

IN THE DARK.
O, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the sigh of the sleeper
Sounds like a sign of pain.
A sense of awe and wonder
I may never well explain,
For the thoughts that come in the shadow
Never come in the shine.
The old clock down in the parlor
Like a sleepless mourner grieves,
And the second drip in silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.
And I think of the hands that signal,
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.
And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait,
Till the clock the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.
They are not there now in the evening,
Morning or noon—not there:
Yet I know that they kept their vigil—
And wait for me somewhere.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FATHER AND SON.

An Incident in Real Life.
One night last winter, while pursuing my way along one of the most obscure streets in Boston, I was aroused from the reverie in which I was indulging by hearing light footsteps close by my side. Turning quickly, I beheld a young girl, apparently not more than twelve years old, following as if she was anxious to speak to me, and when I observed by the dim light of a neighboring street lamp, that she was poorly-dressed, trembling, thin and pale, I asked her, in a tone of kindness, what she wanted.
"If you please," she replied, in a voice that was almost choked with sobs, yet struck me as peculiarly soft and silver-toned, "if you please, sir, will you go back with me just a little way, and see my father, who is very sick?"

"What is the matter with your father?" I asked, fearful of being deceived.
"Oh, sir, I don't know," she answered, in the same tremulous voice, "but I fear he is going to die."
The earnest manner of the broken-hearted girl made me ashamed of having doubted her at first, and I resolved to comply with her request. I was in just the mood for some adventure where there was an opportunity of accomplishing an object of benevolence, and I willingly followed my timid, sorrowful little guide back to her home.
The girl led me into a small and somewhat dilapidated house, and invited me to ascend a narrow staircase. At the head of the stairs I heard her groping about until her hand touched the latch of a door, which she opened, asking me in a low voice to follow her into the room.
I did so, and found myself in an humble apartment, where scrupulous neatness seemed struggling against absolute want. The dim light of a flickering lamp which stood on a small table near the door, revealed to me the scanty furniture, which I found to consist of a few chairs, a table already mentioned, and among other articles of minor importance, a bed in the most retired part of the room.

The girl stepped along before me and pointed to the bed.
"Come this way, if you please," she whispered, "here is father."
As she turned to approach the bedside of the sufferer, to brush him of my presence, I silently approached away a tear which the sight of her grief-worn, pallid cheeks, and eyes red with much weeping, caused to start through my eyelids.
My youthful guide bent over the sick man, and laying her cheek close to his, while her arms encircled his neck, whispered something in his ear. A moment after she arose, and placing a chair at the bedside, begged me to approach.
Seating myself in the chair she placed for me, I took the hand of the invalid, and gazed for the first time fully upon his face, and never forget the spectacle. Although much emaciated, his features betrayed the spirit of pride in the midst of poverty, of resolution in adversity, and of the stern endurance, during his moments of agony, which dwelt within his breast.

I was about to address him, when he cut me short by speaking first.
"You said me in a bad condition, sir," said he, with a smile I thought rather bitter, "and I am not actually crushed by sickness and misfortune; this you will readily believe, for I could never have stooped to ask assistance of any one, had I not been perfectly helpless. And even now, sir, I doubt whether I would not have died before asking you to come, had it not been for the broken-hearted girl who conducted you to this."
I cannot describe my sensations on hearing these words, so full of pride and candor, fall from the lips of a man who might be dying. It was plain to be seen that the invalid had once seen better days, and moved in circles of refinement, and I was sure that his intellect was of the finest order. It was owing to these peculiar circumstances of the case, that I was so deeply interested in my new acquaintance, and felt anxious to relieve them, and at the same time to learn something of their history. After conversing with the invalid for a few moments he intimated to me that he would willingly let me into the secret of his history, provided the girl was not present to listen.

Accordingly, I directed "little Hetty," as the old man called her, to go for a physician of my acquaintance, telling her I would wait for her father until she returned. The night was now cold, and I felt that it would benefit her body and divert her mind to take a walk in the city, with the ways of which she was very well acquainted.
Hetty had scarcely left the house, when the door-bell rang. The sick man said the lower part of the house was not occupied, and requested me to see who was at the door.
Greeting a lamp in my hand, I proceeded down the stairs. I found a well-dressed gentleman at the door, who seemed surprised on seeing me in such a place.
"Does Mr. Farley reside here?" he asked.
"Well, then, is there more than one family living in the house?"
"There is only one family, I believe."

"And you don't know whether the name of the family is Farley or not?" said the stranger, with a smile.
I saw the drift of his remark, and replied that I was not acquainted in the house, never having been there before.
"The name of the family may be Farley," said I, "but I have not heard of it. All I know is, there is an old man

and his daughter, and he calls the girl 'Hetty.'"
"The same," said the stranger; "he is the man I would see."
Hoping he might bring relief to my new acquaintance, I readily conducted him up the stairs, and into the apartment he had left.
On approaching the bedside, I found that Mr. Farley had fallen asleep during my absence from the room.
"Let me sit here," said the stranger, quietly seating himself at the foot of the bed, shading his brow, which I observed betrayed some emotion, "and do not tell the old man I am here. It is the girl I would see, and I will wait here until she returns."
Scarcely was the stranger seated, when, as I approached the bedside, the invalid awoke.
"You must go," said he, continuing the subject of his history in a manner which showed that his slumber had been light, "you must know that I have not always been in the condition of poverty in which you now see me. I was born in excellent circumstances, and enjoyed a high standing in society."
"How did you become reduced?" I asked.
"By a series of misfortunes, of which I need not tell you. By degrees I lost, and became quite fortuneless—quite friendless."
"Is the girl who brought me here your only child?" I inquired.
"Ah! it is of that I would speak," sighed the sick man, pressing my hand. "I had another child—a son—"

"And he is dead?"
"No—but he is dead to me. I lost him through my pride—my worse than folly."
"Where is he now?"
"Alas! I know not."
"He has deserted you?"
"No—I drove him from my door. It was in my days of pride and influence that I disowned him and cast him off penitently."
The old man pressed his feeble hand upon his brow, as if to still its throbbing, and closed his eyes with a suppressed groan.
"I loved my son," he continued, after a pause—"I was proud of him, too, but even he could not change the firmness of my will. It is that which I fear he has inherited."
"In what manner?"
"Can you not guess?" Had you known William, you would have discovered before this. His generous soul, so unlike my own, was totally free from all pride and pretense, to which I owe my ruin. He had no idea of the aristocracy of wealth, and when he found among the laboring classes a maiden whom he thought might make him happy, he cared not for her humble condition, but resolved to wed her as if she were a princess.

"And you opposed him?"
"Firmly—bitterly—blindly opposed him!" exclaimed the old man. "He was a major, and I could not enforce my commands, but I threatened, little thinking my threats were vain. I told him in a moment of calmness that the hour which saw him united to the poor girl he was wooing, saw him no longer my son. But his soul like mine, was above compulsion; and unlike mine, it scorned the allurements of wealth. He believed that the only way to be honorable, and that world was often found with them than with luxury and riches. He trusted that he had found a priceless jewel in the person of the humble girl he loved, and he boldly and unhesitatingly offered her his hand and heart, although he knew I would disinherit him!"
"And he married her?"
"Yes; and from that time I have never seen him! He provided a home for himself and wife in Boston, and wrote me a letter. In that he begged me to excuse him, and to forgive his acting against my wishes, but said not a word—not a syllable about being received once more as my son and heir. He ended by inviting me to visit him in his new but humble home, and expressed a desire that we might live on friendly terms. I was too proud to visit him, and he never saw fit to cross my threshold again!"

"And he continued to reside in Boston—in the same city with you, his father?"
"Yes, for a time; but he was poor, and could not bear, I presume, the sight of those of his old associates who ceased to know him when he was no longer able to live in style. He scorned them, it is true; but he hated the sight of them, and therefore removed from the city."
"And he never came to you or wrote to you afterwards?" said I.
"Never. The last I heard of him he was in New York, and in tolerable circumstances. Oh, what a triumph it would be to him could he see me thus reduced—shorn of my pride and former wealth!"
"You see I am now left alone in the unfriendly world with the child who brought you here. As my riches have all fled, I have no friends, no fortune, my only friends dropped off one by one; and now sickness has reduced me to the helpless, miserable condition in which you behold me. There is not an individual living who cares for me or mine! You have already shown me some kindness, for which heaven reward you; but you are the only one—the only one!"
The sick man turned his eyes upwards, then closed them with a sigh.
"At this moment I observed that the stranger, who at first seemed to take no interest in the old man's story, had at length drawn his chair close to the bedside, as if to listen.
"My pride is humbled now," resumed the invalid, after a long pause, "I think I might be brought to ask relief of the very son I have disowned. O God! how just has been my punishment! to think that he, whom I cast off, is now, in all probability, able to laugh at my fall in the midst of his growing prosperity. But think you he would do it? Think you my William, who was once my joy and pride, would have the heart to triumph over me in my misery?"
"No, he would not," said a deep, earnest voice behind me, which made me start.
On looking around, I saw the stranger, I had admitted approaching the bedside. As the light fell upon his brow, I beheld it was dark with agony, and his eyes were near closing in his eye.
"Who spoke?" what voice was that? demanded the invalid, turning on his pillow.
I made way for the stranger, and he drew near the bed. He bent over the form of the old man, and their eyes met.

"It was I who spoke," said the stranger, in hurried, husky tones; "it was my voice."
The old man stared at him wildly.
"And who are you?" he demanded.
"I do not know me?" murmured the other, "but I have a right to come to this—that I am forgotten by my father?"

"William! my son William!" sobbed the invalid—"Oh, my injured—my noble and forgiving boy!"
The old man's voice was choked by sobs, as with his feeble arms he drew his son more closely to his bosom. I turned away to dash aside the tears which came to my eyes, dimming my sight; and when I looked again, near a minute after, I beheld the father and son still locked in each other's arms. As I contemplated that silent, heart-felt embrace, I felt my eyes fill again, and my bosom heave with sympathy.
"Oh, my son!" murmured the invalid, at length, "what good angel has brought you hither? I am no longer what I once was, but a humble, miserable wretch. Adversity has taught me a deep and holy lesson; and it is now with joy, and not with pain, that I ask you to forgive me."
"Father! father!" interrupted the young man, in a voice of agony, "speak not of the past! Let us forgive and forget! Both of us may have been in fault, but the days of our estrangement are past now; we are father and son once more!"
"God bless you! oh, my child!" murmured the old man. "God bless you!"
"I am come," resumed William, "to repay the debt of gratitude I owe to you."
"The debt of gratitude!"
"Yes; for what does not a son owe to his father—especially to such a father as you were once to me? My mother was taken away when I was young and Hetty, but an infant, and I had no place. You educated me, you did everything in your power to make me happy. Now I am come to repay the debt as freely. I have a dear happy home in New York, to which I will remove you and Hetty, as soon as you are able to leave your bed. Till then, I will see that you are made comfortable here. Oh, I thank heaven for putting it into my heart to come back to Boston and search you out!"

The old man strove to reply to these words of kindness, but could not speak for sobbing. He wept like a child.
My situation during this interview was painful. It was a relief to hear footsteps ascending the stairs, and to see little Hetty enter the moment after.
Seeing two strangers in the room with her father she started back surprised, for she was far from recognizing her brother. The old man saw her, and called her to his side.
William uttered not a word, but stood regarding her in silence.
"My child," said the old man, "do you remember your brother William?"
"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly. "I remember him—he was always so kind to me. Don't you wish he was here now, father?"
"My child, he is here!" exclaimed the old man. "This is your brother William."
The girl turned, and when she saw her brother regarding her tenderly and kindly, open his arms to receive her, she flew to his bosom and flung her arms wildly about his neck.

At this moment my friend, the physician Hetty had gone for, having followed her almost immediately, rang at the door, and I hastened to conduct him up the stairs.
He gave the sick man encouragement, and having prepared some medicine for his use, took his departure.
Thinking it best to leave the newly-united family alone, I rose to depart. The old man and his son thanked me warmly for the interest I had taken in their affairs, and the little girl, as she conducted me to the door and bade me good-night, sobbed me with tears in her eyes to visit them again.
That night I went home a better man than when I left a few hours before. The lesson I had learned had a peculiar effect upon my mind, teaching me, as it did, the folly of family pride, or the pride of wealth, and the divine beauty and sweetness of forgiveness.

When I visited the house again I found a coach at the door, and being admitted by a servant, met little Hetty in the hall, dressed ready for a journey.
The little creature flew to welcome me, and fairly wept with joy.
"Where have you been?" she asked.
"Oh," said she, "father and I are going to New York with brother William. Father has got almost well, so that he can travel. We are going to live with brother, and we shall be so happy."
At that moment William and his father came down stairs, being ready for a start. Although the old man was leaning on the arm of his son, when he saw me he sprang forward to grasp my hand. William did the same, while Hetty bowed by laughing and weeping with pure joy.
I saw them depart; and once more I retraced my steps homeward, filled with admiration of the old man's proud, stern but generous spirit, the tender, beauty and single-heartedness of the child, and above all, of the young man's nobleness of soul, and of his spirit of true Christian benevolence and forgiveness.—J. T. Crowbridge, a Yankee Blade.

FOR THE FARMER.

Pack your eggs in salt for the Winter use, not letting an egg touch another.

The Montana wool clip for this year is estimated at 10,000,000 pounds.

Nice shade trees about the house are very pleasant, are they not? Well, have we got them about our houses?

American breeders of Hereford cattle will make an organized effort to secure the South American trade for breeding animals.

An English breeder of Herdwick sheep claims that five out of every six they have killed have an extra rib.

As ordinarily used, bulls are very dangerous animals but they are never considered so until they have done some damage.

No hoghouse is complete without a mow for bedding and clover hay, now that we have found out that hogs like well cured sweet hay.

Your hogs may be growing and prospering on your clover pasture, but it will pay to hasten the growth with daily rations of corn.

Until dogs are legislated out of existence, or a new class of dog owners arises, these pets will be a great drawback to sheep-raising.

Two valuable herds of cattle in Missouri and some horses and hogs on the same farms have gone mad after being bitten by dogs.

According to "The Herald of Gospel Liberty," the United States pays \$40 for support of dogs to each \$1 contributed to foreign missions.

E. N. Thorson has sold the clip from 200 sheep for \$360. It pays to raise sheep even at prices of wool—18 to 20 cents.—News, Laverne Minn.

The Arkansas Station proposes a novel warfare against scrub cattle. It will encourage the spaying of cows and heifers and also encourage the cotton-seed-oil mill to buy the spayed cattle for fattening purposes.

"Is it possible to rear pigs so as to have 75 per cent of lean meat in them. This can be accomplished by feeding bran, middlings and skim-milk, or bran and middlings. Hogs need salt, as much as any other animal."

Two colts similar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be everything that is vicious, treacherous and unsafe—all because of a difference in the men handling them.

Chickens with two heads, legs or wings are heard from with unusual frequency this season. This should warn people against close in-breeding. In pigs it goes the other way, and has been continued till there were legs born with no eyes and only three legs.

Foot rot is not as prevalent as formerly. This is due to the sheep being kept on dry pasture instead of given only the wet pastures, as before. Sheep should invariably have shelter at night, but they object to being confined in a close building. An open shed, with a dry floor should be provided.

Farmers who have experimented with ensilage as food for sheep, report the best results, particularly with ewes at lambing time. The ensilage promotes the flow of milk and keeps the ewe and lamb in prime condition. It seems to be even more valuable for sheep than cattle.

The dog skins so extensively used in America and elsewhere for making gloves, come largely from China. There are thousands of farms in Manchuria and Mongolia where from tens to hundreds of dogs are reared yearly. The dogs are strangled, so as not to injure the skins, being killed in winter when the coat is in the finest condition. Goats are also raised on a large scale for a like purpose.

None of the grain excepting perhaps wheat contain more of albuminoids and phosphates than do oats. This grain is therefore especially valuable as feed for growing stock of all kinds, from chickens up to pigs, calves and colts. After a time young animals will do very well on it. It does not contain the nutriment they need for growth. But a change to oat meal will bring them in growing condition again.

Sweet or ripened silage can only be made from fully grown and mature fodder, the grain of which has begun to glaze. The juices of such fodder are more than water, and these juices when the fodder is cut are so charged with starch, etc., that they tend to preserve the fodder, and fermentation cannot go as far or attain so high a degree of heat as when less mature fodder is silaged. The filling can be more rapid with mature fodder and as good or better results secured.

There are four breeds of sheep known in this country which are usually classed as Downs, and which are very highly regarded by their breeders, all of them ranking high as producers of first-class mutton—a flesh that commends itself to the most critical and exacting of epicures, as well as to everybody else who enjoys good health and who can sit down to a juicy roast or nicely-boiled joint with a good appetite and relish for a hearty meal. They are the South, Oxford, Hampshire and Shropshire Downs.

Putting dogs on sheep to prevent ravages of hogs is so often urged that it occurs to me to suggest that dogs allowed to run at large be made to wear bells also. If not, why not? What could be pleasanter to lovers

of the canine race than to hear the merry tinkling of the dog bell as its wearer ravaged a neighbor's flock of sheep or poultry? And we feel sure the owner of the sheep and poultry would feel a certain kind of satisfaction also in hearing it.—William T. Smedley, in N. Y. Tribune.

The White House in 1800. It is interesting to read at this time the description of the white house, which Mrs. John Adams wrote in 1800. It was occupied in 1800 for the first time. It was begun in 1792 and was fashioned after the plan of the palace of the dukes of Leinster. Jefferson, the exponent of simplicity, favored a more elaborate and ornate structure. When President Adams moved into the white house in 1801 his wife wrote that it was on a grand and superb scale; but that bells were wholly wanting; that wood was not to be had, although the plan was surrounded with forests; that they could not use coal because they could not get it, and that the great unfinished audience room they used as a drying room for clothing, and that they had thought the situation "beautiful and capable of every improvement."—Exchange.

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Imported Cattle and Horses. There were imported into the United States in eleven months ending June 1, 1889, fifty thousand five hundred and ninety-two head of cattle on which duty was paid—which means that they were not breeders. Where do they come from and why is the tariff not increased? There were 40,320 head of horses imported into the United States for the eleven months ending June 1, 1889, on which duty was paid. Of course they were not for breeding purposes. In the same time we exported 3,133, being 43,007 head against us. When will the United States be able to raise its own horses? We take the facts from the United States treasury reports.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and October 8th, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Co. "The Northwestern Line," will run a series of "Harvest Excursions" to points on that line in Nebraska, the Black Hills and Central Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire more further information, communicate with J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Very often the dog does the best he can and still the rabbit gets away. Have you tried "Tanala's Punch" Cigar? "Rider Huggard's Icelandic romance," "Eric," will not be published for two years.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good. For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handiest almanacs in the country.—Homestead, Omaha, Neb.

It Had to Come Out. "Were you ever engaged in a train robbery?" asked the prosecuting attorney looking at him keenly.
"I was never indicted for train robbery," answered the witness evasively.
"That is not the question," said the lawyer. "I will ask you again. Were you ever a train robber?"
"Judge," said the witness, turning imploringly to the dignity on the bench, "I am not a witness, but a juror."
"And remember you are under oath."
The witness turned pale and his knees knocked together.

Suppose its got to come out. I sold books and bonnets on the cars for a whole year when I was a young fellow," faltered the miserable man.—Chicago Tribune.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Electricity vs. Horses. The whole running expenses of electric cars are one-third less than the expenses of horse cars. Besides, the nuisance of large stables is dispensed with, and there is no need of storage for hay and grain. Cars need less space of track, and the pavement is not broken up by the incessant tramp of horses. But the point of perhaps most importance to the general public is the decrease of noise. With rubber pavements, the use of electric cars, the abolition of the steam whistle in city limits, the suppression of bell ringing in church towns and the restriction of lucksters' cries in the city it becomes far more inhabitable for well people and less intolerable for the sick.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THIS IS GOOD ADVICE.

You want a good Liniment for Burns, Sprains and Bruises. No family should be without it. It is a good remedy for all kinds of skin eruptions. Let us name a remedy.

RECOMMENDED

by thousands, who bear willing testimony to its virtues and action when applied externally. Persons of every degree of intelligence and every rank in life use

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

If any of our readers doubt the magic of this old standard remedy, we advise them to buy one twenty-five cent bottle and give it a trial.

Persons Traveling

should always have a bottle of Pain-Killer with them, as accidents are liable to occur.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Backache, Neuralgia, and all the troubles of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

SMITH'S Blue Beans.

For the Sick, For Weak Stomach, For Chills, For Bad Liver, For Weak Stomach, For Fever, For Indigestion, For Constipation, For Dysentery.

FOR THE DEBILITATED.

For the Blues, For the Bile, For the Consumption, For Neuritis, For Indigestion, For Constipation, For Dysentery.

Act on the Bile. Act on the Liver.

Best medicine to prevent many diseases as well as to cure them. In small watch bottle. Price 25c.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Props., St. Louis, Mo.

ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE!

THE GRAZERS' PATENT TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE. Sold everywhere.

ATTEND A SCHOOL

That has an established reputation. Your expenses will be only \$1.00. The school is in the heart of the city. It is a school of the future. It is a school of the present. It is a school of the past. It is a school of the future. It is a school of the present. It is a school of the past.

WANTED

Stark Bro's Nursery Co., Louisiana, Missouri.

DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER

Manly and womanly alike will kill a quart of flies, and a quart of flies will kill a quart of flies. It is a fly killer. It is a fly killer. It is a fly killer.

IRRIGATED LANDS

in Rio Pecos Valley, New Mexico. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

PENSION

John W. Morris, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumption. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every county. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

AGENTS WANTED

For the sale of the above mentioned products.

FOR THE FARMER.

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What wrought the change? This woman's face Is sudy with a rose's grace. Her eye is bright, Her heart is light, Ah, truly 'tis a goodly sight. How bright must be her cheek, Was pallid and her step was weak.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Recently P. A. Reddick, who resides on the Beaver Dam creek, in Scriven county, Georgia, brought to Sylvania an old English coin about the size of an old-time copper cent, bearing date 1775, with the image of King George III, on one side. It was panned up in his field a few weeks since and was no doubt lost during the revolutionary war. It is not far from there is the famous battle ground on Briar creek. This is the third piece of the old money that has been found by him.

Imported Cattle and Horses. There were imported into the United States in eleven months ending June 1, 1889, fifty thousand five hundred and ninety-two head of cattle on which duty was paid—which means that they were not breeders. Where do they come from and why is the tariff not increased? There were 40,320 head of horses imported into the United States for the eleven months ending June 1, 1889, on which duty was paid. Of course they were not for breeding purposes. In the same time we exported 3,133, being 43,007 head against us. When will the United States be able to raise its own horses? We take the facts from the United States treasury reports.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and October 8th, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Co. "The Northwestern Line," will run a series of "Harvest Excursions" to points on that line in Nebraska, the Black Hills and Central Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire more further information, communicate with J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Very often the dog does the best he can and still the rabbit gets away. Have you tried "Tanala's Punch" Cigar? "Rider Huggard's Icelandic romance," "Eric," will not be published for two years.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A good thing is so seldom true, and a true thing is so seldom good. For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handiest almanacs in the country.—Homestead, Omaha, Neb.

It Had to Come Out. "Were you ever engaged in a train robbery?" asked the prosecuting attorney looking at him keenly.
"I was never indicted for train robbery," answered the witness evasively.
"That is not the question," said the lawyer. "I will ask you again. Were you ever a train robber?"
"Judge," said the witness, turning imploringly to the dignity on the bench, "I am not a witness, but a juror."
"And remember you are under oath."
The witness turned pale and his knees knocked together.

Suppose its got to come out. I sold books and bonnets on the cars for a whole year when I was a young fellow," faltered the miserable man.—Chicago Tribune.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Electricity vs. Horses. The whole running expenses of electric cars are one-third less than the expenses of horse cars. Besides, the nuisance of large stables is dispensed with, and there is no need of storage for hay and grain. Cars need less space of track, and the pavement is not broken up by the incessant tramp of horses. But the point of perhaps most importance to the general public is the decrease of noise. With rubber pavements, the use of electric cars, the abolition of the steam whistle in city limits, the suppression of bell ringing in church towns and the restriction of lucksters' cries in the city it becomes far more inhabitable for well people and less intolerable for the sick.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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