

HOW THE RANCH WAS SAVED.

Journey in a Postal Car Which Ended in a Smash-Up.

Scramble for a Mail Pouch—\$300,000 of Uncle Sam's Money in Danger—Interview with the Postmaster-General—An Expedited Pension.

(COPYRIGHT, 1896.)

"There is no use in figuring, Mandy, unless I get the pension and the back pay we'll lose the place," said Mr. Jenifer, gloomily, as he pushed away the pencil and paper.

"There is no help for it," replied Mr. Jenifer. "The mortgage company at Omaha will foreclose the mortgage on the ranch unless the note is paid."

"What did the pension lawyer at Washington write in his last letter about the prospects of your claim getting through?" she asked.

"Why, you know what he wrote, Mandy. He said there were 3,000 or 4,000 cases ahead of mine, and that the pension bureau is very strict about considering cases in their regular order."

"It seems kind of hard that, if the government is going to give you the back pay some time, you can't get it in time to save the ranch from being sold over our heads," sighed Mrs. Jenifer.

"Yes, and the hardest part of it is that they do sometimes take up cases out of order," replied her husband, "but the lawyer said it requires influence to have that done, or some one must show the commissioner of pensions that there is a special reason for it."

"I have no influence away out here on a Nebraska ranch. I can't even get down to Washington to plead my own case. There really seems to be no help for us."

"If they only knew all about it at Washington," he thought, "I am sure they would take up our case first. Oh! if I could only get to Washington and tell them!"

"Here George told the story of Aleck's sacrifice of Brown Bess in his efforts to help his uncle, and of the difficulty he had experienced in getting to Chicago. 'I only ask that you 'deadhead' him to Pittsburgh in my car,' concluded Brand in an appealing voice."

"Well, you are a brave boy, and I will do it," said the superintendent, "and I'll make it good to Washington."

"A few moments later the boys left the room with a pass in the superintendent's own writing. Aleck had come to Chicago on a stock train in the care of a neighbor, who was bringing a train load of cattle to the market, carrying his passage by helping the men feed and water the cattle on the way."

"Then an idea came to Aleck—the possibility of doing something to save the ranch. He soon stole away to his bed, where he fell asleep thinking about it, and took it up again early next morning when he went to feed the stock."

"After breakfast he went into the kitchen, where his aunt was washing the dishes. There he told her his plan, growing enthusiastic in the recital. He wanted to go to Washington and tell the commissioner of pensions the story of their troubles and ask him to act upon his Uncle Hiram's claim at once."

"But, Aleck, we could not spare even five dollars to buy your food on the way, for perhaps your plan might fail. No, it won't do," said his aunt, shaking her head.

"Why, Aleck, there ain't any mail this time of day," he began. "I didn't come for mail," Aleck replied. Then he continued, hastily: "Mr. Brand, you offered me \$20 for Brown Bess two months ago, and I refused to sell her."

"Yes, that's so." "Well, I've come to take your offer."

"Why, what's the matter now, Aleck, that you are so anxious to sell?"

"I need the money," answered Aleck, choking back a sob.

Mr. Brand came out and looked at the horse. After some further talk the bargain was concluded, and Aleck started out of the post office with four five-dollar bills. Before he reached the door, however, he turned and said: "Mr. Brand, is your son George still a postal clerk on the railway?"

"Yes, Aleck. His 'run,' as they call it, is from Chicago to Pittsburgh."

As Aleck left the post office he passed by his pony, still hitched to the rack; and Brown Bess neighed in an inquiring manner as he went down the street, as if to say: "Where are you going without me, Aleck?"

But he hurried on without looking back. Reaching home, however, he slipped in the back way, and, climbing into the loft of the barn, lay face down in the hay, and cried as if his heart would break as he thought of the empty stall below him.

Great was the astonishment of Mr. Jenifer that evening when his wife revealed to him Aleck's plan; and when the lad laid the four five-dollar bills on the table before him his surprise was complete. Far into the night they talked it over, for it was a momentous step in a young boy's life. Finally Mr. Jenifer settled it. "I'll let you go, Aleck; it's to save the ranch, and may God bless you, boy."

On the evening of the third day after the sale of Brown Bess, Aleck French was at Chicago in the office of the division superintendent of the railway mail service. George Brand, the postmaster's son, was with him, and they were anxiously awaiting a reply from the gray-haired, stern looking official who sat at the desk before them.

"It is very unusual to permit anyone to ride in the postal car," said the superintendent, gravely.

"I know it, sir," answered Brand, "but this is a special case. Aleck would not ask it, and I would not, sir, if it were not to save the ranch."

"So this is the boy who saved the registered pouch, is it?" said the postmaster-general, looking kindly at Aleck.

"That's the boy," replied the registry clerk, who then related the details of the story, and told of their arrival in Washington that morning upon the relief train sent to the wreck. The great man listened attentively, and seemed much interested in the account of Aleck's scramble after the treasury pouch.

"But how did this boy happen to be in the postal car?" he asked. Then Aleck in a straightforward manner told his story, from the time he had resolved to try to get his uncle's pension, and in simple language pictured the trouble hanging over the Nebraska ranch. "And now I've come to Washington to try to find some one with influence, to help our pension case along," said he, in conclusion.

"You shall have it, my boy," said the postmaster-general; and he took Aleck's hand in his own and pressed it warmly. Then he told his messenger to call his carriage and drove with Aleck to the pension bureau, where they were immediately shown into the presence of the commissioner of pensions. There Aleck had to tell his story over again to the commissioner.

"And, now, Mr. Commissioner," said the postmaster general, "I ask you to take up this pension case as a favor to me. This boy has saved the government \$300,000, and it is as little as we can do to help him in this way."

The commissioner said he would be glad to do so, and promised to have Mr. Jenifer's claim examined at once.

That same night Aleck left for home, traveling in a Pullman car and on a pass which the postmaster general procured for him. There was great rejoicing in that little home in Nebraska when he returned; and when, one week later, Mr. Jenifer's draft came and was cashed at the bank, the first money used was to buy Brown Bess from Mr. Brand.

It was in the train, and he was trying to read. There was the usual variety of passengers, and among them a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and an inquisitorial tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and, turning to the mother, said: "Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"

The widow smiled enchantingly, and replied, with a sigh: "Ethel." "Please call her, then," it was said quietly enough, but for a moment the other passengers half hoped there would be an accident or something to relieve the tension.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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passed down to him a saw, with which he soon severed the beam that held him. Scrambling out, he found himself on top of the ruins of the mail car and the baggage car. The engine and two cars had jumped the track and rolled down a steep embankment, but the breaking of the coupling had kept the remainder of the train on the track. The engineer and fireman were badly hurt, and every man in the baggage and mail cars had been bruised and scratched; but fortunately all had been dug out of the wreck.

It was none too soon, for the wreck had taken fire, and one end was now blazing briskly. While the passengers and trainmen were groped around Aleck, who was the last one taken out, the registry clerk came up to them crying: "Oh, where is that registered pouch with the treasury money? There are \$300,000 in that wreck."

Like a flash it came to Aleck that the pouch was near him when the car rolled over. Without a word he dropped back into the hole from which he had just emerged, and in a moment he was groping for the pouch.

It was not so dark down there now for the burning wreckage, not 20 feet away, cast a ruddy glow through the mass of twisted iron and splintered wood. By this light he finally saw the pouch beneath a heap of sacks, and began tugging and hauling at the pile. He had heard the crowd above shouting to him to return, and saw the flames licking up the inflammable wreckage close at hand. At last he loosened the pouch, and in another moment had clambered out of the hole, dragging the bag after him.

The postmaster-general at Washington sat in his office talking to four men and a boy who were standing before him.

"I am not content to merely make money, for I am a woman of progressive tendencies, and study constantly in order to perfect myself in every detail of my profession, for the dental art has made vast strides during the last few years, writes Dr. Carrie Wolfbrueck, an eminent dentist.

I have no desire or intention to be little my own sex—far from it—for I believe that they can compete successfully in almost all of the professions hitherto usurped by men. There are, therefore, certain limitations, physical rather than intellectual, which are to be considered. A woman should be fitted by temperament, inclination and physical adaptability for the work, or she is likely to be a failure. Dentistry is a profession, not a trade, and there is always something to be learned.

I must lay peculiar stress on the incapacity of women for enduring fatigue, for that is the weakest point in the armor of our sex. With hygienic living, aided by physical training, the next generation will probably be equal to all emergencies, and will be capacitated physically as well as mentally to compete side by side with their male competitors in whatever calling they elect to enter.

Young girls frequently come to me for advice. I give them the benefit of my experience, and, while I do not discourage them, I dislike to advise the taking up of a profession which, while it may prove lucrative, is exacting in the extreme, taxing the mental and physical capacity to the utmost limit of endurance.—Godey's Magazine.

FOR THE BABY. List of Gifts Which Are Always Acceptable. Baby's pusher is a little table appointment in the line of neatness and good manners, and is very pretty withal. Its delicate handle, flower-decorated, is readily clasped by the little hand to aid in putting the food on fork or spoon, thus saving the use of the fingers, which in turn would soil bib and mask. The modern baby is not without perquisites.

The bib clasp is either in gold or silver, in design a flower, butterfly or baby face, and in method of service much like the ordinary stocking supporter—an ornamental center connecting by links two clasps.

The latest teaspoon, also used as a nursery gift, is very beautiful and unique in shape, the bowl in grooves like a mandolin, the handle beaded in an arabesque design.

The sterling silver porringer is a favorite bestowal of godparents from the fact that it can be kept and handed down through many generations. Plain silver is now the fancy, and especially noticeable in the porringer, which is with heavy, smooth bowl, and short ornamental side handles.

The bowl and plate for actual service is also with smooth, highly polished surface, and richly beaded edges. The silver cup, if up to date, is an exact reproduction of the common tin kitchen cup, except in price! Its convenience of shape to drink from, the polished surface easily kept bright and its odd appearance have made it popular as a baby appointment.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Kind of Knife He Wanted. We tell this story on the authority of John E. Russell, whose father was a manufacturer of cutlery: Having occasion to travel on the Mississippi river occasionally, the latter became very well acquainted with the captain of one of the steamers. One day the captain asked Mr. Russell if he would make a knife for him. "Why, yes; what kind of a knife?" was the answer. "I want a good, stout handle with a spring in it, so the blade won't give," explained the captain. "I'd a little rather have the blade ground on both edges. And I don't want one of those crosspieces, or guards, or whatever they call them. I want a knife I can stick into a man and twist it, and when I pull it out it won't catch on his blazed gaiters."—Worcester Gazette.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Crimsonbeak—"I had to censure my wife for reckless driving." Yeast—"I didn't know you kept a horse." "I don't. She was driving nails."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Popper," the little boy asked, "what kind of a horse is it that they call a plug?" "A balky one, my son. They call him that because he is a stopper."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Johnny Greenleaf—"Tommy Jones is learnin' French now. He told me lots of things, like 'cafe' that means coffee." Farmer Greenleaf (who has been to New York)—"Does it? I thought it meant beer."—Vogue.

—"The audience is calling for you," said the young tragedian's manager. "Are you sure I'm the person they want?" "Of course." "Well, go out and study the expressions on their faces and tell me what you think they want with me."—Washington Star.

—At Cross Purposes.—"Maud Ethel, I am getting awfully tired of waiting up till after midnight for that young man to leave." "Yes, papa, and I think he is getting tired of waiting till you are asleep before he bids me good-by in the hall."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"A fellow always feels satisfied with himself after having taken a little game," said the fellow coming out of the restaurant. "Well, it all depends on what kind of game he's been taking in," replied his friend, who had been out at the poker club.—Yonkers Statesman.

—Hermione—"Isn't Jack good? He has engaged himself to me, you know; but he says he will not bind me to him. If I can get somebody else, he says he shan't interfere." Blanche (sweetly)—"It is evident that he feels perfectly sure of you."—Boston Transcript.

Homeowner's Excursions to Kansas and Nebraska. On April 7th, 21st and May 5th, 1896, Homeowner's Excursions will be run from Missouri River points, and territory West of Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, to stations in Kansas and Nebraska, at one fare, plus \$2.00, for the round trip. All who can should take advantage of the cheap rates and inspect the most productive corn lands in the United States, which are for sale, by the Union Pacific Railway Company, at from \$2.50 to \$10.00 per acre, on ten years' time, only 1-10 down.

Remember that the Kansas corn crop for 1895, with 8,000,000 acres in cultivation, yielded over 301,000,000 bushels, the estimated value of which is over \$46,000,000, being \$7,000,000 more than annual output of gold in the United States.

Those taking advantage of the excursions, should take receipts for all railroad fare, and the portion paid over Union Pacific lines, will be refunded upon purchase of \$50 acres. Information regarding rates can be ascertained from the nearest railroad agent.

For maps and pamphlets descriptive of the lands, write to B. A. McALLISTER, Land Commissioner, Omaha, Neb.

Old Maid—"Is this the newspaper office?" Clerk—"Yes, ma'am." Old Maid (blushing)—"I see the mayor has advertised for proposals, and I would like to advertise, too."—Philadelphia Record.

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A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENNEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Thus grief still trends upon the heels of pleasure, married in haste, we may repeat to leisure.—Congreve.

An Idle Scavenger. The bowels act the part of a scavenger, inasmuch as they remove much of the debris, the waste effete matter of the system. When they grow idle, neglectful of duty, it is of the utmost importance that they should be impelled to activity. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters effects this desirable object without griping them like a drastic purgative. The Bitters is also efficacious for malaria, bilious, dyspeptic and kidney trouble.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.—Colton.

The well known firm of newspaper advertising agents, Alden & Faxon Cincinnati, Ohio, will hereafter be known as the Frank H. Alden & Sons Company, being composed of Frank H. Alden and his two sons, Frank W. and Clarence H. Alden.

If a man is endowed with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

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MUD-MADE MEN.

Thousands Rejuvenated in 1895.—Remarkable Vitalizing Power of the Famous Magnesia-Mud Cure and Lithia Water Baths. INDIANA MICHIGAN SPRINGS, Ind., Jan. (Special)—During the year 1895 a large number of physicians from all over the country have personally investigated the remarkable natural combination of cures found here for rheumatism, kidney and nervous diseases. This treatment, consisting of the Magnesia-Mud Cure and Magnesia-Lithia Baths, taken in connection with the drinking of Magnesia-Lithia water, has been found by the profession to be the most remarkable and successful remedial power as yet discovered. The end of the year brought reports from many eminent medical men, a number of whom have discussed and recommended the cure in the leading medical journals.

Since the accidental discovery of the virtues of Magnesia-Mud and Lithia water four years ago, this little valley has become world-famous. A big hotel has been built with all modern improvements, electric light, steam heat, and directly connected with a large bath-house especially constructed for the requirements of Magnesia and Lithia Water Baths. People in search of rest, health and pleasure from all over the United States have come in numbers to tax the capacity of the establishment, and have gone to help spread the fame of the cure.

The proprietors, the Indiana Springs Co., have opened offices at 108 Hudson St., New York City, and 45 Randolph St., Chicago, where all detailed information can be obtained on application, whether personal or by letter.

Disgust—"By the way, Shadbolt, talking of those X rays—" Shadbolt (shoeing off)—"No use, Dingus. You'll make no X raise from me this time."—Chicago Tribune.

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When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies—only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

This mule is a dem-Jack, and therefore a dem-John, which accounts for the spirit that is within him.—Boston Transcript.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

DUZBY—"What's in that bottle—poison?" Dooby—"I guess there must be; there isn't any label on it."—Roxbury Gazette.

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have 'a magic touch.'

"For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea, which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine." Mrs. PETRA BURST, Leominster, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.</