

THE PORTENT.

A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

At the same moment Alice started from her sleep, and, springing to her feet, stood an instant listening. Then crying out in an agonized whisper, "The horse with the clanking shoe!" she flung her arms around me. Her face was as white as the spectral moon which, the moment I put the candle out, looked in through a pane beside us; and she gazed fearfully, yet wildly defiant, toward the door. We clung to each other. We heard the sound come nearer and nearer, till it thundered right up to the very door of the room terribly loud. It ceased. But the door was flung open, and Lord Hilton entered, followed by servants with lights.

I have but a very confused remembrance of what followed. I heard a vile word from the lips of Lord Hilton; I felt my fingers on his throat; I received a blow on the head; and I seem to remember a cry of agony from Alice as I fell. What happened next I did not know.

When I came to myself I was lying on a wide moor, with the night wind blowing about me. I presume that I had wandered thither in a state of unconsciousness, after being turned out of the hall, and that I had at last fainted from loss of blood. I was unable to move for a long time. At length, the morning broke, and I found myself not far from the hall. I crept back a mile or two, to the gates, and having succeeded in rousing Alice's old nurse, was taken in with many lamentations and put to bed in the lodge. I had a violent fever; and it was all the poor woman could do to keep my presence a secret from the family at the hall.

When I began to find my first question was about Alice, I learned, though with some difficulty—for my kind attendant was evidently unwilling to tell me all the truth—that Alice, too, had been very ill; and that, a week before, they had removed her. But she either would not or could not tell me where they had taken her. I believed she could not. Nor do I know for certain to this day.

Mrs. Blakesley offered me the loan of some of her savings to get me to London. I received it with gratitude, and as soon as I was fit to travel, made my way thither. Afraid for my reason, if I had no employment to keep my thoughts from brooding on my helplessness, and so increasing my despair, and determined likewise, that my failure should not make me burdensome on any one else, I enlisted in the Scotch Greys, before letting any of my friends know where I was. Through the help of one already mentioned in my story, I soon obtained a commission. From the field of Waterloo, I rode into Brussels with a broken arm and a saber cut in the head.

As we passed along one of the streets, through all the clang of iron-shod hoofs on the stones around me, I heard the ominous clank. At the same moment I heard a cry. It was the voice of my Alice. I looked up. At a barred window I saw her face; but it was terribly changed. I dropped from my horse. As soon as I was able to move from the hospital, I went to the place and found it was a lunatic asylum. I was permitted to see the inmates, but discovered no one resembling her. I do not now believe that she was ever there.

For years and years I knew not whether she was alive or dead. I sought her far and near. I wandered over England, France and Germany, hopelessly searching; listening at tables d'hote; lurking about mad-houses; haunting theaters and churches; often, in wild regions, begging my way from house to house; I did not find her.

Once I visited Hilton Hall. I found it all but deserted. I learned that Mrs. Wilson was dead, and that there were only two or three servants in the place. Sometimes I condensed my whole being into a single intensity of will—that she should come; and sustained it, until I fainted with the effort. She did not come. I desisted altogether at last, for I thought me that, whether dead or alive, it must cause her torture not to be able to obey it.

CHAPTER XL THE PHYSICIAN.

I was now Captain Campbell of the Scotch Greys, contriving to live on my half pay, and thinking far more about the past than the present or future. My father was dead. My only brother was also gone, and the property had passed into other hands. I had no fixed place of abode, but went from one spot to another as the whim seized me—sometimes remaining a month, sometimes remaining next day, but generally choosing retired villages about which I knew nothing.

I had spent a week in a small town on the borders of Wales, and intended remaining a fortnight longer, when I was suddenly seized with a violent illness, in which I lay insensible for three weeks. When I recovered consciousness I found that my head had been shaved, and that the cicatrice of my old wound was occasionally very painful. Of late I have suspected that I had some operation performed on my skull during my illness; but Dr. Rutwell never dropped a hint on that effect. This was the friend whom, when first I had opened my seeing eyes, I beheld sitting by my bedside, watching the effect of his last prescription. He was one of the few in the profession whose love of science and love of their fellows combined, would be enough to chain them to the art of healing, irrespective of its emoluments. He was one of the few, also, who see the marvelous in all science, and, therefore, reject nothing merely because the marvelous may seem to predominate in it.

He attributed my illness to the consequences of the saber cut, and my recovery to the potency of the drugs he had exhibited. I attributed my illness in great measure to the constant contemplation of my early history, no longer checked by any regular employment and my early recovery in equal measure to the power of his kindness and sympathy, helping from within what could never have been reached from without.

After I had so far recovered as to render it safe to turn my regard more particularly upon my own case, he said to me one day:

"You would laugh at me, Campbell, were I to confess some of the bother this illness of yours has occasioned me. Indeed, to overthrow any conceit I ever had in my own diagnosis."

"Go on," I answered; "I promise not to laugh."

"In your case," he continued, "the pathognomonic, if you will excuse medical slang, were every now and then broken by the intrusion of altogether foreign symptoms."

I listened with breathless attention. "Indeed, on several occasions, when, after meditating on your case until I was worn out, I had fallen half asleep by your bedside, I came to myself with the strangest conviction that I was watching by the bedside of a woman."

"Thank Heaven!" I exclaimed, starting up, "she lives still."

"As soon as my friend would permit me, I set out for Scotland."

I made the journey by easy stages, chiefly on the back of a favorite black horse, which had carried me well in several fights, had come out of them scared, like his master, but sound in wind and limb. It was night when I reached the village lying nearest to my birthplace.

When I woke in the morning, I found the whole region filled with a white mist; hiding the mountains around. When I had finished my breakfast, I went down and wandered about among the people. Groups of elderly men were talking earnestly; and young men and maidens who had come to be fed, were joking and laughing. They stared at the Sassenach gentleman, and little thinking that he understood every word they uttered, made their remarks upon him in no very subdued tones. I approached a stall where a brown old woman was selling ginger bread and apples. She was talking to a man with long, white locks. Near them was a group of young people. One of them must have said something about me; for the old woman, who had been taking stolen glances at me, turned rather sharply toward them, and rebuked them for rudeness.

"The gentleman is no Sassenach," she said. "He understands everything you are saying."

This was spoken in Gaelic, of course. I turned and looked at her with more observance. She made me a courtesy, and said, in the same language: "Your honor will be a Campbell, I'm thinking."

"I am a Campbell," I answered, and waited.

"Your honor's name wouldn't be Duncan, sir?"

"It is Duncan," I answered; "but there are many Duncan Campbells."

"Only one to me, your honor, and that's yourself. But you will not remember me?"

I did not remember her. Before long, however, urged by her anxiety to associate her present with my past, she enabled me to recall in her time-worn features those of a servant in my father's house when I was a child.

"But how could you recollect me?" I said.

"I have often seen you since I left your father's sir. But it was, really, I believe, that I hear more about you than anything else, every day of my life."

"I do not understand you."

"From old Margaret, I mean."

"Dear old Margaret! Is she alive?"

"Alive and hearty, though quite bedridden. Why, sir, she must be within near sight of a hundred."

"Where does she live?"

"In the old cottage, sir. Nothing will make her leave it. The new bar wanted to turn her out; but Margaret muttered something at which he grew as white as his shirt, and he has never ventured across her threshold again."

"How do you see so much of her, though?"

"I never leave her, sir. She can't wait on herself, poor old lady. And she's like a mother to me. Bless her! But your honor will come and see her?"

"Of course I will. Tell her so when you go home."

"Will you honor me by sleeping at my house, sir?" said the old man to whom she had been talking. "My farm is just over the brow of the hill, you know."

I had by this time recognized him, and I accepted his offer at once.

My horse was an excellent walker, and I let him walk on, with the reins on his neck, while I, lost in a dream of the past, was singing a song of my own making, with which I often comforted my longing by giving it voice.

I was roused by a heavy drop of rain upon my face. I looked up. A cool wave of wind fanned against me. Clouds had gathered; and over the peak of a hill to the left the sky was very black. Old Constaney threw his head up, as if he wanted me to take the reins, and let him step out. I remembered that there used to be an awkward piece of road somewhere not far in front, where the path, with a bank on the left side, sloped to a deep descent on the right. If the road was as bad there as it used to be, it would be better to pass it before it grew quite dark. So I took the reins, and away went old Constaney. We had just reached the spot, when a keen flash of lightning broke from the clouds overhead, and my horse instantly stood stock still, as if paralyzed, with his nostrils turned up toward the peak of the mountain. I sat as still as he, to give him time to recover himself. But all at once his whole frame was convulsed, as if by an agony of terror. He gave a great plunge, and then I felt his muscles swelling, and knotting under me, as he rose on his hind legs, and went backward, with scarp behind him. I leaned forward on his neck to bring him down, but he reared higher and higher, till he stood bolt upright, and it was time to slip off, lest he should fall upon me. I did so; but my foot alighted upon no support. He had backed to the edge of the shelving ground, and I fell and went to the bottom. The last thing I was aware of was the thundering fall of my horse beside me.

When I came to myself it was dark. I felt stupid and aching all over; but I soon satisfied myself that no bones were broken. A mass of something lay near me. It was poor Constaney. I crawled to him, laid my hand on his neck, and called him by his name. But he made no answer in that gentle, joyful speech—for it was speech in old Constaney—with which he always greeted me, if only after an hour's absence.

I needed all my manhood to keep from crying like a child; for my charge

or was my friend. How long I lay beside him, I do not know; but, at length, I heard the sound of wheels coming along the road. I tried to shout, and in some measure, succeeded; for a voice, which I recognized as that of my father's friend, answered cheerily. He was shocked to discover that his expected guest was in such evil plight. It was still dark, for the rain was falling heavily; but, with his directions, I was soon able to take my seat beside him in the gig. He had been unexpectedly detained, and was now hastening home with the hope of being yet in time to welcome me.

CHAPTER XII. MARGARET.

Early in the afternoon I came in sight of the cottage of Margaret. It lay unchanged, a gray, stone-fashioned hut, in the hollow of the mountain basin. I scrambled down the soft green brae, and soon stood within the door of the cottage. There I was met by Margaret's attendant. She led me to the bed where my old nurse lay. Her eyes were yet undimmed by years, and little change had passed upon her countenance, since I parted with her on that memorable night. The moment she saw me she broke out into a passionate lamentation, such as a mother might utter over the maimed strength and disfigured beauty of her child.

"What ill has he done—my bairn—to be all night the sport of the powers of the air and the wicked of the earth? But the day will dawn for my Duncan yet, and a lovely day it will be!"

Then, looking at me anxiously, she said:

"You're not much the worse for last night, my bairn. But woe's me! His grand horse, that carried him so, that I blessed the beast in my prayers!"

I knew that no one could have yet brought her news of my accident.

"You saw me fall, nurse?" I said.

"That I did," she answered. "I see you often than you think. But there was a time when I could hardly see you at all, and I thought you were dead, my Duncan."

I stooped to kiss her. She laid the one hand that had still the power of motion, upon my head, and dividing the hair, which had begun to be mixed with gray, said: "Eh, the bonny gray hairs! My Duncan's a man in spite of them!"

She searched until she found the scar of the saber cut.

"Just where I thought to find it!" she said. "That was a terrible day—worse for me than you, Duncan!"

"You saw me then?" I exclaimed.

"Little do folks know," she answered, "who think I'm lying here like a live corpse in its coffin, what liberty my soul—and that's just me—enjoys. Little do they know what I see and hear. And there's no witchcraft of evil-doing in it my boy; but just what the Almighty made me. Janet, here, declares she heard the cry, that I made, when this same cut, that's not so well healed yet, broke out in your bonny head. I saw no sword, only the bursting of the blood from the wound. But sit down, my bairn, and have something to eat after your walk. We'll have time enough for speech."

"You said, nurse, that some time ago you could not see me. Did you know nothing about me all that time?"

"I took it to mean that you were ill, my dear. Shortly after you left us, the same thing happened first; but I do not think you were ill then."

"I should like to tell you my story, dear Margaret," I said, conceiving a sudden hope of assistance from one who hovered so near the unseen that she often flitted across the borders.

"But would it tire you?"

"Fire me, my child!" she said, with sudden energy. "Did I not carry you in my bosom, till I loved you more than the darling I had lost? Do I not think about you and your fortunes, till, sitting there, you are no nearer to me than when a thousand miles away? You do not know my love to you, Duncan. I have lived upon it when, I dare say, you did not care whether I was alive or dead. But that was all one to my love. When you leave me now I shall not care much. My thoughts will only return to their old ways. But I want to hear your story. I am hungering to hear it."

"But," I whispered, "I cannot speak about it before anyone else."

"I will send Janet away. Janet, I want to talk with Mr. Campbell alone."

"Very well, Margaret," answered Janet, and left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cure for Sleeplessness.

A physician, in speaking of the various methods of inducing sleep, said: "I've tried them all—putting a cold towel on the head, bathing the feet in hot water, counting up to 1,000, drinking a glass of milk and so on, and the best thing I ever found was simply this: When I have worked all evening and find myself at bed time in a state of nervousness or mental activity, I go to bed and place my right hand directly over the pit of my stomach. Whether it is the animal warmth of the hand acting on the stomach and drawing the circulation from the head, or some nervous action, I can't say, but I know that I fall asleep in a few minutes. I believe that in a large majority of the ordinary cases of sleeplessness this simple remedy will prove effective. I have recommended it to many patients and they report surprising success."—Chicago Record.

Aids to Speed.

If it is true, as reported, that the sulky in which "Alix" was driven her great mile" at Columbus was made of aluminum and weighed only 21 pounds it is another case where increase of speed is due less to improvement in horseflesh than in racing appliances. When a lowered record means simply better tracks or better sulkeys it goes for something, but it does not represent its face value.—New York World.

Then She Fainted.

Looking up suddenly she beheld the bearded face of a man, with a gleaming knife between his teeth.

Then she fainted.

It was no wonder, for she had been carefully reared and had never seen any one eat pie in that manner. Indianapolis Journal.

The total annual value of English match manufacture has been estimated at from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000, and England is now the greatest producer of matches.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Homestead—Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Assist Not Fraud.

J. D. Smith writes as follows in Hoard's Dairyman: I desire to commend the article of C. H. Everett in a recent issue of your journal, condemning the practice of some farmers in selling their skim milk at 12 and 15 cents per hundred pounds to be manufactured into filled cheese. It would seem impossible in this day of dairy information, to find any dairymen who could be so short sighted. In the first place, as Mr. Everett says, the milk is worth at least 25 cents per hundred pounds to feed to growing hogs. If fed to thrifty young pigs, it is worth even more than this. There is another profit to be made out of skim milk that many lose sight of. I met a small dairy farmer recently who carefully looks after details, who said to me that he believed the manure his hogs manufactured was worth as much to him as the pork. With proper facilities for making manure, I believe this is not a wild estimate. Certainly, then, here is a big leak in the purse of the dairyman who sells his skim milk at 12 to 15 cents per hundred pounds. Back of this is a still greater leak. Every pound of this miserable fraud cheese which the farmer furnishes the material to manufacture robs him of the opportunity of selling a quantity of whole milk sufficient to make ten pounds of cheese. Now this may seem like an astonishing statement, but I have taken pains to inform myself, and I am confident it is true. I have introduced the subject in dairy meetings, have talked with hundreds of individuals, and have obtained figures from dealers, and I say, without hesitation, that there is not one pound of cheese consumed by our people where there should, and would, be ten, only for these abominations, filled and skim cheese. We ought to be, and would be, a cheese consuming people, if we could, buy a pure unadulterated article of cheese when we call for it. Mr. Everett utters a burning truth when he says: "The consumer buys it for full cream cheese, and pays just as much for it as he would for good cheese, and when he attempts to eat it he becomes disgusted, declares he can get no good cheese, and he declines to buy." This sums up the whole matter. I have been imposed upon more times in buying cheese than in any other article of food. I can remember when my mother used to make home made or dairy cheese, and what a delicious article it was. Two or three nice large ones were always made and sufficiently cured for use in haying, and then others made with special reference to long keeping for winter use. It fairly makes my mouth water now to think of them. Fellow dairymen of Wisconsin and elsewhere, why not apply a little common sense to this business? If my statement is true, and I am borne out in it by such a multitude of witnesses—I do not see how it can be doubted—then, for every dollar received for skim milk, or milk sold to manufacture skim cheese, there is a loss of \$10 to the dairymen of the country. I know scores of farmers who read this and say "Oh! bosh!"—but how many more years will it take, with oleo flooding our markets, and filled and skim cheese on sale everywhere, while honest dairy butter is begging a sale, before farmers will open their eyes to their own "bosh"? Why, with the light receipts of butter which have prevailed all the fall, do we hear such complaints of dull markets and slow sales? Simply because honest goods are being driven out of the market. I have repeatedly paid as high as 16 cents per pound for cheese that I bought for full cream, that was nothing but half or three quarters skim; in three days after cutting it would be as dry as a chip. My experience is that of every one; we are constantly being imposed upon until, as I have said, we do not consume one pound of cheese where we would ten, and I believe it may be placed even higher than that. Do away with filled and skim cheese and let our people know they can get a genuine article when they call for it, and at once the dairy industry will receive a powerful impetus all over this country.

Weight and Yield of Eggs.
A correspondent of the Kansas Farmer furnishes the following:
Geese, 4 to the pound; 30 per annum.
Polish, 9 to the pound; 150 per annum.
Bantams, 16 to the pound; 60 per annum.
Houdans, 8 to the pound; 160 per annum.
La Fleche, 7 to the pound; 130 per annum.
Hamburgs, 9 to the pound; 200 per annum.
Turkeys, 5 to the pound; 30 to 60 per annum.
Game fowl, 9 to the pound; 130 per annum.
Leghorns, 9 to the pound; 150 per annum.
Black Spanish, 7 to the pound; 150 per annum.
Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound; 130 per annum.
Langshans, 8 to the pound; 150 per annum.
Brahams, 8 to the pound; 130 per annum.
Guinea fowl, 11 to the pound; 160 per annum.
Ducks, 6 to the pound; 30 to 60 per annum.

[The above figures will be disputed

by many. Some of them certainly should be received with a good deal of hesitation. The Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks appear to be far too low.—Farmers' Review.]

SIZE OF FLOCKS.—As to the size of flocks a writer in the Poultry Journal suggests that it is a great mistake in keeping too large flocks together. There is no profit, he says, in keeping 100 hens in a place hardly large enough for 50. In fact, I doubt very much if 100 hens should ever be kept in one flock. I consider fifty an outside number. They will lay more eggs in the winter in the same space than 100. To illustrate: For several winters I kept from twenty-five to thirty birds in a pen 14x10 feet, and got very few eggs. Of late winters I kept only half the number and got more than twice as many eggs. If you are keeping fifty hens, you should raise twenty-five early pullets each year to replace the twenty-five 2-year-old hens which should be killed in the fall, as soon as they begin to moult. They will be in good condition then. In this way you will always have birds that, with proper care, must prove profitable. Remember that besides small flocks your birds must have plenty of room. They can not have too much.—Ex.

CULTURE OF THE FARM.—Why finish our houses with white coat, when the rough brown coat will keep out the cold? Why paint the inside of our homes, with so much expenditure of treasure and labor? Why put large costly windows in our houses, and then cover them almost entirely with two sets of curtains? Why put stripes and figures in our carpets when it costs money to put them there? Why have carpets at all, if the floors and walls be tight? Why keep a musical instrument in the house when we play so poorly? Why get up at night and build fires to save a few house plants from freezing, when we can buy ten times the amount with the money expended for extra fuel? All these questions may be answered by a close observation of the difference between a cultured and an uncultured youth. We are largely what our environments make us.—Mo. Report.

DUCK FARMING.—It is worthy of note that the Chinese very long ago hatched out their ducks by artificial heat, and the incubators that seem so wonderful to us at the poultry shows and country fairs were an old story in the east long before our great-grandfathers were born. It is likely that we got the domesticated duck from China so long ago that we know not when, and the writers on natural history content themselves with telling us that it is derived from the mallard, mixed in some cases with the musk-duck and the gad wall, and perhaps the black duck. The domestication of the duck has had an effect the opposite of that usually produced by civilization on man, for the mallard is strictly monogamous. Waterton the naturalist assures us, indeed, that the wild duck is a most faithfully polygamous.—Harper's Weekly.

A MISTAKE IN DAIRY FIGURES.—The following item is going the rounds of the agricultural press: "Capt. W. J. Wallace, living a few miles south of the city," says the Indiana Farmer, "kept account for one year of the amount of butter sold from his sixty Jersey cows, two of them with first calf, and found that it footed up 2,154 pounds, for which he received 30 cents a pound or \$646.20. This was in addition to the cream and butter consumed by the family, and shows what may be done with good stock and good feed. He feeds liberally with bran, cotton seed, clover, etc., and 'keeps the machine going' in all kinds of weather."—[There is a mistake in these figures, as a yearly yield of thirty-five pounds of butter per cow is nothing to brag of.—Farmers' Review.]

WYANDOTTES.—There are three standard varieties of Wyandottes—the silver, golden and white. There is also a black variety, which, however, is not yet recognized as an established standard breed. There is no difference in the varieties except color; but the silver Wyandotte is the original from which the others were taken; hence it is an older breed and more vigorous, as well as being considered harder than the others. It is not a large breed, but is larger than the Leghorn. Its rose comb is an advantage against the frost in winter, and its skin and legs are reddish yellow. As layers the hens are considered equal to any of the breeds, and the chicks are plump and attractive in appearance.

EMPTY THE CANS.—One of the arguments often advanced against disposing of the whey at the factory is that the cans will be harder to clean, by the milk drying and sticking to the sides of the cans, than if the sour whey is carried home. This can be overcome quite easily by having the milk drawer put in a gallon or two of water before leaving the factory. It is also claimed that this sour whey makes the cans easier to clean by loosening whatever milk may have adhered to the sides of the cans. The little good that this may do is more than counterbalanced by the bad effect of the acid of the whey on the tin of the can.—American Cheesemaker.

OLD MILK CANS.—Don't use old battered rusty tin milk cans. I noticed a comment on this subject in a dairy paper not long ago in which it was stated that milk which has been conveyed in a rusty can was analyzed and found to contain considerable iron, and it was further said that the butter produced therefrom had a tallowy taste. The experiment was tried after the cans were thoroughly steamed and "spores" were destroyed. How many have such old rusty cans now on the farm?—Agricola.

Rheumatic Pain
Return when the colder weather comes. They are caused by lactic acid in the blood, which frequently settles in the joints. This poisonous taint must be removed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cure
moved. Hood's Sarsaparilla conquers rheumatism because it drives out of the blood every form of impurity. It makes pure, rich blood. "I suffered with rheumatism in my foot. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and pain is all gone." Miss R. R. Blum, Mills House, Charleston, S. C.
Hood's Pills prevent constipation.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 25 Cents.
Apply Balm to each nostril.
Ely Bros., 23 Warren St., N. Y.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.
"COLCHESTER SPADING BOOTS"
BEST IN MARKET
BEST IN WEAR
The cutter and the tapper tend the whole length of the boot, giving and in other work.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE
\$5. CORDOVAN
\$4.25 FINE CALF
\$3.95 POLICE
\$2.50 WORKING
\$2.19 BOYS
LADIES
\$3.25
\$2.75
Over One Million People wear W. L. Douglas's \$3 & \$4 Shoes.
All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. Their equal custom shoes in style and quality. Their wearing qualities are first class. The prices are uniform, stamped on each shoe. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

FREE IT COSTS YOU NOTHING
Warranted 10 Years
OXFORD MFG. CO.
FREE, M. DEPT. C. CHICAGO, ILL.

WELL-MACHINERY
Illustrated catalogue showing WELLS, AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC PUMPS, etc. for sale or hire. Also, Sewing Machines, etc. Have been tested and all guaranteed.
Slovak City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Slovak City, Iowa.
1217 Union Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

ACRE APPLES, \$1,493
Write for catalogue of fruit and farm machinery. A practical Fruit and Farm paper, published weekly, for 25 cents a year. Circulation 100,000. The "Fruit and Farm" gives the grower or farmer, who hasn't the time to buy and read a great mass of papers, from them all, what he wants to know, and what would take him days to search out.

BOOKS FREE
In order to introduce our Standard Novels to the public for a short time, send one or more of the following books FREE on request of 12c (stamps accepted) for book to cover postage, packing.

Good Print Good Paper, Handsome
Century Cook Book
Uncle Tom's Cabin
Reveries of a Bachelor
Last days of Pompeii
Beyond the City
Dora Thorne
Poems and Yarns
The Wife's Secret
Webster Vest-Pocket Dictionary
The Gem Songster, with words and music.

Address HARRISON BOOK CO., 88 West Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.
Send 2c for catalogue of books.

OMAHA Business House
WE EXCHANGE Farms for Money and Merchandise. List your property for sale. FRENCH & CO., Schlitz Bldg., Omaha.

DR. McCRAE
SPECIAL
PRIVACY
MEN ONLY
Every case treated. 25c a week. 14th & Farwell Sts., Omaha, Neb.

W. N. U. Omaha
Mention this paper.