

LIFE ON BIG SANDY.

QUEER BUT PROFITABLE BOATING FOR A FEW MONTHS.

Flatboats Drawn by Teams of Oxen—People Starve When the Tiny Boats Miss Their Trips—River but Eight Inches Deep.

THE Big Sandy is the most ludicrous river on earth. Not even the Missouri in high-water moods and tannums equals this 400-mile-long stream, whose utmost head waters come from points very near the North Carolina line, says the Cincinnati Tribune. It is a saucy, insolent little stream down to Pineville, vociferous when the rains fill its narrow way, snarling and gnawing at its stony banks and digging holes in its muddy bottom. But at Pineville it changes.

The bed grows wider and is sand-plugged. The banks are low and crumble easily. From Pineville to Catlettsburg the river twists about and sports with the sand that keeps continually piling up in all sorts of undesirable places in the channel or dropping out of sight to puzzle the pilot at a critical point. The channel is never in the same place two days in succession and sometimes is changes morning, noon and night. But there has never been a serious disaster to a steambot on that stream, which plays clown with its sand and is always mud-faced, and even in flood time proves a friend to thousands.

The Big Sandy is the highway to all the far-back counties in northeastern Kentucky. It carries what little produce the farmers up that way have and returns very dearly every dollar's worth of groceries, dry goods and all other commodities that a population of 150,000 needs. Steamer navigation covers about five months in the year. Good rates are maintained and five good months on Sandy means big money to boat-owners, who in the other months rent their boats to Ohio river companies when that stream gets too low for its craft.

A Big Sandy boat is differently built from other steambots, and, like the river, is a subject for jokes in other waters. But in the stream for which it is built it just fits. It is always flat-bottomed. A steamer to travel on the Big Sandy must not draw over eight inches. The steamer must also be very squat. The berths are usually on the same deck as the boiler, but there are floating palaces on the Sandy that have two decks and a texas on top. The most frequent steamer, however, is the little stern-wheeler, known as a "fly-up-the-creek." It is a little, flat-bottomed boat, sixteen feet long, the sides built straight up from the wall of the barge on which it rests.

The width is eight feet and a bit of a wheel about two feet in diameter is the pusher. The boiler is a two or four horse power upright affair; the cabin contains no staterooms and no meals are served. The smokestack reminds one of the pilot hats clover wear and the play house is about as big as a \$5 refrigerator. There is one window about 8 by 12 inches on each side of the cabin and it carries only way passengers, light packages and often ferries people from one side of the river to the other.

But the king of all the boats on the Sandy, the favorite of the plebeian, is the delight of those with means, is the pushboat. It came on the river when the Indians were yet here and until last fall had ruled the sand. A first-class push-boat is 120 feet long, eight feet wide, and draws when loaded from 25 to 300 tons, about eight inches. It is flat-bottomed and both bows turn up sometimes like a gondola, and along each side, hanging above the water, runs a plank seven inches wide the entire length of the boat.

The crew of such a boat consists of the captain, an extra man and eight stalwart pushers. When the boat is ready to start the captain takes his place at the rudder and the eight men, four on each side, stand close together. At the signal to go the pushers put their metal-toed poles, fifteen feet long, to the bottom of the stream and push. As the boat moves the first two, still pushing, lift their feet as if walking until the rear end of the boat comes along.

Then they hurry to the front and again push, the other three couples going through the same labor. Eighteen miles in twelve hours is what a good crew will take a boat. There is very little current in the Sandy, even when the floods are on. The water runs in circles not strong enough to act as whirlpools, so that pushboats go up stream very nearly as rapidly as down. At one time there were 100 pushboats on the Sandy, of which nearly all were the property of five companies, the others being "independents." There was much racing and rivalry. This line of boats, the most costly of which cost less than \$750, earned over \$100,000 each season.

All summer drought scorched the Sandy valley and the stream sank into the earth, and was the victim of the sun until it became a mere rivulet, and the pushboat for weeks was almost nothing but a memory. The absence of the pushboat caused much suffering, for unless there is rain both hunger and lack of clothing afflict many hundreds of families.

The principal export besides lumber is sorghum molasses. In 1894 the pushboats and steambots carried 48,000 barrels of sorghum out of the valley

THE FIRST WATCH MADE.

When and By Whom is a Historical Puzzle—Its Early Name.

Watches are believed by historians to have been used as early as 1470. The word watch is derived from the Saxon waccan—to wake; the Swedish wacht, to watch, and the Danish wagt; the English watch has the same meaning taken, probably from the watch of the night. The actual name in its earliest days was pocket-clock. It was the perfected invention of the horological science of many centuries, and included the sun-dial, the clepsydra or water-clock, the hour or sand-glass, and wheel clock, by actual gradations of experiments and skill.

The ancient German city of Nuremberg claims the invention of the pocket-clock, says the Detroit Free Press, and it is a fact that these first clumsy watches were from their oval shape called Nuremberg eggs, and that the town was famous for their production.

A noble Milanese poet alludes to watches in a sonnet written by him in 1495, so that watches had then reached Italy. And that country has tried to fasten the triumph of their invention upon a Florentine astronomer, but without success. The Emperor Charles V., of Spain, possessed a watch or, as it was then called, a small table-clock. He amused himself with several of these in his retirement in the monastery of St. Juste. It is said he could not make them record the time, and one day he broke out in this impatient moral reflection on his past conduct: "What an egregious fool I must have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."

Upon another occasion a careless monk entered his room and overturned the timekeepers. The emperor only smiled at the accident and said pleasantly:

"I have been laboring for some time to make these clocks go together, and now you have accomplished it in an instant."

Watches were introduced into England during the reign of Henry VIII, who possessed a watch that went for a week. A watch belonging to this monarch was on exhibition in London at the world's fair in 1851.

A large oval watch which was owned by Mary Queen of Scots is still in good order in the museum of the Andersonian university. It has a mixed metal case like that of a hunting watch, and is much larger than our present watches. The dial plate is elaborately engraved with the representation of some continental city. The interior has a cord of cat-gut instead of a chain. The cat-gut is not found in watches later than the sixteenth century.

John Knox, the reformer, was given a watch by Queen Mary at a time when she wished to castrate him into an approval of her schemes. It is of octagonal oblong shape, an inch and a half in length and one and two-tenths in breadth. It has two cases or lids which are concave silver plates, each opening by itself upon a brass hinge. Under the upper lid is the brass front of the watch with a small silver dial-plate in the middle. The dial plate is only nine-tenths of an inch in diameter. Under the other case, or back of the watch are carved on the brass plates these words: "N. Forsniet a Paris." The interior seems to be disposed nearly in the same mode as later watches. It has a crown escapement. Instead of the chain of the fusee there is a fine therm band. The balance-wheel has no spring.

The manufacture of tiny watches, so minute that they could be worn in a ring, is mentioned as early as 1500.

A musical watch now exhibited in the St. Petersburg Academy of Science performs a religious chant with scenic accompaniments. It is about the size of an egg. Within it is a representation of Christ with Roman sentinels on watch. On pressing a spring the stone rolls from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the angels appear, the holy women enter the sepulcher, and the same chant which is sung in the Greek church on Easter Eve is actually performed. This watch was invented by an ingenious Russian peasant during the reign of Catharine of Russia.

The silver clock-watch of the unfortunate king, Charles I., is still in existence. It is most elaborately engraved with pastoral scenes on the dial, and a border of flowers, and is a very interesting relic of that unhappy monarch.

One in a Thousand.

"Miss Smitherson is the girl for me."

"Why? She's homely enough."

"Maybe. But she wears a small bonnet to the theatre and a large Gainsborough to church. That shows she is thoughtful."—New York Life.

All the Differences.

Featherstone—I wonder where those trousers are that I ordered?

Kingway—Why, I thought you said you couldn't afford any more clothes?

Featherstone—I couldn't, but I got a new tailor.—Clothes and Furnisher.

A Round-Trip Ticket.

Uncle Ezra had been watching the engine on the turntable, and after its circuit had been made said to an employe:

"Say, young man, would you mind telling me one thing?"

"Not if it is anything that I know."

"Wal, does a round-trip ticket entitle you to one of them rides? Seems like it order, and if it does I ain't had mine yet."—Washington Star.

Idling and Reposing.

Mistress—Nora, how does it happen I find you idling away your time in that rocking-chair?

Domestic (with languid majesty)—I'm not idling, mem. I am reposing. I'm a Delsarshean, mem.—Chicago Tribune.

A Postmaster's Wife.

A LEEDS WOMAN WHO ASTONISHED HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

Near to Death but Restored so Completely That She has Been Accepted by a Life Insurance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Lewiston, Me.

A bright little woman, rosy and fresh from her household duties, dropped into a chair before the writer and talked with enthusiasm shining in her snapping black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of Leeds Centre, Me., have watched, with some interest the restoration to complete health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the postmaster. So general were the comments on this interesting case that the writer who visited Mrs. Francis and learned from her that the statements regarding her troubles and her subsequent extraction therefrom are entirely true. All of her neighbors know what has been the agency that has performed this cure, but that others may be benefited by her experience, Mrs. Francis has consented to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth I dread more than another," she said, "it is to see my name in the papers. But in this case I conquer my repugnance and give publicly the same credit to the savior of my life as I would to one who had dragged me from a death beneath the waves. In fact, I have extolled my preserver so enthusiastically and unreservedly; have sought out sufferers and recommended the remedy to so many friends and acquaintances that already my neighbors jocularly call me, 'Pink Pills Francis.' But really, my recovery is something I consider wonderful. I know that there are so many testimonials of medicine in the papers nowadays that people do not pay as much heed as formerly, but I do wish folks who are suffering would remember that what I say comes from the heart of a woman who feels that she had a new lease of happy life given to her.

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. My existence until two years ago was one of dragging misery. Anyone in the village will tell you of my condition. My blood seemed exhausted from my veins and month after month I grew weaker. I was able to undertake only the lightest household work, and even then I could perform it only by slow and careful movements. During all these sorry months and years I was under the care of this doctor and that, but their medicines helped me only spasmodically, and then I fell into relapses more prostrating than ever.

"In the night I used to be awakened by the most excruciating pains in my heart and side, and was obliged to use pellets of powerful medicine that the doctor gave me for relief in such attacks. At last my condition became so grave that I went out only infrequently. We live up stairs, you notice over my husband's store, and in descending the stairway I frequently was obliged to sort of fall and slide over the steps in order to descend, such was the strain on my system resulting from this slight exertion. Occasionally I visited the neighbors, but I was obliged to sit and rest to recover breath while ascending any elevation. In short, it did not seem that I could live, such was my complete physical prostration.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and although my faith in remedies was weak by that time, I sent for a box and tried them. That was two years ago. Now I call myself a well woman. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I haven't had one of those excruciating pains in my heart for a year and a half. Why, even the first box of pills helped me. I can walk miles now; can do my work easily; have gained in weight constantly, and you would scarcely believe it, but a little while ago I was examined for endowment insurance and accepted unhesitatingly after a careful examination by the physician.

"Do you wonder that I'm shouting 'Pink Pills' all through our village? I haven't taken any of the remedy for some months for it has completely built me up, but at the first sign of trouble I know to what refuge to flee.

"Last year my aunt, Mrs. M. A. Blossom, of Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me. She was suffering from lack of vitality and heart trouble, but she was skeptical about my remedy that I was so enthusiastically advocating. At last, however, she tried it and carried some home with her when she went. A little while ago I received a letter from her and in it she said, 'I am cured, thanks to God and Pink Pills.' She also wrote that her husband had been prostrated but had been restored by the remedy.

"We feel up this way that such a sovereign cure cannot be too widely known. That is the only reason why I allow my name to be used in this connection. I know that by personally recommending them I have helped many of my friends back to health, for I never let an opportunity pass when a word of counsel may direct some one."

One of the persons to whom Mrs. Francis recommended Pink Pills is station agent, C. H. Foster, of Leeds Centre, and the reporter found him patrolling the platform awaiting the arrival of the morning train. Mr. Foster, who is one of the most trustworthy, capable and energetic men in the employ of the Maine Central railroad, appeared in unusual good health and spirits and we made inquiry as to the cause.

"Do you know," replied he, "I think I've made a discovery, or at least Mrs. Francis has for me. I have been in poor health for a long time with a heart trouble variously complicated. We have been so fully interested in Mrs. Francis' wonderful recovery that I at once determined to give the medicine recommended a thorough test. So about two months ago, I bought the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Only two months please note, yet already I am so much improved, so much better able to fulfill my duties, so sanguine that I am on the road to recovery, that I feel like a new man.

"I can now walk without the fatigue I once experienced, my heart affection appears to be relieved, and I have joined the Pink Pills' Band in our community. Mr. Foster commenced taking the pills at a time when he was completely prostrated, after he had suffered such a severe attack of heart trouble that it was necessary to carry him home from his office. Since then he has faithfully adhered to the remedy and is constantly improving, so much so as to excite his enthusiasm and his gratitude.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold by the bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Idle Rich. I contend that in the case of the idle rich, as in all other cases, consumptive power is limited and measured by production, and demand by supply. To perceive this, we have in truth, only to dip just below the surface. Whence is their purchasing power derived? It does not descend from the skies; nor is it obtained by submarine telegraph direct from California or Australia; nor is its existence exhaustively accounted for by the presence of certain figures on the credit side of their accounts in the bankers' books.

If the idle landlords, mortgagees and fund holders were to vanish into space, would the demand of the community diminish? Certainly not. The only difference would be that different persons would now consume and determine the direction of demand. It was formerly certain idle landlords, mortgagees, and fundholders: it would now be certain producers and tax-payers, who finding themselves in possession of an enlarged purchasing power, would, I think we may assume, know how to use it.—Political Economy, J. E. CAIRNES, p. 34.

The World Transformed. Suppose that a tailor can make a coat in one day, a hat only in six days, and that a hatter can make a hat in one day, a coat only in six. Without exchanging, each must work seven days for a hat and a coat. By exchanging, each can obtain both articles for two days' work, and wealth will gain five coats and five hats. Such saving is the tendency of all spontaneous exchange. This illustration teaches that: there is no necessary reason why, in any exchange both parties should not gain. If the contract is intelligently and freely made, both do gain.—Institute of Economics—Andrews, p. 86.

With the process of exchange the entire face of the economic world becomes transformed, while civilization attains a loftier level and a richer diversity.—Ibid, p. 87.

Pool Their Issue and Win. DAVID CITY, Neb., 3, 26, 1896.

SPECIAL TO THE INDEPENDENT: Your traveler reached this beautiful little city on the night of the 27th and found very pleasant quarters at the Perkins, and on awaking in the morning was greeted with the very pleasant sound of the down pouring of a refreshing rain, which continued most of the forenoon.

In the forenoon I called on the very affable district clerk who by the way is the only populist who was strong enough to break into the court house last fall. We judge the reason of his success is the fact that he paddled his little boat with all his might from start to finish.

I find a very good and friendly feeling in and around David City for the NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT, and a growing feeling among populists and silver democrats to pool their issues, and go in, in the coming campaign for a winning program.

The farmers in this vicinity are in good spirits and are a unit in the belief that with one or two good crops and another term in the governor's office of the present incumbent, surrounded by state officers, of the same political faith, that Butler county and the state at large would be fairly started on the high road to prosperity. J. M. D.

Honoring Allen. WASHINGTON, March 26: Senator and Mrs. Allen were guests of the Mexican Minister and Mrs. Romero at a dinner tonight.

A Large Crop of Populists. VALPARAISO, Neb., March 25, 1896.

SPECIAL TO THE INDEPENDENT: Your Representative on the road visited this little city situated in the south-west corner of the state of Saunders, and located on the left bank of the historic Oak creek. Upon inquiry and investigation, I found that the atmosphere, climate and soil, coupled with the conditions which exist throughout the country, are producing a large crop of populist voters for the year 1896. All classes are enquiring, as did the Philippian Jailor, "what must we do to be saved," and the answer comes up from the valleys and from the hill tops "Vote the populist ticket." J. M. D.

Democratic H—Raisers. Democratic congressmen are h—r raisers when it comes to controlling the appointment of fourth-class postmasters, but are as cooing doves when it comes to passing a financial or bankrupt bill for the relief of an overburdened people.—Ex-Governor Gibbs.

The Lincoln Business College is not approached by any other institution in Nebraska in furnishing high grade instruction in elegant penmanship, rapid calculation, shorthand, and typewriting, bookkeeping, arithmetic, and the branches that go to make up complete courses in penmanship, shorthand and business. For Catalogue, Address, D. Dillibridge, Pres Lincoln, Nebr. Corner of 11th & O Sts.

Notice of Probate of Will. In the County Court of Lancaster County, Neb. The State of Nebraska, to Kirtland I. Perky of Alton, Idaho, son of Esther M. Perky and her late husband and to any others interested in said matter: You are hereby notified that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Esther M. Perky deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for the probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of Leona Perky as executrix. That on the Twenty-fourth day of April, 1896, at two o'clock p. m., said petition and the proof of the execution of said instrument will be heard, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record the same, and ex. at administration of the estate to Leona Perky. This notice shall be published for three weeks successively in THE NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT prior to said hearing. Witness my hand and official seal this 30th day of March 1896. S. T. COCHRAN, County Judge.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage, dated on the 25th day of February, 1896, and duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 25th day of February, 1896, and executed by the said Mortgagor to J. A. Young or bearer, to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars (\$350), and upon which there is now due the sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars (\$175.00). Default having been made in the payment of said sum, and in other proceedings at law having been instituted for the recovery of said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: One black yearling heifer, one nearly white yearling heifer, one red yearling heifer, one spotted cow, one red cow, one brown horse seven years old named Baby; one black horse seven years old named Prince; one bay horse coming four years old, with whistripe in face; one black mare coming four years old; one black mare named Baby; one half faced sorrel mare, one bay mare colt, at public auction at the house of Ernest Hornig, in Little Salt precinct, Lancaster county Nebraska, on the 15th day of April, 1896, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day. Dated March 26, 1896. J. A. YOUNG, Mortgagor, By Jno. S. Kirkpatrick, his Attorney. 43-3t.

OWSLEY WILSON. Attorney-at-law, Burr's Block, CHATEL MORTGAGE SALE. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage, dated on the 8th day of March, 1894, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 15th day of March, 1894, and executed by Fred E. Carlson to Leander L. Larimer to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of \$132.00 and interest from the first day of March, 1894, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, on which there is now due and owing the sum of \$135.54. Default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt, or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the following property therein described, viz: One grey gelding colt, named Baby, six years old, weight about 1100 pounds at public auction, in front of the postoffice in the village of Raymond, county of Lancaster and State of Nebraska, on Saturday, the 23rd day of April, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day. LEANDER L. LARIMER, Mortgagor, By J. W. WILSON his Attorney. 43-4t.

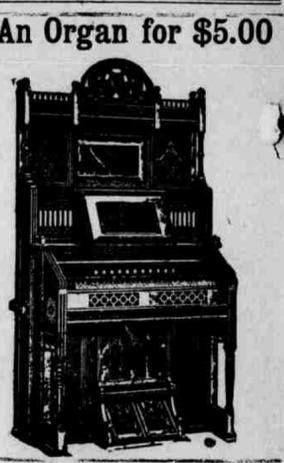
FUNNY DECOYS. Pup Seals and Other Counterfeits Made Out of Wood in Alaska. Shut up in a drawer at the National museum, where nobody has the privilege of seeing them, is a curious collection of decoys. Perhaps the funniest among them is a pup seal, about a foot and a half long, quite artistically carved out of wood. Its little paws are folded across its chest, and it is intended to float on its back upon the water. Just as the animal it represents does in real life. However, it is not meant as a decoy for mother seals, as may be imagined, but as a float for tying a fishing line to. Fishes recognizing the innocence of pup seals in general, are not likely to suspect that one would dangle a hook and line to catch them. This is an Alaskan decoy, of course. The natives of that region employ decoy ducks made of wood in a similar fashion—not to attract real ducks within reach of arrows or bullets, but as floats merely. To the floats, set a-swimming in the rivers, lines are attached, with hook and bait for salmon. No ordinarily wise salmon would be afraid of a duck. So these fishes bite eagerly at the lures suspended from the counterfeit birds in the water and are caught. Another very queer decoy in the drawer is a fish, cut out of wood and painted white. No label states, unfortunately, precisely how it is employed, although it is certain that it is a counterfeit intended to attract some big fishes. Big salmon could swallow prey of such a size, and it may be designed as bait for them. Think, however, of the disgust which would be felt by any sealy ogre at finding that he had taken in a wooden fish one foot long!

A Grate Joke. "I should think it would make those bank cashiers nervous to stand all day behind those wire nettings." "Why so?" "Well, because it naturally would make them think of the bars behind which so many of them are liable to be confined some day." "Oh!"—Philadelphia Press. Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed, it causes the drum to vibrate and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sold by Druggists, etc.

REFORM BOOKS. Invention and Injustice—Ingersoll, 10c. Story of the Gold Conspiracy—Del Mar, 10c. People's Party Shot and Shell—Blair, 10c. Illustrated First Reader in Social Economics—Kilmer, 10c. Money Found—Hill Banking System, 25c. The Rights of Labor—Joslyn, 25c. The Pullman Strike—Carwardine, 25c. A Story from Pullmantown—Illustrated, 25c. How to Govern Chicago—Tuttle, 25c. Silver Campaign Book—Tuttle, 25c. A Breed of Barren Metal—Bennett, 25c. Shilock's Daughter—Bates, 25c. Send us 50 cents and we will mail you a full sample set of all these books, 126 pages, amounting to \$2.40 at regular prices. No reduction from this combination rate, but as many sets as you wish at this figure. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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Cow Killed by a Turtle. One day last week Richard Mock, of Miller county, Ga., after milking a fine milk cow he owns, turned her out in the woods and she wended her way down to Aycock's creek to slake her thirst some time during the day, and while engaged in drinking was seized by the nose by a loggerhead turtle and her head pulled under the water and held there until she drowned. Falling to return home that night Mr. Mock made search for her and found her lying with her head under the water, by body on land, quite dead, the turtle still having his hold. Mr. Mock called help, and dragging the cow out, drew the turtle out also, he refusing to let go the cow's nose. The turtle was killed and weighed fifty pounds, his shell being as large as a large bread tray.