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J. M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBORO, MD.

THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

I have on hand the following winter goods which I do not want to keep over another season. I do not want to pay insurance on them and I do want the room they occupy. Look the list over and see what

YOU WANT!

	Reg. Price	Red. Price		Reg. Price	Red Price
Men's Boots,	$1 75	$1 50	Men's Pants,	$3 50	$3 00
" "	2 00	1 75	" "	4 25	3 50
" "	2 50	2 25	Wolf Robes,	4 00	3 25
" "	2 75	2 40	" "	6 00	5 00
" "	3 00	2 65	Lap "	3 50	2 75
" "	3 50	2 90	" "	4 00	3 25
" "	3 75	3 25	" "	6 00	5 00
Youth's' Boots,	1 75	1 50	Horse Blankets,	1 40	1 10
Men's Overcoats,	5 00	4 40	" "	1 50	1 25
" "	6 50	5 00	" "	1 60	1 30
" "	7 50	6 00	" "	3 25	2 50
" "	10 00	7 75	" "	4 25	3 40
" Satinet Suits,	5 00	4 00	Bed Comforts,	1 25	1 00
" Cassimere Suits,	8 00	6 50	" "	1 50	1 25
" " "	10 00	8 00	" "	2 00	1 60
" " "	12 00	9 50	" Blankets,	1 00	85
" " "	14 00	11 00	" "	1 75	1 45
" Pants,	1 25	1 00	" "	2 75	2 25
" "	2 00	1 65	" "	3 75	3 00
" "	2 75	2 25			

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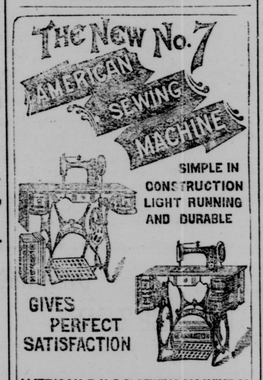

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FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

If thou art sad, let sadness have no place—
Just for this day let laughter hide thy tears.
If thou hast vain regrets and hopes or fears,
Let them be mirror'd not upon thy face;
Smooth out the furrows which cruel Time would trace.
The gentle smile or loving word endears—
It all comes back across the after years
And gives this day its own especial grace.
The season's rapid flight we cannot stay;
Time's unkind, heavy blows we cannot break.
But we can let the hearts that will be gay,
And youthful voices bid new joys awake.
So put thy griefs and sorrows far away—
Not for thyself, but for the children's sake.
—London World.

A BATTLE FOR LOVE.

Their warm personal friendship recalled the story of Damon and Pythias. No two cowboys on the Rio Hondo were better known than were Tony Gardner and Mat Roberts, who rode together on the T X ranch. They had first met five years previous on the old Chisholm trail, coming up from Texas in search of employment; had scoured the ranges of New Mexico together and finally drifted over onto the Rio Hondo, where they secured places as riders on the ranch above named.

For five years they worked the T X cattle together, and the warm friendship which existed between them became a matter of comment on every range for many miles up and down the tortuous valley of the Hondo. They shared each other's blankets at the ranch and on the trail, and with all their property, what was Mat's was Tony's and what was Tony's was Mat's.

Milt Carter, the foreman of the T X ranch, was regarded as the best posted man on stock and ranges in eastern New Mexico. He was the arbiter in every contest, the referee in every dispute. Newcomers sought his advice before making investments, and old ranchers consulted him before closing any deal of more than minor magnitude.

A wind and rainstorm of more than usual violence struck the Hondo and drifted the cattle all over the country. Alarmed by the blinding rain and terrific gale, they ran before the storm, scattering wider and wider over the country in their flight. When the storm subsided, every available rider was ordered into the saddle to round up the fugitive stock.

"Mat, you and Tony ride down the river about 20 miles—down to the mouth of Sand creek—an work back up the valley. Ride all the rincons and work close in the brush all along the river. Bring up all you find of any brand."

In obedience to the foreman's instructions the two swung themselves into the saddle and moved rapidly southward. About noon they reached the mouth of a small stream flowing into the Hondo.

"Reckon this must be Sand creek, Tony. We've rid 20 good miles, an this must be our turnin point. Let's git down an graze our horses an eat some lunch ourselves."

"Isn't that smoke risin over that point down thar, Mat?"

"B'lieve it is. Reckon somebody's camped thar. We'll ride down an see who 'tis."

When they turned the point, but a short distance ahead, they saw a neat ranch house near a group of corrals. Riding up to the door they hailed the inmates, and a neatly dressed woman answered the call.

"Good day, mum."

"Howd'y do, boys? Git down an come in. Dinner's jest about ready, and my husband'll be yar soon. He rode up the gulch a little ways after a beef steer. Jest take yer hosses up thar on that flat, whar thar's good grass."

They soon returned to the house, and as they entered the door paused in evident embarrassment not unmixed with astonishment. A young girl of about 18, pretty as a wild rose, stood with her hands resting on the kitchen table, smiling them a western welcome.

"My daughter, Mary, boys. Ain't neither one o' you told me your names yit."

The information was imparted, and the young girl advanced and shook hands with the two cowboys.

"I'm awful glad to see you, boys," she said. "Ain't many people happens along here now, an it's been a long time since anybody from the T X rode down, 'cept Milt. He draps down now an then."

The boys' embarrassment soon wore off beneath the sociable conversation of the mother and daughter, and they began to feel quite at home. The young girl charmed them, and when she would cast a bright glance at either he could feel its warm influence permeate through the inmost depths of his heart.

Some persons may smile with incredulity at reference to the bashfulness of the cowboy. A bold knight of the saddle and rope may be of a rough, reckless nature, fearless in disposition and "cheeky" among his fellow riders, yet a glance from a woman will cause the blushes to redden his face and fill his soul with confusion. In his wild, rough life it is seldom his eyes fall upon a female face, and he holds the sex in almost sacred veneration. He knows but little of female society, and when thrown in contact with a woman he feels greatly embarrassed.

"Wonder what keeps pop?" the mother said. "See if you can't hurry him up, Mary."

The girl took a Winchester rifle from a rack on the wall, and stepping to the door fired a shot.

It was answered by a shout a quarter of a mile distant, and Bill Rogers, the ranchman, soon appeared driving a steer, which he penned in one of the corrals. Turning his horse out to graze, he entered the house and greeted the boys with a welcoming handshake.

"Glad yer yar, boys," he said, "fur the old woman won't cuss me afore you. Every time I hear that gun crack I know dinner's a-spilin an she's a-chafin under the collar."

"Waal, it's a shame, Bill, an you know it. I've got tired tryin to git up good dinners fur you, jest to have 'em spile on the stove account o' your pokiness."

"Waal, mother, yer bark's wuss'n yer bite. You couldn't git ra'al mad at me if you tried. But you never cuss yer ol dad, do you, Mary?"

The girl put her hand on each of his cheeks and gave him a kiss either of the boys would have given an arm for.

"No, pop, but I git mighty riled sometimes, though. Yet I always excuse you, 'cause I know you don't know no better."

He slapped her playfully, and they all surrounded the table and did full justice to the excellent meal the woman had prepared.

When the boys rode away, they traversed quite a distance in silence. Finally Mat said:

"That gal makes me feel queer in side, Tony. A sort of hankerin feelin, you know. Fust gal I ever seed I thought I'd like to have pack my brand."

"She's a stunner, Mat, dead sure. I war just a thinkin I'd sort o' like to git a matermonial rope on her myself."

"Reckon she wouldn't keer fur either one o' us to come nosin round the home ranch. Reckon she's already got a feller staked out some whar."

"You can't always tell, Mat. Girls is queer critters."

Time passed, and one day Tony was sent down the river to look for saddle horses that had drifted off the range, and on the trip again visited the Rogers ranch. When he returned, he said to his chum:

"I tuk in the ranch down the river again, Mat, an I swar I'm getting stuck on that gal down thar. She war sweeter'n pie, an the ol woman treated me like she'd known me all my life. The gal said the T X allus had such nice fellers workin fur it, an jest as much as tol me she thought a heap o' my company."

Mat said but little. His companion's words did not greet his ears pleasantly, for a very tender feeling toward the little ranch girl had taken possession of the citadel of his own heart. Ere many days the fates seemed to smile on him, for his duties took him to the mouth of Sand creek alone. When he returned Tony asked:

"Whar'd you ride to, Mat?"

"Down to Sand creek and round the neighborhood."

"See the Rogers folks?"

"Course I did. You don't reckon a feller's agoin to peep over the bars into heaven 'thout tryin to climb 'em, do you? Had a slick time down thar."

"Did Mary ax about me?"

"No, never heard her mention nothin 'bout you. Don't reckon she ever thought o' you. I b'lieve she's sort o' stuck on me, fur she said I war the most entertainin feller she'd ever talked to. I axed whose company she liked best 'mong all the fellers she knowed, an she looked down at the floor sort o' blushylike an said it wouldn't be modest to answer that question long as I war thar."

"She never said no sich thing, Mat. She couldn't say it arter talkin honey to me like she did."

"You don't reckon I'd lie 'bout it, do you?"

"A feller kin reckon w'at he pleases 'thout sayin it out loud!"

It was the nearest the friends had ever come to a quarrel, and they stood and looked at each other in no amiable mood. There was a painful silence of a few moments, until Tony said:

"Mebbe she's a cocat, Mat."

"A w'at?"

"A cocat, as they call 'em. One 'o those gals 'at never meets a feller 'thout drawin him on till he gits dead gone on her, an then gives him the royal shake by sayin she war only jokin an didn't think it would come to that. Heartless cocats, they call 'em."

"Mary Rogers isn't no sich sort of a gal, Tony, an I don't want to hear you say so no mo'! She give me honest talk an she meant it."

"She gave me jest as nice talk. W'at's she tryin to rope two critters at one throw fur if she ain't a cocat?"

"She ain't never slung but one rope, an I know who it tightened on. I won't talk to you no mo' till you git a hobble on yer sense."

And he walked away in anger, the bitter feeling toward his friend greatly intensified.

For several days they would speak to each other only on matters connected with their work. Each now regarded the other as a rival, and each believed the other had spoken falsely regarding the attentions paid him by the down river ranch girl. At every opportunity they would separately visit the Rogers ranch, each aware of the other's visits. The girl's name was never mentioned between them, but their eyes, when they met, mirrored the bitter enmity which filled their hearts. One day Mat sat for an hour revolving the matter in his mind and determined to bring it to a focus. Approaching Tony, he said:

"I'm willin to do the squar thing. Let's leave this hull thing to Milt, an do jest as he says. W'at's the sense o' you an me agoin around yar with blood in our eyes, arter bein friends so long? We can't both have the gal, an let's ax Milt to say who shall rope her."

Tony assented to this proposition, and together they sought the foreman.

"Milt, do you know Mary Rogers, down the river?"

"Reckon I do. Knowed her sence she wan't any taller'n a week-old calf."

"Well, it's like this: Me an Tony's both claimin the right to put a brand on her fur life, an we can't settle who has the best show fur ropin the little critter, so we've agreed to leave it all to you, arter you've heard both of us. We"——

"Pull up right thar, Mat," the foreman said. "I can help you settle business matters, an I'm always glad to do it, but you can't rope me into no gal scrape. Settle your own love affairs."

He walked away, leaving the two rivals facing each other in anger.

"No use talkin; this thing's got to be settled," Tony said. "You made a proposition an it wouldn't work. Now, I'll make one. We'll both of us pack our war bags, saddle our hosses an tie 'em to that corral fence. Then we'll go in the corral an fight it out, an the one 'at gits licked fa'r an square'll git on his hoss and pull out fur some other range, leavin the other yar to git the gal."

"Thar ain't nothin crooked 'bout that, an I'll go you," Mat replied. "Let's pack our traps."

Going to their sleeping quarters, they packed their worldly effects in the long sacks used by cowboys in lieu of valises, and which are known in the lingo of the range as "war bags." This task completed, they saddled their horses, tied the bags behind the saddles and secured the animals to the corral fence.

No two pugilists about to battle for a great purse ever faced each other with a more determined look in their eyes than did these quondam friends as they stood ready to begin their desperate battle for love. They shook hands, each reiterated his promise to leave the country if defeated, and the struggle began.

They were evenly matched in size and pugilistic skill, and for fully 20 minutes neither seemed to have gained any noticeable advantage. They fought with the fury of tigers. Blood streamed from each of their faces, for their blows were dealt unsparingly and with the utmost muscular violence.

Round and round the corral they fought, now one prostrate by a blow, now the other. They were both becoming exhausted, and neither felt sure of the victory. Gathering all his remaining strength, Mat dealt Tony a fearful blow between the eyes and felled him like an ox. For a moment the prostrate man seemed stunned, then regained his feet and staggered toward his antagonist. A similar blow, and once again he went violently down.

"I ain't no hog, Mat. Reckon I know w'en I've got enough."

"Do you give it up, Tony?"

"Yes."

"Thar's yer hoss!"

Tony staggered to his horse, and when mounted reached out his hand and said:

"Goodby, Mat. I'm a man o' my word, an I'm agoin to ride. Don't tell her nothin 'bout this. I shan't pack away no hard feelin's to'rd you, an we'll be friends if we ever meet agin."

"Thar's my hand, Tony. I'll allus think well o' you. Goodby and good luck to you."

And Tony rode away to the northward.

It was two weeks before Mat got his battered face in presentable shape to visit the prize which had cost him a desperate battle. He was welcomed by Mrs. Rogers, who noted the scars on his face and the slight discoloration yet remaining about his eyes.

"W'at's the matter o' your face, Mat? Bin a-scrappin with somebody?"

"No; broncho busted me."

As it was no unusual thing for a cowboy to be thrown and injured by a vicious broncho, the woman said nothing more on the subject. Mat sat uneasily for half an hour, bored by Mrs. Rogers' voluble talk, his eyes turning toward the door at every sound. Finally he asked:

"Whar's Mary?"

"Gone to Roswell. Didn't you hear?"

"No. Hear w'at?"

"Gone to git married. Pop went along."

"Married!" he gasped. "Who to?"

"Milt Carter, of course. You see, they've bin engaged a long time, an we all thought it war best to git the thing over with before the fall round-up begins. They're goin to live at the T X till Milt puts up a house on his claim down the river."

Mat didn't even pause to say goodby. Rushing from the house, he sprang into the saddle, rode hurriedly back to the T X and packed his war bag. At daybreak the next morning he took the trail leading to the northward.

Day after day he rode, tracing his partner from ranch to ranch. At last, away up in the Conchas river, he found him riding for the Bell Cattle company.

"Good God, Mat, ar that you?"

"It's sure me, Tony. Same ol chums, ain't we, Tony?"

"Sure. But—but—Mary?"

"Went an married Milt afore I could coil my rope an git a throw at her. She war one o' them cocats, Tony."

"Yes?"

"Yes, a darned cocat."—Jack Crawford in Frank Leslie's.

How Cultivation Affects Trees.

There is a vast difference between the trees which grow in lowland valleys and those of the wilder growth of the hills. There is more perfect and symmetrical luxuriance in the growth and development of cultivated trees than in the naturally developed trees of the forest, which shows that well fertilized soil is necessary to perfect forms of beauty. The trees of parks and avenues are rarely rivaled in growth and symmetry by their country relations.

Education forms and beautifies the human organism, and cultivation in rich soil completes the development of trees in a higher and more graceful scale than is attained by trees that depend for their nourishment upon the decayed matter falling from their own branches and the ammoniated matter gathered in the atmosphere, and which descends in the rain and snow of the changing seasons.—Boston Transcript.

Fashions In Disease.

There are fashions in maladies as well as in dress, and frequently the maladies are as little new as the "latest novelty" in dress, only they are both new to our attention, and therefore of special importance. We are inclined to think that in the matter of disease "nerves" are especially absorbing attention at the present and are considered quite a feature at the present age. We ourselves are inclined to think that modern nerves are very much like their older brethren. We have only to open the pages of the lighter literature of less than a century ago to read, with a mixture of amusement and contempt, of the "vapors," "swoons" and "sobbings" of the female element of society and of the nervous irritability of the stronger sex.

Under the light of our present knowledge we trace the prevalence of neurotic and hysterical conditions quite unconsciously placed before us and treated very much as a matter of course. Bearing in mind that we live in an age of pressure and hurry, that nervous tendencies are detected and classified in an unhesitating and relentless fashion, quite unknown when "vapors" and "swooning" seemed to have the correct characteristics of "truly ladylike beings," and the broken head of a postboy was but a mild indication of irritation on the part of young men, we consider that modern minds may with reason abate some of their "nervous" fears as to the degeneracy of the age.—London Hospital.

The Subject of the Nude.

Ideas, if they are to be expressed in graphic or plastic art, must be incarnated, and the human figure is the one great medium of expression for abstract ideas in the arts. That the figure should be nude if it is to express great and simple ideas seems almost natural. As Adam and Eve "were naked and were not ashamed," so the gods and heroes of all people have been the glorified natural man—clothes were an impertinence to Jupiter or Apollo. If one figures a human incarnation of some great idea—force or love or glory or beauty—it seems natural that the artificial trappings of civilization should be discarded, and one does not see what costume could have to do with Michael Angelo's "Night" and "Morning." Truth is always "naked," and the golden age had no need of clothes.

In this sort of work drapery may indeed be used, but for ornament, not for covering. In ideal art the functions of drapery are to give mass and dignity to what might otherwise be divided, to contrast multiplicity and intricacy of small folds with the broader forms of the naked body, to give variety of color to a composition that would otherwise be monotonous. Michael Angelo was, above all, a master of the nude, but in his earlier work he uses drapery magnificently for these ends.—Kenyon Cox in Scribner's.

Felling Trees by Steam.

England comes to the front with a new invention of value. A Chelsea manufacturer has brought out an improved form of steam tree felling and crosscutting machine. Since the original patent was taken out for these machines a number have been sent to all parts of the world. They are mounted upon a strong axle, supported on a pair of wheels of such a diameter as to enable the saw to cut through a tree at a height of about three feet from the ground. This skeleton carriage is fitted with a pair of shafts, which renders it readily transportable through the forest.

After the tree is felled the entire machine can be partially rotated upon its axis so that by simply turning a hand wheel the saw can be set to cut in a vertical direction, or at any angle between the horizontal and vertical position. It generally happens, when a large tree falls, that it does not lie flat, as its branches holds the upper part of the trunk off the ground, and so, in order to crosscut trees lying in such positions, it is necessary to incline the saw somewhat from a direct vertical line, which is readily done by the adjustment.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Butler's Bravery.

Colonel Charles L. Fuller of State street has often testified to his friends of the great esteem in which he held General Butler as a soldier. That General Butler was physically a very brave man is affirmed by Colonel Fuller, who was in the general's command during the war.

During a reconnoisance of the enemy's position one morning the general with some followers was cornered by a body of Confederate troops. To escape it was necessary for the general's force to travel across a piece of open country which was swept by the hostile guns. Every officer dismounted or crouched low on his horse's back, but General Butler alone rode calmly across the open erect on his horse and scowling complacently at the firing troops. He was almost the last to secure a place of safety.—Boston Globe.

Japanese Work In America.

In the far north the Indian totem poles are in some cases of Japanese workmanship and design, with here and there a Japanese letter, and many are of Japanese national colors. The images show the same leaning, all pointing either to Chinese or Japanese.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Corn Crop.

Last season's corn crop, which was short, averaged in yield per acre, according to the government report, 23.1 bushels. Its area is considerably reduced, the reduction being heavy in the corn producing region, though offset in part by increase in the Atlantic states and throughout the entire cotton belt.

Thinking of the Athletic Girl.

It is a conundrum how young women who ride bicycles can follow that amusement and still be fashionable in dress.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

SECRET OF GLADSTONE'S ORATORY.

Talks Straight at the People and Is Not Afraid of Being Commonplace.

It is difficult to read one of Mr. Gladstone's nonpolitical addresses without asking wherein is to be found the secret of the charm exercised by his oratory over all classes. There is no gorgeous rhetoric, no melody of words, no spice of epigram. Again, there is no attempt to show learning, there is no special depth of thought, and there is no great newness of view or originality of conception.

All these powers of the mind Mr. Gladstone possesses in a high degree, but unquestionably he does not let them be seen in his popular addresses to large, mixed audiences. They contain plenty of good sense and good feeling adequately expressed, but to say more of them, judged on the surface, would be impossible. How is it, then, that they are so successful and please so much more than the efforts of men who pack their speeches with the best things in the best language?

We believe that the answer is to be found in the fact that Mr. Gladstone has realized exactly the intellectual capabilities of popular audiences, and so manages to make every shot tell. Burke praised one of the statesmen of his day, we believe it was George Grenville, for always being able to "hit the house between wind and water." This is what Mr. Gladstone does; he never wastes shot on the decks or rigging, but pegs away at the place where he can do most execution. But to hit this place among the majority of mankind an orator must not try to be too wise or too witty, and he must never be the least afraid of being commonplace, of moralizing, or of stating things which are supposed to be known to every schoolboy.

Half the things said by Mr. Gladstone last Saturday are things which many men would not have dared to say for fear of being told they had nothing new to say. Mr. Gladstone has the art of being not only indifferent to such considerations, but, what is more, of being able to become genuinely enthusiastic over his review of what is commonplace and well known.—London Spectator.

Best Way to Clean Brass.

Brass, to be kept in proper order, should be cleaned at least once a week, while it is the custom in households with well trained domestics to have brass andirons, fenders and other fireplace furniture given a light rubbing every day. In cleaning brass it must first be relieved of all canker and other spots to which the metal is subject from contact with acids, exposure to water or other causes. An application of alcohol, spirits of turpentine, benzine or kerosene will generally remove all ordinary spots on brass unless very old spots, the metal in some cases seeming so perfectly to absorb foreign substances that the removing of them amounts to almost an impossibility.

Spots removed, there is no more certain cleansing and polishing application for brass than rotten stone and oil. Rotten stone usually comes in lumps. Before using for polishing brass it must be reduced to powder, and in this state it quickly dissolves to a smooth consistency when mixed with olive oil. A thin paste of the preparation should be rubbed lightly on the metal, and when perfectly dry it should be rubbed off vigorously with a flannel cloth, the finishing polish being given with the powder dry and subsequent rubbing with a clean flannel cloth or chamois skin.—Exchange.

Are the Andes Sinking?

The startling announcement is made that the whole range of the Andes is slowly sinking into the earth's crust. As proof of this La Gazette Geographique says that Quito was 9,596 feet above the level of the sea in the year 1745; in 1800 it was only 9,570; in 1831, 9,567, having sunk 26 feet in the 55 years following 1745, and but 3 feet during the 31 years which intervened between 1800 and 1831.

In 1868 the city's level had been reduced to 9,520 feet above the level of the Pacific ocean. To sum up the total, we find that Ecuador's capital has sunk 76 feet in 122 years. Antisana's farm, the highest inhabited spot on the Andes (4,000 feet higher than Quito itself, which is the highest real city on the globe), is said by the same authority to be 218 feet lower than it was in 1745.

The Opening In the Tomb.

The perforation of the tomb was almost certainly intended as a door of exit for spirits. Even in later times, when the dead were burned, holes were often bored or knocked in the urns that contained the ashes for the same purpose. Some cinerary urns have been found with little windows, as it were, made in them, and a piece of glass placed over the hole.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Great Compliment.

An author had a great compliment paid him the other day, or rather night. A burglar broke into his house, and found the MS. of a novel, which he took, leaving the following note:

"SIR—I began to read your novel, and I was so deeply interested in it that I was obliged to carry it away, but it will be faithfully returned when finished."

The MS. was duly returned, with a really clever critique on it.—London Tit-Bits.

A Startling Rumor.

It has been said—but surely it cannot be true—that certain young men have actually been paid for their attentions to girls who would otherwise be partnerless at the big balls.—New York Tribune.

The Bunch sweet potato, one of the newer varieties, originated in Mississippi. It is claimed that it combines all the better qualities of the best yams, without being so large and coarse.