 inches inside measurement. An iron pipe, one inch in diameter, runs from the small trough to the large one in cellar, being placed under porch and extended

through the wall, as is shown in cut. The large trough is made from a log, squared and hollowed out similarly as is the small one. It is ten feet long and 15x81/2 inches at the ends outside; inside is 9 feet long, 12 inches wide and 6 inches deep. This space is sufficient to hold about ten crocks of four gallons size; other sizes in proportion. At one end near bottom is the muddy roads. Roads that are not a one-inch hole stopped with wooden plug to empty the trough when occasion demands. At a point about one trough, another hole kept open serves to carry off the overflow water. These holes empty into a stone ditch or drain that runs from cellar and carries away

the water. The plan as followed in this case in Ohio Farmer. may be changed to suit the location of well, etc., or to suit the wishes of the farmer. It may be adopted at least in part by many who have a well in proximity to the cellar. The large and small troughs may be made of plank and overflow water from the large one may be conducted away with a pipe. It will no doubt be best to a two-inch pipe between pump and cellar, since the water will run away from the small trough quicker when filling the cellar trough by pumping in a new supply of water. However, the drainage from pump where water is frequently pumped for household use, will keep the trough supplied with cool water since what remains in the iron pump stock is generally pumped out before catching any of the water. The plan as it is illustrated and described has been in use for some time and is quite satisfactory .- J. G. Allshouse, in Farm and Home.

### GIRLS ON THE FARM.

By Exercising a Little Enterprise, They Can Easily Make Quite a Bit of Pin Money.

Farmers' daughters who leave com fortable homes to seek uncertain employment in town often make a mistake. There are few cases where the same amount of energy and industry expended at home would not bring equal returns, besides the comforts

and safeguards that are retained. Most girls could obtain the use of an acre or two of land, and on this they might produce something profitable. Eggs guaranteed strictly fresh. pure Loney, fat squabs, plump and tenderchickens-all these good things are desired by city people, and many raising of these may mean some hard work, but not so hard or confining as to late to replant with corn, such a standing all day behind a counter or man would probably have tried ansitting at a sewing-machine of typewriter.

A New Jersey woman some years ago planted one-fourth of an acre of Tem Thumb cucumbers, tended them Poultry Journal. with care, and pickled them according to an old family recipe. She sold them first by a retail grocer, but when they became known she was able to sell them to the best wholesale trade, ticed a black spot on one of his sheep and makes a tidy sum .- Farm Journal.

Rural Progress in Mexico,

are rapidly invading Mexica and buying up much of the land that is good for cultivation. Under the influence of northern enterprise Mexico is tionize things down that way. There coming profitable industries.

NEEDED VERY BADLY.

Upon as an Idle Luxury by Progressive Farmers

F. G. Tice, of Oswego, N. Y., addressed the New York farmers' institutes on the subject of "Road building" last winter. He said "to reduce cost of transporting a farm crop from the farm to market, or railroad station, is the same as reducing the cost of growing the crop."

"The first thing to consider in mak ing a good road is drainage. Tiles laid in the center of the roadbed are the best; two and one-half inch tiles are sufficient. The matter of drainage cannot be neglected, if we are to have good roads, as it is the foundation of road building."

"When we have obtained a dry road, next we want a smooth road. This is most cheaply accomplished by the proper use of the road machine. The road machine should be used as the carpenter uses the plane—to level and smooth the surface. Raise the scrapers high enough, that they will hit and miss, and in this way you will

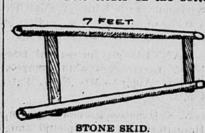
level the surface of the road. "I advise working the road very early in the spring. If rightly used the stones can be raked from the road with the road machine. Roads should not be fenced with stone walls, or rail fences, which are cause of snow drifts in the winter. Orchard grass is good for sowing on the road sides, for when it once gets started no other plant will grow.'

Mr. Tice gave instructions for building the country road where the expense of macadamized roads is supposed to be too great, but doubtless there are localities in the country where the expense of building a piece of macadamized road every year could be afforded, especially if stone crushers were furnished by the towns. With the system of road making most generally practiced in the country, good roads are had for only three or four months in the year and perhaps no other subject is more important to farmers than economical road making. Much labor is wasted in making roads that are good for only a short time during the year, and when the roads are most used, as they are in my section, loads must be dragged through the mud. Farmers in this section buy the most grain for their cows in the spring, and many of them buy only when it is wanted and draw it over well drained do not dry off and settle until late in the spring, so it would seem that Mr. Tice's advice about and one-half inches from top edge of drainage is well worthy of consideration. There is nothing that is more needed in the rural districts than good roads, and doubtless much of the labor is not expended so as to obtain best results .- W. H. Jenkins,

## STRONG STONE SKID.

Its Designer Has Used It for Years and Says It Is Easier to Handle Than Plank.

For loading heavy stone on wagon or sleigh take two round poles about four inches in diameter and about seven feet long, as shown in the illustration. Bolt cleats on the bottom



sides, say 18 inches from lower end and five inches from the upper end which rests against rack on wagon. Cleats should be about 2x3 inches. Have poles about seven inches apart at the top or upper end and nine inches at the lower end, inside measure. Taper poles at bottom as well as top ends. I have used this with great success, and it is much easier to handle than plank .- W. Walters, in Epitomist.

The Man Who Always Wins. A young farmer planted corn and his first planting was destroyed by cutworms. A second planting was ru-ined by a flood, but he planted the field a third time and harvested the best crop of corn that was grown in that section. Will not stop now to consider how much of his success was due to working the land three times in preparing it for the last crop, but say, we admire his spunk in not giving up at the second failure. The man who can change defeat into victory will succeed finally. If his third crop had been destroyed and it had been other crop and found it quite as profitable as the corn crop. Others might have given up in despair and grown nothing .- Orff's Farm and

Mouse Colonies on Sheep. Adsit Bailey, an Urbana farmer, says

the Ontario county (N. Y.) Times, nothe other day, and as he looked closer it disappeared. Then another black spot came, and this time he saw that Capitalists from the United States it was a mouse. He concluded that it was time to investigate, and, thrusting his hand into the sheep's thick coat of wool, found three snug and cozy mouse nests, each with a new gradually coming out of the fog, and born litter of young ones in it. He the next ten years promise to revolu- lost no time in breaking up these odd mouse colonies, and then looked over is a great deal of good, undeveloped others of his sheep, with the result land in old Mexico, but transportation that he found four more, in the has until recently been very poor, and depths; of whose wool mice had much of the country was practically chosen warm places to build nests inaccessible. The cultivation of sugar and bring forth their young. Ten cane, coffee and india rubber are be- nests were found in all, containing an aggregate of 70 young mice.

# WHERE DOCTORS FAIL

To Cure Woman's Ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound Succeeds. Mrs. Pauline Judson Writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: -Soon after my marriage two years ago I found myself in constant pain. The doctor said my womb was turned, and this caused the pain with considerable inflammation. He prescribed for me for



MRS. PAULINE JUDSON, Brooklyn, New York.

four months, when my husband became four months, when my husband became impatient because I grew worse instead of better, and in speaking to the druggist he advised him to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. How I wish I had taken that at first; it would have saved me weeks of suffering. It took three long months to restore me, but it is a happy relief, and we are both most grateful to you. Your Compound has brought joy to our home and health to me."—Mrs. PAULINE JUDSON,

health to me."—MRS. PAULINE JUDSON,
47 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—
\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not penuline.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps.

#### HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL BURNS. SCALDS

Homeseekers' Excursions.

ALT DRUGGISTS SE

Great Northern Railway sells homeseekers' tickets, St. Paul or Minneapolis, to all points West, including Montana and Washington, on the first and third Tuesdays of July, August, September and October, 1902. Rate, one fare for the round trip. Why Not the Generalat

He—A scientist claims that war is necessary to keep the people thinned down.

She—Why is it, then, that we have so many fat generals?—Yonkers Statesman. It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for het, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Exve you seen anything worth shooting at around here?" Farmer—"Well, no; not till you came."—Somerville Journal.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.— John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb.

Betting is a fool's argument; but, unfortunately, there are others.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

# Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.—Beattie. SECURITY

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Breut Sood

Must Bear Signature of

to take as regar. CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.

FOR BILLOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

E Conts Perraly Vegetable, Jacobie CURE SICK HEADACHE.

