

DISGUISES.

All wear disguises in life's game,
The true men lurk within;
A sage may masquerade and claim
To be a harlequin.

A cynic's sneer may serve to hide
A tender heart of gold,
As in the sea warm currents glide
Beneath a surface cold.

Full many men who in the eye
In virtue's garb appear,
Are scoundrels in which there lie
But bones and darkness dear.

They say that when from death we wake
We'll know as we are known,
Each from his face the mask will take
And the true self be shown.

—Inter Ocean.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HELMAN.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"The earl of Cleve presents his compliments to Lady Evelyn Wynnter," he wrote, "and desires to explain a circumstance which, he is afraid, must have surprised Lady Evelyn. Lord Cleve is afflicted with loss of memory, the result of some wounds in the head. It was, therefore his misfortune, and not his fault, if he did not recognize Lady Evelyn Wynnter this afternoon. He hopes that this apology will be his excuse, and that Lady Evelyn Wynnter will believe that Lord Cleve could not possibly have acted towards her in any spirit of discourtesy."

"It's jest a bit soapy, ain't it?" Miss Lucy exclaimed, when the young gentleman had dotted all his 'i's' and crossed all his 't's,' and it's a little sneaky like maple sugar, when yew get too much of it on yew spoon. I guess she's a bonsum young woman. Waal, it ain't no matter." With that she danced away, apparently unburdened by thoughtfulness or care.

"That was all outward show, however; all nervous determination not to show to the man she loved how much she loved him. If it had been possible for a prying eye to penetrate into Lucy's chamber that night, it would have found her walking up and down the softly-carpeted floor like a caged panther. Her bosom heaved, she wrung her tiny hands with a nervous grip and big tears were flowing down her cheeks. At last she flung herself on her knees by the bedside, and buried her head on the coverlet, whilst the soft masses of her hair fell like a glossy shower around her. She sobbed, and sobbed and sobbed, as if her heart would break.

On a sudden, she jumped up in a silent fury, both against herself and the fortune which oppressed her. She gnashed her white teeth and tore at her hair.

"God!" she cried, "don't try me too severely. I'm only a woman after all, and it'll soon be more than I can bear. What have I done, how have I sinned, to deserve it all?"

The paroxysm of her grief prostrated her, and she gradually sank on her knees, and thence on the floor, where her listless figure lay extended, white and cold as the garments which sparsely covered her, while her babbling lips murmured: "What have I done? What have I done? What have I done? What have I done?"

Even the squalid ugliness of London architecture could not rob a summer morning of its early roseate beauty, and Lucy could see the first softly blushing light of day, creeping from across the housetops, through the aperture between her curtains, ere she recovered her wretched composure. She went into her dressing room and sponged herself with cold water. The touch of the refreshing element seemed to bring back vigor of mind and elasticity of body, and the previously-mentioned prying intruder had he seen Miss Lucy only at that moment would have deemed her the most hardened of cynics.

"Waal, it's jest another slice o' my luck, I s'pose," she said as she splashed and flung the water about her in all directions; "an' what say'n't be cured 's got to be endured. I've gone that far, an' I'll jest see it out, I reckon."

Five minutes afterward, her head resting on her sun-bronzed arm, and her bosom moving in as tranquil a sleep as a child might enjoy, Lucy's mind was at rest.

The first few days of Lord Cleve's sojourn in London passed swiftly amidst the stress of the ordinary occupations of a gentleman of fortune who has just entered into possession of his property. Solicitors had to be consulted, interviews had to be granted to bailiffs, stewards and tenants; tradesmen's bills, left unpaid by the previous bearer of the title, had to be checked and settled; and amid the hurry and scurry of all this matter-of-fact occupation, Lord Cleve found but little time to abandon himself to the round of gaieties temptingly baited for him by Belgravian society, much less to follow the regular, giddy whirl of fashion's daily rites. He would breakfast with Lucy, and then pass hours and hours with those who had business with him, and a hasty luncheon would be succeeded by further work. He could barely snatch so much of the daily sunshine as to take Lucy for an afternoon ride in the Row. The fashionable equestrian promenade had seen few such horsewomen as that daughter of the Rockies. She sat on her horse as if she had been born on it, and once when her mount, frightened beyond measure by such a trifle as a flaring silk parasol poked into its face by a silly woman, plunged and reared, and wheeled as if it would never recover its equanimity. Lucy seemed so little ruffled by its capers that the bystanders raised a ringing cheer. People began to wonder, and society began to enquire, who was the lovely girl in that quaint no-

fashion habit who so often accompanied Lord Cleve.

In the meantime, Lord Cleve had endeavored to learn from Lucy, why she had held no communication, and wished to hold no communication, with her father and cousin. Her reply was simple enough. She said that she hated her cousin, and that she had had a deadly quarrel with her father, and had vowed never to live with them again. In answer to more pressing enquiries, she turned up her big blue eyes at him and looked into his eyes with such a tender pleading, that he had not the courage to persist.

"Don't ask more," she begged, and he who was so deeply indebted to her was happy to look into the face that bore such a heavenly stamp of truth, and, by one deep gaze, to silence the promptings of curiosity.

On the other hand, the Maclanes, George and David, seemed to take no trouble to reopen intercourse with Lucy. When the girl had first disappeared from the hut in the mountains, they explained Lucy's absence by the statement that she had gone off with a young man, Heaven only knew whither, and that Dick Ashland had gone away with the pair. Lucy's many admirers came to the conclusion that the girl whom they had thought unconquerable had, after all, turned out a woman like the rest of the prairie wenches, and had fallen a prey to the insinuating speeches of a handsome young stranger. From that moment, the interest in her welfare disappeared. Dave made an imposing pretense of a broken heart, but George brazenly asserted that his daughter, having left the parental roof without his authority, might lie on the bed she had made for herself, for all he cared. The result of this line of conduct was that but little enquiry was made after the fate of the supposed fugitives.

The Maclanes had been wise enough in their generation to allow a sufficient stretch of time—more than a year, in fact—to elapse before proclaiming their discovery to the world. In the meantime, they had taken all the necessary steps to secure to themselves the safe and undisputed possession of the land that thus seemed with wealth. The red-handed Fortune smiled, and, by her guilty leer, Lucy was, and remained, forgotten.

Nearly three weeks had passed since Lord Cleve's arrival in London, and he had not, for a second time, set eyes on Lady Evelyn Wynnter or the Maclanes.

He had taken part in none of society's ceremonials, until, one afternoon, in company with Mr. Quenthelm, he strolled into the Royal horticultural society's grounds at South Kensington, where a charity fete was being held. The lovely gardens were ablaze with the choicest bloom and green, and filled by a fashionable throng. Delicate, high-born ladies hawked trinkets and trifles, whilst others had, for the nonce, transformed themselves into stall-tenders and barmaids.

Lord Cleve and Mr. Quenthelm sauntered up and down the broad walks, stopping here and there to purchase or to chat, for, although the young earl knew few persons, his companion had some measure of acquaintance with most. Quite a buzz of excitement followed their footsteps, as everybody wanted to have a look at the young nobleman, whose romantic career, and perhaps, also his bachelor condition, made him so very interesting. Eye-glasses were raised, and opera-glasses were pointed with but slight ceremony, and Herbert, to escape, if possible, from the well-bred rudeness which dogged him, walked leisurely with his companion towards a more secluded part of the grounds. He thus managed to free himself from the stargers who mobbed him, and was about to express to his companion his satisfaction at the result, when he heard himself addressed by name.

"Lord Cleve, won't you buy something from me?"

He turned and found that the speaker was no less a person than Lady Evelyn Wynnter.

"Do buy something, Lord Cleve," the lady chatted on, exhibiting a basket with a heterogeneous profusion of oddities and uselessnesses. "It is for a charity, you know—a hospital—most deserving."

With that the young lady dipped into her assortment of wares, and produced a hand-embroidered cigar case.

"Only five pounds, Lord Cleve, and it's such a deserving charity. I know you won't refuse me."

Lord Cleve naturally neither could nor did refuse. He counted out the five sovereigns, and as he did so he looked into my lady's languidly smiling eyes. They were big, and they were blue, and although they were neither as big nor as blue as Lucy's, Lord Cleve thought them very beautiful. Lady Evelyn was not as pretty as Lucy—that she could not possibly be—but Lord Cleve thought she was as handsome a young woman—next to Lucy—as he had seen in his life. As he placed the coins on the young lady's extended palm, his finger tips barely touched the soft and velvety hand, and whether it were from union of feeling, or just for the fun of the thing, both Lady Evelyn and Herbert smiled.

The young lady had no difficulty in admitting that the young earl was a handsome example of distinguished manhood, and harmony of sentiment between the pair was quickly so far established that they began to chat, apparently in fun, of their, as they called it, past and forgotten engagement.

The engagement was not so far forgotten, however, by the young lady

at any rate, that she did not open all her batteries of wit and rekindle in the young earl's heart the kindly memory which he had so unfortunately lost. "For shame," Mrs. Grundy will say, "that brazen young woman is engaged to Mr. David Maclane," and Mrs. Grundy is perfectly right. It was wrong. The young lady herself stated that fact to Lord Cleve, with a sly glance at him and another at Mr. Quenthelm, and a faint pretense of wishing to leave. Lord Cleve, however, found Lady Evelyn's society charming, and the young lady, on her side, had forgotten all about her self-imposed duties as a vendor on behalf of charity. She thought the young man had much improved by his long residence abroad, and his manner towards her simply delightful. In the result, the conversation degenerated into a not too harmless flirtation, which was kept within bounds by the opportune presence of Mr. Quenthelm. As it was, they became so interested by each other's converse that they did not notice the approach of Lady Gwendale, who, accompanied by Messrs. George and David Maclane, stopped for some seconds in front of the little group without either of the three being aware of her presence. Lady Gwendale acted as a cautious general; she neither appeared to approve nor to rebuke; she did not even evince astonishment. She was, nevertheless, just a trifle afraid that a word might escape from her daughter's lips which could be misconstrued by Mr. Maclane, and therefore ended the slight temporary embarrassment by saying—

"My dear, Mr. Maclane has been looking for you all over the gardens." Then, seeing that the young earl rose and bowed, she held out her hand. "Lord Cleve," she said, in her blandest tones, "you must allow me to introduce myself, for I am aware that you have most likely forgotten me. I am Lady Gwendale, and your mother was one of my earliest and dearest friends."

The young man, taken aback by her ladyship's sudden apparition, and even more by the presence of the two Americans, whose cold gaze seemed to penetrate him like something uncanny or inexplicably loathsome—he knew not why—stammered a few incoherent words. The moment afterwards he hid himself for his seemingly unreasonable dislike to the Maclanes.

"Now that you know me," continued Lady Gwendale, in her bright mood, "you must allow me to introduce to you my future son-in-law, Mr. David Maclane."

At these words Lord Cleve discovered a new, and to him reasonable, excuse for disliking the young West-erner. He was shortly to marry Lady Evelyn Wynnter, and strange as it may seem, the young earl suddenly considered this a personal injury.

David Maclane, in return, looked at the young Englishman as if he could have poisoned him.

"I have an idea," said Lord Cleve to Mr. Quenthelm, as they were walking back, "quite a confused idea, but still an idea, that I have met these men before. I wish Lucy were not so reticent on the subject. The pity is that the more I try to think the less my brain will lend itself to the work, and I generally break down hopelessly in any attempt of the kind."

"Why don't you go and see Sir William Cuthbertson?" suggested Mr. Quenthelm. "He is the great specialist in cases of this sort, and some of the cures he has made are nothing short of marvelous."

"I don't think there is much chance for me," Herbert answered. "My injuries, I am afraid, are permanent."

"It cannot possibly do harm to try," the lawyer replied. "It is surely worth while."

"I will take your advice," exclaimed Herbert, with a hot and sudden determination in his eyes. "I'll go and call upon Sir William Cuthbertson to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Origin of Closure Tule.

This word closure, about which we are hearing so much, came into legislative use in the British house of commons in 1887, and is applied to a rule which cuts off debate and prevents further discussion or motion by the minority, bringing the question to a direct and conclusive vote. The French word *cloture* is often employed to express the same thing. It is really an emphatic and decisive way of saying: "Come, we have talked enough about this matter; we must decide now."

From Different Standpoints.

"And this is the state penitentiary, is it?" inquired the stranger who was strolling about the environs of Joliet. "It's a pretty fine piece of architecture."

"It depends a good deal on how you are looking at it," replied the man spoken to, winking slyly at the bystanders.

"Ah, yes, I suppose it does," rejoined the stranger. "How does it look on the inside?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Encouraging an Author.

Manuscript Reader—Here is a manuscript from some writer I never heard of.

Great Magazine Editor—Well, no use discouraging the poor fellow. Kick it around the floor, so it will look as if it had been carefully read, and send it back.

Ironclads of the British Navy.

In 1866 an experimental cruise of all the ironclads in the British navy, thirty in number, was made during very rough weather, to ascertain how they would behave during a storm; result deemed successful.

THE FARM AND HOME.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN MERINO.

Keep Them and Improve Them—Valuable Facts About Fertilizers—Granular Butter—Soft-Shell Eggs—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Thoughts on the Merino.

At the annual meeting of the New York state merino sheep breeders' association, the president, S. B. Lusk, made, among others, the following remarks:

I have little apprehension that the American Merino will be abandoned by those who have heretofore stayed by them in times of depression, and know their value—a sheep that has constantly improved with us in our climate, and with our management from its first introduction, now well nigh one hundred years. And they will also find new friends. The coming generation will want a sheep that does not require foreign importations to keep up to say nothing of making an improvement. If the inhabitants of the United States ever become consumers of mutton to anything like the extent that it is consumed in England, I believe a mutton sheep will be evolved from the American Merino that will be adapted to the wants of the country; and as it is already acclimated will be susceptible of any needed improvement. And that all of the so-called mutton breeds have so far failed to do.

But that which concerns us most is what to do with the American Merino as we find them to-day? What in my judgment we should do is to keep them and improve them, and in looking about us for chances for improvement, it will be well to first look and see that we have made no mistakes.

Some breeders years ago raised the question as to the good or bad effect of our public shearings as they have been managed. The announcement goes out that a certain sheep shearer a given number of pounds of wool, and the carcass weighed so much. And that is about all there is of it, unless one is there to see for himself. I was present at a shearing, where a ram so inferior that no good breeder would think of using him, sheared (not of wool but of stuff that grew on him with a little wool to hold it together,) more pounds than any other ram shorn at that annual shearing. And this worthless ram was proclaimed the heaviest shearer at the New York state American Merino sheep shearing, and he was not worth a two dollar note. This, of course, was an extreme case; but in looking for improvement in the future, it may be well to see if some of us have not grown more fleece than the sheep can well carry, although perhaps of good quality and only about the necessary amount of oil to lubricate such a fleece. A ram weighing 150 pounds, fleece off, and shearing 30 pounds, carries before being shorn one pound of fleece to five pounds of carcass. Is not that about all he can well carry and be used for breeding purposes, and keep up his constitution? I have known rams to shear forty pounds, and weigh little more than 100 pounds with fleece off—about one pound of fleece to two pounds of carcass. But I have never known such a sheep to live to be an old sheep. Perhaps, under existing circumstances, it may be well to improve the carcass, increase the size, and not pay quite so much attention to piling on the wool. I think no one will disagree with me in the importance of looking after the quality.

One word more and I am done. Not even the American Merino can improve if neglected. If compelled to fall back upon their constitution to sustain themselves, they will surely deteriorate. Our lamented friend and associate, the Hon. E. Townsend, once bought some of our favorite sheep, and got a well written pedigree from a successful breeder. At the bottom, written in a bold hand, were these words: "Care is the secret of success." He at the time was scarcely out of his teens; but I often said that it was the most valuable pedigree he ever received.

If the business is dull don't neglect the flock. Care for it well, breed it in accord with your best judgment, and the American Merino, the best sheep in the known world, will in the future, as in the past, respond to any reasonable draft the breeder may make upon the flock.

Granular Butter.

How many boys and girls on the farm have had an old apron tied around their waists and been told to "churn until the butter will hold up the dasher?" Such instructions are fatal to good butter. In the first place, says Homestead, the dash churn is ten years behind the times and ought to be thrown out of every farm house, even if no more butter is made than to supply the family table. The box or barrel churn is cheap and it is so much more convenient and so much better butter can be made with it that there should be no hesitation in discarding the old dash churn in its favor. But, no matter what kind of a churn is used, never churn until the butter is gathered in chunks large enough to hold up the dasher. There are several reasons why this should not be done. One of them is that the grain is destroyed. Good butter has a fine distinct grain and when broken shows a distinct fracture like cast iron. If this grain is destroyed by over-churning or over-working, the butter becomes a greasy mixture, like lard, and has a greasy taste. Again it is necessary that the butter milk be well washed out or the butter will become strong and rancid

in a short time. This cannot be done when the butter is churned into lumps, so in the latter case the grain, flavor and keeping quality are all injured. The churn should always be stopped when the butter is in the form of small granules, ranging in size from a red clover seed to a grain of wheat; then the butter milk can be well washed out and the grain will be unimpaired if the working is properly done. There is no reason why the farmer should not make just as fine butter as anyone, providing he will take the trouble to do it right.

Fertilizers.

There are certain facts concerning the three valuable ingredients of plant food—nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash—which should be understood by all farmers who expect to succeed with fertilizers:

Nitrogen is the most costly element of plant food and losses from fertilizers are often due to extravagant and injudicious use of nitrogen. Expenses for nitrogen may be reduced by practicing green manuring; that is, by planting clover, peas or vetches, which have the property of absorbing nitrogen from the air. Green manuring pays best on light soils, but is of no benefit on peaty soils.

Phosphoric acid and potash, though present in nearly all soils, are for the most part insoluble, and therefore in unavailable condition. Small quantities of these mineral plant foods are annually dissolved by soil water and plant acids, but not enough to supply the plant roots sufficiently with nourishment. For this reason, phosphoric acid and potash must be added to soil if a full crop is desired.

Nitrogen must be applied during the growing season at the time when needed by the plants, and it is well to apply it as a top dressing. Nitrogen is apt to leach out with the soil water.

Phosphoric acid and potash are best applied some weeks before planting a crop and should be plowed under. There is little danger of leaching from these mineral fertilizers.

Kainit is the proper form of potash for sandy soils, as it makes them more compact; for stiff soils muriate and sulphate of potash are best.

Potash is especially valuable for fruits, tobacco, potatoes and vegetables of all kinds.

Sandy and lime stone soils nearly always need potash. Clay soils sometimes contain sufficient potash and again they do not; this should be ascertained by experiments.—Colman's Rural World.

Eggs With Soft Shells.

Hens that have plenty of exercise and free access to the ground or to deposits of gravel will not lay soft eggs. Such hens are not only too fat, but their digestion has been impaired by a life of inactivity. If we keep them on starvation diet we do not necessarily help their digestion. The best course with hens that lay soft egg shells is to kill them for the table. They are always fat and ready to kill. If allowed to live such fowls will get in the habit of eating their eggs, and this habit soon affects the entire flock. Keep fowls at work for what grain they get and they will find material for egg shells of sufficient hardness. The hard-shelled eggs produce the most vigorous chicks, though they may sometimes need help to break their shells.—American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

Do not manure against the roots in planting.

Lime and wood ashes make a good fertilizer for old orchards.

Newly planted grapevines should be allowed to grow only one shoot.

The best pruning is that which rarely if ever calls for the removal of a large branch.

The fruit of old trees is usually richer and more highly flavored than that from young ones.

If properly stored, seed of cucumbers and squash two or three years old are better than fresh ones.

Sheep allowed to remain out in the cold storms become unthrifty, and it is claimed a rotten fleece is the result.

It is better to save a pound of flesh than to produce it. Or, in other words, it is a losing game to neglect stock and let them lose flesh.

Resolve to dispense with scrub stock as soon as practicable and keep nothing but the best. Feeding out the crops to scrub stock will make and keep any man poor.

Home Hints.

Muslin, gingham, and calicoes should be starched with starch in which a piece of alum as big as a hickory nut has been dissolved.

A small bottle of camphor or a little alum and water will aid in drying up pimples that have been tampered with.

Oven doors should not be slammed nor any jarring noise made when cake and bread are cooking. Heaviness is almost invariably the result of jarring.

Tea is much better when brewed in a pot that has been heated thoroughly than in a cold one. A cup of boiling water used to rinse the pot is the best method of heating it.

Once a month the wicks of lamps should be removed and the burners unscrewed and boiled in a little water in which common soda has been dissolved. This will remove the coating of grease and dust which forms on the brass.

When it is required to use carbolic acid as a disinfectant it should be mixed with boiling water. This promptly overcomes the usual antagonism between the acid and the water, and converts them into a permanent solution, which will keep for weeks.



Sarah I. Griffin.

Only a Scar Remains

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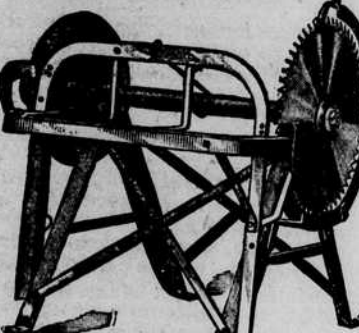
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