

WASHITA'S GOLD.



LD JONAS and his companion, **Robert White**, had strayed away from the mining camp and were alone in a wild, desolate part of the Rocky Mountains. Jonas was an old time miner, and knew the mountains as well as any man living.

Robert White was merely a boy, and a comparative tenderfoot. It was the noon hour, and the two had halted to partake of their small store of rations. They had been eating for several minutes in silence when at last Jonas said:

"Looks kind o' discouragin' at the present writin', don't it?"

"Rather," Robert replied.

"We've been away from camp a week now," Jonas went on, "an' though we've put in the time steady lookin' for Old Washita's great heaps o' gold, we hain't seen no hair nor hide o' it so far."

"No," Robert admitted, "and it begins to look a little like we were not going to see anything of the kind."

"It does look a little like that, for a fact," Jonas agreed. "To my mind the chances are that the blamed Injun was lyin' all the time when he told 'bout so much gold."

"Then you've about concluded that we are on a wild goose chase?"

"Yes, jest about, you see, Bob, Old Washita said the gold was to be found on this here slope, 'twixt the foot o' the spur up thar an' the river down yonder."

"Yes, that's true."

"Wal, we've searched the ground over faithfully time an' ag'in, hain't we?"

"Yes."

"An' we hain't had a smell o' no gold neither, have we?"

"No."

"Then don't it begin to look kinder like the old Injun lied?"

"Well, it does look that way, Jonas; but yet I can't hardly believe he did. You know the old man was dyin', and we had taken him in and cared for him, and I can't believe that he would hatch up a lie under such circumstances just to get us to make a chase like this."

"It don't look like he would, shore enough," Jonas admitted, scratching his head perplexedly. "But what puzzles me is this, Bob. If thar's any gold here like that old Injun told 'bout, whar is it? That's the question I'd like to have answered, if you please."

"It's a question I can't answer, sure," Bob said, with a shake of his head.

"Still, I think Old Washita was honest, and that the gold is somewhere in this vicinity."

"I wish to gracious I knowed whar 'bout in this vicinity," old Jonas said with a sigh. "I've counted lots on findin' that gold, an' aggered out how how I'd go back 'East to my wife an' children an' make a nice home for 'em; an' now it comes mighty hard to be disappinted an' have all my fignerin' go for nothin'."

"Yes, it's pretty tough," Bob admitted sadly; "but if we can't find the gold we can't help it. We've done our part in searching for it faithfully."

"Yes, an' thar's nothin' more we kin do. Tough as it is to do so, we've got to give up the search an' go back to camp, an' take to work for wages ag'in. Our dream o' wealth is shore knocked out."

"It certainly looks like it."

There followed a long silence, during which Jonas and Bob appeared very thoughtful. The failure to find the great amount of gold Old Washita had

was anything to be found, we'd shorely a-run across it before this."

"Yes, that's true. Still, I hate to give the thing up."

"So do I, Bob. I hate it tarnation bad. You don't know how much I counted on findin' that stuff, an' how I've planned and aggered on how I'd do after I got it. Bob," he said softly, "I've hoped ever since Old Washita died to be able soon to go back home, an' thinkin' 'bout my wife an' children has set me to yearnin' to see 'em, an' now this disappintment is almost killin' it. It jest knocks me all to pieces, an' I'm right now I'd be glad if a streak o' lightning would come down an' kill me."

"Jonas," Bob cried, "don't talk like that. We'll find something yet. Other things will come up for us, and before long our fortune will turn."

"Mine will never turn, Bob. I've give it a fair showin', an' it never turns. I'll die poor, an' I'll never see my wife an' children ag'in. I give it all up."

"But you musn't do it, Jonas," Bob remonstrated, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. "You must keep up courage and hope for the best."

Bob did not feel very sanguine himself, but he was not ready to give up the fight.

Having given up the search for Washita's wealth, Jonas and Bob packed up their "traps" and started slowly back up the slope on their way to the camp over the range. They walked along in silence, too sad to talk. When they had gone a short distance Bob noticed a small opening in the ground at the foot of a large upturned tree. He stepped up close to it to examine it, though for what reason he did not know, when suddenly the earth gave way under his feet, and he shot downward and disappeared from view.

Jonas saw him go and hurried forward, and called after him, but received no reply. Then he peered down in the hole, but could see nothing.

After a minute or so there came to Jonas the noise of a terrible scuffling down below. He called again, but got no answer. The scuffling continued for a little longer, then there was the report of a pistol. Then all was silent.

Five minutes elapsed and Jonas was beginning to grow frantic. Had Bob been killed, or why did he not answer? What was the meaning of the scuffling, and that shot, and the deathlike silence that followed?

Jonas cast about for some means of descending into the hole, but could find none. He thought of the rope that had brought with them and decided to tie one end of it to a tree and let himself down, but then he remembered that Bob carried the rope, and that when he fell he took it down with him.

"What can I do?" he cried aloud, almost wild with anxiety.

Several minutes passed, and Jonas had just resolved to leap down after Bob, when the latter suddenly appeared, not more than ten feet below, and called out:

"Catch the rope, Jonas, and fasten one end to a tree, and come down and see what I've found."

"Are you safe an' sound, Bob?" Jonas asked.

"Safe and sound as a dollar, Jonas," Bob replied, "and rich as Old Washita's his-name."

"Rich?"

"Yes, I've killed a bear and found Old Washita's gold. There's a wagon-load of it. Come down and see for yourself."

It did not take old Jonas many minutes to tie the rope and descend into the hole, which led back into a little cave, where the gold lay in shining heaps just as Old Washita had said.

One look at the precious metal and then Jonas threw his arms around Bob and cried like a child.

"It was the luckiest day of my life," he said, "when I went to nurse you through that sickness."

"An' the luckiest day of both our lives," Bob added, "when we took the old Injun in and cared for him."

Jonas was silent a moment, and then he said earnestly:

"Bob, this looks like a reward for doing right toward our fellow-men, don't it?"

"It does."

There was another long silence, then Jonas said:

"Bob, I'll never again find fault with fortune, if a man does his duty and does it well fortune will smile on him in time."

"I believe that," Bob acquiesced.

"An' now, at last," Jonas went on, "I'll get to see my wife an' children. We're both rich, an' we'll go back east together, an' we'll enjoy life."

"Yes," was all Bob said.

"But that was enough. He was too happy to see Jonas' joy to say more."

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate Their Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Profits in Guineas.

A flock of guineas are about the most profitable poultry that can be kept if they are where they can have unlimited range. The common or pearl guineas are just as good as the albino or white variety, but when cooked their flesh is not so white. In the morning when they are let out of the poultry house they often do not stop longer than to pick up a little of the grain given to the flock, and then they wander off to the field in search of weed seeds and bugs, which they like better than anything that can be given them. They never grow tame, like hens, but the white ones are much more domestic in their habits than the colored ones are.

The white guinea hens lay in the nests with the hens during the whole fore part of the season, but when they get ready to sit, they will steal off and hide their nests and hatch their eggs if they are not watched. Do not let them hatch their eggs, as they are the most careless mothers, and a guinea hen that will raise two chicks out of 20 hatched will be doing pretty well. Hatch them under hens and let the hens raise them, and they develop a great affection for their foster mother, refusing to be weaned during the whole season, but following her faithfully whenever she is out of the poultry house. When first hatched, guineas are exceedingly wild, and unless confined in a place where they cannot get away, they will wander off and perish, leaving the nest very frequently within two or three hours after they are hatched.

Guinea eggs do not take well in market because of their small size, but for house use they are as good as any, and are produced in such abundance and at such little cost that any one



FRIZZLED FOWLS.

On this page this week we show a pair of "frizzled fowls." This term is used because the plumage of these birds has a tendency to curl up, as if the bird had been stroked the wrong way. It also curls up at the ends. This is not true of the tail feathers, though the webs of even these are disconnected

and loose. They are of diverse colors, though the white and black varieties are the most common. The chickens feather slowly, and show a tendency for the curling plumage as soon as it is perceptible. The combs are generally rose, though sometimes single. They breed true to feather, seeming to possess peculiar power to reproduce the

frizzled plumage. In form they are long-bodied, square and plump, with a prominent, wide breast and broad back. The legs are of medium length; the carriage quite sprightly and animated. This fowl is common throughout Southern Asia, Java, Sumatra, the Philippines and Ceylon. It is also found in the West Indies.

Drinking Vessels.

Now we find ourselves in need of many drinking vessels for the young ducks and chickens. Our little partner makes them by putting peg legs in bits of board to form small benches. In the center of each little bench he bores a hole large enough to admit the head of a large bottle. He sets the little bench tightly down over the fruit can he has previously cut off, so it won't be too high for the little chicks to reach into. The bench is not as wide as the can, so there is an inch on either side for the chicks to drink from. Now fill the bottle with water and invert quickly into the hole in the bench. The can fills until the water reaches the neck of the bottle, when it stops until the chicks drink it away, when it fills. For the old hens, we like a jug inverted in a V-shaped trough best; it keeps the water cool. Too much cannot be said against the use of open vessels. If symptoms of diarrhoea appear, use a few drops of carbolic acid in the drinking water and look out for lice. Lack of success in poultry raising is often due to carelessness in supplying plenty of fresh water. Another mistake in duck raising is I think in giving water for bathing. We have the best success when ours only have what they wish to drink. It is disastrous to young ducks to get their backs wet.

A familiar bill in past sessions at Albany makes it a felony for one man to entice away his neighbor's bees. It was introduced in all seriousness, but was killed by a Tammany leader who amended it twice. First, that each bee should wear a collar, and second, that it should have the name and address of its owner stamped on its business end for identification.

Except in the use of better iron and better nails, there has been no particular improvement in horse-shoeing for years. The shape and manner of putting on the shoe remains the same, although there is room for improvement. So far as there is information, the first horse with shoes nailed on belonged to a French king about 1599 years ago.

good cow as he knows her, as well as determine the quality of milk that meets his approval. An easy sum in simple division enables us to state that twenty-four pounds of milk are necessary to make a pound of butter with cows that would receive his endorsement. While the professor was about it he might as well have indicated a better cow than the one selected. We have known of many cows whose annual milk yield did not reach 5,000 pounds that considerably exceeded 250 pounds in butter product.—Am. Dairyman.

Losses of Cows from Exposure.

In the report of the United States department of agriculture for the month of April is a table showing the losses of milk cows the past winter in the various states and territories. It is quite interesting to note the difference in these losses. Much to the surprise, no doubt, of many, the most northern states show the least loss. The following is the percentage rating: Maine, none; New Hampshire, 2; Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, none; New York, 3; New Jersey, 3; Pennsylvania, 6; Delaware, not reported; Maryland, 12; Virginia, 22; North Carolina, 28; South Carolina, 22; Georgia, 9.5; Florida, 13.6; Alabama, 6.3; Mississippi, 6.9; Louisiana, 9.2; Texas, 3.6; Arkansas, 3.7; Tennessee, 3.0; West Virginia, 2.1; Kentucky, 1.6; Ohio, 7; Michigan, 1; Indiana, 7; Illinois, 5; Wisconsin, 3; Minnesota, 3; Iowa, 5; Missouri, 9; Kansas, 1.3; Nebraska, 1.8; South Dakota, 2.3; North Dakota, 2; Montana, 2.1; Wyoming, 2.8; Colorado, 3.4; New Mexico, 2.0; Arizona, 1.2; Utah, 4.6; Nevada, 1.4; Idaho, 1.4; Washington, 1.5; Oregon, 1.2; California, 2.1; Oklahoma, 2.4.

It will be seen, says Kansas Farmer, that Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana lead all other states in winter loss. One would naturally expect from the mildness of the climate in these southern states that the result would be vastly different. We are of the opinion, however, that the real cause of this great percentage of loss lies in the fact that in the southern states the cow is left very largely to shift for herself in the winter months. We know from actual observation that cows in the southern states are neither cared for, sheltered, nor fed with anywhere near the attention and thoroughness that is

CAUSE FOR TITTERS.

Sunday School Was Excited Over an Unusual Occurrence.

When Superintendent Ogden of the big Methodist Episcopal Sunday school tapped his bell for silence he failed to get the usual response. Ripples of excitement, in the form of titterings, whispermings and subdued hilarity pervaded the entire room. The cause was ample to account for everything that happened, however, says a Cape May special. At 12 o'clock, noon, in the parsonage beside the church, Clinton Hand of Millville, and Miss Hannah Kimsey, the very handsome and attractive daughter of William Kimsey, of this city, had been wedded. Bride and groom are members of the Sunday school, and they both took their seats in their respective classes as though nothing unusual had happened. The groom is a member of Pastor Gifford's class, and the genial gentleman performed the ceremony and, of course, could not find it in his heart to rebuke the young men who insisted upon congratulating the happy nuptials. Mrs. Hand, swathed in rosy blushes, sat in her class, the teacher of which, H. C. Thompson, cashier of the local bank, witnessed the nuptials and was one of the first to offer congratulations. When Mr. Ogden came to know what had happened he did not wonder at the excitement.

Low Rates to Colorado.

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with \$2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the Rockies, or enjoy the side trips to the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Good for the Shoes.

Vaseline is highly recommended for use on shoes, instead of any kind of polish. Put it on at night, rubbing it in well; after wearing the shoes a short time in the morning you will be surprised at the polish they will take on. A little lampblack mixed with the vaseline adds somewhat to the polish.

A Fine Harvest.

Awaits Investors in wheat, who buy now, as wheat is at the present price a splendid purchase. The drought of 1894 sent wheat up to \$1.14. Wheat will soon be \$1. You can speculate through the reliable commission house of Thomas & Co., Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Only small margin required. Write to that firm for manual on successful speculation and Daily Market Report. Free.

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THE GOLD LAY IN SHINING HEAPS told about was a great disappointment to them both.

Old Jonas had spent years in the West seeking a fortune, and always luck had been against him. Time and again he had been one of the first to reach a new goldfield and stake off a claim, and while others who came after, struck wealth all around him, his claims invariably turned out worthless. To him it began to look as though fortune had decreed that he should never gain a stake.

Bob was a new hand in gold-hunting, and as yet he had not received very many rebuffs from fortune. Only for a few months had he been in the mountains, and consequently he had not had time to get a taste of the disappointments that had fallen to the lot of Jonas. Still he had come out full of confidence, and even a few months' delay in the accumulation of a fortune was a great disappointment.

Bob, however, was more regretful of their failure this time on old Jonas' account than on his own.

Two or three months before he had been very sick, and old Jonas, seeing that he had no friends near, took care of him as a father would, and nursed him back to health again.

From that time Bob had loved the old man, and had been anxious at all times to do something to repay his kindness.

He knew how much Jonas wanted to return to his wife and children, and when old Washita, who came to them sick and dying, and was taken in and cared for by them, told them of great heaps of gold over on the slope to the west, Bob resolved that for Jonas' sake, more than his own, they would find that gold.

But now they had made the search, and had made it thoroughly, and no gold had rewarded their efforts.

"It was a long time before either spoke, but at last Bob said:

"Jonas, what do you think we had better do next?"

"I hardly know," Jonas replied.

"What's the use? We've gone over the ground time an' ag'in, an' if thar