

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

A MAN OF SENSE.

There is a man of plain ideas— I know not where he lives, But I have felt the thrill of joy

Captured by Cattle Thieves.

A GREAT many boys who know nothing about it practically, imagine, no doubt, that it is a great thing to be a "cowboy."



TWO BROAD-HATTED MEN RODE UP.

features of a herder's existence, as I soon discovered. There were dangers attending the occupation of which I had never dreamed, and an account of an experience I underwent will give some idea of what I suffered in that way.

But I'll get here as early as I can, and if I'm not here before dark I will be soon after. Just hold the cattle well together and don't let any of them stray from the herd and you'll get along all right.

"Oh, I can manage the cattle," I said. "You need to have no fears for them."

"All right then," Jim replied. "Now you fetch my pony while I make preparation to go."

I arose from the table and went to get Jim's pony, saying nothing more. I felt a restlessness and uneasiness that was far from pleasant.

Within a few minutes Jim rode away, and after watching him out of sight I saddled my pony and turning the cattle out headed them to the south.

The lower range proved to be as isolated as possible, and to me the long hours of the forenoon passed with dreadful slowness.

Finally the noon hour came and I sat down to eat my lunch. I devoted nearly an hour to that duty, thinking it a good way to kill a little of my surplus time.

I was preparing to mount my pony to head the cattle homeward, greatly relieved that the long day was approaching its close, when I saw two broad-hatted men galloping across the prairie in my direction.

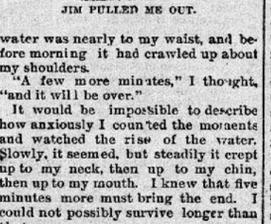
"Are those your cattle?" one of the men said as they came up, pointing carelessly to the herd with his whip.

from the hole, but my efforts were futile. The distance to the top was short, but the wall was soft and sandy and it crumbled away when I attempted to climb up.

"Well," thought I, at last giving up, "here I am and here I shall die. No one will ever think of looking for me in this place."

When the afternoon had passed it grew intensely dark, and the sky was overcast with clouds. Pretty soon there was a low rumble, which I knew to be thunder.

Think what that night must have been to me, a helpless prisoner, away off there on the plains, miles from any human being.



JIM PULLED ME OUT.

water was nearly to my waist, and before morning it had crawled up about my shoulders.

"A few more minutes," I thought, "and it will be over."

It would be impossible to describe how anxiously I counted the moments and watched the rise of the water.

Below, above and at the sides is one mass of pure ice, two, three and in some places eight inches thick.

The hotter and dryer the atmosphere the thicker the ice will be in the cave; and, on the other hand, when it is cold and dry, it will be thin.

At that instant I heard the clatter of a horse's feet on the wet sand, and instantly hope revived.

AN ICE CAVE.

The Wonderful Work of Nature at Decorah, Ia.

Hidden deep among the hills in northeastern Iowa there exists one of the wonder-works of nature.

The soil in the bottom land being loose and sandy, absorbed the water rapidly, and within an hour after the rainfall the well began to fill.

Entering the cave the air grows colder and colder. There are two compartments to the cave.

The cave is, as it were, a large room, and is divided into two parts by a ledge extending out perhaps forty feet from the entrance.

Plassey accompanied the Hundred-and-Second to England, and two young lieutenants and his canine ally were his fellow passengers.

When Plassey was nearly full-grown, and in the zenith of his popularity with the fusiliers, an old lady resident of Dover wrote to the general commanding the district.

Once on a time many crows lived in the edge of some woods. A little out into the plain stood a very large tree, with much sand under it.

"Oh, yes," replied the crow. "Go and put your mother in a bag and come to the dance."

"My mother, as you told me," replied the coyote, showing them.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

C. H. Bullock, of Northfield, Minn., obtained 1,130 bushels of potatoes from a acre of land.

The poultry products of the United States had a farm value of at least \$200,000,000 last year, according to Secretary Rusk.

—Owens, the traveling dog of the postal service, has been making a tour of Maine.

—In the matter of mere distance covered the records of the world's famous travelers do not make much of a show beside those of some railroad men.

—No more waiting for benches to dry after a rainstorm, so that our "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes" may not be spoiled.

The first mention of a postal service is that of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1639.

"Churn dog" stories are always in order. A man who used to live on a farm, as so many city men did when they were boys, sends us this:

"It became the duty of Ponto, a large white mastiff, to tread that monotonous circle, notwithstanding the fact that his teeth were full of meat that was fast on a lash within four inches of his nose.

"Well," said the old lady, "if he can go after a cat like that, he is able to churn." And he did, and never tried to shirk his work again.

—A Leominster housekeeper, while looking over some old letters of her great-grandmother, ran across the following:

MODEL UNDERTAKERS.

The two beetles were soon at their post. The first ran around the body of the dead fish until they met.

Then they passed under the body at opposite sides and began to lift. The head rose slowly again, and then both the beetles could be distinctly seen at work.

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THE DOG AND THE CHURN.

A Canine Who Was Sharp, But He Had to Fetch.

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