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REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Judge of the Supreme Court. A. M. POST. For University Regents. C. V. KALEY. J. N. DRYDEN.

The handsome and genial editor of the Sidney Telegraph, Chas. C. Callahan, has received notice of his appointment as postmaster at Sidney. The appointment has been worthily bestowed.

Five months of the municipal year have passed and yet the "reform" city administration has not even suggested a plan for paying the just claims on file against the city. Are these honest debts to be repudiated? Surely it begins to look that way.

MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD populists who feel that they have been disgraced by Governor Holcomb and his state house ring, propose to put up a ticket of their own. They can't swallow Sullivan's past record which shows him to have been the tool of railroads and monopolies.

THERE are a good many of the more honest populists who are now wondering how republicans knew McKinley was "the advance agent of prosperity," and how they knew the show was coming. These are the ones who realize they have a show again.—Fremont Tribune.

THE saloons of North Platte have been enjoying a better Sunday trade this year than ever before. The keepers no doubt feel very grateful to the present "reform" city administration for the privilege of keeping their back doors open, but how do the church people who voted for the "reformers," feel about the matter?

THERE seems to be a tendency on the part of the more intelligent populists of the county to do what they can toward smashing the Kelher-Holcomb-Haultman-Buchanan political trust. Even the Era is a little modest in pushing forward this combination which thwarted the will of the delegates in the populist county convention.

IN Nebraska the populists claim to have swallowed the democrats and the democrats claim they have swallowed the populists, but it matters little which have done the swallowing act, political dyspepsia and indigestion is sure to follow. In the meantime the republicans, not being troubled with crowd diet, will proceed to re-elect Judge Post to the supreme bench.

THE Era "exposed" John Sorenson's method of conducting the city treasurership and as a result Mr. Sorenson was re-elected by one of the largest majorities ever given a candidate in North Platte. If the Era will "expose" the candidates who are nominated on October 9th their election is assured. The more mud-slinging the Era indulges in the greater will be the republican majorities.

ANOTHER proof of the generally improved business conditions is found in the enormous increase in the output of pig-iron. When business generally is good the demand for iron is good. It enters into the production of articles for the farm, for the railroads for building, for sea-going vessels, and almost every business enterprise, and has rightly been denominated a business barometer. In October of last year the weekly production of pig-iron in the United States averaged 112,000 tons. The average weekly output for September of this year will average about 190,000 tons. That is the difference between protection business and free trade idleness, protection prosperity and free-trade adversity.

THE large attendance at the meeting of the republican county committee Saturday afternoon is ample evidence that the republicans of Lincoln county are not sleeping; they are ready and anxious to buckle on the armor and meet the enemy upon the political battle-field. The return of a republican to the White House followed by a rapidly increasing prosperity in every section of the country, has renewed the republicans' faith in, and zeal for, his party, and a number of those who last fall wandered from the fold after strange gods have seen the error of their way and are returning to the ranks. On October 9th the republicans will nominate a ticket composed of clean, competent men, and they will go into the short campaign with a vigor which means success.

CAMPOR is mostly produced in Japan, Formosa, and some parts of China and the Philippines. Secretary Wilson, the head of the department of agriculture, proposes to give the citizens of the gulf states an opportunity to experiment in this line. He is preparing to distribute camphor-tree slips to that section, and is thus likely to add another important industry to those of the agricultural element.

"AFTER a great smash like that of 1893 or that of 1873 there is nothing to do but wait and let the business of the world settle itself, carefully keeping meanwhile the medicine men of finance with their feathers and rattles out of the way of the sick man. When public confidence is profoundly shaken it must re-establish itself. It has been shaken by causes, and those causes must be removed.—Speaker Reed on the business situation.

THE SUGAR BEET.

Fertilizers and Rotation—Does Best After Wheat or Other Cereal.

Since experience has taught that beets raised on fields freshly fertilized with stable manure are inferior for purposes of manufacture, the rule has long been established that not the best but the previous crop should be fertilized with this material, or that the beets should be raised in rotation as the second or even third crop. This rule applies especially to stable manure and night soil, as well as to Chile saltpeter, the misuse of which has produced such serious consequences for factories, but not to phosphate manures, which usually exert a favorable influence upon the crop.

The opinion has generally prevailed among beet growers that heavy nitrogenous manuring, especially with nitrate of soda, produces no injurious effect on the quality of the beet. This opinion was based on the fact that in such beets the sugar per cent was only slightly diminished. Nevertheless the quality of a beet may be impaired even with little or no diminution of the sugar content by reason of the increase of the percentage of nonsugars present. In this respect it has been shown that heavy manuring with nitrogenous substances greatly injures the quality of the beet for sugar making purposes. Judicious fertilizing with nitrate of soda, however, is beneficial, and this form of nitrogenous fertilizer is in many respects the best known for beets.

According to a bulletin on the sugar beet, issued by the United States department of agriculture, beets do best after wheat or some other cereal. A good scheme of rotation is, first, wheat then beets; then clover, one crop of which is cut for hay and the second crop plowed under; then potatoes, wheat and beets in the order mentioned. By this method, and a judicious use of stall manure and commercial fertilizers, the fertility of the soil can be maintained and even increased. Beets should follow wheat or other cereal crop, because this crop, being harvested early, leaves the ground ready for late autumn plowing, a prerequisite to successful beet culture.

Sheaf Wheat For Pigs.

Serious objections to feeding pigs on sheaf wheat were developed at the Oregon station. Observations made it appear that the pigs fed on sheaf wheat did not relish their food. This interference in obtaining good results. The pig will not eat rapid gain in flesh when it is compelled to work for its food. Rapid assimilation was prevented by length of time employed in securing the food. Much of the grain eaten by the pigs fed on sheaf wheat was found whole in the excreta. It was not masticated. The amount found whole in the excreta was not as great as when pigs are fed on clean thrashed grain, but there was enough to account for considerable loss of the loss in the weights.

The pigs fed on sheaf wheat were not quiet in their pens. Their appetites seemed never to be fully appeased. This unrest prevented the proper digestion and assimilation of the food received. More time is required in caring for animals fed in this way in clearing the straw from the pens. More feed cannot be stored in as small quarters as the thrashed grain. Rice, ruts and other vermin will destroy more of the wheat in the straw than when thrashed and properly stored in bins.

JUST A FEW SMILES.

The Catchup King. I put my money, every cent, In that great trust, Become in time its president, And I am much distressed. 'Tis said in language far too plain In badness I'm supreme— A pirate of the Spanish main, I know of no esteem. The papers all are most unkind, They say I want the curing for animals fed in this way in clearing the straw from the pens. More feed cannot be stored in as small quarters as the thrashed grain. Rice, ruts and other vermin will destroy more of the wheat in the straw than when thrashed and properly stored in bins. I did not know that God could make A man as bad as I. If sinful spirits broil and bake, I hardly care to die. With candor, as the truth compels, My state my cause of woe. 'Tis true, my mushroom catchup sells And markets all the flow. I rashly once put up the price, The people rose and said, Some words that were not very nice About my heart and head. They all averred my had intent Consumers to destroy, I heard their execrations, With all too little joy. But, oh, 'twas naught to what I now Experience! As I strove I feel the brand upon my brow, The iron in my soul. I'm made to mourn in passing where, By street or field or stream, Small dealers and consumers swear Their mutual esteem. Oh, I am thrice accursed and three Folded with many a frown, For, meaning well, I've put the price Of mushroom catchup down! —Ambrose Bierce in San Francisco Examiner.

GEN. SCOTT IN MEXICO

HIS DESPERATE BATTLE AT CHAPULTEPEC FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Sublime Daring of the American Volunteers—With a Rash They Carried the Slopes and Outer Walls of Santa Anna's Stronghold—Warriors Who Won Honors.

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FIFTY years ago on the 13th of September General Scott won the decisive battle of Chapultepec, a seemingly impregnable fortress overlooking the city. The Mexican position was the key to the city, Santa Anna, the Mexican leader, had 25,000 soldiers in his army of defense, so there could have been no lack of men to garrison a citadel so important.

Nature had done much to make the position strong. The hill is an isolated rock, with steep, precipitous sides on the north, east and south. Its height is 165 feet. The castle, with wings, bastions, parapets, redoubts and batteries, all of heavy stonework, presented a front 1,600 feet in length. At the time of the battle there were two stone walls, strongly built and from 2 to 14 feet in height, surrounding the fortress.

One of the outworks of Chapultepec consisted of a group of heavy stone buildings known as El Molino del Rey (Mills of the King). Scott believed that the mills contained the powder magazine and ammunition stores of the Mexicans, and also thought that it was the key to Chapultepec itself, and had ordered it to be carried by storm on the 8th of September. This had been accomplished by a bold dash in which the storming parties lost heavily. It turned out that the mills were under the Mexican guns of the castle and the place could not be held. It was promptly abandoned, and Scott turned his attention to the City of Mexico, intending to force the passage by an immediate and direct attack. The chief officers of the troops and the engineers were called together in an informal council to discuss the best mode of advance. With the single exception of Beauregard, who was a captain of engineers, the leaders favored an attack upon the city's gates by passing around Chapultepec. After listening to the statements of all of those present, General Scott said, "Gentlemen, we will attack Chapultepec first, then look to the gates." The word was given out in the camps that Chapultepec must be stormed. Volunteer parties of 250 men each were offered the place of honor in advance. Notwithstanding the frightful death list made at the storming of El Molino del Rey, the soldiers were eager to renew the attack. So many volunteered for the storming parties that the choice was finally made by lot.

The divisions assigned to the attack were led by Generals J. A. Quitman and Gideon J. Pillow. The storming parties of 250 men each took position in front of the divisions. The whole column was led by skirmishers composed of a battalion of volunteers and rifle regiments. The commander of this battalion was Colonel Joseph E. Johnston. When the signal sounded for the advance, Johnston and his officers ran, he having received orders to make an entrance through the immense wall inclosing the castle park. Under the excitement which followed the skirmishers ran far ahead and kept the lead throughout the battle. In the face of a steady fire from the walls the volunteers deployed and turned their rifles upon the Mexicans along the parapet.

In a few minutes the enemy broke from the wall and ran across the park to a line of intrenchments in the rear. The volunteers kept close to the heels of the Mexicans, Johnston leading them in their reckless run. The flag of his battalion was the first American banner planted upon the outer walls. Johnston was already wounded, but he advanced his men across the park to the rear gates to cut off a portion of the garrison from retreat. This feat was accomplished in the face of a sharp and deadly fire borne upon the volunteers from the terrace of the park in their rear.

Meanwhile the heavy infantry columns and battalions of Quitman and Pillow had advanced and seized the ground cleared by the skirmishers. The ground over which the columns marched had been undermined and planted with explosives to be fired when the advance of the Americans could be staid in no other way. The train of powder leading from the citadel to the mines was discovered by Private William A. Gray of Johnston's command and destroyed, thus rendering the mines useless. Some of the Mexican soldiers had been instructed to fire the mines should their advance line retreat past them, but these soldiers were shot down by the skirmishers before they could apply the torch.

Pillow was wounded early in the fight, and his column was brought to a halt in front of a heavy Mexican redoubt soon after it passed the mines. The guns of the castle far on the summit thundered furiously against Pillow's men, but as the soldiers were close to the base of the hill many shots went over the mark.

At the redoubt the contest was more equal. The obstacle stood directly in the pathway. This was carried by a quick dash inspired and led by Captain Chase of the Fifteenth infantry. Chase's company was in the advance line, and when it reached the face of the redoubt he promptly led it forward past the right flank. Another company of the Fifteenth regiment followed Chase's, and the whole of the Ninth regiment brought up the rear. Beset upon their front and flank, the Mexicans who were packed in the redoubt abandoned the work and fell back toward the castle. Pillow's men kept close to the heels of the fugitives from the redoubt, and when the latter reached the gates their comrades admitted them and withheld their fire from the pursuers for fear of hitting friends. In this way Pillow's men gained shelter under the walls of the castle.

The ladders which the storming parties carried forward were quickly placed in position, and the excited Americans made a rush for the top. Some were

shot from the ladders and others were killed after mounting the wall. After several officers had been shot from the ladders the American banner was planted upon the wall in the full face of the enemy. Seeing that the Mexicans lost heart and threw down their arms. The fight went on inside the inclosure. The Mexicans expected no quarter after the slaughter of El Molino del Rey. They received none until the infuriated Americans had appeased their wrath and yielded to better nature and the entreaties of their officers.

Quitman's column made an equally rapid but less bloody conquest of the southeast corner of the castle inclosure, some hundred yards distant from the scene of Pillow's attack. Pillow assaulted the west wall and Quitman the southeast corner. The ground in front of Quitman was comparatively level, but was cut up by ravines and well defended by infantry and batteries. The leaders of the storming columns were shot down, but the gallant soldiers went forward to the trenches and batteries.

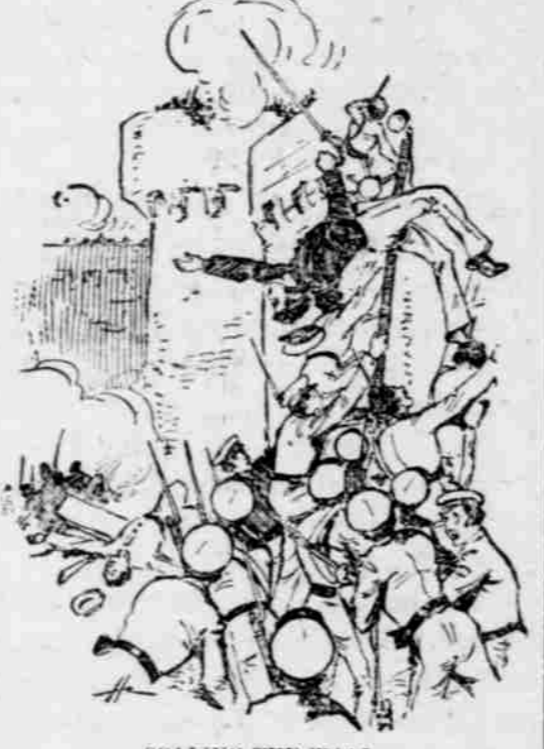
By a bold dash the New Yorkers, South Carolinians and Pennsylvanians volunteered led by General Shields and Colonel John W. Geary made a lodgment under the walls. While forming column for heavy assault at this point the Americans were surprised by a rush of the Mexicans in that direction to escape the fury of Pillow's men, who had crossed the western wall. Finding themselves between two fires, the Mexicans gave up the fight. Then the united columns of Pillow and Quitman stormed the castle itself.

The garrison of the castle consisted of national guards and a body of cadets belonging to a college established in the castle. An American who took part in the fight described the cadets as "pretty little fellows from 10 to 16 years of age." He added that they struggled like demons, but it was useless; the enraged assailants bayoneted man and boy alike.

While fighting was still going on around the base of the hill General Scott mounted to the dome of the castle to get a view of the city and its approaches. From there he directed his columns upon the several gates which remained to be forced after the fall of Chapultepec.

The City of Mexico fell under Scott's bold attack. Scott struck the keynote of the campaign when he said, "Throwing all other suggestions aside, 'We will attack Chapultepec first.' His men were inspired by the very thought, and the Mexicans were paralyzed at the spectacle of such gallantry.

Officers and men in the American ranks bore themselves with the most glorious courage. Over 50 of the noted leaders of the civil war were brevetted for personal heroism at Chapultepec. Among the army commanders were Grant, Lee, McClellan, Joseph E. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, "Fighting Joe" Hooker and Beauregard. Longstreet and Pickett and Armistead were in the front rank of heroes at Chapultepec. Silas Casey led a storming column. Robert Anderson was there and the gal-



lant Nathaniel Lyon, General Stevens, Reno, Thomas Williams, Israel Richardson and Sedgwick, who were killed while leading Federal divisions in the civil war, earned their spurs at Chapultepec. Among the Confederate leaders who came out with honors won at Chapultepec were W. H. T. Walker, the cavalryman; G. W. Smith, Huger, Edward Britton, Wilcox, Ewell, Loring, G. B. Crittenden, John G. Walker, D. H. Hill, Mansfield Lovell, Earl Van Dorn, Roswell Ripley and General Archer, whose Tennesseeans opened the fight at Gettysburg.

They were there Hancock, Gordon Granger, J. M. Brannan, J. P. Hatch, the cavalry leader; Hunt, the artilleryist; J. J. Prek, Fitz John Porter, J. G. Foster, Charles P. Stone, William Hays and Steele, the noted Federal commander beyond the Mississippi. Every form of heroism was displayed by these officers at Chapultepec, charging cannon, running their cannon up to the muzzles of the Mexicans' pieces, carrying orders under fire, scaling the enemy's walls and risking life to inspire their men to exalted deeds of courage.

GEORGE L. KILMER. The longest bridge in the world is the one across the Danube at Ozerneva, where there is a wide region of annual inundation. It is 13,325 feet long without the approaches.

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THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where, For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight. I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I know not where, For who has sight so keen and strong That it can follow the flight of song? Long, long afterward in an oak I found the arrow still unbroke, And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend. —Henry W. Longfellow.

A BROTHER'S KEEPER.

When a man who is yet young arrives at the conclusion that life holds nothing more for him and that he can only devote himself to the good of others, there is plenty of keen wretchedness in store for him. If he gets up after a bad blow and is actively miserable and somewhat hateful and resentful, he can yet be happy. But self-immolation is not moral, and anything unnatural brings its own punishment. Another person and other people cannot be the center of the universe for very long. There may come a jar that will put you out of plumb for a bit, but you swing back to your normal position.

The jar that came to Osborne was a hard one. The girl to whom he was engaged told him that her parents were forcing her to marry a certain rich man. Now parents in these days do not force one to marry anybody, but Osborne would have believed whatever the girl had chosen to tell him. He believed this and thought she was a beautiful, suffering martyr, and there was a tragic scene, which she did cleverly, and a parting. After that Osborne lost even ambition, which had been a ruling passion almost above his love. The girl was mean enough, too, to keep his misery alive by writing to him now and then bewailing her gilded captivity.

Life, he told himself, was henceforth a vain thing, only fit to be used in the service of others. It is not easy to serve others picturesquely in the army. There are no needy and no fallen ones, because when they fall they cease to be in the army. So Osborne bethought him of his brother Alexander.

Alexander lived on a ranch, as Osborne had done. He was 17 years old. At 16 he had been the support of a widowed mother and two children. He had had no boyhood in particular. It had all been work making the ranch pay. Only those who have tried it know what that means. Alexander was not afflicted after this fashion. He lived on his new stepfather and was envious of his brother.

Now, when Osborne brought Alexander on to San Antonio the first evening of his arrival he spoke to him thus: "There's a first class school right in the town, Alex. [Silence.] 'I want you to study hard, youngster, to make up for the time you've lost up there in the wilderness.'"

Alex braced his feet against the porch railing and tipped back his chair. "It strikes me I've lost more fun than about anything else. It ain't fair, Herbert. You've been having a picnic for the last eight years, while I've been slaving in the fields, and I don't see it in the light of setting down right away to digging at books. I want a swing."

If a nature is ambitious, it cannot be altered. The ambition may transfer its object from self to some one else, but it will not die. Osborne's had transferred itself to his brother. So his heart said, "Well, I'll give you three months, but you must study to make up for it."

"Three months nothing! What's the matter with six?"

"A good deal is the matter. You'll be nearly 18 in six months, and you don't know as much as the average boy of 14. Of course I'm not blaming you for that. You haven't had a fair chance." Osborne forgot that at 18 he himself had passed the competitive examination.

"I guess I haven't—at that or anything else."

Young Osborne had gone barefoot all his life and had never had a whole new suit of clothes to his back, or a dime to call his own. Osborne gave him dancing pumps and various seemly suits and a reasonable allowance.

But he thought the allowance small. "Say, Herbert, I can't make out with that measly ten. Make it 15, will you?" he complained.

"No," said Osborne. Osborne's "noes" were always definite, but Alexander persisted. "Why not? You've a lot more than you need."

"I know best about that. Ten dollars is enough, and it's all I can give you. I've your education to pay for, recollect. You've no expenses outside of an occasional theater ticket and tennis ball—or you shouldn't have it."

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair. DR. PIERCE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

"I am going to get you into West Point at 20. When I say I am going to do it, you know it is going to be done. Don't you? None of it depends on you except the study. I can't make you drink, but I'll take you to water and keep you there until you find it will be easier to drink. You can go back to the ranch if you like, but I'm not afraid you'll like it. I don't want to treat you as a small boy unless you act the part of one. You can learn and you must learn or the theaters will stop, and the hops will stop, and the guitar will stop—also the tennis. You have been cutting time, but henceforth you will study four hours a day and I will sit with you to help you and see that it is done."

So four hours out of every 24 Osborne put to the use of teaching one who did not wish to learn. Density can be bored through with patience. It is the india rubber of indifference cleverness that resists. After some of the struggles Osborne would lie awake for the rest of the night from sheer nervousness. The boy slept with unruffled brain. The lieutenant almost came to forget the girl, but never quite. A letter would come when Alexander was most inert, and Osborne would stare straight in front of him and grit his teeth and wonder that a man could live with both sides of his nature thwarted and put back. But he had his reward. Alexander passed the academy at 20. He was the handsomest and most popular cadet in his class—and he failed in the first year.

Just how such things are done no one is ever quite sure, but in Osborne's case it must have been sheer force of determination. Alexander was reappointed, and he himself was made instructor at the Point.

He stood over the cadet with the stinging lash of his ambition, and Alexander was graduated. Osborne unwisely took some credit to himself.

"Nonsense!" said Alexander. "I'd have done it alone. The first miss was only bad luck. Don't think it's your circus."

"It doesn't make any great difference to me whose circus it is, so that you come out all right. I'm only glad you're getting some ambition."

"Ambition be hanged! It's the one word in your lexicon. I'm sick of the sound of it. It is the sin by which the angels fell. Look out you don't fall, angel brother."

"I'm not likely to fall, but I should not mind it if it put you on a mountain height."

"No heights for me. I can't breathe rare air," answered the younger.

Now in the course of army events it came to pass that a strange fate made Alexander Osborne second lieutenant in the troop of which his brother was first lieutenant, and the first lieutenant continued his ambitious goading. Alexander was independent at present and resisted to some purpose. He would not spend his nights in study and his days in wire pulling. The war department did not reward that sort of thing, he said. It was action it approved. Wait until his time for action came. Then he would satisfy his brother.

And the time for action did come, but the action was disappointing. They marched 200 miles and then marched back again. Alexander complained loudly that he had had no occasion to display his prowess in battle.

He should have been quite safe in this, for that evening they would be once more in Grant. But the Indian host is not to be reckoned with. At sunset, within ten miles of the post, the Apaches caught the battalion in a ravine and kept it there until well into the night.

The moon came up and showed to the bucks hiding behind the cedars and scrub oaks on the rise the soldiers pinned in the gully below them. It was merely for the latter a question of holding out and having a few men killed. The danger was not great unless the Apaches should be re-enforced or the couriers should not reach the fort. So the men took shelter behind bushes and rocks and fired at the flashes of light in the darkness above them. The officers walked about in the deep shadows, firing, talk, and giving orders.

First Lieutenant Osborne was with his sergeant and another lieutenant when he came upon Second Lieutenant Osborne crouched down between two rocks, his arms clasped over his bent head and his carbine dropped on the ground beside him.

There was no mistake to be made. The other lieutenant hesitated, the sergeant drew back, but Osborne went up and touched his brother with his foot. "Lieutenant Osborne," he said to the junior, "go and report to the officer in command, Captain Clarke. I shall have preceded you and have reported you for cowardice."

A COURTIN CALL. He dressed himself from top tier toe. He gave his boots a extra glow. He slicked his hair exactly so. An all'er indicate "his passion." He tried his hull three times afore He kep the one on that he wore.

When a patient reaches a mineral water health resort, he is examined by the resident physician and ordered to drink certain quantities of the water at certain times during the day. These are increased from day to day until the maximum quantity needed is reached. He is ordered to drink one or two glasses upon rising, two or three glasses between breakfast and dinner, the same quantity in the afternoon and a couple of glasses before going to bed. The patient is urged to take it whether he wants it or not. He may say that he is not thirsty, but that makes no difference; he must take it as a medicine. The quantity is increased until he have known 30 glasses per day to be taken.

A part of the benefit derived is because of the rest and change of scene. A part, perhaps, is from the small quantity of the salts and other bases contained in these waters (we are not speaking of cathartic or chalybeate waters), but the benefit from this source is very slight. The secret of the cure is in the quantity of water taken. If the water be pure, free from organic matter, and taken in sufficient quantity, the results will be substantially the same, regardless of the "traces" of lithia and small quantities of sodium chloride and other salts. You can perform these cures at home with the ordinary drinking water, if of good quality, if you will require the patient to take it in the same quantity as at the springs. It is very easy to add lithia if desired, but you must not lose sight of the fact that the quantity of water (not lithia) taken is the important thing. It acts by flooding the kidneys, by washing out the bladder with a copious, bland and dilute urine, by relaxing the liver and clearing the brain. The patient feels better from day to day; he is better. Irritable bladder is relieved, the kidneys are freed—are "washed out"—and many effete substances are carried out with the flood. This clears the way for the liver to act freely and normally, for there is an intimate relation between the liver and kidneys.—New York Ledger.

Elephant Flesh an African Delicacy. The flesh of the elephant is eaten in its entirety by several of the African tribes. A detail of the process of butchering the animals is not pleasant reading. The tools used are the assagai and hatchet. The rough outer skin is first removed in large sheets. Beneath this is a subcuticle, a pliable membrane, from which the natives make water skins. The elephant yields large quantities of fat, used in cooking the natives' sun dried bilong, or dried strips of the elephant's flesh, and also in the preparation of vegetables. African explorers of the Caucasian race agree that one part of the elephant's carcass, when properly cooked, is a succulent dish that will regale the most delicate taste. This part, very strangely, is the first joint of the leg below the knee, which one would suppose to be the toughest portion of the animal. To prepare the joint a hole three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard by means of large live coals. Most of the coals are then taken out, and the elephant's foot is placed in the rude oven. The hole is then filled with dirt, tightly packed, and a blazing fire is built on top, which is kept replenished for three hours. The foot is thus evenly baked, and when done instead of strong, tough meat, fiber, it is of a gelatinous consistency that may be eaten with a spoon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fit and Fought. One would have thought this an Americanism, but I find it in Garrick's "Miss In Her Teens," where Tag says to Flash: "Oh, pray let me see you fight! There were two gentlemen fit yesterday," etc. (act 2).—Notes and Queries.

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