

EARTH BOUND.

Seek who will for stary love,
 Mysteries of the milky way,
 O'er the secret spectrum pose,
 Gathered from the distant ray.
 Of the sky:
 Give me what the grasses say
 Whispering down the summer day.
 Search who lists the unfathomed deep
 Far below the laughing waves,
 Wistful what the ages keep
 Safely hid on ocean caves.
 Naught I care
 What they bear;
 Tell me what the bubbles hymn,
 Dancing on the billow's brim.
 Turn who longs the dusty scroll,
 Record of a vanished age,
 Seek what fired the hero's soul,
 Nerved his arm or quilled his rage.
 What I prize
 Never lies;
 Give me but the faithful chart
 Of my comrade's loving heart.
 Samuel McInturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

THE CORNET PLAYER.

"Don Basilio, play us a tune on the cornet, and we will dance. It is cool here under the trees."
 "Yes, yes, Don Basilio, play something."
 "Bring him the cornet Joaquin is practicing with."
 "It is not a very good one, but you'll play for us, will you not, Don Basilio?"
 "No."
 "You won't?"
 "No."
 "But why?"
 "Because I don't know how."
 "He doesn't know how! Did you ever see such a hypocrite?"
 "Come, come, Don Basilio. Why, we know you've been leader of a military band."
 "And that nobody could play the cornet like yourself."
 "And that you have a pension from the government."
 "Well, yes, it's the truth. I have been a musician in my time, and the cornet was the instrument I played. But it is also true that years ago I gave my cornet away to a poor player in need of one and since that time have not so much as hummed a tune."
 "What a pity!"
 "Oh, but this afternoon you must play for us."
 "Remember it is my birthday, grand-papa."
 "And here is the cornet at last."
 "Now let's have a pretty tune."
 "A waltz!"
 "No, a polka!"
 "No, no; a fandango, a fandango—our national dance."
 "Don't bother me, children. Have I not said that I cannot play?"
 "But why can't you?"
 "Because I've forgotten the way, and because, moreover, I have vowed never to learn again."
 "To whom did you make this vow, father?"
 "To myself, to a dead friend and to your poor mother, my daughter."
 All the bright, childish faces grew sad upon hearing these words.
 "Oh, if you only knew at what cost I learned to play the cornet!" continued the old man.
 "The story! The story!" exclaimed the children. "Tell us the story."
 "Well, yes," said Don Basilio, "it is really a story worth telling. Listen, and you shall judge for yourselves whether I can or cannot play for you today."
 And seating himself under a tree, surrounded by the wondering children, he told them the story of how he learned to play the cornet. Let us listen to Don Basilio:
 * * * * *
 It is now 17 years ago that our beloved Spain was shaken by civil war. Carlos and Isabel disputed the crown, and our countrymen, divided in two factions, shed their blood in fratricidal conflict.
 I had in those days a friend named Ramon Gomez, cavalry lieutenant in the same battalion, one of the best hearted fellows I have ever known. We were educated together; together we left college; together had we passed many happy days, and together we were ready to die for liberty. Oh, I can truly say that he was more attached to the liberal cause than any of us, and his loyalty was never questioned. Yet, even so, a certain injustice committed by our chief, one of those abuses of authority that wreck the most honorable career, made the cavalry lieutenant desert the ranks of his fellow soldiers, the friend leave his friend, the liberal abandon his cause for that of a hated faction, the subordinate desire to kill his superior officer.
 Neither my warnings nor my entreaties availed to dissuade him from this rash step. It was a thing decided. He would change the helmet for the cap, despising as he did the rebels and their cause.
 At that time we found ourselves in the principality of —, three miles from the enemy. It was the night in which Ramon was to desert—a cheerless evening, cold and wet, on the eve of a battle. At midnight Ramon entered my tent. I was asleep.
 "Basilio," he whispered in my ear.
 "Who's there?" I asked, waking with a start.
 "It is I, Goodby."
 "You are going already?"
 "Yes, Goodby." And he grasped my hand. "Listen," he continued, "if tomorrow there is a great battle, as is the rumor, and we come face to face in it—"
 "I know, I know," I interrupted.
 "We are friends."

"Good. We clasp hands and fight afterward. I shall die tomorrow surely, but not until I have fought my way to the side of the lieutenant colonel. As for you, Basilio, do not expose yourself. Glory is but a vapor."
 "And life?"
 "Well said. Make yourself a commandant. The pay is not ethereal—that is, not all one has smoked it away. Ah, but all that has now ended for me."
 "What melancholy thoughts!" I cried, not without a sinking at the heart. "Tomorrow we shall survive the battle."
 "Well, if this be so, let us now appoint a meeting place."
 "Where?"
 "In the hermitage of St. Nicholas at 1 o'clock tomorrow night. He who is not there by that time shall be given up for dead by the other. Is it agreed?"
 "Agreed."
 "Well, then, goodby."
 "Goodby."
 We embraced affectionately and parted, Ramon disappearing under shelter of the darkness.
 * * * * *
 As we had expected, the rebels attacked us the following day. The action was a bloody one and lasted from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until nightfall. About 5 o'clock my battalion was roughly set upon by a party of Alaveses led by Ramon. He then wore the uniform and decorations of a commandant and on his head was the white cap of the Carlists. I ordered my company to fire upon Ramon's forces. He retaliated, and soon our battalions were engaged in a hand to hand struggle. We were victorious, and Ramon was forced to retreat with the scattered remnants of his band, not, however, before he had slain with his own hand our lieutenant colonel, who opposed a desperate but vain resistance to the fury of his antagonist.
 Toward sunset the fortunes of war turned against us and part of my unfortunate company was, with myself, cut off from the main body and forced to surrender. I was taken prisoner to the little village of —, which the Carlists then occupied, and as the war was without quarter on their side I expected to be immediately put to death.
 While confined, disheartened and weary, in the village jail I heard the hour of 1 ring out, the time for my meeting with Ramon. I asked for my friend and was told, "He is a hero—killed a lieutenant colonel with his own hand—but he must undoubtedly have perished in the last hours of the battle."
 "Why do you think so?" I asked.
 "Because he has not yet come back to camp and those he commanded can give no account of him."
 Oh, what I suffered that night! But one hope remained to comfort me—that Ramon was still awaiting me at the hermitage and for this reason had not returned. "How troubled he will be when he finds I do not come!" I said to myself. "He will believe me dead, and, indeed, am I very far from being so? My last hour cannot now be far distant." At daybreak a chaplain entered the prison. My companions in misery were sleeping.
 "Death?" I exclaimed upon seeing the priest.
 "Yes," he replied softly.
 "Now?" I asked.
 "No; within three hours."
 A few minutes later my fellow prisoners had awakened. Sobs, cries and blasphemies filled the prison.
 Every man about to die usually has one idea that is ever present in his thoughts and to which he clings. So it was with me, and weakness, fever, or madness, I know not which, filled my mind with thoughts of my friend—of Ramon living, of Ramon dead, of Ramon waiting for me in the hermitage, of Ramon waiting for me in heaven—and so powerfully had these ideas taken possession of my mind that I thought of nothing else during those hours of agony.
 They took off my captain's uniform and wrapped me in an old soldier's cloak, placing upon my head the Carlist cap. Thus I marched to my death with my 19 companions in misery. One only had been pardoned, and this because he was a musician. The Carlists at that time spared the lives of all musicians on account of there being a great scarcity of them in their battalions.
 "And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Did you save yourself by that?" exclaimed his hearers with one breath.
 "No, my children," responded the veteran. "I then knew nothing of music."
 Well, the execution squad drew up in line and we were placed facing it. I was No. 11 in the row—that is to say, I should be the eleventh to die. Then I thought of my wife and my child—of you and your poor mother, my daughter!
 The firing began. Those awful death volleys maddened me. As my eyes were bandaged I could not see my companions fall one by one. I wished to count the discharges so as to be able to prepare myself for the last moment, but at the third or fourth volley I lost count. Oh, the echo of those shots will reverberate in my heart and brain forever as they rang out that fatal day! At one moment they were a thousand leagues away; the next, their thunder seemed to peal within my very ear. And the volley continued.
 "Now!" I thought. The sharp report followed, and I was still alive.
 "This will be it!" I said, and then I felt myself seized by the shoulder and dragged out of the ranks, while voices sounded in my ears. I fell unconscious to the ground, the last thought that passed through my mind being that I

had been shot and was dying.
 Afterward it seemed to me that I was lying stretched on my prison cot. I half raised myself and looked around me, trying to pierce the darkness with my eyes. A shadow more obscure than the others appeared to detach itself and bend over me. It had the outline of a man. My lips murmured mechanically the name of him who had been so much in my thoughts.
 "Ramon!"
 "What is it?" replied the shadow.
 I shuddered. "My God!" I exclaimed. "Can I be in the other world?"
 "No," replied the same voice.
 "Ramon, you still live?"
 "Yes."
 "And I?"
 "Also."
 "Where am I? This is not the hermitage of St. Nicholas and I still a prisoner, or has it all been a dream?"
 "No, Basilio, you have not been dreaming. Listen:
 "As you know, yesterday I killed the lieutenant colonel in fair fight. Afterward, mad with the excitement of the battle, I went on fighting desperately until the close of the action. Then, as the moon rose, I thought of you and of our appointment, and directed my steps to the old hermitage, with the intention of awaiting you there. It was about 10 o'clock when I arrived; so, as the hour agreed upon was 1, I lay down to sleep. At the stroke of 1, I awoke with a start to find myself alone. Two, three, four, the hours rang out, and still you did not come. Without doubt, I said to myself, he is dead, and with a heavy heart I set out at daybreak for the rebel camp. All had given me up for lost, so I was received with joy and the general showered distinction upon me.
 "Afterward I learned that some prisoners were to be executed that morning. A presentiment filled my mind. 'Can Basilio be among them?' I thought. I ran toward the place of execution. The soldiers of the firing squad had already taken their position. I heard the report of the rifles as they rang out in volleys on the still morning air. At length I reached the scene and threw my eyes rapidly along the line of victims, but can see nothing. Anguish blinds me; fear unnerves me. At length I distinguish you but two places removed from that of death! What is to be done? I go mad, give a shout, break through the line of soldiers, and rush to your side, and, flinging my arms around you, exclaim hoarsely:
 "This one, no! This one, no, my general!"
 "The general who was in charge of the execution and who knew me so favorably by my behavior in the previous day's battle asked curiously:
 "Why? Is he a musician?"
 "That word was for me what it would be for a man born blind to suddenly see the sun in all its splendor. The light of hope fell on my eyes and dazzled them.
 "Musician! I cried. 'Yes, yes, my general. A musician, a great musician!'
 "What instrument does he play?" inquired the general.
 "The—er—that is—why, of course, the cornet! He plays the cornet!"
 "Are we in need of a cornet player?" said he, turning to the leader of the band. Five seconds, five eternities, before the answer came:
 "Yes, general; one is needed."
 "Well, then," continued the general, "remove that man from the ranks and let the executions proceed at once."
 "Then I caught you in my arms and brought you here."
 Scarcely had Ramon ceased speaking when I awoke, trembling, and between

laughter and tears embraced him, saying:
 "I owe my life to you."
 "Hardly that," replied Ramon.
 "What do you mean?" I exclaimed.
 "Can you play the cornet?" he asked.
 "No."
 "Then you do not owe me your life; rather it is that I have compromised my own safety without securing yours." I felt my heart grow cold within me.
 "And music, he continued, "do you know anything of that?"
 "Very little. You will remember what they taught us in college."
 "Little, indeed, or, better said, nothing," replied Ramon. "You will die, without the slightest doubt, and I also as a traitor. Just think of it! In 15 days the land to which you belong is to be organized."
 "Fifteen days!"
 "Neither more nor less. And as you will not be able to take your place in it (for God will not work a miracle) we shall both be shot."
 "To put you to death!" I cried.
 "You, for my sake; for me, whom you have asked your life to save! Ah, heaven will not permit it. Within 15 days I shall learn to play the cornet!"
 Ramon burst into a laugh.
 "What more shall I say, my children? In 15 days—oh, power of the human will—in 15 days, with their 15 nights—for I slept no more than nature compelled in half a month—in 15 days I had learned to play the cornet.
 "What days those were! Ramon and I left camp early each morning and passed hours with a musician who came from a neighboring village to teach me.
 "Escape! I can read this thought in your eyes. Ah, nothing more impossible. I was a prisoner. They never relaxed their vigilance, and Ramon did not wish to escape without me.
 "It seems to me now as if in all that time I could neither eat nor sleep nor think of aught save my cornet. I was insane, and music was my monomania.
 "I was resolved to learn, and I did. And if I had been dumb I should have spoken; and paralytic, I should have walked; and blind, should have seen—because I willed it.
 "Oh, the will answers for all. Resolution is power. Children, learn this great truth—to will is to achieve.
 "I saved thus my life and that of my friend. But I went mad, and my madness was the art I had learned. It might be said that in three years the cornet never left my hand. Do re mi fa sol la si—behold my world during that time.
 "But Ramon did not abandon me. Together we emigrated to France, and there I continued my playing. The cornet was myself—it seemed to ring in my mouth. The people, the notabilities

in the art, all gathered to hear me. It was a wonder, a marvel. The cornet seemed to yield to my fingers; it became elastic; it moaned; it wept; it cried aloud; it imitated the birds, the wild beasts, the human sob—
 Thus passed two years more. At the end of that time Ramon died. Gazing upon my friend's dead body, I recovered my reason, and when, then in my right mind, I one day took up the cornet and tried to play, I found to my astonishment that the power had left me.
 Will you now ask me to play a tune for your dance?—From the Spanish in Chicago Tribune.
 An Excellent Vegetable.
 Young bamboo sticks make an excellent vegetable, particularly with the sauce generally given with asparagus.—Washington Post.
 A Mystery of the Law.
 In a case not 1,000 miles from Fort Worth, after a killer was acquitted, the wife of the victim brought a suit against him and was promptly awarded a considerable sum by way of damages. The verdict was upheld by the supreme court. The criminal law said the slayer was innocent. The civil law said he was guilty. If the latter was wrong, he was robbed of his sustenance by the law, with the connivance of the supreme court.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.
 An Insect's Anchor.
 The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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The full intensity of living is reached only by the perfectly healthy. Sickness discounts the capacity for enjoyment. When a piano is badly out of tune, the noises that come from it are certainly not musical. They are only a little bit out of tune, you can play some few things on it. You can create a semblance of music, but you cannot make really beautiful, satisfying, soul-stirring music, unless every string is tense and firm, unless every piece of the whole instrument is in perfect tune, in perfect condition, in perfect harmony with every other piece.
 It is the same with a human being. If his body is all out of order and run-down, he will not be able to enjoy anything, no matter how full of enjoyment it may be for other people. If he is just a little bit out of order, if he is not sick, but doesn't feel just right, he will only be able to enjoy things in a half-hearted sort of way. The nearer he is to being perfectly well, the nearer will his capacity for enjoyment be perfect. To really live, and to take his part in the work and pleasure of the world, his body must be in perfect condition. If this condition doesn't exist, something is wrong and something ought to be done. That something nine cases in ten means the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works directly on the digestive organs, and on the blood and through these on every tissue of the whole body. It makes the appetite good, the digestion perfect and nutrition rapid and easy. It supplies rich, red blood to all the tissues and builds up solid, healthful flesh. It brings perfect health and restores vigorous, springy vitality. It makes every function in life a pleasure instead of a drag. It is an invigorating tonic as well as the greatest blood-purifier of the age. You can get it at any drug store. If you care to know more about it, and about your own physical make-up, send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only and receive absolutely free a copy of Dr. Pierce's celebrated book, "Common Sense Medical Adviser"—1008 pages, profusely illustrated. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.