DOBBIN.

Old Dobbin stays in grandpa's barn
The whole long winter through,
But when the summer comes again
He has so much to do,
And so he gets up early,
And eats a little hay;
Before I am awake at all
He's ready for the day.

Old Dobbin plows the big south lot, Where large potatoes grow; He lets me run beside him as He marks the furrows, so. And then he takes the fruit and eggs And hurries to the store, And does the errands in the town— A dozen things or more

He reaps the oats and draws them in: He takes me for a ride; He's ready when a Sunday comes To go to church beside. And when there's nothing special at The farm for him to do. He goes down to the blacksmith's shop
To buy a stronger shoe.

He never says he's tired. I never saw him frown. It's "Dobbin here!" and "Dobbin there!"
Up the hill and down!
I always thought the summer time

Was made for only play, But Dobbin works and never plays Through every summer day.

Carolyn S. Bailey, in Orange Judd

THE CABIN FOLK

******* What Secrets a Forest-Dream Revealed

********** By R. C. PITZER. **`**

THE red sun had disappeared behind the range, and the narrow gulch was filled with shadows before Everett gave up. Then he sat down on a bowlder and wiped the sweat from

"It's on me," he said, ruefully, as he threw his sketch-book aside. "They told me not to get among the pines. Oh, yes, I knew it all, of course. I couldn't possibly get lost with the town right below me all the time. Of course not. Here I am, though-heaven knows where—a good many miles from nowhere, and night is falling. It will be pleasant; it will be decidedly pleasant!"

He leaned back and made a vindictive kick at the sketch-book. A breeze ran through the wooded hills, and the murmuring pines lifted their voices into a solemn evensong. Far away, an owl hooted, and the scream of a night-hawk answered from near at hand. Everett shivered and stood

"I must go on," he said doggedly. "This creek runs somewhere, and it's up to me to follow it."

He started with bowed head, but and his fact lighted up.

up there in the woods."

The path was old and worn, and rains had washed it down into the earth, while here and there grass and weeds obstructed it, but it did not look entirely deserted. Beneath the trees dusk had already settled, and the tall, straight trunks, unobstructed by brushwood, stretched away on all sides into the shadows.

For a time Everett went along cheerfully enough, but soon the melancholy of twilight began to take possession of him, and he felt the sombre influences of the forest, the murmur of the wind in the needles overhead. and the distant cries of the nightbirds. He stopped a moment and drew a long breath

"It feels eerie in here," he muttered, "and lonesome. By George! I didn't know that I was so tired!" In fact, he suddenly discovered that his body ached, and that his brain was exhausted; so exhausted that, for an instant, a film gathered before his eyes, and he heard a loud buzzing in his ears. He sat down and leaned against a pine.

"I wonder where they live," he soliloquized. "Seems funny that anybody would want to live in this place, but there's no accounting for tastes." As he thought this he heard a low whistle ahead of him, and listened. Yes, there it was again; some one was climbing the path above him. Everett started up, and soon caught sight of a shadowy form flitting before him through the dusk. The whistle stopped, and a girl's voice began to sing-a melodious croon, of which the words were barely distinguishable.

"O-hoo-ho!" Everett called, in the long-drawn-out cry of the hills. "Won't you wait for me, please? I'm lost."

The girl's voice did not falter; she seemed wrapped in some pleasing dream, and her low song floated gently to the tourist's ear.

"Voice of the night-wind, mournfully stealing, Oft have I listened for thee— "O-ho!" Everett called again. "I'm lost! Won't you wait for me?"

"Say, hast thou been where blossoms of Kiss the bright fountains..."

"Wait! Wait! Can't you hear me? Are you deaf?"

The singer's voice died away into silence, but she went straight on. "Don't be frightened," Everett continued, encouragingly. "I'm a tourist.

I came out from the springs this afternoon, and lost myself." The girl's voice rose again in a low

"In the heart of the forest primaevalprimaeval-Where the moon never hallows the night,
By the black-flowing river—"

Everett's patience was exhausted. he was gasping for breath. It was see a young girl not far ahead of him. ankles twinkled through the grass. When he saw that the girl was barefooted, Everett smiled, and fancied that he knew the reason for her silence and haste; she was ashamed to be seen by a stranger.

A small cabin stood in the upper end of the glade, and thither the girl hurried, while Everett followed slowly behind her.

He did not shout again, for he thought that the girl would send some one to him. As he approached, he found the house to be a rude, tworoomed log-cabin; through the open doorway he could see the dirt floor, the rough furniture, and rude walls; but no one was in sight.

"Her people must be out in the woods," he thought, "and she's alone here. Jove, I see now! I've frightened her out of her senses! Hello, miss," he continued, aloud, as he rapped on the rude door-casing. "You needn't fear me. I'm a tourist-an artist-and I was out sketching when I got lost. I can pay for my entertainment. If I am unwelcome, I'll just get my directions from you and go on."

There was no reply; the inner door remained shut. "Pshaw," he continued, impatiently, "don't be foolish! I'm cold, and I intend to come in by the fire, whether you invite me or not. I can't stay out in the woods all night." He suited his action to his words, and entered the cabin.

Everett was a strong man, modern and material, and not given to melancholia nor dreams. Nevertheless, a deep, unaccountable shuddering seized him, and a cold chill ran through his nerves: his hair tingled, and he cast a frightened glance behind him. He mastered his emotions at once, and went to the wide fireplace, where a big | faint. blaze roared up the chimney. Drawing a chair to the hearth, he sat down and warmed himself. The inner door remained shut, and after a moment he arose and rapped.

"Are you there?" he asked. "Come, come; don't be foolish. This is no way to treat a stranger."

He listened a moment, but no reply came. Then the same low voice began singing again:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me

abide." Everett uttered an impatient ex-

lamation, and rattled the door. "Are you crazy?" he shouted. Then he gave a start, and again the cold shiver ran through him. "That's it," he muttered, stepping back, "that must be it. What a pity! How hard it must be on her people--- No it's not!' He went slowly toward the outer door. "If she were insane they wouldn't leave her alone. Something is wrong here; I'm sure of it."

He stood in the doorway and looked he had not gone far before he stopped, out into the glade. Already it was dark, and the clear sky twinkled with "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "a path! stars. When his eyes became accuslow, where perhaps a roothouse had without a very thorough investigation. plainly, and in a moment he fancied that a dark figure stole by in the shadow of the trees.

"Hello," he cried. "Anybody there?" A low voice responded-a voice so low and distant that it seemed to float up from the bottom of the gulch. "Minnie." it called. "O-o-h, Minnie!'

"Yes, papa," answered the girl's voice. Everett started and whirled around. Surely the girl was in her room; and yet the answer came from somewhere to the right of the house. "There must be another door," he thought. "Why, of course there is. The girl has been trying to mystify me; I see it all now; she's been laughing at me."

He felt immensely relieved when he reached this conclusion, for, despite himself, a strange fear had been tugging at his heart. Now the half-mystery had resolved itself into a young girl's frolic, and so amused did he feel over his late fears that he laughed aloud as he went down the glade. The girl, he could see, was walking on ahead of him, and presently she joined her father, and together they came up the path.

Everett's smile faded as he neared them, but he stopped and bared his

"You see an intruder," he began, "who must beg your hospitality for the night. My name is Martin Ev-" He stopped suddenly, and once more

an icy chill ran through his nerves. He stood face to face with the owners of the cabin. They were shadowy and unreal in the dusk, but Everett could see that the man was old and bent, with long, white hair and a gray beard, and that he was dressed in some rough and uncouth garb. But it was the eyes that caught Everett's attention and sent the shiver of horror through him. They seemed to gleam with a phosphorescent radiance, and their expression was gray and lifeless. They were not human eyes; they were

without intelligence. Still struggling with his terror, Everett turned toward the girl, only to meet the glitter of another pair of passed him and went on into the

cabin. Everett sat limply upon the ground, a strong fit of shuddering seized him, and he covered his fore with his hands. For some time he lought with his fear, but at last his strong will conquered, and he looked up. Almost at

his elbow stood another figure. "Who are you?" Everett asked, swer, if I cho'ce it out of your throat!" Francisco Argonaut.

He moved menacingly, and then He shut his teeth together and ran up stopped, for the man before him had the hill. It was hard work, and when heard nothing. He was young—Ever-he came suddenly into a narrow glade, ett could distinguish this much—blackbearded and lithe, and was bent allighter in the opening, and he could most double. His eyes, too, glared with a preternatural fire, and there She wore a short, ill-fitting gown; her | was an ugly snarl on his face. His head was uncovered, and her white gaze was bent upon the cabin, and he crept stealthily nearer and nearer.

Everett moved back and watched him; followed slowly, step by step, with the cold fear in his heart, but impelled onward by a fascinated curiosity which he could not resist. The cabin door still stood open, and as the occupants of the room moved hither and thither, their distorted shadows danced against the walls or out into the night.

When the man approached the door, the light fell full upon him, and Everett gasped and choked. He knew that man. He was certain of it, and yet he could not place him; he could remember neither who he was, nor where he had met him; but he was positive that some where, some time-and it did not seem to be long ago nor far away-he had been face to face with that crouching miscreant, whose evil passions glared angrily in the red light from the fire.

Everett felt his knees knocking together; his hair seemed to stand on end, and his eyes ached, as if they were bursting from their sockets. He saw the man draw a long knife and feel its edge; he saw devilish lust and murder glare more flercely in the firelit face; and he tried to cry out. Only a hoarse rattle in his throat responded to his will.

Then, within the cabin, the girl's low voice began its old song: Voice of the night-wind, mournfully

The murderer uttered a cry and sprang forward; a wild shriek came from the cabin, and was echoed by Everett. There was a glare of red before his eyes; it seemed as if the cabin stood in a whirlwind of flame; and then he fell over on his face in a dead

The sun was up when he recovered. and his clothes were wet with dew. At first he could recollect nothing; there was a dull ache in his head, and his ears rang. Then he sprang to his feet.

"They've been murdered!" he cried, "and I stood here without the power to help them!"

He turned, but no cabin stood in the glade. He sprang forward, and then he saw, overgrown with grass and rank weeds, the ruins of a rough fireplace, It was black and scorched, crumbled and half indistinguishable, but there could be no doubt that it was the last relic of a cabin.

Everett cried out and covered his face. "No, no, no!" he exclaimed. "It was no dream! I was awake-I saw-Christ! What did I see?"

He glared about him in uncontrollable fright; he shook with a spiritual palsy; and his teeth chattered in his head. A long pull at his flask brought him to himself, and he started away with but one idea-to get out of that damnable glade. As he did so, he perceived a body lying in a nearby hol- dutiable goods in their possession once stood. It was an immense relief to discover that he was not alone, though he had some fear that it might prove a grisly relic of what he had

"Pshaw," he said, speaking aloud to give himself courage, "it's some poor devil who got lost as I did; or it's a prospector in the blankets. Hello. there! Do you intend to sleep all day?

The body stirred, and a moan came. "What's the matter?" Everett continued, running forward. "Are you sick?"

There was no reply, and when Everett bent down, he saw that the man was asleep with an arm over his face. There was something familiar about the sleeper, and in a moment Everett recognized him. He was a Mr. Latimer, an old gentleman who was registered at the hotel, and with whom he had had several pleasant conversa-

"This is enough to kill him." Everett thought. "How in the world did he get here?"

Latimer moaned, and his arm dropped to his side, exposing a white and contorted countenance, lined with years. There was an ugly snarl on the lips, and Everett started.

"The young man!" he gasped hoarsely. "The murderer! My God! It was this face! Age cannot change 111"

Latimer began to mumble, and Everett held his breath, but no articulate words came. Then, slowly, as Everett knelt motionless beside the sleeper and gazed upon the death-white face, his old eerie horror began to return upon him; he could not move, nor speak, nor think. His own personality seemed to be slipping away from him, and by imperceptible degrees his face, too, grew white, and his eyes stared out with the unseeing life of the-sleepwalker. A look of abhorrence spread over the countenance; he threw his hands before him and groaned.

As Latimer's dream continued, his face flashed with varying emotions, brutalized below humanity; and with every change Everett's countenance flashed with increased detestation. For some time the two remained motioneyes that burned into his very soul. less, and then a strong shudder seized He started back with an inarticulate the kneeling man, and he rose weakly cry, and the father and daughter to his feet and staggered away. The light of reason was in his eyes again,

and a feeling of awe was upon him. "I see it all," he said. "God in heaven, I see it all! I lived in that devil's mind-I heard his dream! It cannot be otherwise. That hypnotic soul created again the phantasm of perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated what was once true; and it drew me on earth. into its spectral world. He-he has done this thing, and there is no punhoarsely. "What damnable trickery is ishment for him. No punishment, and this? Answer me! I'll have an an- no one knows of it but he and I!"--San

STOPPING SMALL SMUGGLER

Sustoms Officers by Their Vigilance Are Gradually Subduing the Evil.

"Petty smuggling, the sort that is practiced by people who have bought some small articles abroad and want to bring them home without paying duty, is now being pretty well stamped out," said a man who was for several years in the United States customs service on the Pacific coast to a Kansas City Journal writer. "Of course, there never was so much of it in the west as on the Atlantic coast, but the vigilance of the customs officials and the severe penalties imposed on people who have been caught has had a tendency to break it up pretty thoroughly.

"As a general thing the people who try to smuggle in dutiable goods are now of two classes, the one composed of professional smugglers, who operate on a large scale, and the other of actresses and wealthy people of a certain sort, who take no particular pains to avoid detection, and who enjoy the notoriety which an escapade of the sort gives them.

"On the Pacific coast the two things to which the operations of smugglers are almost entirely confined are opium and silks. Both have to pay heavy duties, and both are comparatively easily concealed. Much of the silk brought in from China and Japan is of such fine texture that four or five ordinary sized handkerchiefs could be concealed in an English walnut shell.

"Some unique methods are used by opium smugglers. One day the wharfinger at San Francisco was standing near his office when he saw a lime fly over a high fence which inclosed a vacant lot just adjoining the wharf. Before long another one came in the same way. He thought nothing of it at first, as the boys are quite in the habit of throwing things at the rats around the wharfs. But when they kept on coming his curiosity began to be aroused. He stepped over to where the limes were falling, and where there were by that time probably a dozen of them, picked one up and cut it open. He found a small plug had been cut from the lime, as though with a leather punch, the hole filled with small pills of opium wrapped in oiled paper, and the outside part of the plug returned to its place. The limes had been thrown from the deck of a ship at anchor at the wharf to the vacant lot, where the smuggler expected to pick them up later.

"Of late the center of the opium smuggling has been transferred from San Francisco to the ports arther north, as the men who were operating in that line became too well known to San Francisco officials. Now most of them come in through Portland, or further north, in the British possessions, where I understand the Canadian officials are now having a great deal of trouble.

"It was the custom for some time to allow a great deal of liberty to army officers returning from the Philippines, and to take their statements as to the But it was found that the privilege was being abused, and a stricter search was instituted. Shortly afterward a captain came through, with three big trunks, and declared that he had practically nothing of a dutiable nature. An inspection showed that in the bottom of one of his trunks were whole bolts of valuable silks, which he lost altogether by trying to cheat the government which he served."

Indian Novels by Indian Writers. Of late years the number of writers among the Cherokees has greatly increased. There are historians in the tribe whose works are used as textbooks in the Indian schools, and who are cited as authorities not to be disputed. There are also Indians who have written codes of law which before being put in permanent form had been handed down from generation to generation. The Indians to-day obey these laws with a greater reverence than they do the laws of the United States There are Indian novelists-novelists who devote their time to entertaining the Indian mind with romance with entangled plots and blood-curdling climaxes. These books are popular among the Indians. Edition after edition of some works is published, and they are read by buck and squaw alike.-Kansas City Journal.

Manufacture of Chartreuse. One of the few items of foreign trace of this district in which change is shown is alcohol, which is being imported now by the Carthusian monks, lately emigrated from France, who have transferred the manufacture of their renowned chartreuse to this city. They continue to receive spirits for its manufacture from the distilleries which they owned and are suspected of owning still in other countries. It is doubtful whether they will find it economical to continue under their present management owing to the custom house duties which they tried to avoid by pleading the reexportation of alcohol after it is blended in their liquor. Drawbacks are unknown in this, the country of their adoption, and the claims were not al-

L. J. AGOSTINL

Every Day Is Sunday. Few people know that other days o the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday, and the Christians, Sunday. Thus a

Drivers Take Oath. Before obtaining a license, St. Petersburg drosky drivers have to take an oath to be civil and not to overcharge.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Pe-ru-na in the Mome For Catarrhal Diseases.



By Pe-ru-na. Under date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Atkinson says, after five years' exper-Hartman received the following letter . "My wife has been a sufferer from a

complication of diseases for the past twenty-five years. Her case has baffied the skill of some of the most noted physical pendence, Mo., Box 272. the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing. She was also passing through that most critical period in the life of a

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which Schwandt. had been of twenty-five years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year, and it has com-

ience with Peruna: "I will ever continue to speak a good

Mrs. Alla Schwandt, Sanborn, Minn. writes: "I have been troubled with rheuma-

tism and catarrh for twenty-five years. woman—change of life.

"In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of, Peruna and Manalin, which we at once affected with any kind of sickness, Peruna will be the medicine I shall be the medicine I shall was cured of catarrh of use. My son was cured of catarrh of the larynx by Peruna."—Mrs. Alla

When old age comes, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus. pletely cured me."--John O. Atkinson. Ohio, who will be pleased to give you In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. the benefit of his medical advice gratis.

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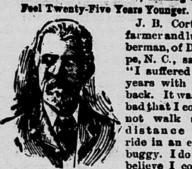
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All the world's a stage, but the sad thing about it is that the majority of men and women are merely supers.—Baltimore

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