RECKON WE'LL GIT THAR YIT.

We wuz always a-sayin', when trouble come roun':
"I reckon we'll git thar yit!"
Ain't enough rain fer a lily to drown—
Reckon we'll git thar yit!

It's jest human natur' to growl an' complain;
Ruther have sunshine than oceans o' rain;
But—spite o' wild weather, I'm tellin' you plain,
Reckon we'll git thar yit!

An' we carried that counsel the rough way along—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
It lightened the burden—made sorrow a song—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"

He wuz only a toiler in bloom an' in blight,
With Hope's star a-shinin', full-blaze, in his sight;
But he looked to the light, friends—he looked to the light—
"Reckon we'll git thar yit!"
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE ONE WHO ESCAPED

ASCEND that hill which overlooks the Susquehanna river and from which one can see Wilkesbarre and other mining towns; stand there at the Woodward shaft, formerly and for years the deepest shaft in the anthracite region.

Ten by 53 feet in size, it gives room for four hoisting carriages, a pump carriage and an air shaft. But take away that timbering at the surface and picture the shaft as it was when the rockmen completed the work of sinking it. Imagine that a single bucket swings in that black, yawning cavity. To be flung from that bucket is to fall 1,200 feet.

Fancy, if you can, the horror of that sheer descent through the echoing darkness. Then hear the story of Mark Moore, pitman, who was saved in a second, as by a hair's breadth, from the fate of his two companions.

The shaft itself was just finished, and John Griffith, Evan Hughes and I had been cleaning up the bottom to put in the oak platform for the carriages to land on. The shaft was not yet timbered. There were just the four walls, the rope and the hoisting bucket.

We finished our work early that day, and were never in better spirits than when we stepped on the bucket and Evan called out to the head man to hoist us. But somehow it happened that the first words he said, as we started upward, were, "Funny to think of, eh, that our lives depend on the strength of that rope?"

I looked up at the rope that seemed a mere thread at the top of the shaft Griffith, who was watching me, laughed at the troubled expression on my face.

"Listen! See how far from the bottom we are already," he said, recklessly.

He sprang into the bucket, and picked up a bit of rock, and let it fall. I held my breath. There was a moment of dreary silence; then the rock, striking far below, made a dismal, echoing sound.

"A sorry distance to fall," said John.

"No worse than if it were 50 feet," I answered, thinking to give the talk a pleasanter turn; "and, anyway, there's life for us above on solid earth."

"And the engineer's jerking us up out of here as if he was in a hurry to get us on that same solid earth," Evan said.

I noticed as he spoke that we were indeed ascending rapidly. "Too fast for safety," I said, holding out my light so that I could see the side of the shaft nearest me. "Look, how fast!"

We did not need to look. The rapid motion of the bucket could have been detected by a blind man. We were being hoisted faster than we had ever been before. Already the skeleton framework of the head-house could be seen clearly outlined against the blue sky.

"I shall report that fellow," Evan said, angrily. "He has no right to endanger our lives by such recklessness."

As it flew upward the bucket swayed from side to side. It took all our strength to keep our hold. At any moment we might be shaken off and hurled to the bottom of the shaft.

I cannot explain how I knew,—impressions are mysterious things,—but I was sure then as I am now that something had gone wrong with the hoisting machinery. That meant that no human power could save us. The bucket would be drawn up to the cross-timbers supporting the sheave-wheel, the rope would break, and we would be dashed to the rocks 1,200 feet below.

Yet, as it seemed, John and Evan had one chance, a narrow one, to save themselves. We were within 200 feet of the landing, and I said as quietly as I could, "Be ready to jump."

I saw them pale. Evidently they, too, in the few seconds that had elapsed, had formed the same conclusion I had reached.

I was standing a-straddle of the large bail of the bucket. Evan was on one side, John on the other. There was no room for me to jump, but when I saw them turn their backs to the center of the shaft I knew they were going to take their only chance. They might reach and be able to cling to the timbers that framed the edges of the shaft. It was a short jump, but taken from a swaying foothold, they knew as well as I that it was a most uncertain one.

"What are you going to do?" Evan asked.

"Nothing. Look out for yourselves," I answered.

"What will become of you?"

"God only knows," I responded, although I had made up my mind that death awaited me.

"Here, take my place!" he cried, excitedly. "You are a married man, and I—"

He had no time to finish. The rate at which the bucket had been ascending had lessened the distance to the top of the shaft with frightful rapidity, and before I could answer "No," we were out in the sunlight.

For a moment I saw the earth, the river, the mountains. Never had they looked more beautiful. I saw John and Evan jump—and fall back into the black pit. I heard a cry of horror from the men who stood helpless at the mouth of the shaft. Then the bucket struck the cross-timbers, careened, and threw me forward. My hands caught something. As I gripped it I knew that I was hanging on the lower circle of the sheave-wheel.

Then as I heard the dull crash of the bucket on the rocks twelve hundred feet below me I sickened, and everything swam dizzily before my eyes. How did I manage to hold my grip until help reached me? I do not know.

Some things I can explain. I learned afterward the cause of the accident that took the lives of my comrades, and I found that it was by another accident that my life was preserved.

At that time—20 years ago—we had only a single engine, geared to the hoisting-drum by pinion wheels. It was not a reversible engine. It had a large fly-wheel to carry the crank over the center, and was, in general, like most of the old-fashioned hoisting machinery used in shaft sinking.

They told me that hardly had the engineer started the engine on this occasion when he discovered that he could not control it. The disk in the throttle-valve had loosened in some way. The engine gained speed with each revolution, and could neither be stopped nor checked.

Rushing out of the engine room, he gathered the men at the top of the shaft. They saw the bucket shoot up, saw John and Evan fall back, and saw me catch the sheave-wheel and hang suspended over the center of the shaft.

Grasping a rope, the head man hurried up the ladder to the cross-timbers of the headhouse. Making a noose in the rope, he lowered it under my feet and drew it up round my body. Not a moment too soon, for as the noose drew taut I fainted dead away.

Most wonderful of all was the part the sheave-wheel played in securing my safety. The wheel hung closely between the two cross-timbers that supported it, and was revolving rapidly. But when the bucket struck, the rope was thrown off the wheel, and falling between it and the cross-timbers, "gagged" and stopped it.

Had the wheel continued to revolve, it would have torn off my hands in an instant and flung me down to death with my companions. Lives are risked as well as lost every day in the anthracite regions, but I have never heard of a narrower escape than mine.—Youth's Companion.

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS.

There Are About Seven Million in the United States and Increasing.

The number of depositors in the savings banks of the United States has doubled in the last 17 years. The total amount of their deposits has increased from $1,235,247,371 in 1887 to $2,935,204,845 during the year 1903. The official statistics for 1903 show 7,305,228 individual depositors, says Success Magazine.

About one-half of the amount deposited represents the savings of the wage-earning class. The figures here given not only show an increasing prosperity among those of small incomes, but they also indicate an increasing frugality.

Of the total deposits of the entire country not less than 38.5 per cent. are in the state of New York.

The part of this grand total of deposits which is credited to the wage-earning class does not represent all of the savings of that group. The building and loan associations, with total assets of more than $500,000,000, are a favorite form of investment for many. Then personal hoarding, life insurance and even modest investment in stocks and bonds, are other means of accumulation. Many wage earners in country towns and small cities own their homes. All this shows that the wage earners of the United States have a large share in our national prosperity.

Dignity Out of Place.

A pompous individual from the east, says a Texan newspaper, happened to be traveling in western Texas and stopping at a hotel when trouble started among some cowboys, who prepared to conduct the argument with revolvers. "Stranger," said a Texan to the pompous man, "it would be a good idea fur you to lay down on the floor till this dispute is settled."

"It does not comport with the dignity of a Boston gentleman of my profession," said the pompous gentleman, "to wallow in the dirt on the floor."

"You may be right, stranger," answered the Texan, as he prepared to recline, "but my opinion is that you had better lose yer dignity fur the time bein' than to have the daylights let into your system by a '44.'"—Detroit Free Press.

His Point of View.

The Maid—Do you believe that misery really loves company?

The Bachelor—I'm sure of it. Just consider the enormous number of weddings during the holidays.—Chicago Daily News.

Japanese Tobacco Law.

The Japanese strictly enforce a law which prohibits the use of tobacco by boys under 20 years of age.

SWEET THINGS.

First Sweet Thing—Young Bullion danced five dances with me at the ball last night.

Second Sweet Thing—It was a charity ball, wasn't it?

MATRIMONIAL ELIGIBILITY.

Some of the Many Various Reasons That Prompt Men to "Pop the Question.

The reasons which prompt men to make offers of marriage to women are as many and various as the number and kinds of women thus honored, says the New York Times. Not alone are the natural graces and charms of femininity the foci of attraction for the average man. Acquired accomplishments often count for a great deal, and it frequently happens that women are eagerly desired for qualifications, which, while strongly appealing to those who desire them, would not in the least appeal to others occupying a different point of view.

These very general and not altogether luminous reflections are suggested by a news item which reaches us from northern New York of an avalanche of marriage offers which has overwhelmed two estimable young women, the daughters of a farmer at Schuyler. They are not described as beautiful. So far as we are advised, they are not distinguished for accomplishments of the kind which make for social preeminence. Perhaps they are not more amiable, more affectionate, nor more practical in the general duties of housewifery than others. Their claim to distinction is that they "killed, cleaned, scalded and hung" two 300-pound hogs without masculine assistance.

Instantly an overpowering passion took possession of the heart of every eligible bachelor within what may be called buggy radius. The rural delivery carrier has had to provide himself with a wheelbarrow to transport the offers of marriage which come by mail, and the concourse of vehicles which is strung along the paternal front fence every day and evening suggests that a continuous funeral is in progress within. Perhaps it is. A great many nascent hopes of domestic happiness along strictly bucolic lines perish in the family "settin' room" every 24 hours, and enough broken hearts are left behind by departing suitors to fertilize the farm if their fragments could be composted. The young women are said to decline, "firmly but kindly," the offers of marriage which are pressed upon them. It may be that their unique claim to distinction puts them in a class which makes it an impertinence for the suitor to offer them the commonplace life of the farmer's wife, who can count upon a hog killing not oftener than once a year. Their sphere of social triumphs obviously lies in Cincinnati or Chicago.

Home Instinct in Cattle.

There are 3,000 head of cattle running loose in the Pinal basin of Arizona and they are owned by 20 men. Each animal has a brand on his hip as broad as a ham, and crops, bits and underhacks galore in his ears. Beyond these marks of ownership he is as free as a deer, and, should he so elect, could wander from the Mexican border to the Canadian line without running up against a barbed-wire fence. Yet such is the simple nature of cattle that they "use" in the country where they are born and only the utmost stress of wind and weather will suffice to drive them away. They are "home folks" and stick to their barren canyons and water holes with all the devotion of untutored rural man. The calf runs with his mother and learns her ways, which become his ways. It is upon this home instinct that the practice of western cattle raising rests. —Sunset Magazine.

All-Powerful.

"I," said the mysterious stranger, yet not boastingly, "am more powerful than the law, the courts or the will of the people. I am that which punishes the innocent and lets the guilty go unwhipped of justice. I send upright men to jail and rogues to the legislature. I overturn the will of the majority and cast out of office the honestly elected candidate."

"Are you some mighty captain?" asked we, timorously.

"Oh, no," was the courteous reply, "I am that of which you have often heard, but probably have never seen, namely—"

This with an amiable grin:

"A Mere Technicality."—Pittsburg Post.

Conscious Superiority.

"Bliggins is one of the men who think they know more than anybody else."

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "if that is all he gives other people credit for knowing, I don't blame him for being so pessimistic in his general views of human nature."—Washington Star.

Real Dignity.

There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble.—Irving.

ANGORA GOATS THRIVE.

Good Grazing Lands in New South Wales Productive of Fine Stock.

From 1856 to 1875 about 300 Angoras were imported from Asia Minor into Victoria and South Australia, but success seems not to have attended the efforts of the pioneers. Some of the failures were due to the fact that Angoras were tried on unsuitable country, but probably the chief factor in causing breeders to lose interest in them was the profitableness of the Merino sheep in those early days when there was such an abundance of rich grazing land available in the two states mentioned. Now the best of the grazing land is occupied and the situation is reversed.

The common goat and the Angora are as unlike as the wild sheep and the Lincoln. The common goat will browse and yield milk—beyond that it is worth only its skin and is looked upon as a pariah in the land of the stock raisers. Not so the Angoras; they are highly bred animals and look as well on a farm or station as any of the breeds of sheep or cattle.

The Angora goat and mohair industry in Turkey, South Africa and the United States is a very considerable and profitable one. Asia Minor is the home of the Angora, and the rearing of the animals there has been carried on for an unknown number of generations. In South Africa and in the United States it is of comparatively modern development. British manufacturers, finding the supply of Turkish mohair insufficient for trade requirements, secured the introduction of Angoras into South Africa, and now the supply of mohair from that quarter is double the output of Asia Minor. The recent rapid development of the Angora goat industry in the United States has been brought about much as the business might develop in Australia, namely, by the stocking of bush land with Angoras for the purpose of bringing the land into condition for grazing or tilling. All Angora goat breeders do not, however, run their stock solely for preparing the land for grazing. They run goats for mohair precisely as Australian sheep herders run their flocks for wool and mutton. Once they enter into the business they are loth to give it up.

The flock masters of Australia are now beginning to take an interest in the Angora, and mohair growing may yet become an industry of considerable importance there.

F. W. GODING.

CATCH—

(1) Prof. Ratsbane—What a magnificent specimen of the egg of the desert hen. It's too large to carry away with me.

MATCH—

(2) "So I'll just hatch out the infant by the magnified rays of the sun, and lead it gently home with me." But the professor was a little wrong with his physiology or biology, or etymology, or whatever it is.

HATCH—

(3) For it wasn't the egg of the desert hen at all. It was the offspring of the great Professor-eating Kloptipod, and it hatched out in double-quick time.

DISPATCH.

(4) And when it left that place it wasn't led by a string either! And the professor has no further use for his hat and umbrella.

The "Finest Fighters in the World."

There is no state in existence whose soldiers would encounter the victors of Port Arthur in equal numbers with any certainty of victory. Indeed there have been incidents in the siege, like the storm of Nanshan or of 203-Meter hill, which have compelled experienced soldiers to doubt whether the Japanese are not the finest soldiers in the world, and whether Kuropatkin is not right in demanding a grand superiority in numbers as the first, indeed the essential, condition for any victory by the troops under his command.—London Spectator.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

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

Remarkable Cures Effected By Pe-ru-na.

Under date of January 10, 1897, Dr. 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 baffled 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 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 commenced, and have to say it completely cured her.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which 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 completely cured me."—John O. Atkinson.***

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:

"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. I am still cured of catarrh."—John O. Atkinson, Independence, Mo., Box 272.

Mrs. Alla Schwandt, Sanborn, Minn., writes:

"I have been troubled with rheumatism and catarrh for twenty-five years. Could not sleep day or night. After having used Peruna I can sleep and nothing bothers me now. If I ever am affected with any kind of sickness, Peruna will be the medicine I shall use. My son was cured of catarrh of the larynx by Peruna."—Mrs. Alla Schwandt.

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, Ohio, who will be pleased to give you the benefit of his medical advice gratis.

W. L. DOUGLAS

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BETTER THAN OTHER MAKES AT ANY PRICE.

"For the last three years I have worn W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoe and found it not only as good, but better than any shoe that I ever had, regardless of price." Chas. L. Farrell, Asst. Cashier The Capital National Bank, Indianapolis, Ind.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas $2.50 and $2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than other makes.

W.L.DOUGLAS $4.00 SHOES CANNOT BE EQUALLED AT ANY PRICE.

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Cut what you want in half, subtract what you would like to have, add nothing, and multiply the result by nought, and you get what you get in this vale of tears.—Boston Globe.

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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 American.

Don't Get Footsore! Get Foot-Ease.

A wonderful powder that cures tired, hot, aching feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Ease. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lots of narrow-minded men are quite chesty.—N. Y. Times.

COULDN'T LIFT TEN POUNDS.

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Strength and Health to the Sufferer, Making Him Feel Twenty-Five Years Younger.

J. B. CORTON.

J. B. Corton, farmer and lumberman, of Dep. pe, N. C., says: "I suffered for years with my back. It was so bad that I could not walk any distance nor ride in an easy buggy. I do not believe I could have raised ten pounds of weight from the ground, the pain was so severe. This was my condition when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly relieved me and now I am never troubled as I was. My back is strong and I can walk or ride a long distance and feel just as strong as I did twenty-five years ago. I think so much of Doan's Kidney Pills that I have given a supply of the remedy to some of my neighbors, and they have also found good results. If you can sift anything from this rambling note that will be of any service to you, or to any one suffering from kidney trouble you are at liberty to do so."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

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In no part of the United States has there been such wonderful Commercial, Industrial and Agricultural development as along the lines of the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, within the past ten years. Cities and towns have doubled their population. Splendid business blocks have been erected. Farm lands have more than doubled in value. Hundreds of industries have been established and as a result there is an unprecedented demand for

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Parties with small capital, seeking an opportunity to purchase a farm home; farmers who would prefer to rent for a couple of years before purchasing; and day laborers in fields or factories should address a postal card to Mr. J. F. Merry, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Dubuque, Iowa, who will promptly mail printed matter concerning the territory above described, and give specific replies to all inquiries.

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