A sense of awe and wonder I may never well define, For the thoughts that come in the shadows Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor Like a sleepless mourner grieves, And the seconds drip in silence As the rain drips from the eaves. And I think of the hands that signal, The hours there in the gloom,

And wonder what angel watchers Vait in the darkened room. And I think of the smiling faces That used to watch and wait,

Till the click of the clock was answered By the click of the opening gate. They are not there now in the evening, Morning or noon—not there: Yet I know that they keep their vigil—

And wait for me somewhere.

-James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FATHER AND SON.

An Incident in Real Life. One night last winter, while pursuing my way along one of the most obscure streets in Boston, I was aroused from the reverie in which I was indulging by hearing light footsteps close by my side. Turning quickly, I beheld a young girl, apparently not more than twelve years old, following as if she was anxious to speak to me, and when I observed by the dim light of a neighboring street lamp, that she was poorly-clad, trembling, thin and pale, I asked her, in a tone of kindness, what she wanted.

"If you please," she replied, the voice that was almost choked with sobs, yet struck me as peculiarly soft and silver-toned, "if you please, sir, will you go back with me just a little way, and see my father, who is very sick?"

"What is the matter with your father?" I asked, fearful of being deceived.

"Oh.sir, I don't know." she answered, in the same tones as before, "but I

fear he is going to die.' The earnest manner of the brokenhearted girl made me ashamed of having doubted her at first, and I resolved to comply with her request. I was in just the mood for some adventure where there was an opportunity of accomplishing an object of benevolence, and I willingly followed my timid, sorrowful little guide back to

The girl led me into a small and somewhat dilapidated house, and invited me to ascend a small and narrow staircase. At the head of the stairs I heard her groping about until her hand touched the latch of a door, which she opened, asking me in a low voice to follow her into the room.

I did so, and found myself in an humble apartment, where scrupulous neatness seemed struggling against absolute want. The dim light of a flickering lamp which stood on a small table near the door, revealed to me the scanty furniture, which I found to consist of a few chairs, the table already mentioned, and among other articles of minor importance, a bed in the most retired part of the room.

The girl stepped along before me and pointed to the bed. Come this way, sir, if you please,

she whispered; "here is father." As she turned to approach the bedside of the sufferer, to apprize him of my presence, I silently brushed away a tear which the sight of her griefworn, pallid cheeks, and eyes red with much weeping, caused to start through

My youthful guide bent over the sick man, and laying her cheek close to his, while her arms encircled his neck, whispered something in his ear. A moment after she arose, and placing a chair at the bedside, begged me to approach.

Seating myself in the chair she placed for me, I took the hand of the invalid, and gazed for the first time full upon his face. I shall never forget the spectacle. Although much emaciated, his features betrayed the spirit of pride in the midst of poverty, of resolution in adversity, and of the stern endurance, during his moments of agony, which dwelt within his

I was about to address him, when he cut me short by speaking first.

"You find me in a bad condition, sir," said he, with a smile I thought rather bitter. "I can't deny that I am actually crushed by sickness and misfortune; this you will readily believe, for I could never have stooped to ask assistance of any one, had I not been perfectly helpless. And even now, sir, I doubt who ther I would not have died before ask ng a favor of anyone, had it not been or the broken-hearted girl who condu ted you hithen"

I cannot describe my sensations on hearing these words, so full of pride and candor, fall from the lips of a man who might be dying. It was plain to be seen that the invalid had once seen better days, and moved in circles of refinement, and I was sure that his intellect was of the finest order. It was owing to these peculiar circumstances of the case, that I became deeply interested in my new acquaintances, and felt anxious to relieve them, and at the same time to learn something of their history. After conversing with the invalid for a few moments he intimited to me that he would willingly let me into the secrets of his history, provided the girl was not present to listen.

Accordingly, I directed "little Hetty," as the old man called her, to go for a physician of my acquaintance, telling her I would stay by her father until she returned. The night was not cold, and I felt that it would benefit her body and divert her mind to take a walk in the city, with the ways of which she

was very well acquainted. Hetty had scarcely left the house. when the door-bell rang. The sick man said the lower part of the house was not occupied, and requested me to see who was at the door.

Carryin; a lamp in my hand, I proceeded down the stairs. I found a well-dres. d gentleman at the door, who seem d surprised on seeing me in such a pl. ce.

"Does Mr. Farley reside here?" he asked. "I don't know that he does," I re-

plied.

"Well, then, is there more than one family living in the house?" "There is only one family, believe."

"And you don't know whether the name of the family is Farley or not," said the stranger, with a smile. I saw the drift of his remark, and replied that I was not acquainted in

the honse, never having been there be-"The name of the family may be Farley," said I, "but I have not heard All I know is, there is an old man

and his daughter, and he calls the girl 'Metty.'

"The same," said the stranger; is the man I would see. Hoping he might bring relief to my ment I had left. On approaching the bedside, I found

ing my absence from the room. "Let me sit here." said the stranger, quietly seating himself at the foot of the bed, shading his brow, which I observed betrayed some emotion, "and here until she returns.

Scarcely was the stranger seated, when, as I approached the bedside, the invalid awoke.

"You must know," said he, continuing the subject of his history in a manner which showed that his slumber had been light, "you must know that I have not always been in the condition of poverty in which you now see me. I was once in excellent circumstances, and enjoyed a high standing in so-

"How did you become reduced?"

"By a series of misfortunes, of which I need not to tell you. By degrees I lost, until I became quite fortunelessquite friendless." "Is the girl who brought me here

your only child?" I inquired. "Ah! it is of that I would speak." sighed the sick man, pressing my hand. "I had another child-a son

"And he is dead?" "No-but he is dead to me. I lost him through my pride-my worse than

"Where is he now?" "Alas! I know not!"

"He has deserted you?" "No-I drove him from my door. It was in my days of pride and influence that I disowned him and cast him off penniless."

The old man pressed his feeble hand upon his brow, as if to still its throbbing, and closed his eyes with a suppressed groan.

"I loved my son," he continued, after a pause-"I was proud of him, too, but even he could not change the firmness of my will. It is that which has estranged us."

"In what manner?" "Can you not guess?" Had you her, and called her to his side. known William, you would have discovered before this. His generous soul, so unlike my own, was totally free from family pride and prejudice to which I owe my ruin. He had no idea of the aristocracy of wealth, and when he found among the laboring classes a maiden whom he thought might make him happy, he cared not for her humble condition, but resolved

to win her he irt and hand." "And you opposed him?" "Firmly-bitterly-blindly opposed him!" exclaimed the old man. was a major, and I could not enforce my commands, but I threatened, little thinking my threats were vain. I told him in a moment of calmness that the hour which saw him united to the poor girl he was wooing, saw him no longer my son. Bnt his soul like mine, was above compulson; and unlike mine, it scorned the allurements of wealth. He believed that toil and poverty wees honorable, and that worth was oftener found with them than with luxury and riches. He trusted that he had found a priceless jewel in the person of the humble girl he loved, and he boldly

heart and hand, although he knew I would disinherit him!" "And he married her?" "Yes; and from that time ' have never seen him! He provided a home for himself and wife in Boston, and wrote me a letter. In that he begged me to excuse-he did not say forgivehis acting against my wishes, but said not a word-not a syllable about being received once more as my son and heir. He ended by inviting me to visit him in his new but humble home, and expressed a desire that we might live

visit him, and he never saw fit to cross my threshold again!" "And he continued to reside in Bos-

ton-in the same city with you, his "Yes, for a time; but he was poor, and could not bear, I presume, the sight of those of his old associates who ceased to know him when he was no longer able to live in style. He scorned | happy!" them, it is true; but he hated the sight of them, and therefore removed from the city."

"And he never came to you or wrote to you afterwards?" said I. "Never. The last I heard of him he was in New York, and in tolerable circumstances. Oh, what a triumph it would be to him could he see me thus reduced-shorn of my pride and

former wealth!" "You see I am now left alone in the unfriendly world with the child who brought you hither. As my riches failed me, being swept away by misfortunes, my old friends dropped off one by one; and now sickness has reduced me to the helpless, miserable condition in which you behold me. There is not an individual living who cares for me or mine! You have already shown some kindness to usfor which heaven reward you! but you are the only one-the only

The sick man turned his eyes up wards, then closed them with a sigh. At this moment I observed that the stranger, who at first seemed to take no interest in the old man's story, had at length drawn his chair close to the

"My pride is humbled now," resumed the invalid, after a long pause. "I think I might be brought to ask relief of the very son I have disowned. O lrawn up with little narrow green rib-God! how just has been my punishment! to think that he, whom I cast off. is now, in all probability, able to laugh at my fall in the midst of his growing prosperity. But think you he would do it? Think you my William. who was once my joy and pride, would have the heart to triumph over me in my misery?"

"No, he would not." said a deep. earnest voice behind me, which made me start.

On looking around, I saw the stranger I had admitted approching the bed-side. As the light fell upon his brow, I beheld it was dark with agony, and there was a tear glistening in his eve. "Who spoke? what voice was that?" demanded the invalid, turning on his

I made way for the stranger, and he drew near the bed. He bent over the form of the old man, and their eves

"It was I who spoke," said the stranger, in hurried, husky tones; "it \ Is your sister at home?" was my voice."

The old man stared at him wildly. "And who are you!" he demanded. Do you not know me?" murmured an old maid, or the prett one what the other. "O God! that it should ain't goin to have anythin.?" come to this—that I am forgotten by Young Man—"Um—er—both them."—New York Weekly.

"William! my son William!" sobbed the invalid-"Oh, my injured - - my

"he noble and forgiving boy!" The old man's voice was choked by sobs, as with his feeble arms he drew new acquaintances, I readily conduct- his son more closely to his bosom. I ed him up the stairs, and into the apart- turned away to dash aside the wars which came to my eyes, dimming my sight; and when I looked again, near a minute after, I beheld the father and that Mr. Farley had fallen asleep durson still locked in each other's arms. As I contemplated that silent, heartfelt embrace, I felt my eyes fill again and my bosom heave with sympathy.

"Oh, my son!" murmured the invado not tell the old man I am here. It lid, at length, "what good angel has is the girl I would see, and I will wait brought you hither? I am no longer what I once was, but a humble, miserable wretch. Adversity has taught me a deep and holy lesson; and it is now with joy, and not with pain, that I ask you to forgive me-

"Father! father!" interrupted the young man, in a voice of agony, "speak not of the past! Let us forgive and forget! Both of us may have been in fault, but the days of our estrangementare past now; we are father and son once more!"

"God bless you! oh, my child!" mur. nured the old man. "God bless you!" "I am come," resumed William, "to repay the debt of gratitude I owe to

"The debt of gratitude!" "Yes; for what does not a son owe to his father-especially to such a father as you were once to me? My mother was taken away when I was young and Hetty but an infant; but you filled her place. You educated me-you did everything fn your power to make me happy. Now I am come to repay the debt as freely. I have a dear happy home in New York, to which I will remove you and Hetty, as soon as you are able to leave your bed. Till then, I will see that you are made comfortable here. Oh, I thank heaven for putting it into my heart to come back to Boston and search you out!"

The old man strove to reply to these words of kiudness, but could not speak for sobbing. He wept like a child. My situation during this interview was painful. It was a relief to hear ootsteps ascending the stairs, and to ee little Hetty enter the moment

Seeing two strangers in the room with her father she started back surprised, for she was far from recognizing her brother. The old man saw

William uttered not a word, but stood regarding her in silence. "My child," said the old man, "do ou remeber your brother William?" "Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly. I remember him-he was always

kind to me. Don't you wish he was here now, father?" "My child, he is here!" exclaimed the old man. "This is your brother

William." The girl turned, and when she saw her brother regarding her tenderly and kindly, open his arms to receive her, she flew to his bosom and flung her arms wildly about his neck.

At this moment, my friend, the physician Hetty had gone for, having folowed her almost immediately, rang at the door, and I hastened to conduct nim up the stairs.

He gave the sick man encouragement of affording him immediate relief, and having prepared some medicine for his use, took his departure. Thinking it best to leave the new-

united family alone. I rose to depart.

The old man and his son thanked me warmly for the interest I had taken in their affairs, and the little girl, as she and unhesitatingly offered her his conducted me to the door and bade me good-night, besough, me with tears in her eves to visit them again. That night I went home a better man than v hen I left a few hours be-

forc. The lesson I had learned had a peculiar effect upon my mind, teaching me, as it did, the folly of family pride or the pride of wealth, and the livine beauty and sweetness of forgive-When I visited the house again I

found a coach at the door, and being admitted by a servant, met little Hetby in the hall, dressed ready for a on friendly terms. I was too proud to

The little creature flew to welcome me, and fairly wept with joy.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "Oh." said she, "father and I are going to New York with brother William. Father has got almost well, so that he can travel. We are going to live with brother, and we shall be so

At that moment William and his ather came down stairs, being ready or a start. Although the old man vas leaning on the arm of his son, when he saw me he sprang forward to grasp my hand. William did the same. while Hetty stood by, laughing and

weeping by turns, for joy. I saw them depart; and once more I e-traced my steps homeward, filled with admiration of the old man's proud, stern but generous spirit, the andor, beauty and single-heartedness of the chi.d-but above all, of the 'oung man's nobleness of soul, and of nas spirit of true Christian benevolence .nd forgiveness .- J. T. Trowbridge, n Yankee Blade.

A Tennis Costume Extraordinary.

A pair of green silk stockings, emproidered with buttercups and finished off with a little pair of pigskin shoes. After these are on the wearer will array rerself in an undergarment of gray-green thina silk, which looks like a petticoat. uffied up to the waist, but which really consists of two petticoats, one for each imb, and fastened to one belt, which rives a freedom of movement she has lever known before since she went out of short frocks. A little low-necked .ilk bodice goes with the divided pettioat, and this is frilled with lace and sons about the shoulders and arms. The tennis dress proper is of gray-green erge, laid in a deep hem about the foot of the skirt, and embroidered with a teep border of buttercups done in gold colored floss. The skirt is gathered juite full and falls just the fragment of in inch below the ankles. The waist s a loose blouse of the Garibaldi shape. nade of white serge, with a turnover sollar, under which is knotted a yellow silk scarf, the same color as the broad. oft sash, knotted about the waist. The sieeves are loose and full, and are rathered into a deep green cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow. Over this blouse goes a little green serge jacket. whose edges are embroidered with butercups, which is lined throughout with slik of the same shade and has no sleeves -London Court Journal.

An Unexpected Revelation. Young Man-"Ah! How do, Dick?

Little Dick-"Which sister: the nomely one what's goin' to have all of pa's money, because she's likely to be

FOR THE FARMER.

Pack your eggs in salt for the Winter use, not letting an egg touch

The Montana wool clip for this year is estimated at 10,000,000 pounds.

Nice shade trees about the hous are very pleasant, are they not? Well, have we all got them about our houses?

American breeders of Hereford cattle will make an organized effort to secure the South American trade for breeding animals. An English breeder of Herdwick

sheep claims that fire out of every six they have killed have an extra As ordinarily used, bulls are very dangerous animals but they are

done some damage. No hoghouse is complete without a mow for bedding and clover hay now that we have found out that

never considered so until they have

hogs like well cured sweet hay. Your hogs may be growing and prospering on your clover pasture, but it will pay to hasten the growth with daily rations of corn.

Until dogs are legislated out of existence, or a new class of dog owners arises, these pets will be a great drawback to sheep-raising.

Two valuable herds of cattle in Missouri and some horses and hogs on the same farms have gone mad after being bitten by dogs. According to "The Herald of Gospel

Liberty," the United States pays \$40 for support of dogs to each \$1 con tributed to foreign missions.

E. N. Thorson has sold the clir from 200 sheep for \$360. It pays to raise sheep even at prices of wool-18 to 20 cents.—News, Luverne Minn

The Arkansas Station proposes novel warfare against scrub cattle. It will encourage the spaying of cows and heiters and also encourage the cotton-seed-oil mill to buy the spayed | suddenly lengthened distance? It is cattle for fattening purposes.

"Is it possible to rear pigs so as to humanity, and to Christianity to exhave 75 per cent of lean meat in them. This can be accomplished by feeding legislation to protect our sailors; bran, middlings and skim-milk, or bran and middlings. Hogs need sal. killed by train in one month then by as much as any other animal."

Of two colts similiar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be everything | millions to be burned, while the numthat is vicious, treachous and unsafe -all because of a difference in the is greater than the total loss of life men handling them.

Chickens with two heads, legs or wings are heard from with unusual safety to its employes. frequency this season. This should warn people against close in-breeding. In pigs it goes the other way, Karl Blind in Fortnightly. and has been continued till there were pigs born with no eyes and only three

Foot rot is not as prevalent as formerally. This is due to the sheep being kept on dry ground instead of given only the wet pastures, as before. Sheep should invariably have shelter provided.

with ewes at lumbing time. The en- able tone. keeps both ewe and lamb in prime condition. It seems to be even more valuable for sheep than cattle.

The dog skins so extensively used in America and elsewhere for making gloves, come largely from China. There are thousands of farms in Manchuria aud Mongolia where from tens to hundreds of dogs are reared yearly. The dogs are strangled, so as not to injure the skins, being killed

a large scale for a like purpose. haps wheat contain more of albuminoids and phosphates than do oats. This grain is therefore especially valkinds, from chickens up to pigs, calves and colts. After a time young animals will cloy if fed on Indian corn. It does not contain the nutriment of the house, still all smiles, but they need for growth. But a change | which were now suffused with blushes, to oat meal will bring them in growing condition again.

Sweet or ripened silage can only be ry. The question was then once made from fully grown and mature fodder, the grain of which has begun to glaze. The juices of such fodder are more than water, and these juices when the fodder is cut are so charged preserve the fodder, and fermenta- tive of the East Indies, but is cultition cannot go as far or attain so high a degree of heat as when less mature fodder is siloed. The filling can be more rapid with mature fod- small and peach-like, but with a der and as good or better results se- smooth surface and turns yellow

known in this country which are usu- closing the nut. The outer covering ally classed as Downs, and which are of this nut is what we know as mace. very highly regarded by their breed- It is red at first but turns to a light ers, all of them ranking high as producers of first-class mutton-a flesh is the nutmeg. The tree bears about that commends itself to the most the eighth or ninth year from the critical and exacting of epicures, as seed. The mace is taken off and well as to everybody else who enjoys dried in the sun for one day and for good health and who can sit down eight days in the shade, then dampto a juicy roast or nicely boiled joint with a good appetite and relish for a hearty meal. They are the South, thoroughly dried, when the shell is Oxford, Hampshire and Shropshie broken and the nutmegs are assort-Downs.

What could be pleasanter to lovers terior.

of the canine race than to hear the merzy tinkling of the dog bell as its wearer ravaged a neighbor's flock of sheep or poultry? And we feel sure the owner of the sheep and poultry would feel a certain kind of satisfaction also in hearing it.—William T. Smedley, in N. Y. Tribune.

Prof. Roberts tells one side of the story in the statement that on an average one ton of water passing through barnyard manure takes away sixty cents of fertilizing material. But if not kept somewhat moist, rich barnyard manure will waste even more by such violent fomentation that it burns away all its ammonia and leaves only the ash. In piled-up heaps of manure in summer there is usually more danger of waste by burning than washing. Do not put manure under the eaves, but leave it exposed, if you wish cover with a layer of earth, and the loss will not be serious.

A Plea for the Brakemen.

New York Sun.

Ex-Railroad Commissioner Coffin. of Iowa, in an address before the Convention of the American Car Builders' Association in Saratoga, made a strong plea for trainmen. He urged the adoption of a uniform distance between freight cars, which now varies from 18 to 43 inches. A brakeman in the caboose of a freight train hears a sharp call for brakes. He seizes a lantern and climbs in the dark storm and rain or snow to the swaying deck of the fastmoving train. He sets a break, another, and another, and starts to go to the next car, thinking that the distances between all cars are alike. A sudden jerk; the space to be stepped from one car to another suddenly widens and the poor fellow falls. When the train reaches the next station the rear brakeman of the train is missing. An engine is sent back to find him. They find, perhaps, the head on one side of the track, the feet on the other, and the body strewn along the track for a long distance. Whose fault was it that the poor fellow couldn't or didn't step across the unequal and a stinging disgrace to civilization, to pose a human being to these chances ot accident and death. There is a why not our trainmen? More are sea in a year. Is a trainman's life less valuable than that of a sailor? There is only one chance in a million on a passenger train for passengers to be killed and one in a hundred ber of brakeman killed each ten years by the giving way of the dam at Johnstown. The law should compel all railroads to provide means of

Mr. Bright's Bluntness.

In the last war of Russia against Turkey John Bright was one of those who wanted to allow the Czar a perfectly free hand. One day I met him at dinner at a friend's house. Knowing my opinions well, he began to discuss the burning question with at night, but they object to being me with all the glowing zeal he was confined in a close building. An wont to show on such occasions. It open shed, with a dry floor should be was in the drawing room after dinner. A number of other guests stood Farmers who have experimented near by listening. Our views were with ensilage as food for sheep, re- hopelessly asunder, but the discusport the best results, particularly sion was kept up in the most ami-

silage promotes the flow of milk and In the midst of the conversation the lady of the house, an American by birth, came up smiling, with all the charming manner that distinguishes her, in order to ask "whether Mr. Bright would like to hear 'Home, Sweet Home' sung by a young lady?" I do not know whether he was aware that this song which generally passes for an English one, is in truth by an American. At all events I thought it would eminently suit his taste, and that even irrespective of this, he would readily in Winter when the coat is in the finest answer with a "Yes." But I was to condition. Goats are also raised on hear a reply the like of which I could not have dreamed of, and which gave None of the grain excepting per. me a proof of what now and then he was able to do in the way of plain speaking. "Thank you," he said, "I do not care a sixpence for your song! I want to continue the converuable as feed for growing stock of all sation with Mr. Karl Blind on the

Eastern question.' My feelings may be more easily conceived than described. The lady beat a hasty retreat, after a few words of somewhat forced pleasant-

nel of the fruit of a small tree that vated in other tropical lands. It has a small, yellow flower. The fruit is when ripe. The exterior, a thick, There are four breeds of sheep fleshy husk, dries up and cracks, disbrown when dried. Next comes a ened with sea water and pressed in bags. The remainder of the nut is ed, the best ones being exported. Putting bells on sheep to prevent They are first pickled in lime-water ravages of dogs is so often urged that then left to sweat and finally packed it occurs to me to suggest that dogs the best, are about an inch long, allowed to run at large be made to pale brown, corrugated on the surwear bells also. If not, why not? face, with red streets the gray in

The White House in 1800. It is interesting to read at this time the description of the white house, which Mrs. John Adams wrote in 1800. It was occupied in 1800 for the first time. of Leinster. Jefferson, t'e exponent of simplicity, favored a more elaborate and ornate structure. When President Adams moved into the white house in ment. Let us name a remedy,

It was begun in 1792 and was fashioned after the plan of the palace of the duke 1807 his wife wrote that it was on a grand and superb scale; but that bells were wholly wanting, that wood was not to be had, although the place was surrounded with forests; that they could not use coal because they could not get grates, and that the great unfinished audience room they used as a drying room to hang clothing in. But she thought the situation "beautiful and capable of every improvement."—Ex-

If Dobbins' Electric Soap is what so many insist that it is, you cannot afford to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can decide for yourself very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

An Ancient Copper Cent. Recently P. A. Reddick, who resides up on the Beaver Dam creek, in Scriven county, Georgia, brought to Sylvania an old English coin about the size of an old-time copper cent, bearing date 1775, with the image of King George III, on one side. It was plowed up in his field a few weeks since and was no doubt lost there during the revolutionary war, as not far from there is the famous battle ground on Brier creek. This is the third piece of the old money that has been found by him.

What wrought the change? This woman's

Is ruddy with a rose's grace.

Her eye is bright,

Her heart is light. Ah, truly 'tis a goodly sight.
A few brief months ago her cheek Was pallid and her step was weak. 'The end is near For her, I fear,'

Sighed many a friend who held her dear. I can tell you what wrought the change her. She was told by a friend, who, like ber, had suffered untold misery from a complication of female troubles, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would certainly cure her. This friend "knew whereof she spoke," for she had been cured by the remedy she advised her friend to use. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and tells her friends that Dr. Pierce deserves the universal gratitude of woman-kind for having given it this infallible remedy for its peculiar ailments. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion. Imported Cattle and Horses. There were imported into the United States in eleven months ending June 1 1889, fifty thousand five hundred and ninety-two head of cattle on which duty was paid—which means that they were not breeders. Where do they come from and why is the tariff not increased? There were 46,230 head of horses imported into the United States for the eleven months ending June 1, 1889, on which duty was paid. Of course they were not for breeding purposes. In the same time we exported 3,133, being 43,-007 head against us. When will the United States be able to raise its own horses? We take the facts from the United States treasury reports.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and October 8th, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Co., "The Northwestern Line," will run a series of "Harvest Excursions" to points on that line in Nebraska, the Black Hills and Cen tral Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire some further information, communicate with J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Very often the dog does the best he can and still the rabbit gets away.

Have you tried "Tansill's Punch" Cigar? Rider Haggard's Icelandic romance, will not be published for two

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good.

For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

It Had to Come Out. "Were you ever engaged in a train robbery?" asked the prosecuting attor ney looking at him keenly. "I was never indicted for train rob-

bing," answered the witness evasively. "That is not the questioe," said the lawyer. "I will ask you again. Were you ever a train robber?" "Judge," said the witness, turning imploringly to the dignity on the bench, "must I answer that question?" "You must," answered the judge.

"And remember you are under oath." The witness turned pale and his knees knocked together. "I suppose its got to come out. sold books and bonanas on the cars for a whole year when I was a young fellow," faltered the miserable man. - Chi-

cago Tribune. E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists Horse Cave, Ky., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Electricity vs. Horses.

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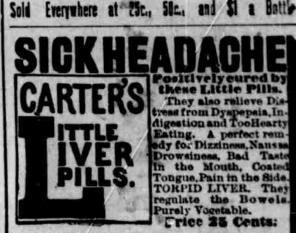
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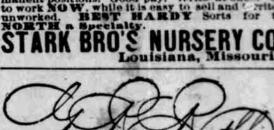
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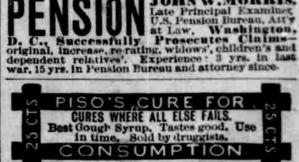
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