

# A QUEER RACE.

A STORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WESTLAW.

## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Of course and the fact that nothing has been heard of her or any of her crew shows in my opinion, that the fate which the Admiralty think overtook the 'Hecate' overtook the 'Santa Anna'—she perished with all on board, perhaps in a cyclone; or she may have struck on a sunken rock or got burned. Your supposition, Bolsover, that every man-jack of her crew died of thirst, and that she is either adrift or aground with all her treasure on board—is excuse me for saying it—all both; and the sooner you get the idea out of your head, the better it will be for your peace of mind."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Erie," answered the boatswain, with the air of a man who, though shaken in his opinion, refuses to be convinced. "I am sorry to hear you say so. I cannot argue like a man of lead and education, and facts is, may be, against me. Well, I don't care a hang for the facts; and I am as cock-sure as if I saw her this minute as the galleon is a ship yet, or leeways the hull of one, and as I shall set eyes on her after I die, and carry off as much of that treasure as will make me as rich as a Jew. If you won't you—don't be all as I can say."

"Though I saw that it was useless to continue the discussion, I wanted to put one more question."

"Did your father say anything to the Admiralty about the chaplain's statement?" I asked.

"No, he didn't," answered Tom, almost savagely; "he wasn't such a darned fool! He had too much white in his eye, my father had, to put the Admiralty on the track of that treasure-ship; and as it was high on a hundred years after she disappeared, it would have done no manner of good to anybody."

The subject then dropped, and it was not resumed until several rather strange things had come to pass, and Bolsover was in a more placable mood.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FEVER SHIP.

We were now on the verge of the tropics. The weather was perfect, the wind fair, and the sea—covered with small, white-crested waves, chasing each other in wild revelry—superb. The days were delightful; the nights, lighted up by a great round moon; gloriously serene.

The mere fact of living became a pleasure; the noonday's heat was tempered by a balmy breeze, and basking in the sun, and living continually in the open air (I slept on deck), health tingled to my fingers' ends.

It was a pleasure to feel the brave ship surging through the sea, and to watch her great sails as they belled to the breeze. For days together no sailor had need to go aloft, and one day was so like another that time seemed to stand still. Yet in this very monotony there was an inexplicable charm; it acted as an epiritual anodyne, banishing care, and lulling the mind to sleep. I ceased to think about my future, and Liverpool and business were so remote that they might never have been. Even Amy receded into the far distance, and it was hard to realize that I had once dreamed of marriage and suffered from the pangs of disappointed love.

Why, I often asked myself, had I not been brought up as a soldier or sailor instead of an underwriter? And I wondered how people could dislike the sea. True, there were sometimes storms, and the weather was not always serene; but, after all, storms were few and far between, and I felt sure that the hardships and perils of a seaman's life were grossly exaggerated. Only just before I left Liverpool, I met a man who had crossed the Atlantic half a dozen times without so much as encountering a gale of wind; and it was a notorious fact that all hard-wood ships, well commanded and manned, and not too deep in the water, seldom came to grief.

One day talked in this strain to Captain Peyton. I said that I doubted whether a man was in greater danger on board a good ship than inside a good house, and that life on the ocean wave was far pleasanter than life ashore.

"I don't mean, of course, on board a warship in time of war," I added, remembering the experience of poor Mr. Hare.

"You think so because we have had such a pleasant voyage and made such good weather, so far," returned the skipper, with a smile, "and I am bound to say that sailing in these latitudes is pleasant. You would think differently, though, if you had ever faced a stiff gale in the North Atlantic, or tried to double Cape Horn in a snow-storm. And I don't agree with you about there being no more danger at sea than ashore. A landman may live a long life without being once exposed to serious peril. A seaman can hardly make one long voyage without running serious risks. Not to speak of storms and cyclones, sunken rocks and unlighted shores, never a night passes that does not bring the possibility of a collision. The unexpected plays a far more important part at sea than ashore; so much so, that a prosperous, pleasant voyage always makes me a bit uneasy—"

"Like this, for instance?"

"Exactly. Like this. I cannot help thinking it is too good to last, and that Fortune is preparing us some scurvy trick. Who can tell? We may be run down in the night, or have foul weather before morning. All the same, I like my calling. Its very uncertainty is an attraction; a true seaman likes it none the less for its element of danger; and I don't know that I dislike an occasional storm. There is real pleasure in commanding a stout, well-found, well-manned ship in a gale of wind."

"I can well believe it—for a born sailor like you. You are of an adventurous disposition, I think, Captain Peyton."

"I was once. But I am too old now to seek adventures; they seek me."

"Well, I begin to think I should like a few adventures. My life has been desperately tame so far."

"Has not somebody said that adventures are to the adventurous? You will, may be, have a bellyful before you get back to Liverpool. Who knows?"

"Ay, who knows? I hope they will be agreeable, though."

"I don't think I could undertake to guarantee that," said the skipper, with a laugh. "Adventures are like babies—you must take them as they come. Step into my cabin and let us have a game of chess and a glass of grog. Everything is going on smoothly, and it is the first officer's watch."

I have already mentioned how we amused ourselves, and that as there was always something going on we never suffered from ennui. We had excitement, too, of a very mild sort, though often rather intense while it lasted; nothing more than exchanging numbers with passing ships,

and so ascertaining their names—when they came near enough, which was not always. In point of fact, we had only exchanged numbers with four ships since we sailed; we had, however, passed a good many in the early part of our voyage, and when a vessel was sighted, it was always a matter of speculation and discussion whether she would come within signaling distance or not. The further we got, however, the rarer these meetings became, and for several days past we had not seen a single sail.

So, when, on the morning after my talk with Captain Peyton, one of the mates (a man with wonderfully good eyes), sweeping the horizon with his glass, announced that he could just see the topmast of some ship away to windward, there was quite a flutter of excitement. We passengers had our binoculars out in a moment, though, as our eyes were not quite so keen as those of the second mate, it was some time before we could make out, in the far distance, a couple of sticks that seemed to be emerging from the water, which Bucklow (the mate), a few minutes later, declared to be the masts of a brig.

We went on staring our hardest, and in the end were rewarded by seeing the hull of a large ship rise slowly from "the bosom of the deep."

"A brig under bare poles!" exclaimed Captain Peyton, who was one of the gazers. "No; she has her fore-course and fore-topmast-staysail set. But what on earth is she doing, and where steering?"

I had been asking myself the same questions, for the brig's movements were most eccentric; she wobbled about in every direction, as if she could not make up her mind toward which point of the compass she wanted to sail.

"Are the people aboard of her all asleep, I wonder?" asked the captain. "Run up your number, Mr. Chance" (the third mate). "We shall be able to pass near enough to exchange signals."

"Halloo!" shouted Bucklow, the sharp-eyed. "There is something wrong yonder."

"What is it?" asked everybody else, pointing his glass in the same direction as that of the mate.

"The Union Jack upside down."

"A signal of distress! And she does not give her number," said the skipper. "Something very wrong, I should say. Alter the ship's course a point, Mr. Bucklow. We will run under her bows and hail her."

When we were near enough, the captain took his speaking-trumpet and hailed. But there came no answer. We could see nobody on deck; there was not even a man at the wheel.

"Queer!" said Captain Peyton, after he had haled a second and third time. "I must go aboard and see what is up. Clear away the lee-quarter boat, Mr. Chance. Will you go with me, Mr. Erie?" turning to me. "Who knows that this is not the beginning of an adventure?"

"It is an adventure," I answered. "Thanks for the offer. I will go with you gladly."

So the sails were backed, the ship brought to, and the boat being lowered, we slipped into her and were quickly alongside the brig. As another hail produced no effect, one of the four seamen who were with us climbed up the fore-chains and threw us a rope, up which Peyton, myself, and two of the seamen swarmed, one after the other, over hand.

"Anybody on board, Bill?" asked the captain, as he put his foot on the deck.

"Not as far as I can see," said the seaman who had thrown us the rope. "But there's some very queer smells knocking about."

"Let us take a turn round the deck, and then we will go below. It looks as if the crew had deserted her. Why, I wonder? She seems all right and tight; and if her rigging is all sixes and sevens, that's easily accounted—Halloo! What's that in the lee-scuppers, about the mainmast, there?"

"It looks like a bundle of old clothes," said Bill.

"It is a man's body. Turn it around, Bill."

Bill lifted the body up and propped it in a sitting posture against the bulwarks.

"I gave him an exclamation of dismay. It was the most revolting sight I had ever set eyes upon. The face was purple, swollen, and almost black. One eye was wide open; the other, together with a part of the cheek, had been eaten away. One of the poor wretch's arms having been stretched out as he fell, had stiffened as he died, and now pointed its yellow and almost fleshless fingers at Captain Peyton.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, in an awe-struck voice. "I do believe it's a fever ship!"

"You surely don't mean that all the crew have died of fever?"

"I am afraid so; but we will soon see."

There were two houses on deck, one of them being evidently the master's quarters. Peyton opened the door and peered in fearfully. I looked over his shoulder. In the bunk lay a blackened corpse, a troop of hideous rats gnawing at the face. On the floor was another corpse and more rats.

The captain drew back with a shudder, and closed the door.

"Yes," he said, "they are all dead, sure enough. I wonder where she hails from and what her cargo is? If I could only get a look at the manifest, or the log-book! I dare say they are in the poor skipper's cabin, and I am not going there again. We will just have a peep at the hold, though. No harm in that."

As he spoke he slipped down the hatchway, and in five minutes came back with the news that she was timber laden.

"Does anybody know her name?" he asked.

"Yes," says Bill; "it is on the binnacle and the wheel—'Lady Jane.'"

"I know her," I said, drawing on my recollection of "Lloyd's Register." "She belongs to Hart & Coverdale, of Liverpool—master, Williamson; built at Nova Scotia about ten years ago, if I remember rightly. I think we once insured her for a voyage to Honduras and back."

"That's it; I thought so. She hails from Beliza—that is where they got the fever, no doubt—and her cargo consists of mahogany and logwood. A valuable cargo that, Mr. Erie. What do you think she is worth, now—ship, cargo, and everything; lock, stock, barrel, and clinker?"

"Speaking roughly, I should say from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds."

"And she's a derelict. Nearly all that money would go to the owners, with a tumping share to the officers and crew; and I am part owner."

"If you take her into port—"

"And that is what I mean to do. One way and another, it would bring me a few thousands—anyhow, enough, with what I have, to make me independent for life, and be a nice provision for the wife and children when I die. Yes; I will take the 'Lady Jane' into port—if I can."

"But, surely, Captain Peyton, you will not put any of your crew on board? Why, she is a regular pest-house; and the sooner I am off her the better! I shall be pleased."

"Only a couple of volunteers to take the

wheel, turn and turn about. But once here they must stay here. There will be no communication whatever between the two ships, no more than if they were a hundred miles apart. The two men who volunteer shall bring their own water and provisions, so that the risk they run will be of the very slightest."

"Do you think anybody will volunteer?"

"You will see when we get back. Yes, I shall take the 'Lady Jane' in tow, and if the weather holds good, I will have her at Nassau in ten days or less."

"And if the weather does not hold good?"

"Then we shall have to cast her off."

"And you really do not think that in all this there is any risk?"

"For the two men who come aboard there may be some slight risk of infection; but for us, none whatever. The fever cannot fly over the water or creep along the hawsers. Besides, I never knew one ship take yellow fever from another. It is a land disorder, and ships bring it with them from places where it is epidemic. They never get it at sea."

"You think it is yellow fever, then?"

"Of course; what else can it be? I saw it at once when Bill turned that poor devil over. He must have died on deck and rolled into the scupper. And now, if you please, we will return to the 'Diana.'"

I said no more, yet I could not help feeling that Captain Peyton was making a mistake which might cost us dear. He was letting greed obscure his usually clear judgment. The moment he had ascertained the "Lady Jane's" character, he should have got out of her way as quickly as possible. The idea of having a pest-ship trailing after us for ten days—more likely fourteen—was to me simply horrible. I did not forget that I was supposed to be proof against yellow fever; yet the fact, if it were, gave me no comfort, and I returned to the "Diana" full of uneasy thoughts and gloomy forebodings.

The unexpected was happening with a vengeance!

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FIRST VICTIM.

As soon as we were on board the "Diana" the captain gave every man who had been with him a glass of grog, and after taking one himself, sprinkled us all with carbolic acid and water, and ordered Bill Bailey (the quarter-master, who had handled the corpse) to change his clothes, and disinfect those he had worn by drenching them with a similar mixture, and hanging them up in the sun until they were dry.

This done, Peyton called the crew together and made them a little speech. He said that the "Lady Jane" carried a very valuable cargo, and that if we towed her into port the salvage would produce something very handsome, of which every seaman on board would be entitled to a share. With proper precautions he did not think there was any risk worth mentioning, and he reckoned that they could easily reach Nassau in ten days. There was, however, one difficulty. If the "Lady Jane" was taken in tow, somebody would have to go on board to steer her. Two hands would be enough. They could take the wheel turn and turn about. There was no denying that they would run a certain amount of risk; but if they took their own water and provisions, and slept on deck, he felt sure they would be quite safe. There was no antidote for infection like sea air. At the same time he would use neither compulsion nor persuasion. If anybody chose to volunteer, that would be another matter; and the two men who did so should receive, over and above their share of the salvage, fifty pounds apiece. Were any of them disposed to volunteer on these conditions?"

The question was answered by a shout, and at least two-thirds of the crew volunteered on the spot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Temperance Lesson.

I heard an instructive conversation yesterday between two old toppers, in a certain chophouse in this city. A dray went by laden with barrels filled with some kind of liquor. The old toppers were struck with the size of the barrels, and one said to the other:

"Tom, those hogheads hold more than even you ever drunk in your life, and that's saying a good deal."

"Yes," replied his companion, "more than I ever drunk, but not half what you've drunk, Jim."

"What are you talking about?"

"About just what I mean. I'll bet you a quart of champagne, and leave it to the proprietor, that I can prove by your own mouth that you have drunk twice as much liquor in your life as those hogheads could hold."

"Doubt."

The proprietor was called; the bet was stated to him, and the proof was begun. Said Tom:

"Jim, how old are you?" "Fifty-six."

"When did you begin drinking?" "When I was about 21."

"And you have drunk steadily every since?" "Yes."

"How many drinks do you average a day?" "This was a delicate question. But after some discussion, Jim owned up to six drinks a day. Tom was magnanimous. Said he: "I won't be as hard on you as that. I will assume that you have only drunk a gill of whisky a day for thirty-five years, which you must admit is a very light estimate. Now, a gill a day is about twelve gallons a year, thirty-five times twelve is 420 gallons. Those were 40-gallon barrels on the dray. So you have drunk what would more than fill ten of them. There were only five on the dray."

Jim was dumfounded at Tom's arithmetic. Tom chuckled and called for the bottle of wine. Just as it was brought, Jim roused himself from some probably as serious thoughts as he had had for a long time. "Tom," said he, laying his hand on his friend's arm and speaking very earnestly, "for heaven's sake don't tell my wife of this little calculation of yours. I believe it's true, and if she were to hear of it, it would drive her crazy. Don't tell your wife, either, for she would tell mine. Tom gave the required promise, and the two "old boys" drank the wine in silence. Tom's arithmetic seemed to have a solemn effect on them both.—N. Y. Star.

Carrier Pigeons.

The latest experiments made with carrier pigeons in connection with various European armies shows that the normal velocity of the carrier in calm weather and for a short distance is about 1,210 yards a minute. With a very strong wind in the direction of the flight a bird has reached 1,980 yards a minute.

A tea trust has been formed in Tokio, in Japan, to restore the declining tea trade in that country.

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

Honduras' latest revolution is reported to have been crushed and hundreds of rebels killed.

There is now no probability that a branch Republican headquarters will be established in Chicago.

A loss of \$140,000 resulted from the burning of Chace's grain elevator in New York city.

The regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent has been declared by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad.

The strike of nail-workers at Montreal, Canada, which began July 1, has ended with a victory for the 500 men who walked out.

Gen. James B. Weaver, the People's party candidate for President, addressed large meetings at Portland, Ore.

Plying Jib paced a mile in 2:08 1/2 at Grand Rapids, Mich., in the 2:30 class race, the fastest time ever made on a Michigan track.

Nearly 200 ballots have been cast at the Congressional convention in Beloit, Wis., and the dead lock is not yet broken.

Ernest D. Jennings, son of ex-Representative Jesse D. Jennings of Fayette county, was thrown from a cart at Vandalia and died a few hours later.

Earl Price and Arthur Kurtz, each aged about 8 years, were smothered to death in an ice chest while playing at the former's home in North Lansing, Mich.

The convention of the American Microscopical society closed at Rochester, elected president. The next convention will meet in Chicago in 1893.

At Hedrick, Iowa, two farmers named Goehring and Lynch quarreled about some ducks and Lynch was fatally stabbed.

John Smith, a wealthy quarryman, was drowned in Cedar river at Waverly, Iowa. The body was not recovered.

The Twenty-sixth Illinois Volunteer infantry will hold its eighth annual reunion in Champaign Sept. 14 and 15.

John Sullivan, 15 years of age, was beheaded by a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train at Maxon, Iowa.

C. W. Sanders, dealer in agricultural implements at Montezuma, Iowa, was accidentally killed by being thrown from a wagon.

The Masonic grand lodge of Iowa will lay the corner stone of the new Normal college at Lemars on Aug. 24. President Gates of Iowa college, Grinnell, will deliver the address.

Alvin won the \$10,000 stallion free-for-all race at Grand Rapids, Mich. Harry Noble, 2:17 1/2, and valued at \$30,000, who had been entered, died of heart failure.

The board of trustees of the North Wisconsin academy at Ashland has issued an announcement that the academy will be open for the reception of students Sept. 20. There will be three courses—college, academy and music. The prospect for a large attendance is good.

Ferdinand Allard, a poor blacksmith of Quebec has discovered the long lost art known to the pyramid builders of Egypt, of hardening copper. Axes and other edged tools made of hardened copper have been exhibited by him, which in edge and temper rival the best steel of the present day.

Earthquake shocks frightened the people of Coblenz and other German cities.

Troops of the Sultan of Morocco were repulsed by the rebels and driven back to their camp, near Tangiers.

A child of Ozro Sanders of Portland, Ind., 3 years old, died from the effects of drinking water poisoned with fly paper.

The quarter-mile world's bicycle record for boys under 16 was lowered at Sioux City, Iowa, Earl covering the distance in 39 1/2 seconds.

Badly decomposed and mutilated remains of a man's body were found in a sack near Dunkirk, N. Y., and atrocious murder is suspected.

Forepaugh's circus tents were blown down by a tornado at Cohoes, N. Y. Several employes were injured, but none seriously. Loss, \$25,000.

Reorganization of the Wisconsin-Michigan baseball league has been perfected with a four-club circuit, composed of Oshkosh, Green Bay, Marinette and Menominee.

Laborers loading a train on the Central railroad of Georgia, near Carrollton, were caught in a landslide. Jerry Collier, Sambush and Sam Weems were killed and five others badly hurt.

Mrs. Martha Kester, a Milwaukee, Wis., woman, visiting at Eagle Lake, Minn., poisoned her month-old babe Sunday and threw her 3-year-old boy in the well and drowned him Tuesday. She was arrested.

Collis P. Huntington has confirmed the report that he will furnish heavy financial backing for an interoceanic railway in Honduras, which will provide a short route across the Isthmus of Panama.

Walls of the Edison company's tube department, recently destroyed by fire at Schenectady, N. Y., were blown down by a heavy wind. One man was killed and several others injured, some of them fatally.

F. Wilson Rogers, whose books as accountant of the local branch of the Iron Hall are being examined, a deficiency of \$1,000 having already been discovered, denies that he has misappropriated any money and demands a trial.

Dismissed Linderfelt for Dishonesty.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 13.—The board of public library trustees last night reconsidered its former action in accepting the resignation of Linderfelt, the absconding public librarian, and adopted a resolution dismissing him for dishonesty. George Koepen, who resigned from the board because of its previous action, withdrew his resignation when the board dismissed Linderfelt.

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

An Experiment with Strawberries. I made several beds 50x10 feet divided into trenches 1 foot apart and 3 inches deep. I set the plants in the trenches 11 inches apart, drawing in the loose soil to fill up the trenches. Then I took straight-edged lumber 1 1/2 inches wide and laid it between the rows, leaving 1 inch space between the boards for the plants to spread and grow. The boards served to keep down the weeds and the soil remained moist and mellow through a long drouth. The fruit rested on the boards and was free from dirt and sand and the runners were much easier kept off. They required less care and attention through the winter and the boards proved a far superior mulch to anything I ever used.—[C. Clover, Cor. roll Co. Mo.

Cruel, Cruel To its victims is that inexorable foe to human peace, that destroyer of rest and frequent termination of human life—rheumatism. Like many another physical ill, it is easily remediable at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels the rheumatic virus from the blood through the kidneys. There exists the simplest evidence to prove that in cases that have resisted other treatments the Bitters has produced thorough and permanent results. But to temporize with this malady is folly. Attack it at once with the Bitters and it may be nipped in the bud. When mature it is the most obstinate of complaints. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, neuralgia, incipient gout, constipation, malaria and liver complaint best a hasty retreat when the Bitters is summoned to the rescue. A winged shaft three times a day.

Inoculation Against Bee-Poison. Fifteen years ago, when an English gentleman began the culture of bees, he suffered severely from stings, but they have now lost their force. For several years past they have caused only a slight and rather pleasurable sensation, and that lasts only for a few minutes. But this thorough inoculation against bee-poison leaves him as susceptible as ever to the sting of a wasp.—Northwestern Agriculturist.

RAIL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 76c.

Homeopathic Remedies. The following remedies are given in the "Southern Cultivator."

For the information of those interested, we give below the homeopathic remedies for the diseases of fowls. Give five pellets at a time, or dissolve ten pellets in a gill of water, confine the hen, and give no other drink:

Diarrhoea is treated with Ipecacuanha. If from faulty feeding give arsenicum.

Loss of appetite, when the hen is feeble, give arsenicum, and if no benefit results give nux vomica.

White comb, which has its origin in the formation of a vegetable parasite, is treated with sulphur, followed by staphisagria.

We are pleased to know that our young friend E. M. Birkes, upon the completion of his course at Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Ia., secured an excellent position in St. Louis.

THE exports of this country the last year were larger than ever in its history. For the fiscal year ending June 30 last, they amounted to \$1,030,335,626. The imports amounted during the same period to \$828,391,284, showing a balance of 202,944,342. Notwithstanding this excess of exports over imports, we exported gold to Europe, showing, however, that we were more prosperous than European nations, in that we had gold to spare and needed it less than it was needed abroad. Of our imports about 56 per cent, or \$458,001,186 were of articles admitted free of duty.

Official World's Fair Guide. It is very seldom that we are able to recommend a book so unreservedly as we can the "World's Columbian Exposition and Chicago Guide." The work is official and reliable and is no catch-penny product, but a book which having the greatest interest at the present time possesses value so permanent as to entitle it to a place in every household. More than 500 pages richly embellished with superb illustrations of the highest order. Elegantly printed and handsomely bound.

The guide does not only describe to the minutest detail everything of inestimable value pertaining to the exposition and Chicago, but has a full page picture of each of the mammoth exhibit buildings in eight oil colors. Also many others, illustrating artistically the useful, the curious, and the beautiful that will be there in magnificent display.

It captures the climax with a magnificent cyclorama view, "Bird's-eye View of the Exposition Grounds and Buildings," beautifully lithographed in eight oil colors, size 9x25 inches.

It is a book for the millions who contemplate visiting Chicago in 1893. It will be purchased by the millions who cannot go, but will desire to know just what their friends are seeing. The price of the book adapts it to the wants of the masses.

Agents are wanted to sell the book in every town. Full particulars and terms will be sent on application. Address, Archibald & Co., 509 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

Over 5,000 murderers are believed to be at large in Great Britain.

Dr. Judd's Electric Belts are sold on six months trial. Judd Electric Co., Omaha.

SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS. A troublesome skin disease caused me to scratch for ten months, and has been cured by a few days' use of S.S.S.

M. H. WOLFF, Upper Marlboro, Md.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. I was cured several years ago of white swelling in my leg by using S.S.S. and have had no symptoms of re-attack since. Many prominent physicians attended me and all failed, but S. S. S. did the work.

PAUL W. KIRKPATRICK, Johnson City, Tenn.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

Do You COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

Three Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

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It captures the climax with a magnificent cyclorama view, "Bird's-eye View of the Exposition Grounds and Buildings," beautifully lithographed in eight oil colors, size 9x25 inches.

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