

REAPING.

How is it I forgot the good?
You brought me in the past,
And dwell upon the tireless grief
You wrought me at the last?

How is it I forgot how kind
You were for years and years,
And only think how at the last
You gave me shame and tears?

How is it I forgot the fault
Was mine—my very own,
And murmur in my sleepless grief
That it was yours alone?

This is my punishment. Love's rose
Has fallen by the way,
But on its loom, that still remains,
My heart bleeds night and day.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The pale, hazy light of the young moon had swathed the mountains, and the hut was lost in the black shade of the giant rock that sheltered it. Among the cedars beyond, the night seemed so dense as to become nearly palpable, whilst just one or two furtive gleams shot through the pitchy gloom where the more open space permitted the light to penetrate.

Ashland and Chauncey were still pulling away at their pipes, talking of old times at home, of those cheery times in the old country when they both would have thought one half the hardships they now endured a tribulation. Yet they both felt happier in being thus freed from the trammels of nineteenth century civilization, its shams, and its hypocrisies.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Herbert," Ashland said, at last, when they had locked the rough cabin door, and, with rifles slung across their shoulders, and belts girdled with knife and pistol, were preparing themselves for their mountain journey. "I'll have a look along the trail down hill, first of all. I shouldn't be at all surprised to find Freckled George and that lanky Dave crawling around there somewhere. You abide here awhile, and keep your weather eye to the top of that rock at the back there. If you see anything moving there, man or nothin' that's got any business there this time o' the night, nor that's there for any good to either of us."

With that he cocked his rifle to the full and strode, with body bent forward and head down, towards the cedars below. His wary figure could be seen moving stealthily across the moonlit open, and then vanished in the black night beyond. The cracking of broken branches, as he now and then unguardedly stepped upon them, marked his progress to Herbert's accustomed ear; beyond that all was silence—that wavy, breezy, musical silence of a beautiful summer night in a mountain wilderness when the things of the air and the creatures of earth are quiet in sleep and when only the soft wind makes melody at its play upon the leaflet.

Herbert stood there, quietly resting his arms upon his rifle, and eagerly scanning the uneven top line of the rock that stood black as coal against the hazy, transparent, dark blue green of the distant moon-bathed mountains. As he strained his eyes, he thought that some of the unevenness of that rocky line was not stationary. He sank down upon his knees so as to be totally hidden in the dense shadow, and carefully examined the top of the rock. No, he must have been mistaken, he thought. He quickened his hearing, and listened with hushed heart-beat for any sound that might reach him from the high level. No, there was nothing; he felt sure of that. He rose, rather annoyed, if anything, at having allowed himself to be thus deceived. But even as he looked again, he fancied that the phenomenon of the moving rock was repeated, only to call himself a fool for thinking so the moment afterwards.

He cocked his rifle, nevertheless, and remained kneeling there for a minute or two, with his eyes glued upon the rock above. It was only when Ashland's muffled footfall fell on his ear as the pioneer returned, that he rose and went to meet his friend.

"There ain't nobody within miles of us," said the yeoman, quietly. "Everything's as quiet as mice. Let's go."

The words were upon Herbert's lips by which to appraise Ashland of his suspicion that somebody or something was alive at the top of that rock at the back, but he was interrupted by Dick's cheery, "We can light our pipes now, Mr. Herbert, and do it leisurely." He imitated his friend's example by filling his big wild cherry-root bowl, and the moment afterwards the two set out mountainward, much after the manner of a couple of poachers who are going out for a midnight raid in a neighborhood where the keepers are known to be aged and unwary.

The road was rough, and, less than 60 yards from the hut, they deserted the narrow path altogether, and struck across broken ground, where the giant pines rose like hundreds of huge masts from the turf and moss covered earth, with their crowns stretching out like miriads of jagged yard-arms, from which as many temple-torn, ragged bits of sails were drooping. Between the forest monsters the underbrush—briar, bramble, wild currant, and wild vine—intermingled in snarling confusion, and made progress difficult and now and then painful.

They were climbing up hill fast then. The vegetation was becoming scarcer and more stunted, the rocks bigger and more smooth-faced. The moon stood at its brightest, and where its ivory light did not penetrate the shadow was black as ink.

Once or twice they halted and listened with superstitious ears for the sound of pursuing footsteps, but, although they both had from time to time imagined that unwarranted noises had reached their ears, on consultation they agreed that they were mistaken. Dick once imagined that he saw a shapeless figure, he could not tell whether man or beast, crawling about the rocks some 200 yards from them.

The road lay straight up hill now, along a jagged mountain face where they had to climb now and then like cats. In five minutes or more they had reached the summit, and there they stood in a smooth and sparsely wooded table-land, about half a mile in length, and some four or five hundred yards broad. They walked across it with rifles trailed, and came to the edge of the gulch not more than five-and-twenty or thirty feet deep, through which a mountain torrent was rushing in melodious turmoil.

Dick stopped and pointed with outstretched forefinger to the bottom. "There's where it lies, thick as peas," he said. "Any amount of it, I'd never dreamt of coming here, only I shot a buck, and that was the place where I had to get him from. Now you know it as well as I do."

After a moment's pause they made their way down. At the bottom, among the young pines, the moonlight dripped in silvery flecks and blotches onto a moss and fern strown rocky ground. The fretting waters had in winter time overrun the whole bed of the gulch, and smooth flints, varying from the size of a man's fist to the smallest of pebbles, gleamed and glittered in the pale moonlight. Dick took up one unevenly rounded fragment and advanced with it to the water's edge, where the light fell clear and bright on his face.

"Look at this," he said, pointing to a yellowish shining spot on the dull creamy stone; "That's gold. I might 'a' taken bushels from here if I hadn't been afraid o' somebody prying about my place and finding it while I was away. You see, while I was alone, I had nobody to take care of the place, and those fellows are mean enough for anything."

He turned the glittering auriferous stone in his hand over and over again. Both his figure and Herbert Chauncey's were standing out, dark and sharp against the hazy moonlit further side of the ravine.

Crack! Crack! Two shots rang through the air in quick succession, and Dick Ashland, with an unearthly cry, jumped full three feet in the air, and dropping rifle and flint from his outstretched hands, fell face foremost with his head towards the stream. Herbert Chauncey felt a sharp sting below his shoulder, and the rifle dropped from his useless right arm. He looked around in vague amazement, and noticed that the blood trickled over his buckskin hunting shirt. A suffocating faintness came over him, and he sank down on the ground. The noise of footsteps attracted his attention, and as he looked up, he saw at the top, where he and Dick had descended two men, rise in hand, who were peering down, shading their eyes with their hands against the moonlight, and evidently preparing to descend.

CHAPTER III.

The two men were George and Dave Maclane. Herbert saw them come down the incline, peering warily and reloading their rifles as they went. He could hear the dull thuds of the wooden ramrods, and the clicks of the cocks of the weapons as the murderers brushed off the exploded caps. His rifle was lying about three paces from him and he tried to drag himself towards it, but the pain of his shoulder was intense, and he seemed powerless to move so far. With an effort of despair he raised himself on his uninjured arm, and at the same time pulled his double-barrelled pistol from his belt. He cocked the weapon and laid it down on the ground by his side, within reach of his hand. In the same manner he drew his knife from its sheath and placed it within easy distance, keeping his eyes upon the Maclanes all the while.

"Towards!" he muttered between his teeth. "Cut throats! I wish I had the use of my arm to defend myself."

The two Maclanes had reached the bottom, the taller, elder man, creeping along with beaded knees and stooping shoulders, head foremost, stealthily, like an Arapahoe savage.

Herbert lay without moving, his eyes furiously devouring the two ruffians.

"I reckon I hit him square," George said. "He ain't only just skinned, that he ain't. He won't want no more gold this side o' Jordan. Let's make no punks about it. Dead men tell no tales, and we'll jest make cook-sure of it."

Dick Ashland was lying some six or eight paces nearer to them than Chauncey. The two men strode up to the fallen yeoman, and George, dropping his rifle, knelt down, and, with both arms, turned the body on its back. The impulse of his movement made it roll a little further down the incline on which it lay, with a nearly grotesque motion, as if at each turn a new swing had been given to it. It rolled until its feet were stopped by a little boulder of rock, and then it lay still with ghastly eyes turned skyward and with the hands clenched as if in agony.

Dave had pulled his big butcher's knife from its sheath, and in the greenish white light of the big moon, Herbert could see him drawing it, with a swift downward motion, across Dick's throat. He could see the hot blood spurting all over the murderer's hands, face and breast,

and hardly knowing what he did, the nervously twitching fingers of his left hand gripped the pistol and lying as he was, he directed his weapon and fired. A yell of pain answered the reverberation of the shot, and George Maclane, who had been standing an approving witness of his nephew's murderous act, with an avalanche of oaths and curses, drew out his pocket handkerchief and hastily pushed it underneath his hunting shirt.

"He's shot me!" he cried. "Kill the swine! Kill him!"

The younger man had risen and crept toward's Chauncey, knife in hand.

A second shot startled the midnight silence, and Dave Maclane's glittering weapon flew into a dozen fragments and out of his grasp. One of the pieces, glancing against the young ruffian's wrist, made a deep cut, from which the blood flowed freely. With a savage whoop, more like a beast's than a human being's, the assassin threw himself upon the prostrate man, and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. A blind fury seemed to possess him. He clutched Chauncey by the throat, digging his long iron nails into his flesh, and rained blow after blow of the heavy weapon upon Chauncey's head. The young Englishman felt crash upon crash against his skull; he felt the grating of the injured bone as the blows rained more fiercely. The blood started to his eyes, and everything seemed to become black to him. In that awful moment just one flash, one thought of home, crossed his mind, and vanished, as the blows suddenly ceased, and he heard a bright female voice shouting "Stop! stop!" One look, the result of an effort of despair, and he could see Lucy speeding down the gulch side beckoning to those below to desist.

Then all became confused. The blood which streamed over his face and forehead blinded him; a choking sensation gripped him by the throat. He could barely hear Lucy's voice still crying "Stop! stop!" Then all was dead and dark.

"What the damnation brings you here?" yelled George Maclane. "This jest tops it all, I reckon."

Dave Maclane was on his feet again, and still holding the pistol to the barrel. His glances were as furious as those of his uncle, and he gnashed his teeth in a hot rage.

"Yew've killed him! Yew've killed him!" the girl cried. "What has he done to you?"

"I ain't quite done it yet," replied Dave, grasping the knife which his uncle held out to him; "but I mean to."

Lucy drew herself up to her full height, with her head set back like a defied empress. She stretched out a warning hand.

"Dad!" she exclaimed. "Dave! If yew touch him again I'll tell on yew."

The two men stood aghast, as if struck speechless by that threat.

"Yew'll tell on us?" George Maclane hissed between his teeth.

"Yew'll tell on us? Don't yew take no notice of her, Dave," he continued. "Give him one, two, between the ribs—that's what yew've got to do."

"Dad!" Lucy cried, as solemnly as before, "as sure as there is a God above us, if yew touch him again I'll tell on yew."

A furious yell sounded in reply. The guilty father for a second stood abashed before his accusing and threatening child.

"What do you mean?" he shouted at last.

"I mean what I've said, Dad," Lucy answered, quietly, "an' I mean it true. If yew lay another finger on him I'll tell on yew both. I'll raise the plains agin yew."

George Maclane gnashed his teeth, and his eyes flashed in silent fury. His face, already disfigured by the deep scar, became demonic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Evolution of the Piano.

No one can tell exactly who made the first piano for the reason that it has gradually "evolved" from an instrument as much unlike itself as one could well imagine. In the twelfth century it appears to have been a gigantic dulcimer, which was merely an oblong box holding a series of strings arranged in triangular form across its center. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the "clavichord" another musical monstrosity, had developed from it and was used well up in the eighteenth century. About 1711 Christoffel of Padua invented a real piano, but it is said to remind one of a coal box when compared with the elegant and perfect toned instrument of to-day.

Origin of the Fork.

In the middle ages, the fork appeared only as a curiosity, and the use of it was not the same as that to which it is now put. It was employed for eating fruit or slices of bread and cheese. We find a few forks figuring in the treasury of John II., duke of Burgundy; and Gaveston, a favorite of Edward II. of England, owned, says an historian of the time, sixty-nine silver spoons and three forks for eating pears with. At this epoch they had but two tines, and it is from that circumstance that is derived their name.

Soapstone Knickknacks.

The odd little paper weights, cups, seals, trays, bowls, teapots, animal figures, idols and knickknacks in soapstone of various colors which travelers bring from China are made, for the most part, from the output of mines near Wenchow. The white, jade color and "frozen" are considered the finest and bring high prices. There are 2,000 miners and carvers at these mines.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WINTERING CALVES CHEAPLY AND PROFITABLY.

A Steady Growth Must Be Maintained—Riveting Harness Straps—Shorthorns as Milkers—Sheep Shearings and Household Helps.

Wintering Calves.

To make raising cattle for beef profitable on the farm, it is very necessary to maintain a steady growth from birth to maturity, and the stock must be of a quality of grade that when given good treatment they will make a quick growth and mature early. A steer that must be fed until he is between three and four years old before it can be properly finished for market, cannot, under present conditions of farming, be made a very profitable animal if the value of the feed is to be considered. As with all other stock it is very important to keep growing, and it is also very easy to stunt during the first winter. A calf once stunted will never fully recover from the effects. With both cattle and hogs if the best profit is secured the growth must be pushed from the start, using care of course to secure the best gain at the lowest cost. So long as there is good pasture, calves will thrive with very little looking after. If they have plenty of salt, water and grass they will grow right along. But during the winter this cannot be secured, and if they are kept growing it must be upon food that is supplied to them, and while it is necessary to winter economically, it is never a good plan to stint the feed at the expense of the growth of the stock.

With calves, as with other stock, writes N. J. Shepherd in the Journal of Agriculture, a matter worthy of consideration in wintering cheaply, is in providing good shelter. With comfortable quarters calves can readily be kept thrifty with good roughness and very little grain, and this will be found to lessen the cost. In fact it is difficult to secure as rapid a growth as is really necessary for profit if the calves are without shelter. It will save feed if good mangers or racks are provided in which to feed the roughness, and boxes or troughs for the grain.

When it can be secured at a fair price, wheat bran is a first class material to feed calves, in connection with their roughness. Some corn may be usually given with profit. The amount of the rations can in nearly all cases be best determined by the condition of the calves, and while there is no advantage in wasting feed, it is very important, if the growth is to be pushed, to feed liberally, giving generally all that they will eat up clean at each meal. It is only by this kind of feeding that a rapid growth is possible. Unless a good growth is secured the food supplied is in a large measure wasted; an addition to the cost of the animal without a corresponding profit. Calves may be wintered at a straw stack, but will usually weigh less in the spring than in the fall, and under this treatment will require a year or more of time to grow for market, and this lessens very materially the profit. In fact it is questionable if anything like a fair price is charged for the feed and pasturage if a calf managed in this way will pay its cost.

Shorthorns as Milkers.

The Chicago exposition has had one good result in bringing prominently before the American dairymen the good qualities yet remaining in the one time pre-eminently excellent shorthorn cows as dairy animals. A century ago they stood easily first in this respect, but by neglect of this quality and by constant cultivation for beef alone, they have degenerated from their high position as milk and butter cows. But some of the old tendency of the blood still remains, as may be discovered by the example of a cow of this breed which recently appeared at the London, Eng., dairy show, and which gave fifty-six pounds of milk in the twenty-four hours, with a test of 5.39 per cent of fat in the morning milk and 6.06 per cent in the evening. The per cent of solids varied from 14.98 to 16.62.

This is a most remarkable instance of the reappearance of ancient characteristics after many years. This breed of cows were once noted for their high percentage of fat in the milk, and their large yield. The first Duchess, the progenitor of the first family of this name, was a twenty-four-pound-a-week cow. The milk, twenty-eight quarts a day, when skimmed, was sold for two cents a quart. The income of this cow was the pleasant sum of \$10.50 a week. And this was on pasture alone. This seems to show that it might well be worth while to reinstate this unexampled breed in its old productiveness, and by attention to this still inchoate and recoverable quality make it the most useful of all cows.—Colman's Rural World.

Riveting Harness Straps.

Broken straps may be mended by use of rivets, if one is not provided with the requisites for sewing. To make the work still more reliable, cement may be used in connection with the rivets; however, rivets alone if of the proper size and well put in, make leather work very firm. A gentleman writes: I make and mend all my harness with copper belt rivets. The process is so simple, the work so secure, the time it takes to do it so trifling, and the cost so small, that any owner of a horse ought to provide himself with the requisites. Two rivets are enough for almost any joint in bridles, buggy harness, lines, etc. The pieces are lapped about an inch; two holes

are punched upon a piece of lead, or a hard piece of wood, with the hand or hammer punch; as the case may be; the rivets are put in from the under side (with the head end always toward the horse, so as not to chafe the skin). The rivets should be cut right length before inserting. The rivet is now headed down by a few light taps of the brad hammer, and the new head smoothed down with a few light taps of the driving end of the hammer, and the joint is complete, and will never give away till the leather rots; and it is all done before you can make a waxed end, or before you could make the holes with the awl, if you had the end ready. One caution is necessary; a beginner is very apt to head down too hard, by which means the head end of the rivet is forced through the leather on the under side, and the joint unbuttons, as sometimes called, and is worthless. A little care will obviate this trouble.—Farmers Voice.

Marketing Small Loads.

The waste of time in marketing small loads of produce is enormous with some farmers. They often act as if their time had no appreciable value, hitching up a single horse and light wagon to draw to market what sometimes little more than pays their expenses while away from home. It is often common for farmers who have business in the city or village to put up some kind of produce to sell for the purpose of paying expenses. This may be a necessity occasionally, but the tendency is to make the practice of going to market with light loads a habit. It is one that few farmers can afford to acquire. The time spent on the road is wasted as far as farm improvement goes. There is no farmer who can not if he will find profitable employment on his farm at nearly all seasons of the year.—American Cultivator.

Sheep Shearings.

Keep no sheep that is too old to feed well.

Watch the maggots on the sheep. If they are found, smear with turpentine.

Dipping sheep, if the sheep is good, makes the skin more healthy and improves the wool.

Good feeding, good breeding and good management mean good wool as well as good mutton.

This is a good time for keeping your wool in a dry, dark place. The world will yet need your wool and will be willing to pay for it.

The sheep has been compared to a government bond. It carries its coupon right on its back. You can clip it and collect your interest annually.

Sheep are not only valuable on the farm on account of their wool and mutton, but they improve the fertility of the land more, probably, than any other kind of stock.

The sheep and wool business is at least down to hard pan. All that sheep breeders are hoping for is to make a reasonable profit. They do not expect to get rich at once.

Some writers deny that the Dorset-Horn is dog-proof. But they all admit that the Dorset-Horn had as leave fight a dog as to fight anything else, and that goes a long way toward self protection.

When dressing mutton do it quickly. If the entrails are not quickly removed the meat will have a "woolly taste," though it is not a woolly taste at all. The flavor comes from the absorption from the entrails.

Household Helps.

The sunflower is probably the coarsest and rankest of garden weeds, yet in Russia the oil of its seeds is used on salads, and its stalks are good as fuel.

A piece of chamois skin cut to fit the inside of the shoe will not only prove very comfortable in cold weather and to tender feet, but it will save the stockings from wear.

Thick woollen rugs are the only ones to be used in front of a fire, if any should be used there at all. In such rugs, if they are very thick, even a slight flame may be readily smothered, while cotton rugs are very inflammable.

In continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing, type-setting, book-keeping, reading and studying, the saving point is looking up from the work at short intervals and looking around the room. This may be practiced every ten or fifteen minutes. This relieving the muscular tension, rests the eyes and makes the blood supply much better.

A fifteen inch square of red cheese cloth, with narrow, brier-stitched hem and two strings of worsted braid sewed across one corner, does not sound like anything remarkable, but when one learns it is to wrap up shoes or slippers for bag or trunk the full value of the notion appears. Shoes are the meanest things to pack or wrap in paper, but the soft cotton wraps them close and the strings keep them in place.

The most effectual way to air beds and bed clothing is to throw the clothes over a chair and lift the mattress partly over the footboard in a round, hoop-like fashion, and if a feather bed is used, pull it off upon a chair. Then open the windows and doors so that a current of air can pass through the room, and let it remain so for two or three hours, or even longer. Beds thus aired are always healthful and will induce sound sleep in their occupants. Each member of the family should be trained to do this daily, and never allowed to leave the room until it is so arranged. Boys as well as girls can be taught to do this, and they will reap the benefit of it through their lives and be sure to have their children trained in the same way.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES



Miss Ortencia E. Allen, Salem, Mich.

Liver and Kidney

trouble caused me to suffer all but death. Eight weeks I lived on brandy and beef tea. The doctor said he had not a ray of hope for my recovery. I rallied and commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and from that felt better. I continued and am now able to assist my mother in her housework. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. ORTENCIA E. ALLEN.

Hood's Pills cure HAEMORRHOIDS, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS. Sold by all druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO. COCOA and CHOCOLATE

Highest Awards (Medals and Diplomas) World's Columbian Exposition. On the following articles, namely: BREAKFAST COCOA, PREMIUM NO. 1 CHOCOLATE, GERMANY SWEET CHOCOLATE, VANILLA CHOCOLATE, COCOA BUTTER.



SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cures cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps or 2c postage. DR. H. H. GREENE & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

No Hatchet Needed

To Open this Can. For Hog Cholera this Year. Is a sure cure if used in time. For making soap, cleaning house, softening water, is has no equal. The Housewife's Best Friend. A valuable washing receipt in each can. For sale by all grocers. Will surprise you.

SOUTHERN Home Seekers' GUIDE.

Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 Edition of the above, or of any of the desirable information concerning the fourth and desirable The Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. J. F. MERRY, A. G. F. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, La.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 Edition of the above, or of any of the desirable information concerning the fourth and desirable The Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. J. F. MERRY, A. G. F. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, La.

RUMELY TRACTION and PORTABLE ENGINES.

Threshers and Horse Powers. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. M. RUMELY CO., LA PORTE, IND. Send us 7c or \$1.25 or \$2.50 and we will illustrate you, charges paid, a handsome one pound, two pound or five pound box of our best CANDY. Write to the undersigned for your friends' eyes when she opens the lid. WOODWARD, Confectioner, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

SWEET POTATOES

Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 Edition of the above, or of any of the desirable information concerning the fourth and desirable The Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. J. F. MERRY, A. G. F. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, La.

OMAHA BUSINESS HOUSES.

FOR SALE, TRADE OF LEASE, BRICK and BLDG. PLANS. Dayton, Iowa. C. W. WOODWORTH, OMAHA, NEB. Bought and sold on margins. Write for Circular. Hawkeye Commission Co., No. 3 New York Life, Omaha. Butter, Eggs and Wild Game ship to order. Write for Circular. Merchants, 1216 Harney Street, Omaha.

Paxton & Gallagher

Imports and Jobbing Groceries. Ask our "TRA LEAF" brand of tea, "GATE CITY" brand of Canned Goods. "MEXICAN BLEND" Coffee. Nothing finer produced. Every package guaranteed. Do you smoke "OMAHA DAILY BEER" clearly it is a winner.

Hotel Dellone

Second Hand, 25 Horse. Write, sold at a great bargain. H. C. AKIN, 311 So. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

ENGINE

Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 Edition of the above, or of any of the desirable information concerning the fourth and desirable The Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. J. F. MERRY, A. G. F. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, La.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 Edition of the above, or of any of the desirable information concerning the fourth and desirable The Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. J. F. MERRY, A. G. F. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, La.