

A Boy's Day at Home.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Master Bilderback had been home all day, confined to the house and barn by the rain, and excited by the prospects of unlimited fun during the long vacation. He was a blessing to his mother and sister, and his affectionate parent caught her death of cold by running after him in one stocking foot, searching out the tender places in his nature and anatomy with a four and a half slipper. He tied one end of his sister's ball of crocheted cotton to the fly-wheel of the sewing machine and the other around the tail of the cat, and by the time his mother had sewed half way down one of the long seams in Mr. Bilderback's new shirt, all but a few yards of that cotton was a chaotic mass about that fly-wheel and shaft, and the cat was waltzing in and out of the kitchen, sprawling along backward, tall straight as a poker, fur up and eyes aflame, snowing and spitting, and swearing like mad, and Mrs. Bilderback and her daughter climbed upon the table and shrieked till the windows rattled, while Master Bilderback, hid behind the clotheshorse in the kitchen, lay down on his back and laughed a wicked gurgling kind of a laugh. Then he went out and lammed a potato into the nose of the chain pump, and the hired girl went out and pumped, till her arms ached clear down to her heels, and then told Mrs. Bilderback the cistern had sprung a leak and was dry as a bone. And then Mrs. Bilderback, declaring she knew better, went out and turned the wheel till her head swam and she gave up, and Miss Bilderback went out and turned till she cried, and then Master Bilderback, rather than go to the neighbor's for water, went out and fixed the pump and came in to be praised, and was duly praised with the slipper, for he had been watched. He put an old last year's fire-cracker in the kitchen stove; he insured a steady run of strange visitors for about two hours, to the great amazement of his mother and sister, by pinning a placard on the porch step, plainly seen from the street, but invisible from the front door, "Man wanted to drive carriage; \$35 a month and board." Mrs. Bilderback drew a sigh of relief when she heard Mr. B.'s step in the hall, and informed her son that as soon as his father came in he should be duly informed of all that had been going on. A most impressive silence followed this remark, and the trio in the sitting-room listened to Mr. Bilderback's heavy breathing as he divested himself of his wet boots, and prepared to assume his slippers. Master Bilderback's face wore an expression of the deepest concern.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a shout of astonishment and terror, followed by a howl of intense agony, and there was a clattering as of a runaway crockery wagon in the hall. The affrighted family rushed to the door, and beheld Mr. Bilderback cleaving the shadows, with wild gestures and frantic gyrations. "Take it off," he shouted, and made a grab at his own foot, but, missing it, went on with his war-dance. "Water!" he shrieked, and started upstairs, three at a step, and turning, came back in a single stride. "Oh, I'm stabbed!" he cried, and sank to the floor and held his right leg high above his head; then he rose to his feet with a bound and screamed for the boot-jack, and held his foot out toward his terrified family. "Oh, bring me the arnica!" he yelled, and with one despairing effort he reached his slipper and got it off, and with a groan as deep as a well and hollow as a drum, sank into a chair and clasped his foot in both hands. "Look out for the scorpion," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm a dead man."

Master Bilderback was by this time out in the woodshed, rolling in the kindling in an ecstasy of glee, and pausing from time to time to explain to the son of a neighbor, who had dropped in to see if there was any innocent sport going on in which he could share. "Oh, Bill, Bill," he said, "you wouldn't believe; some time to-day, some how or other, a big blue wasp got into the old man's slipper, and when he came home and put it on—oh, Bill, you don't know!"

Master Bilderback's Return to School.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

We remember one day last summer, during the long vacation, when the Hawkeye published a news item stating that a boy named Bilderback had fallen from the seat of a reaping machine, and got cut to pieces, a patient, weary looking, and rather handsome young lady called at the office, and appeared to be very anxious to have that item verified. And when we gave her all possible assurance that everything appearing in that great and good paper, the Hawkeye, was necessarily true, she drew a deep sigh of relief, and said she felt actually thankful she wouldn't have that boy to demoralize the school the next term. And then she smiled sweetly, and thanked us for our assuring words, and went away.

Imagine her dismay, then, about the third or fourth day of the fall term, when a terrific cheering in the yard, about ten minutes before school time, drew her to the window, whence looking down, she saw every last solitary lingering boy in that school district dancing and yelling about Master Bilderback, who was dancing higher and yelling louder than any other boy in the caucus. Her heart sank within her; but she braced up and went down stairs to quiet the bedlam, and in five minutes learned the dreadful truth. Master Bilderback had met with a reaping-machine accident, but the papers had reported it incorrectly. He had climbed into the seat the moment his uncle, on whose farm he was spending the vacation, got down. He prodded one of the horses with a pin in the end of a stick, and made the team run away. The terrified animals ran the machine over twenty stumps, and mashed it to pieces; one of the horses ran against a hedge-stake and was killed, and the other jumped off a bridge and broke a leg; Master Bilderback's uncle, chasing after the flying team, had dashed through

a hornets' nest, and the sociable little insects came out and sat down on him to talk it over, until his head was swelled as big as a ball-keg, and he couldn't open his eyes for a week; a farm-hand who tried to stop the horses by rushing out in front of them, was hit by the tongue of the reaper and knocked into the middle of an Osage orange hedge, where he stuck for three hours. And Master Bilderback, the author of all this calamity, was thrown from his seat at the first stump, and fell on a shock of grain, and wasn't jarred or bruised or scratched a particle. And that night, when his aunt handed his blinded uncle the halter-strap, and held Master Bilderback in front of him to receive merited chastigation, that graceless young wretch seized his aunt around the neck after the first blow, and wheeling her into his place, held her there, drowning her piercing explanations and pleadings in his own tumultuous but deceitful howlings and roarings, until her back looked like a war map, and the exhausted uncle laid down the strap with the remark that he "guessed that would teach him something." And so the teacher, when she saw Master Bilderback at school again, felt weary of life, and sighed to rest her deep in the silent grave—if she could find one that was for rent, and didn't cost more than a quarter's salary.

It being the young man's first day at school that term, he was feeling pretty well, thank you. He had a fight and a half before the bell rang; the half fight being an unsuccessful attempt on his part to pull enough hair out of the back of another boy's head to stuff a mattress, and a highly successful effort on the part of the other boy to claw enough hide off Master Bilderback's nose to make a pair of boots of, at which discouraging stage of the war Master B. drew off his forces, and in a conciliatory spirit informed the audience that he was only in fun. Then, before the opening exercises were half through, three boys in his neighborhood rose up in their seats with bitter walls and began feeling about in their persons for intrusive pins. When the first class filed out to its place, the circling grin told the anxious teacher that Master Bilderback had inked the end of his nose. Then he induced the boy next to him to lean back his head against the wall, just as Master B. did; and when that complainant boy was suddenly called on to rise and recite, he lifted up his voice and wept, for he had pulled a piece of shoemaker's wax, and about two ounces of blackboard slating and plaster out of the wall with his back hair. Then he spread out the tail of another boy's coat on the seat, and piled a little pyramid of buckshot on it; and when the boy stood up to recite, he was waltzed out on the floor—bathed in innocent tears, and protesting his innocence—for throwing shot on the floor, and was told he was growing worse than that Bilderback boy. He tied the ends of a girl's sash around the back of her chair, and when she tried to stand up she was almost jerked out of existence. He was sent out with a boy who was taken with the nose-bleed, and found occasion to mix ink in the water he poured on the sufferer's hands; so that, on his return, the sufferer's appearance created such howls of derision that it started the nose-bleed afresh, and threw the teacher into hysterics. He enticed a gaunt hound into the girls' side of the yard, and clapping a patent clothes-pin on one of its pendant ears, raised the alarm of "mad dog!" and laughed till he choked to see the howling animal rushing around trying to paw the clothes-pin off; while the shrieking girls wrecked themselves in desperate and frequently unsuccessful attempts to climb over an eight foot fence. He put a pinching bug as big as a postage stamp down a boy's back. He got a long slate-pencil crossways in his mouth, and it nearly poked through his cheeks before they could break it and get it out. He tossed a big apple, hard as a rock, out of the third story window at random, and it struck an old lady in the eye as she was walking along admiring the building; and she came up and gave the poor tortured teacher a piece of her mind as long as the dog days. He donned into the water-buck a lot of oracles

There is a popular misconception to the effect that corpulent people are healthy people. In a large percentage of cases this is a mistake. Corpulent people suffer from ill-health just as much, and sometimes more than thin people. Like thin people they suffer from illnesses and disorders that are caused by indigestion and torpidity of the liver. There is a sure and speedy remedy for all of these ailments. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Thousands of corpulent people who need this medicine have failed to take it because of its world-wide reputation as a blood-maker and flesh-builder. They imagine because it has an established reputation for building up the flesh and strengthening emaciated people, that it will make corpulent people more corpulent. This is a misconception. The "Golden Medical Discovery" builds firm, healthy flesh but does not raise the weight above a natural normal figure. Unlike cod liver oil, it builds solid, healthy flesh but tears down and excretes the weak, half-died tissues that constitute corpulency. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all blood and skin diseases. An honest dealer will not offer a worthless substitute for the sake of extra profit.

"I got a cancer on my tongue and had it cut out," writes Peter J. Kroecker, of Inman, McPherson Co., Kans. "I consulted fifteen different physicians without deriving any benefit. At last I turned to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I persisted in its use and my health is better than ever before. Formerly every accident would I received would fester and would not heal. Now, such lacerations heal themselves."

Cure—always. Gripe—never. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for constipation and biliousness. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle cure, and two a mild cathartic. In obstinate cases use the "Discovery" in connection with the "Pellets." Druggists sell them.



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and, that had been brought to take some ink splashes out of the floor, and came within one of poisoning the whole school before they found it out; and, finally, he poked a bean so far up his nose that they thought it was coming out of his eye; and the happy teacher dismissed him, thoroughly frightened for the first time in his eventful life, and he ran like a race-horse all the way home, crying louder at every step, and never stopped to call a name or throw a stone.

MESSAGE TO MEN

Proving that True Honesty and True Philanthropy still Exist.

If any man who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan pursued by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have nothing to sell and therefore want no money, but as I know through my own experience how to sympathize with such sufferers, I am glad to be able to assist any fellow-beings to a cure. I am well aware of the prevalence of quickery, for I myself was deceived and imposed upon until I nearly lost faith in mankind but I rejoice to say that I am now perfectly well and happy once more and am desirous therefore to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you can rely upon being cured and the proud satisfaction of having been of great service to one in need will be sufficient reward for my trouble. Absolute secrecy assured. Send 5c silver to cover postage and address Mr. G. Strong, North Rockland, Mich. 135 p & w.

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TENDERS will be received by the undersigned until Friday, 14th, noon, from all parties wishing to contract for the repairing and fitting of the floor, walls and ceiling, of the Assembly Hall of the Y. M. C. A. building, of this city.

Plans and specifications to be seen at the Association Rooms. Lowest tender not necessarily accepted.

S. N. ROBERTSON,
President.

Jan 11 d&w

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Driving a Cow.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Mr. Forbes is a nervous man, and it is not surprising that when Mrs. Forbes told him the cow had got out of the front gate, he was so startled and annoyed that he made some disjointed allusions to the scene of General Newton's dynamite explosions. When he went out the cow was standing very quietly in the street just in front of the gate, chewing her cud, best navy, and looking as though she were trying to think of something mean to say. Mr. Forbes got around in front of her, raised both his hands above his head, and, extending his arms, waved them slowly up and down, at the same time ejaculating, "Shoo! shoo, there, I say! shoo!" The cow turned her cud over to the other side, and gazed at the apparition in some astonishment, and then began to back away and manoeuvre to get around it. It is a remarkable fact, which we have never heard Prof. Huxley explain, that a cow is perfectly willing to go in any direction save the one in which you attempt to drive her. When the cow began to back, Mr. Forbes slowed up his arms and assumed a more coaxing tone. When the cow started to make a flank movement off to the right, Mr. Forbes kept in front of her by sidling across in the same direction, at the same time raising his voice and accelerating the movement of his arms. When the cow made several cautious diversions and reconnaissances this way and that, Mr. Forbes was compelled to keep up a kind of Chinese cotillon, dancing to and fro across the road, keeping time with his shuffling feet and waving hands, and the children on their way to school gathered in little groups on the sidewalk and viewed the spectacle with great interest, alternately cheering the cow and encouraging Mr. Forbes, as one side or the other would gain a little advantage. When the cow would make a short, determined rush, causing Mr. Forbes to scuttle across the street, in a perfect whirlwind of dust and sticks and a rattling volley of "Hi! hoo-y! shoo, there! hoo-y!" the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded. Once, Mr. Forbes got the cow fairly cornered and headed her right into the gate, but just as the gray light of victory fell upon his uplifted face, Mrs. Forbes and the hired girl came charging out in mad pursuit of a flock of geese that had taken advantage of the open gate to stroll in and have a nip at the house plants on the back porch. Squaking, whooping and screaming, the flying geese and the pursuing column came out like a runaway edition of chaos, and the cow gave a snort of terror and turned short upon Mr. Forbes, who tossed his hands more wildly and shouted more vociferously than ever, and got out of the way with neatness and despatch, just as the cow went by with the swiftness of a golden opportunity or a vagrant thought. Mr. Forbes' blood was up, and he was bound to head off that cow if it was in the power of man. Spurred to intense energy, by the derisive shouts of the children, he bent his head and picked up his flying feet. They got a pretty fair send-off, Mr. Forbes and the cow, and as they swept up the street they could look into each other's eyes and glare defiance while they spurned the dust with flying feet. Mr. Forbes ran until his eyes seemed bursting out of his head and his very soul seemed to be in his legs; the perspiration started out of

every pore; every time he struck the ground with his foot he thought he felt the earth shake, and yet, though he tugged and sweat and strained until all the landscape was yellow before his blood-shot eyes, he couldn't gain a hair's breadth on the shambling, awkward cow that went sprawling and kicking along by his side, filling the soft September air with such a wild, tumultuous, horrible jangling of bells that Forbes made up his mind to throw the bell away the moment he got the cow home. The people on the street stopped and waved their hats and cheered enthusiastically as the procession swept past, ladies leaned out of the window and smiled sweetly on the man and cow alike. Once Forbes stumbled over a crossing and had to take strides twenty-three feet long for the next half block to keep from falling, and he was sure he was split clear up to the chin and would have to button his trousers around his neck forever afterward, but he wouldn't give in to a cow if he died for it. At the next corner the cow turned off down a side street; Forbes shot across the sidewalk for a short cut, and the next instant he went crashing half way through a latticed tree box. A street car driver stopped his car and assisted Mr. Forbes to a sitting posture, leaned him up against a fence and went on with his train. And as Mr. Forbes sat in a dazed kind of way, mechanically rubbing the dust and dirt off his coat and pinning up long mashes and grimy running apertures in his clothes, there came to his ears the distant tinkle tinkle of a far away cow bell, the mellowed sound rising and falling in tender cadences, with a dreamy, swaying melody, as though the bell was somewhere over in the adjoining county, and the cow that wore it was waltzing along over a country road a thousand miles a minute.

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