THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Real Meaning of the Familiar Phrase "Only One Per Cent."

THE ROMANCE OF A QUEER CHARACTER.

Many Peculiarities Explained After His Death—Various Reasons for Businesseff's Admiration for Himself.

Bad debts are inevitable wherever business is conducted upon the credit system, says the American Grocer. That system may, in time, be overthrown in the retail trade, but the chances are that it will exist long after the present readers of trade journals are dead. There are many points in its favor, but the one which finds expression at the head of this article must not be considered. Yet there are thousands of retailers who are contented with their system of credits because losses from bad debts "are only 1 per cent." We are frequently asked if this is too large, and unhesitatingly reply—Yes! It is fully one-eighth of the net profit of a well conducted retail business, and is a burdensome tax upon the earnings. Many are contented so long as the year's showing indicates no greater loss, congratulating themselves that only $1 out of every $100 credited is lost. If retailers would figure the per cent of loss on the net earnings rather than on the volume of credits, they would find that their loss of "only 1 per cent" has increased to 10 or 15 per cent of the reward of their year's labor.

Take, for instance, a business of $30,000 per annum, with gross profits equivalent to 16 per cent on the cost of the goods. This would result in a net profit of about $2,000, provided store expenses were not over 8 per cent. A loss of "only 1 per cent" means 15 per cent of the net profit. Is not this, then, a serious matter?

In our conversation with tradesmen we hear frequent complaints about the amount tied up in credits. All mention a class who, to give one dealer's expression, "pay $5 on account and trade $10." There is a fear which almost amounts to commercial cowardice, that if such an account is checked or stopped it involves a loss of the entire credit. Rather than take that risk, Tom, Dick and Harry are permitted to trade and pay on account, doing it in a manner that keeps the balances steadily growing larger. It is the exception when such an account is desirable. Sooner or later the most of such customers leave the retailer in the lurch. As a general rule no such credit should be extended, unless to a party of responsibility and holding title to real estate.

Know your customers thoroughly before extending an account, and, far better, find out all about them before granting credit. Render bills promptly and make it the rule that all accounts shall be settled at least once a month, and in case of delay close the account. Better lose a few customers through being over careful than to pass to profit and loss a considerable sum. A credit business should be kept as close as possible to the line of sharp cash. Cater to the good payers and weed out the slow and risky patrons. Do not hesitate through fear of giving offense. Money is a tool, and if tied up in accounts lessens the efficiency of the merchant, robs him of opportunities for bargains and desirable purchases, lessens his powers of expansion, robs him of confidence in himself, sets him to shunning and making excuses with his creditors. That is a great deal of mischief for only "1 per cent" to accomplish, and excuse enough for our opinion that such an annual leak is too great for the permanency of a well regulated retail store.

"To My Own Estate."

He was the queerest specimen I ever met in all the years I have traveled, and as impervious to influences that effect ordinary humanity as a duck's coat is to water, said a knight of the road in speaking of the recent death of a fellow drummer. Murders and accidents occurred; great calamities startled the world and yet he was not shaken; that which excited most men produced no perceptible effect on him. He was of good habits and friendly with all he met; yes, he formed no close friendships and no man was the recipient of his close secrets. He changed houses often and very frequently I found him not only with a new house but an entirely new line of goods. It was not incapacity that led to these frequent changes, for he was the very contrary of incompetency. It may have been that with him, variety was the curtain that shut out memories of long ago. His eyes seemed open to all the beauties of nature and the noble things of life; yet he saw with the sight of the sonambulist, and no deep impressions were made by the beautiful and grand. He might have been likened to the flint found on the sea shore, showing no marks of the violence that has met its course and determined its place in the world.

This man who was always changing seemed unchangable himself. Never grave or gay, never shedding a tear or vent to mirth, never enthusiastic or excited, his acquaintances pronounced him "queer," and often wondered "what manner of man is this." Finally, in a faraway southern city he sickened and died—died very much as he had lived. There was no raging delirium or agony of pain, simply a fading of faculty after faculty, until strange hands folded his across his breast and strange men invoiced his effects. A life insurance policy was found made payable to "my own estate," and when to this was added a little lock of nut-brown hair and a bundle of oft-read and time-yellowed love letters, the inventory was complete and the life secret of this "queer" traveling man has been eloquently told.

The Journal of Ivan Businesseff.

December 4—Yesterday at 1 o'clock I left Podunk, the metropolis, and came here into the country for my vacation. The ride in the cars was incontestably desirable, but inexcusably tiresome. It is strange the country is always so far from the city. It would be much better to have the cities built in the country, so one would not have so far to go.

I am stopping with a farmer—an honest man and well-to-do. The house has but one story, small with a large and ill-kept garden. Cows and horses are in the barn. A road runs past the house in the front.

I have been amusing myself by talking to the people who go along the road. One very tall, raw-boned fellow had a queer looking thing on his head. What should have been the rim was broad and irregularly drooplyg in different parts, and what was in the place of a crown was pointed at the top. It was made of straw and I sang out, "Where did you get that hat?" But the fellow looked at me sullenly and stalked along in silence, never saying a word.

There was another arrival a little while ago—a dude from Philadelphia. He brought a rod and a fish basket with him and he wears glasses. He is said to be stupid, but he converses on two subject, the opera and the dress. He don't know much about business affairs.

I promised myself I would be silent on this subject, fearing to embarrass him. But at dinner I forgot myself. I had my new tennis blazer on and I felt particularly well. I spoke about the recent rise in stocks, the flurry in Wall street, the break in the west bound freights, and the prospective earnings of the railroads for the year. I mentioned the success of the English syndicates in buying up good American industries, the wonderful profits of the telephone companies, and outlined in a few choice sentences the course of our South American trade during the past few years. I touched upon the importance of reciprocity with Canada and the desirability of ocean cables in the Pacific, the same as now exist in the Atlantic. I gave the figures of our exports of petroleum to China and Japan, and incidentally praised the Standard oil company as being an unmixed blessing to humanity in general and to the people of the far east in particular. In answer to a question put to me by the local doctor, who happened to stop here today, I said I thought boys of the present day knew a great deal more than the men of a previous generation. He looked as though he would have argued the point with me, but I did not propose to give him any advantage, and so I continued without pause. I explained why agriculture does not pay as well as it did formerly, and showed why the cities are gaining in population at a much more rapid rate than the country districts. In a similar manner I demonstrated the principles of life insurance and endowments and pointed out the difference between local savings banks and national building associations.

All were charmed with my talk and listened most attentively. The honest old farmer, who sat at the table in his shirt sleeves, made heroic efforts to conceal his pride in me and his admiration for my blazer, which is more showy than any garments he ever wore. His wife cried out that I was astonishing and that there was nothing in the world of which I could not speak and no subject of conversation where I was not at my ease, and so young, too—only a little past fifteen years, and only in business a short time.

When she had said this I felt the greatest admiration for myself.

Prominent clergymen, physicians and all classes of citizens are unanimous in the endorsement of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure of rheumatism.

No greater guarantee of the excellence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup could be furnished than that it is recommended by all the leading druggists.

A DANGEROUS TRIO.

Their Arrest Prevents a Wholesale Raid on Omaha Safes.

Frank Rogers, John Clark and John Cabe are booked at the police station as suspicious characters.

This charge covers a multitude of sins. In this case the prisoners belong to a notorious gang of "strong-box" men and are among the most dangerous safe blowers in the country. They have just been released from the Jefferson City, Mo., penitentiary, where they served a term of two years and a half for blowing a safe in St. Joe. Jack Scott, alias "Sketchy," the fourth member of the gang, died in prison at Jefferson City about a month ago.

The prisoners are not unknown to the Omaha police, who have had some exciting tussles with them on former occasions. During fair week, in September, 1886, Rogers, who has been arrested here under the aliases of Frank Williams and Frank Adams, and a partner named Taylor, attempted to rob a man in broad daylight at the corner of Tenth and Leavenworth. Detective Haze, who was then the patrolman on that beat, attempted to arrest them, when both drew their guns and opened fire. They were captured, however, and bound over to the district court. The prosecuting witness failed to appear and they were discharged by a jury. They were rearrested and were each fined $50 and sentenced to sixty days in jail for carrying concealed weapons, but their attorney got them out on a writ of error.

The gang kept out of sight until the following January, when Captain Mostyn and Sergeant Ormsby arrested Rogers, Yorkie Carroll and Clark, whose right name is Johnny Murray, in a wine room over Lew Hibben's place. Shooting irons were drawn, but the officers got the drop, and the crooks again went behind the bars for a short time.

Shortly after their release they burglarized and blew the safe at Evans' steam laundry, Beal & Behrns' store at Tenth and Dodge and a hide store at Twelfth and Jackson. The night following the blowing of Beal & Behrns' safe Captain Cormack arrested Scott at the foot of Douglas street. No weapon was found on him and the officer started with the prisoner for the station. Scott had a revolver slipped up his sleeve, and on going a couple of blocks opened fire on his captor. One bullet passed through Cormack's trousers and another cut a hole through his coat. He returned the fire and Scott ran toward the river and escaped. It was subsequently learned that he was shot through the leg, and he was harbored by Victoria Howell, a colored woman, until he recovered.

The three men were arrested yesterday morning by Detectives Harrigan and Ellis, and were found at a place kept by the Howell woman at 1217 Vinton street, where they were keeping out of sight as much as possible. They arrived in the city last Monday and were planning a wholesale raid on Omaha strong boxes. So far as known they had not commenced operations, and the alertness of the police has frustrated their schemes.

At the time of his arrest in 1887, Rogers made an attempt to escape from the old city jail at Sixteenth and Farnam. The ceiling was of two-inch hard pine, and he had cut a ten-inch hole through it when discovered by the jailer, who at that time was Sargeant Sigwart. The tool with which he did the cutting was a small penknife.

The authorities will not allow the gang to stay in Omaha unless it is in jail, and if no charge will hold them they will be railroaded to other fields.

Burdock Blood Bitters taken after eating will relieve any feeling of weight or over fullness of the stomach. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat. Bee bldg.

No New City

will be started during the next quarter of a century offering such grand opportunities for investments as Aransas Harbor, Texas.

Under the Motor Wheels.

Thomas Smiles, who resides at the corner of Eleventh and Leavenworth, met with a painful accident yesterday afternoon while alighting from a car at the corner of Twenty-second and Leavenworth. His foot caught on the step and he was thrown violently to the ground, and the wheels of the trailer passed over his foot. He was removed to his home and a surgeon dressed the wound. He will not lose the use of the injured member.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup reduces inflammation while children are teething. 2 cents a bottle.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat. Bee bldg.

Through coaches—Pullman palace sleepers, dining cars, free reclining chair cars to Chicago and intervening points via the great Rock Island route. Ticket office 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam.

A Much-Named Family.

There is a family living near the fair grounds in Athens, Ga., consisting of seven children. The parents seem to like a superfluity of names.

The first child, according to the Ledger, is named Mary Magalina Mandy Mectum Elizabeth Betsy Polly Mack Barrett.

The second child is named Alice Georgia Ann Yorena Barrett.

The third child is named Mattie Francis Anna Tranna Barrett.

The fourth child is named Emory Seper Walker Buster Barrett.

The fifth child is named Tilo Cory Coston Estelle Liniment Ettie Isiduler Barrett.

The sixth child is named Monitine Cinicar Barrett.

The seventh child is named Effice Bozma Mondenay Virginia Barrett.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat. Bee bldg.

Georgia Relics.

Mr. Thomas Gresham has left at this office a couple of relics that have been handed down for 200 years, says the Americus Recorder. One is a small hatchet, resembling the one George Washington used, that was given him by his mother, who died sixteen years ago at the age of eighty-six. It was given her by her grandmother when she was quite young. The other is a pint flask that is known to be 125 years old, as it has been in his father's family that long. It is a queer looking, short round flask, with the face of George Washington blown in the sides. He will now give these relics to his children.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's dye for the whiskers. It never fails.

THE NEW THEORY.

Rev. N. M. Mann's Sermon at Unity Church Yesterday.

It used to be said that man began his career in a paradise. The opposite view is now fast coming into acceptance; that the human beginnings were very rude indeed, in a world that was no paradise at all; that the first man was of the earth most decidedly earthy, and that only by slow and unsteady steps has the race come forward to be as we find it—by no means perfect, but measurably civilized, quite immeasurably refined and ennobled, in fact, compared with what it once was. Instead of a fall of man there has been an advance of man from the utterly brutish conditions in which he started to an order of life which in its best forms is high and admirable.

The foolish prejudice is sometimes appealed to that there is disgrace in tracing one's origin to a low order of creature, just rising above the brute. Surely the agreeableness or disagreeableness of an opinion is not to put forward as a test of its truth, but if it were, it seems to me the modern view would lose nothing on the score. To my mind there is no advantage in having a highly exalted first ancester whose excellencies can never be approached. This beginning high and ending low is of all conceptions the most abhorent. It is the upward tendency that delights and inspires, however low the beginning. Small matter is it where you start from, if your aim is high and your achievement good. As you squeeze the luscious orange you do not object to the sources from which its juices came. Without disgust your thoughts go to the roots of the tree, where nature, marvelous alchemist, is busy all the year sucking up the vile, malodorous compost to mix with dew and sunshine and pour out as wine into that yellow cup. The result of the process is good, no matter how it began.

There is delight and satisfaction in all progressive, upward moving courses, and it is in conceiving and executing measures of improvement that the chief glory of life consists. Nature's process is evolution, growth; and goodness reached in that way is infinitely better than goodness produced by supernatural fiat.

Still every theory must at last stand not on its agreeableness, but on its truth. Is it true that the human race had a low origin? Certainly the evidences now all point that way. History itself, as far as it goes, is an indication. It is a record of progress. The forward movement has not always gone on at the present rate; it has at times been arrested, turned back even, but always to be resumed again; so that progress has been a distinguishing feature of mankind in the large view. Marking time by long periods, man is unmistakably a lower order of creature the farther back we can trace him. Archæologists determine the age of ancient implements by their rudeness and the ignorance and impotence shown in the choice of material and in the manufacture. All this points to an original man of very slight faculty and very poor quality. And this view is supported by the whole testimony of geology in respect to animal life. Ever the observed rule is that the lower order has preceded the higher. First, the simple, and afterward the complex, with mighty interval of progress between. Geology has helped us to an intelligent notion of how the earth has been shaped by just disclosing to us the operation of causes now at work. So present human progress, going on before our eyes, opens the secret of the past and the future, bringing us by irresistable inference to some faint perception of the loathsome objects who were our first ancestors, and pointing us a-down the far future to the perfect man dwelling in a veritable paradise.

In this view of things there is room for all enthusiasms. We see that it is not a lost, bankrupt world, condemned and under suspension of sentence, but a world that is steadily acquiring moral as well as material capital, a world in which every good stroke of work helps to build the real Eden. It is faith in this idea that has kept the eyes of all the best teachers turned to the future; that inspired the glorious visions of the second Isaiah; that filled the breast of Jesus with such confident hope of a coming heavenly kingdom. To them the good things were not behind, but before, and this faith it is, however it is disguised by strange creeds half believed, that gives the impulse to every blessed work of human advancement. It is not to restore a lost paradise that the lovers of their race are now laboring, but to create one which no ancient bard or seer could have dreamed of, and whose pattern is not yet fully disclosed. Little by little old errors and wrongs are put aside, and the heavenly vision comes to view.

CATCHING COLD MEANS HEAT.

Sitting in Stuffy Air Far More Dangerous Than Drafts.

At this time of the year nothing is more important than an answer to the question, What do we mean when we say we have taken cold? In a literal sense, we have done no such thing; and a modern writer has suggested that what is called "catching cold" would be better expressed by the phrase catching heat.

What actually takes place is something as follows, says the New York Morning Journal: We expose some part of the body to a draft; the surface become chilled, and the circulation, to some extent, is arrested; the blood and other fluids are sent in another direction. What should have been thrown out through the surface is turned in on the mucous membranes, and, as these parts become congested, sneezing takes place; there is an abnormal quantity of fluids thrown upon the mucous surfaces, and the system makes an effort to get rid of it.

This "taking cold" may be caused by sitting for a few moments in a strong current of cool air. It may be the back of the neck that is exposed, or it may be some other past of the body. Holding the hands in very cold water for a considerable length of time will cause one to take cold. Or sitting with cold feet will do the same thing, especially if the general circulation is feeble. Clothing one part of the body too much and another part too little will frequently give one a cold. Anything that arrests the free circulation of the blood and sends it in on the mucous surface may produce this effect.

The most frequent cause of all, perhaps, of taking cold is the one stated, that of "catching heat." Sitting for hours in a room where the temperature is 80 degrees or upward and then going out into a colder atmosphere frequently produces a cold; this is particularly the case where the air is not only hot but impure. In fact, we think the impurity has more to do with it than the heat, and the two combined will rarely fail to cause an influenza or a sore throat, sometimes a full fledged pneumonia. By exposing one's self to hot, foul air the whole skin is for the time debilitated, and on reaching a cooler atmosphere the blood is driven from the surface, and congestion from the mucous membranes will almost certainly follow; either there is "cold on the lungs" or a sore throat, or there is an attack of acute catarrh.

Make a Fortune.

Don't fail to visit the auction sale of city lots at Aransas Harbor January 7 and 8.

Bonnets in the Time of Henry VIII.

In speaking of Milan bonnets, so named from the duchy in which they were first made and which were also so fashionable in England in the reign of Henry VIII, Hall says: "They were worn by both sexes and were composed of the costliest stuffs, cloth of gold and silver, velvet and satin, slashed and puffed like dresses and decorated with a profusion of jewels, spangles, aylets and other pendent ornaments."

Don't Forget it.

The great auction sale of city lots takes place at Aransas Harbor, Tex., January 7 and 8.

The Latest Mourning Fad.

Of all the fashionable fads of this great metropolis that accentuation of domestic grief which shows itself in a black shirt, black collar and cuffs and white studs, white cuff buttons and white necktie is about the most ridiculous, says a New York letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch. Fashionable New York will soon be dining at Delmonico's and promenading Broadway with miniature coffins for jewelry and artificial tears painted on the cheeks. It is doubtful whether such people could really shed any other kind but genuine hand-painted tears. When women put their toddling children in deep mourning and rode in the park with their poodles decyed with crape it seemed that this sort of thing could go no further. Now that men have taken to black shirts and sable handkerchiefs, however, the onus of tomfoolery is removed from the shoulders of womankind. It is enough to make the dead turn over in their graves and tear their shrouds to ribbons.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat. Bee bldg.

Paleologus.

In the parish church of Landulph, in the eastern extremity of Cornwall, is a small brass tablet fixed against the wall, with the following inscription:

"Here lyeth the body of Theodore Paleologus of Pesaro, in Italy, descended from the imperial lyne of the last Christian emperors of Greece, being the sonne of Camillio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodore, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, second brother of Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of the name, and last of that lyne that rayned in Constantinople, until subdued by the Turks; who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls of Hadlye, in Suffolke, gent., and had issue five children, Theodore, John, Ferdinando, Maria and Dorothy; and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of Jan., 1636."

Above the inscription are the imperial arms, an eagle displayed with two heads, the two legs resting upon two gates; the imperial crown over the whole, and between the gates a crescent for difference as second son. Clyfton was an anciens mansion of the Arhudel family in the parish of Landulph.

Big Sale of City Lots.

The largest auction sale of city lots ever held in the south will take place at Aransas Harbor January 7 and 8.

When Spectacles Were Invented.

Dr. Johnson expressed surprise that such a benefactor to the human race as the discoverer of spectacles should have been regarded with indifference. Perhaps this may be owing to the unfortunate fact that we do not know with certainty the name of our benefactor. Popular opinion has long ago pronounced in favor of a Florentine monk as the rightful claimant, although some are in favor of Roger Bacon.

M. Spoon, in his "Researches Curieuses d'Antique," fixes the date of the invention or discovery of spectacles between the years of 1280 and 1311, and says that Alexandre de Spind, having seen a pair made by some other person who was unwilling to communicate the secret of their construction, ordered a pair, discovered the secret and forthwith made it public.

Italian antiquarians say that the person to whom Spina was indebted for his information was Salvino, who died in 1318, and quotes from an ancient manuscript his epitaph, which says: "Here lies Salvino Arnota de Armati of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins."

An Italian's Ingenuity.

An Italian on the river bank has solved the problem of giving the children an outing with the least possible exertion to himself, says the Springfield Republican. He places his three children in a baby carriage, to the handle of which a rope about twenty feet long is tied. The bank behind the house has a gentle decline, so that a brisk push from the father sends the carryall flying down the grade. When the water's edge is reached the vehicle's flight is checked by a cord. But the most remarkable part of the contrivance is the goat which draws the contrivance back up the inclined backyard. The animal is made to trot through a long hall from one end of the house to the other. Thus the man can sit inside the rear outside door of the hallway, away from the sun's rays, steer the goat by a well directed kick, while at the same time the little ones are enjoying a delightful toboggan slide amid the refreshing breeze wafted across the stream.

Fall Plowing.

There are nearly as many different opinions about the advisability of plowing land in the fall for spring crops as there are persons who write upon the subject, writes Galen Wilson in the National Stockman. Some say, "Plow all the ground you can in the fall, when work does not drive, for it will be so much gain in the busy spring and crops can go in so much earlier." Others object to fall plowing "because it exposes a nude surface to the elements, which in a manner, beat the life out of it." Both classes may be right and both wrong, according to the quality of the soil and to the weather subsequent to plowing. Hence fall plowing is a matter entirely of guess work. It may be advantageous and it may not, consequently to go slow with this plowing would be a wise, conservative course.

Field after field of sod ground within my observation was plowed for corn a year ago. The following spring was so wet that the ground could not be worked until after the grass had grown up between the furrows so much that to look across them the fields appeared nearly like meadows. Some of these fields were planted at last, but with all the working that could be given them the grass could not be thoroughly subdued and the crop was meager. Those who plowed in the spring got their planting done earlier and had better crops. Certainly this fall plowing was not a help. Had a snow come on soon after plowing and remained until spring, and after it went off there had been alternate freezing and thawing, without heavy rains, then the fall plowing would have been advantageous. Others of these fall plowed sod fields were allowed to remain until the inverted sod decayed, and then were turned over and sown in buckwheat.

I have seen stiff clay fallow land turned in the fall that the elements in winter might pulverize and render it friable, and the elements had the contrary effect, for the heavy rains fused it so it ran together like molten lead and came to plow it again in the spring it was lumpier than ever before; and I have seen this same soil turned in the fall and the next spring was "mellow as an ash heap." Notably three years ago a field, part of it heavy clay and the rest sandy loam, the clay portion turned up so lumpy that the lumps could not be reduced. Winter wheat was sown without the expection of getting half a crop on the lumpy part; but the winter happened to be just right to pulverize the lumps, and on that portion of the field the crop was full 50 per cent the better.

Sometimes there is the advantage of fall-plowing that land can be worked qarlier in spring; but this is not always so. If the soil was loam, I would risk fall-plowing for early potatoes, but not for late. Were I to grow both oats and barley, I would also risk plowing for the latter, but not for the former, on the principle that it is not safe to carry too many eggs in one basket. I do not believe that rains wash the life of soil if there is a compact subsoil. What really occurs is a portion of the soluble fertility is carried down as deep as plowed, or nearly so. This in a measure takes it out of the reach of surface-growing plants, as oats and barley, hence freshly plowed land is better for them. Fall plowing is an uncertainty—a lottery. If one could foretell the weather until planting time he could tell exactly whether to plow or not. This subject can be placed with the insurance schedule as "extra hazardous."

A Remarkable Crop of Potatoes.

Nearly one thousand bushels of potatoes, or, to be exact, 974 bushels and forty-eight pounds, have been grown on one acre of land in Johnson county, Wyoming, the past season. This crop wins the first prize of several hundred dollars offered by the American Agriculturist for the largest yield of potatoes on one exact acre. It was grown on virgin soil, without manure or fertilizer, but the land was rich in potash, and the copious irrigation was of water also rich in saline material.

There were 22,800 hills on one acre and 1,560 pounds of sets, containing one, two and three eyes were planted of the Early Vermont and Manhattan varieties. The profit on the crop acre was $714, exclusive of $500 in prizes. Another large crop was that of R. A. Chisolm of Del Norte, Colo., of 847½ bushels on 1,000 pounds of fertilizer. There was a great interest in the competition in the famous potato growing county of Aroostook, northern Maine, where the crops secured range from 450 to 746 bushels per acre. These crops largely exceed those grown in a similar competition last year, when 738½ bushels of potatoes in Aroostook county took the grand prize of $1,100. Other prize crops last year were—135 bushels of oats on one acre, 80 bushels of wheat and 255 bushels of shelled corn. It appears from the results of the contest that the average western potato crop on virgin soil is hardly up to that under ordinary culture in the east, while intelligent fertilization seems equally profitable in both sections. The wonderful operation of the mysterious labroratory of the soil is emphasized by the evidence in this competition that crops were increased 50 to 100 per cent by the application of actually pure plant food at the rate of only one pound to 100 or 200 square feet of land. The superiority of fertizers or chemical manures over stable manure for potatoes is also emphasized by the two years' contest.

She Wanted to See a "Pig-Sticker."

There's a true story about the Princess Engelichieff fresh from the fair city, says the New York World. Not long ago that beautiful Russian lady attended a reception given at the Calumet club. She was regal in old satin and old jewels and was escorted by one of the handsomest officers of the club. In the old settlers' room the portrait of Long John Wentworth was pointed out to her. Now, the late Mr. Wentworth was far from spirituelle, and at the first glance the princess, with a little start, exclaimed, looking at a circle of friends, "Do show me a pig sticker! I have heard so much about the Chicago pig sticker." The gentleman flushed a little; there was an "audible silence" and her hostess replied, "Princess you are on the arm of one."

Had Hogs on His Mind.

Some years ago there lived in the county of Upton, Ga., a pious old divine, who was regarded as one of the best men in the county, though very eccentric and at times somewhat absent minded. On one occasion he went out early in the morning for the purpose of separating and penning some hogs, after calling and wearying for some time, he failed to make the desired division and was about to give it up in despair. About this time his old lady called him to breakfast; he at once obeyed the summons, with nothing on his mind but his hogs; he hurriedly entered the dining-room, threw down his hat, seated himself at the table, dropped his head and with uplifted hands cried aloud "pig-goop."

It's a sign that you need help, when pimples, blotches, and eruptions begin to appear. Your blood needs looking after. You'll have graver matters than pimples to deal with, if you neglect it. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and cures all diseases and disorders caused by impure blood. It invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, and promotes all the bodily functions. For all forms of scrofulous, skin and scalp disease, and even Consumption (which is really lung-scrofula) in all its earlier stages, it is a certain remedy. It's the only one that's *guaranteed*, in every case, to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded. It's a matter of confidence in one's medicine.

It is the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally Well *all the year* round.

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient: suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

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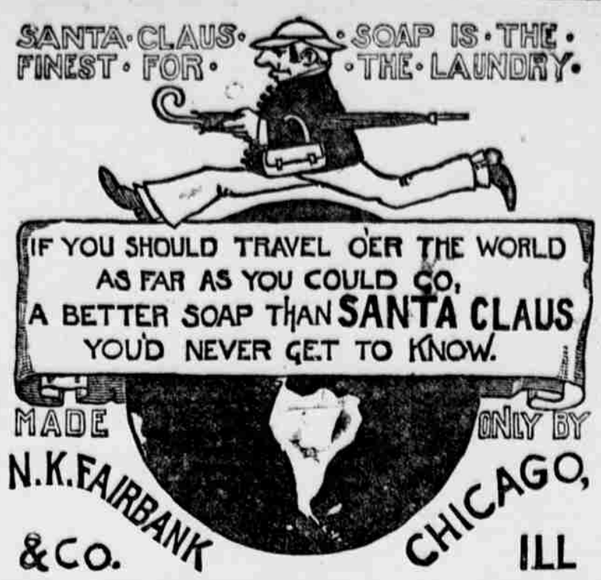

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How, do you think, he selects his chimneys?
He buys those that cost him least; he can get the regular price for them; and the faster they break the more he sells. That's how he reasons.
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Surplus Jan. 1st, 1890 - 57,500
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