



FEED YOUR HOGS

A Sure Worm Expeller and Disinfectant and You will Not Be Troubled With Sickness Among Them.

Liquor Koyal is not a sure Worm Expeller but no better Disinfectant can be found. Nearly all the experimental stations say that other hog hogs die from worm troubles than all other diseases combined. It costs only two cents to write your nearest experimental station and we will guarantee that they will tell you that Coal Tar products properly prepared are the cheapest and best disinfectants on the market today.

Liquor Koyal is guaranteed to kill all kinds of lice and germs. Two thorough applications of Liquor Koyal, used one part of Liquor Koyal and thirty parts of water will cure the worst case of mange among horses, cattle or hogs. Apply ten days apart, not longer; as the length of time between applications is important.

Use Liquor Koyal one part Koyal to twenty parts of water to kill lice and mites in your hen house and you will find it the cheapest and best lice killer on the market.

Liquor Koyal is always sold on a guarantee to do as recommended.

Wausau, Neb., Dec. 16, 1902.

Have used Liquor Koyal for nearly a year and find it an excellent article to keep hogs in a healthy condition and as an appetizer is no equal.

Laurel, Neb., Dec. 13, 1902.

Dear Sirs—Will just say that your Liquor Koyal is a good thing and I will not do without it. It is a good all around remedy. Every one ought to use it if has only one or two hogs. It is a good germ destroyer. I recommend it very highly.

Yours, STANLEY MASTIN.

Manufactured by National Medical Co., Sheldon, Iowa.

For Sale by GEO. D. GOSSMAN.

Facts Are Stubborn Things

Uniform excellent quality for over a quarter of a century has steadily increased the sales of LION COFFEE. The leader of all package coffees.

Lion Coffee

is now used in millions of homes. Such popular success speaks for itself. It is a positive proof that LION COFFEE has the Confidence of the people.

The uniform quality of LION COFFEE keeps its old friends and makes new ones every day.

LION COFFEE has even more than its Strength, Flavor and Quality to commend it. On arrival from the plantation, it is carefully roasted at our factories and securely packed in 1 lb. sealed packages, and not opened again until needed for use in the home. This precludes the possibility of adulteration or contact with germs, dirt, dust, insects or unclean hands. The absolute purity of LION COFFEE is therefore guaranteed to the consumer.

Sold only in 1 lb. packages. Lion-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.



DES MOINES TENT & AWNING CO.
MFRS. OF ALL KINDS OF CANVAS GOODS
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE & PRICES.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

Time-Card for Elmo, Iowa. In Effect Jan. 3, 1903.

SOUTH BOUND		
Leave for	Arr. from	
Dubuque, Chicago	12:30 a. m.	3:10 p. m.
and points East.	12:15 p. m.	3:30 a. m.
Des Moines, Kansas City and the South west.	4:35 a. m.	8:45 p. m.
	12:30 a. m.	3:14 a. m.
	4:35 a. m.	8:36 a. m.
	12:54 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
NORTH BOUND		
St. Paul, Minneapolis and the Northwest.	3:14 a. m.	12:30 a. m.
	8:36 a. m.	4:33 a. m.
	12:15 p. m.	12:15 p. m.
	5:45 p. m.	2:45 p. m.

All Trains Daily. W. E. DUNKLEE, Agent

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER IX.

THE fifth summer was passing since we came down Paradise road—the dog, Uncle Eb and I. Times innumerable I had heard my good old friend tell the story of our coming west until its every incident was familiar to me as the alphabet. Else I fear my youthful memory would have served me poorly for a chronicle of my childhood so exact and so extended as this I have written. Uncle Eb's hair was white now, and the voices of the swift and the panther had grown mild and tremulous and unsatisfactory and even absurd. Time had tamed the monsters of that imaginary wilderness, and I had begun to lose my respect for them. But one fear had remained with me as I grew older—the fear of the night man. Every boy and girl in the valley trembled at the mention of him. Many a time I had held awake in the late evening to hear the men talk of him before they went asleep—Uncle Eb and Tip Taylor. I remember a night when Tip said in a low, awesome tone that he was a ghost. The word carried into my soul the first thought of its great and fearful mystery.

"Years and years ago," said he, "there was a boy by the name of Nehemiah Brower. An' he killed another boy once by accident an' run away an' was drowned."

"Drowned?" said Uncle Eb.

"How?"

"In the ocean," the first answered, gazing.

"Went away off round the world, an' they got a letter that said he was drowned on his way to Van Dieman's Land."

"To Van Dieman's Land?"

"Yes, an' some say the night man is the ghost of the one he killed."

I remember waking that night and hearing excited whispers at the window near my bed. It was very dark in the room, and at first I could not tell who was there.

"Don't you see him?" Tip whispered.

"Where?" I heard Uncle Eb ask.

"Under the pine trees. See him move."

At that time I was up at the window myself and could plainly see the dark figure of a man standing under the little pine below us.

"The night man, I guess," said Uncle Eb. "But he won't do no harm. Let him alone. He's goin' away now."

We saw him disappear behind the trees, and then we got back into our beds again. I covered my head with the bedclothes and said a small prayer for the poor night man.

And in this atmosphere of mystery and adventure among the plain folk of Faraway, whose care of me when I was in great need and whose love of me always counted among the priceless treasures of God's providence, my childhood passed. And the day came near when I was to begin to play my poor part in the world.

It was a time of new things, that winter when I saw the end of my fifteenth year. Then I began to enjoy the finer humors of life in Faraway, to see with understanding and by God's grace to feel.

The land of play and fear and fable was now far behind me, and I had begun to feel the infinite in the ancient forest, in the everlasting hills, in the deep of heaven, in all the ways of men.

Hope Brower was now near woman grown. She had a beauty of face and form that was the talk of the countryside. I have traveled far and seen many a fair face, but never one more to my eye. I have heard men say she was like a girl out of a story book those days.

Late years something had come between us. Long ago we had fallen out of each other's confidence, and ever since she had seemed to shun me. I began to play with boys and she with girls. And it made me miserable to hear the boys a bit older than I gossip of her beauty and accuse each other of the sweet disgrace of love.

But I must hasten to those events in Faraway that shaped our destinies. And first comes that memorable night when I had the privilege of escorting Hope to the school lyeum, where the argument of Jed Feary, poet of the hills, fired my soul with an ambition that has remained with me always.

Uncle Eb suggested that I ask Hope to go with me.

"France right up to her," he said, "an' say you'd be glad of the pleasure of her company."

It seemed to me a very dubious thing to do. I looked thoughtful and turned red in the face.

"Young man," he continued, "the boy that's 'frail o' women' 'I never hear whiskers."

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Be scared t' death," he answered, "fore they've had time t' start. Ye want t' step right up t' the rack jes' if ye'd brought an' paid fer yerself an' was proud o' yer bargain."

I took his advice, and when I found Hope alone in the parlor I came and asked her, very awkwardly as I now remember, to go with me.

She looked at me, blushing, and said she would ask her mother.

And she did, and we walked to the schoolhouse together that evening, her hand holding my arm timidly, the most serious pair that ever struggled with the problem of deportment on such an occasion. I was oppressed with a heavy sense of responsibility in every word I uttered.

Ann Jane Foster, known as "Scooter Jane," for her rapid walk and stiff carriage, met us at the corners on her way to the schoolhouse.

"Big turnout, I guess," said she. "Jed Feary an' Squire Town is comin' over from Jingleville an' all the big guns 'll be there. I love t' hear Jed Feary speak. He's so techin'."

Ann Jane was always looking around for some event likely to touch her feelings. She went to every funeral in Faraway, and when some one was due t' die, an' 'ot to interment, she

in her own vicinity journeyed far in quest of it. "Wouldn't wonder if the fur flew when they got t' school!" she remarked, and then hurried on, her head erect, her body motionless, her legs flying. Such energy as she gave to the pursuit of mourning I have never seen equaled in any other form of dissipation.

The schoolhouse was nearly full of people when we came in. The big boys were wrestling in the yard. Men were lounging on the rude seats inside idly discussing crops and cattle and lapsing into silence frequently that bore the signs both of expectancy and reflection.

Young men and young women sat together on one side of the house whispering and giggling. Alone among them was the big and eccentric grandaughter of Mrs. Bisnette, who was always slipping some youngster for impertinence. Jed Feary and Squire Town sat together behind a pile of books, both looking very serious. The long hair and beard of the old poet were now white and his form bent with age. He came over and spoke to us and took a curl of Hope's hair in his stiffened fingers and held it to the lamplight.

"That silky gold!" he whispered.

"S a skin o' fate, my dear girl!"

Suddenly the schoolmaster rapped on the desk and bade us come to order, and Ransom Walker was called to the chair.

"That there is talent in Faraway township," he said, having reluctantly come to the platform, "and talent of the very highest order, no one can deny who has ever attended a lyceum at the Howard schoolhouse. I see evidences of talent in every face before me. And I wish to ask what are the two great talents of the Yankee—talents that made our forefathers famous the world over? I pause for an answer."

He had once been a schoolmaster, and that accounted for his didactic style.

"What are the two great talents of the Yankee?" he repeated, his hands clasped before him.

"Doughnuts an' pie," said Uncle Eb, who sat in a far corner.

"No, sir," Mr. Walker answered.

"There's some hev a talent fer sawin' wood, but we don't count that. It's war an' speakin'—they are the two great talents of the Yankee. But his greatest talent is the gift o' gab. Give him a chance t' talk t' over with his enemy, an' he'll lick 'im without a fight. An' when his enemy is another Yankee—why, they both git licked, jest as it was in the case of the man that sold me lightnin' rods. He was sorry he done it before I got through with him. If we did not encourage this talent in our sons they would be talked to death by our daughters. Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me pleasure t' say that the best speakers in Faraway township have come here t' discuss the important question:

"Resolved, That intemperance has caused more misery than war."

"I call upon Moses Tupper to open for the affirmative."

Moses, who rose to respond, had a most unlovely face, with a thin and bristling growth of whiskers. In giving him features nature had been generous to a fault. He had a large red nose and a mouth vastly too big for any proper use. It was a mouth fashioned for old sayings. He was well to do and boasted often that he was a self-made man. Uncle Eb used to say that if Moses Tupper had had the "makin' up himself he'd oughter done it more careful."

I remember not much of the speech he made, but the picture of him as he rose on tiptoe and swung his arms like a man fighting bees and his drawing tones are as familiar as the things of yesterday.

"Gentlemen an' ladies," said he presently, "let me show you a picture. It is the drunkard's child. It is hungry, an' there ain't no food in its home. The child is poorer 'n a straw fed horse. Tain't had a thing t' eat since day before yistiddy. Pictur' it to yerselves as it comes cryin' to its mother an' says:

"Ma, gi' me a piece o' bread an' butter."

"She covers her face with her apron an' says she, 'There ain't none left, my child.'"

"An' bime by the child comes ag'in an' holds up its poor little han's an' says, 'Ma, please gi' me a piece o' cake.'"

"An' she goes an' looks out o' the window er mebbe pokes the fire an' says, 'There ain't none left, my child.'"

"An' bime by it comes ag'in, an' it says, 'Please gi' me a little piece o' pie.'"

"An' she mebbe flops into a chair an' says, 'Sobbin', 'There ain't none left, my child.'"

"No pie! Now, Mr. Chairman," exclaimed the orator as he lifted both hands high above his head, "if this ain't misery, in God's name what is it?"

"Years ago, when I was a young man, Mr. President, I went to a dance one night at the village of Mingleville. I got a toothache, an' the devil tempted me with whiskey, an' I tuk one glass an' then another, an' purty soon I begun t' think I was a mighty hefty sort of a character, I did, an' I stedy on a corner an' I stumped everybody t' fight with me, an' bime by an' an' accommodat' in kind of a chap come along, an' that's all I remember o' what happened. When I come to my coat tails had been tore off, I'd lost one leg o' my trousers, a bran new silver watch, tew dollars in money an' a pair o' spectacles. When I stedy up an' tried t' realize what had happened I felt jes' like a blind rooster with only one leg an' no tail feathers."

A roar of laughter followed these frank remarks of Mr. Tupper and broke into a storm of merriment when Uncle Eb rose and said:

"Mr. President, I hope you see that the misfortunes of our friend was due t' war, an' 'ot to intemperance."

Mr. Tupper was unhorsed. For some minutes he stood helpless or shaking with the emotion that possessed all. Then he finished lamely and sat down.

The narrowness of the man that saw so much where there was so little in his own experience and in the trivial events of his own township was what I now recognize as most valuable to the purpose of this history. It was a narrowness that covered a multitude of people in St. Lawrence county in those days.

Jed Feary was greeted with applause and then by respectful silence when he rose to speak. The fame of his verse and his learning had gone far beyond the narrow boundaries of the township in which he lived. It was the biggest thing in the county. Many a poor sinner who had gone out of Faraway to his long home got his first praise in the obituary poem by Jed Feary. These tributes were generally published in the county paper and paid for by the relatives of the deceased at the rate of a dollar a day for the time spent on them or by a few days of board and lodging—glory and consolation that was, alas, too cheap, as one might see by a glance at his forlorn figure.

I shall never forget the courtly manner, so strangely in contrast with the rude deportment of other men in that place, with which he addressed the chairman and the people. The drawing dialect of the vicinity thus favored his conversation fell from him like a mantle as he spoke, and the light in his soul shone upon that little company—a great light, as I now remember, that filled me with burning thoughts of the world and its mighty theater of action. The way of my life lay clear before me as I listened and its days of toil and the sweet success my God has given me, although I take it humbly and hold it infinitely above my merit. I was to get learning and seek some way of expressing what was in me.

It would ill become me to try to repeat the words of this venerable seer, but he showed that intemperance was an individual sin, while war was a national evil. That one meant often the ruin of a race, the other the ruin of a family; that one was as the ocean, the other as a single drop in its waters. And he told us of the fall of empires and the millions that had suffered the oppression of the conqueror and perished by the sword of Agamemnon.

After the debate a young lady read a literary paper full of clumsy wit, rude chronicles of the countryside, essays on "Spring" and like topics—the work of the best talent of Faraway. Then came the decision, after which the meeting adjourned.

At the door some boys tried "to cut me out." I came through the noisy crowd, however, with Hope on my arm and my heart full of a great happiness.

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"Very much," I answered.

"What did you enjoy most?"

"Your company," I said, with a sneer of gallantry.

"Honestly. I want to take you to Rickard's some time."

"Honesty?"

MOVABLE BROOD COOP.

Vermin Proof and Equipped With an Exercising Pen.

The vermin proof brood coop here reproduced from a reliable poultry journal has proved very satisfactory in Missouri, says C. A. Schrader.

It is built on 2 by 4 inch runners, so that it may be readily moved from one place to another. It is four feet wide, six feet long, four feet high in front and two feet high at the rear. The front faces the north and has a drop door at the bottom the whole width of the coop. This door is a board eight inches wide, hinged at the bottom and fastened at the top. The ends of the 2 by 4 inch runners are beveled for the door to rest on when lowered and form a platform for the hen and chicks to ascend on entering the coop. Above this door are two eight-inch boards, one directly above it and the other at the top of the coop, leaving an opening two feet wide, which is covered with

one inch wire netting. There is a hood made to cover the opening, as follows: A one inch board twelve inches wide and two feet long is sawed diagonally in two pieces, making two three-corner boards for the ends. These are bolted to each side of the coop at the top of the opening, and boards are nailed across them. The hood can be brought forward in warm weather (fastened by a wire hook or string in position), preventing excessive sunlight and keeping out rain, and it can also be closed on the cold nights. The roof can be covered with shingles or tarred felt.

The coop is divided by a board partition into brooding compartment and exercising pen. A small hole is made in the partition for the chicks to pass through. The front part is the brooding compartment. There are 4 by 4 inch pieces nailed upright in the corners, and to these laths are fastened about three inches apart to prevent the hens from crowding in the corners or against the sides and smothering the chicks. The back part, or south half, is used by the chickens for an exercising pen. The west side of this pen is boarded up, leaving a door large enough for cleaning the coop. The south and east sides of the pen are covered with one inch wire netting.

BROOD COOP WITH EXERCISING PEN.

one inch wire netting. There is a hood made to cover the opening, as follows: A one inch board twelve inches wide and two feet long is sawed diagonally in two pieces, making two three-corner boards for the ends. These are bolted to each side of the coop at the top of the opening, and boards are nailed across them. The hood can be brought forward in warm weather (fastened by a wire hook or string in position), preventing excessive sunlight and keeping out rain, and it can also be closed on the cold nights. The roof can be covered with shingles or tarred felt.

The coop is divided by a board partition into brooding compartment and exercising pen. A small hole is made in the partition for the chicks to pass through. The front part is the brooding compartment. There are 4 by 4 inch pieces nailed upright in the corners, and to these laths are fastened about three inches apart to prevent the hens from crowding in the corners or against the sides and smothering the chicks. The back part, or south half, is used by the chickens for an exercising pen. The west side of this pen is boarded up, leaving a door large enough for cleaning the coop. The south and east sides of the pen are covered with one inch wire netting.

Hatching Pekin Ducks.

Pekin ducks eggs must be hatched out with chicken hens or incubators, as the Pekin duck is no good for hatching out eggs. Do not feed young ducks anything the first twenty-four hours. After that feed four or five times a day with cornmeal and shorts, mixed and scalded before feeding. When five or six weeks old, feed but three times a day, and let them run out on some grass after dew is off, and they will catch all the bugs and insects they need. After they are ten weeks old they should be nearly as large as old ducks, if they received proper feed and are the real pure bred Pekins. Always give ducks plenty of water to drink.—Nebraska Farmer.

The Market Duck.

The duck seldom becomes broody. Ducks love to stay out all night in their runs. Ducks should never be shut up in a close building. Pekins are good breeders even at four years of age. Cleanliness is an important factor in the duck house as in the henhouse.—M. K. Boyer in American Poultry Journal.