Back Where They Used to Be.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all cree But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
To see us in this great, big house, with
cyarpets on the stairs
And the pump right in the kitchen, and the
city city city;—
And nothing but the city all around us
everywheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!

An right here, in carshot of at least a thousan' people, d none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggaby Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from
the door.
And every neighbor round the place is dear
as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so
pore!

I want to see the Wigginses—the whole kit and A drivin' up from Shallow Ford, to stay the Sunday through.

And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-inlaw's and pilin'
Out there at Lizy Ellen's like they used to

I want to see the piece quilts that Jones girl is And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freekled hired hand,
And joke about the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Let's go a-visitin' bask to Griggsby Station— Back where's nothin aggervatin any more. She's: ay safe in the wood around the old Back where we used to be so happy and so

I want to see Merindy and help her with her And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone.
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me how he's growin'. And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower Eighty.

Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried—for
His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy

As she reads all his letters over, writ from the war.

What's in all this grand life and high situa-And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station— Back where we used to be so happy and so -James Whitcomb Riley.

# A SOCIAL SHOCK.

Dinner was announced immediately after Mrs. Washington Mostyn entered the drawing-room, and indeed it ap-

peared that the party were only awaiting her arrival to put an end to classic bad quarter of an hour.

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Kendal, "I am going to send you down with a most charming young man, Algie Upham, a cousin of the duchess of Livermood. I think he's quite over of the pool. I think he's quite one of the nicest men in London—and so artistic, don't you know."

Mrs. Mostyn raised her tortoise-shell lorgnette in the direction of the gentleman indicated, and was pleased to make an inspection and give an opinion in not more than two seconds.

looking young man. Ah, I see-race and intelligence."

d intelligence."
"Yes, both. But allow me to introduce you," said Lady Kendal. In another minute or so the women were trailing their silken and velvet skirts down-stairs to the dining-room.

Mrs. Washington Mostyn belonged to
the "Four Hundred" of New York, if

not by birth, at any rate by wealth. Her husband, who was content to pur-sue operations in Wall street most of the year round, was wont to leave the cultivation of society to his handsome wife. Their brown-stone mansion on Fifth avenue was as gorgeons as many of their richer neighbors, and no one understood better the art of "booming" an entertainment and getting berself talked about than Mrs. Washington Mostyn of New York. And then her "cottage" at Newport, was it not celebrated in every paper throughout the length and breadth of the continent? It was there that she entertained lavish migratory members of the English aristocracy in quest of amusement, wives, or sport—thereby forming con-nections which she meant to push vigorously now that she had actually arrived in London.

Had not Lord Birkenhead the duchess of Liverpool's oldest boy, been one of these feted and flattered young-sters? And was not the dear duchess proportionately grateful and inclined to open the ducal arms in a manner that she was not wont to do with certain dear friends and rivals from New York and Washington? And as to the society of which this fastidious lady was so distinguished an ornament, was it not the most select and "high-toned" -as the transatlantic scribe would put it-to be found on the same continent? But Mrs. Washington Mostlyn had still one unsatisfied ambition, and that was to become as much of a Londoner as her fair friends and neighbors had contrived to make themselves. To London. of course, like every other self-respecting Americans she had been, but it was with the London of hotels, parks, and theaters only that she was familiar. Into its society she had never pene-

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Mostyn, leaving her husband to perform his vocation of bear in Wall street, caused several enormous trunks to be packed, and, arming herself with introductions to some of the best people in London, betook herself, her maid, and her courtier by the next steamer to Liverpool, landing on these shores by the beginning of May. Lady Kendal, who loved above all things a new face, had been one of the first

trated.

hostesses to make much of her. It was rather an amusing table, though it somewhat shocked Mrs. Mostyn's fastidious sense of the social ieties. Looking round, she was proprieties. Looking round, she was struck with the familiar look of the faces, and, as a matter of fact, she could have seen most of the persons present by taking a walk down Bond street and glancing in the hotograph-er's windows as she went along.

Lady Kondal's parties were cele-brated in their way, for she was what an irreverent modern journalist has not inaptly called a "mixer." She would send down a famous poet with

an ambassadress, a cabinet minister with a pretty actress, or consign a great lady to a fashionable singer. It was a social salad, and people were pleased, once in a way, to meet cele-brities of whom they had heard a great deal. Now Mrs. Mostyn, like others of the "Four Hundred." knew little, and approved less of "mixing." She would as soon have asked Li Sing. her laundryman, to dinner as some of the actors, journalists, and painters whow Lady Kendal liked to see occasionally at her table. To night, for instance, across the banks of mauve and white orchids, Mrs. Mostyn could catch the profile of her grace of Liverpool smiling on a handsome Polish tenor who had turned half the women's heads in half the opera-houses of Europe; while opposite her sat the celebrated biologist, Prof. Lyndall, who was apparently delighted with his neighbor, a little Virginian beauty who had written some rather erotic novels.

"Why couldn't Lady Kendall have told me what his line is?" thought Mrs. Mostyn, glancing at her partner as she settled herself in her place. "I hate talking to a man I know nothing about! Sport—art—the Gaiety? What shall it be? I know—polo! All Englishmen play polo, and if they don't bey like you to think they do."

But it was not, after all, of pole that Mr. Algernon Upham conversed. He had a hundred amusing stories to tell
-stories of the theatrical world in London, of great people in Vienna, of the ateliers in Paris.

"You paint, then?" asked Mrs. Mostyn, when the talk turned on the

"I used to," said Upham modestly. "I have almost given it up now; in fact, I think it gave me up. I spent five years working in the Paris studios. and at the end of that time I came to the conclusion that I knew almost nothing about it."

"Ah, that is your modesty. I am sure you do know all about it," replied the lady sweetly; and then there was a little pause, during which the young man smiled and hesitated, as if he were about to say more. Mrs. Mostyn, feeling that she had unwittingly touched on personal matters, adroitly turned the talk into another channel. The American was charmed with her neighbor. He was not only young, hand-some, and amusing but he seemed (no slight virtue in the eyes of Mrs. Mostyn) to be connected with various smart and imposing English families. With the enterprise of her sex and nation she determined to annex Algie. "What a charming young man," she thought, "to take to the play, to square one in the park, and to had cups of tea on one's 'at kome' day!" He had such perfect taste and such an eye for color, for when the talk, as it sometimes will, turned on chiffons, Mrs. Mostyn was astonished to hear her neighbbor give an almost subtly feminine opinion on some point in dispute.

"Why, I believe you know more about it than I do," declared the lady,

laughing. "Well. I ought to. I suppose." Mrs. Mostyu was so mystified that, for a perceptible instant, she found absolutely nothing to say. He evidently imagined that she knew all about him. With the tact of her sex, Mrs. Mostvu promptly turned the talk into generalities again, determining to ask her hostess all about her fascinating neigh-bor as soon as the ladies reached the

drawing-room.

But the fates were against her. Lady Kendal was monopolized by an elderly matron, who never let go her hostess till the men appeared from the diningroom, and when they did so it was Algie Upham who slipped into the vacant chair by Mrs. Mostyn's side. This was a maneuver that is not in the nature of woman to withstand.

"Come and dine with me on Friday night," she said, as she at last rose to go; '100 Lowndes square 8 o'clock. Don't say you can't; one or two nice

people are coming."
"I shall be more than charmed," replied the young man, bending, in his pretty, half-foreign way, over the lady's hand; "but you'll come to my place one day, won't you? Lady Kendal is coming to-morrow."

"Why, yes, I think I could go tomorrow," said Mrs. Mostyn; and so the thing was settled.

On the following day Mrs. Washing-ton Mostyn, who had put on her most gorgeous attire-not having been long enough in London to know that here women do not bedeck themselves in the afternoon-tripped down to her little coupe, and directed the man to drive to Lady Kendal's, thoroughly pleased with herself and the world in general. She was going to see the charming young man of the night before, and the charming young man was going to dine with her on Friday. Moreover, she had on her most becoming bonnet.

The two ladies chatted cosily as the carriage bowled along.

"I'm so glad you could come," said Lady Kendal; "I'm sure you'll think his taste perfect. He has such lovely things.

"Lovely things?" inquired Mrs. Mostyn, with rising enthusiasm. She was one of those women who like the heroes of the moment to be set, as it were, in a framework of luxury.

"Yes; brocailes, such as you can't get for love or money, He has them specially manufactured from his own designs.

"He must be very rich," said the American. "That's the sort of thing our millionaires do at home."

"Well. Algie must make \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year, I should think," rejoined Lady Kendal, thoughtfully. "You see, he's so well connected. All the smartest women in London go to Algie."

If Mrs. Mostyn wondered for an instant how the society of smart women justified such reckless extravagance she said nothing, baving a horror of appearing ignorant of London or the ways of London.

"You get on capitally," continued Lady Kendal; "Algie is so fond of Americans. You see they don't mind

what they spend."
"No por said Mrs. Mostyn, who was now thoroughly mystified; and just then the carriage drew up at a smartlooking house in a Mayfair street-the house all painted white, with yellow silk curtains and blinds, and daisies and spire in the window-boxes.

The door was opened by a man-ser-vant in livery, and the ladies were phown up-stairs into a large room like

A collector of idols who died lately in a studio. The walls were of golden San Francisco had a collection of 500 little leather, with draperies and curtains of

dull gold silk, and here and there s touch of torquoise blue or faint pink, inwrought with gold, added another them with vaseline. note to the harmonious picture in No Heligolander under sixteen years of which the wood mantlepiece, the

age is allowed to go to a public house, dancing saloon or theater.

soft Persian carpet and the exquiset old mezzotints on the walls each played their part. One or two Chippendale cabinets displayed specimens of rare Nankin, the easy-chairs and lounger

Here is a consistency for you. The pro-prietor of a Philadelphia cigar store has posted a sign in his place forbidding smokinvited you to chat, and on every table and in every nook stood flowers His master was engaged for the

would be with the ladies in a few People are never satisfied with their position. The fool in King Lear says: "I had rather be any kind of a thing than a "What a perfectly charming studio!" cried Mrs. Mostyn, peering round in her pretty, short-sighted way, "only I

don't see any canvasses or the usual artistic mess. "Canvasses? Why should there be, tion. It contains 25,000 people and has 32 "Well, but isn't Mr. Upham an

artist?" "Artist!" cried Lady Kendal; "what an idea! Why, don't you know—I thought everybody knew—Mr. Upham is the fashionable dressmaker. His professional name is Eugene,' but we call him Algie. Why, I'm going to try on my new court bodice directly, and the dear boy will tell me exactly what's the matter with it."

moment, the man announced, but

and palms.

minutes.

my dear?"

For a moment Mrs. Mostvn's head almost reeled. She hardly knew if the gave a scream, or if she moved instinctively to the bell.

Whether her murmured excuses conveyed any notion to Lady Kendal it is difficult to say, for in another moment she had slipped down-stairs. Adressmaker! Her charming young

man-a man with whom she had already had almost a flirtation-was a dressmaker! It was preposterous—it was impossible. Why, there were a dozon odious journalists who were capable of telling the whole story in the American papers; and as Mrs. Mostyn threw herself into her coupe she fairly grouned as she remembered that she had herself insisted on the presence of this imposter at her first smart dinner in London.-London World.

#### Girls and the Stage.

I have had a good many letters from among my girls, asking me my opinion of their going on the stage. It becomes one of the most difficult to auswer. There are good, honest, noble, God-fearing people on the stage; the theatre may be to the mass of people a great school for morals; but to the one girl standing in the ranks waiting to work her way forward, it is a workingground where temptation is on every side. If she is strong enough to resist this, then let her go ahead. If she be one of the weaker sisters, then let her think many times before she puts herself in a position that will certainly entail a great deal of watchfulness and

The life of the actress is as full of projectiles. hard work as is that of the girl who stands behind the counter or the one many years been the traveling companion who is mistress of the telegraph key. of the Prince of Wales is old and infirm. who is mistress of the telegraph key. Do not imagine that the gold glittering on the gown of the beautiful adventuress is a symbol of the golden life she leads, and do not believe that the simpering ingenue who wonders with a smile "how anybody ever does any work," is not just as full of study and absolute physical work as is that of most other women. She works till late at night, consequently she must sleep a little in the morning. She gets up and then goes to a long and tiresome rehearsal, then only has time to get a bite, and half-an-hour's sleep or reading before she starts again for the theatre. But you think there are others who do not work in this way. Yes, yes! But they are the ones that you do not want to imitate. Mrs. Kendal has said that for the woman who has some talent, and who is willing to work and wait, there is success on the stage, and it pays better than almost any other profession; but during the waiting years there must be a constant watch kept, so that scandal does not touch with its burning tongue the woman who is working for success. So think it out well for yourself; conclude whether you not only have a and a hand to execute, but whether you really have the talent that must belong to the actress. The world is all a stage and the men and women merely players, but you may be cast for the happy wife and mother. So don't make the mistake, if you are a round peg, of getting into a square hole .-- Rula Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journai

## A Diver's Experience.

The first plunge leaves no agreeable memories. They dress you as if you had to endure the cold of Siberia, a precaution which I have found useless in the Mediterranean. With knit woolen hose, cap, and shirt, I have never felt the cold. Then comes the ample coat, which we get into through the neck-hole, and the casque, which resounds as if one had his head in a kettle. Then they put on you a belt with a dagger, shoes with loaded soles, and lead at your breast and back. Now you are so loaded that you could hardly stand straight if the boat should tip -then you go down into the water where all the weight is no longer felt.

the command, "Pump!" some one rapidly screws down the glass in front of your casque, and you hear a noise to which you have to accustom yourself -pah! pah! pah!-accompanied by a hissing of the air. Little whiffs of air come to you, scented with machine oil and caoutchone. The beginner fails to manage the escape, and his coat and sleeves become inflated, so that, when he wants to go down, he floats like those frogs we used to blow up when we were boys, and then throw upon the water to amuse ourselves with their vain struggles to get under it.

Most people seem to think a rumor is like a subscription list. Every time Boston Transller.

WINGED MISSILES.

An expert says that the easiest way to clean rubber shoes of any kind is to rub

This is an age when the luxuries can be had cheaply. T/pewriters are now sold for \$1 and fountain pens for ten cents.

The chief of police in Chicago is a re-

former. He wants more light in the city, and says that light is a great preventive of

Helena, Mont., boasts that it is the wealthiest city in the union of its popula-

Philadelphia has a blue book, but many of the most fashionable people do not appear in it, having made a point not to

be included. Fiji is beginning to cultivate tobacco, the enterprise being assisted by the con-cession of government land to the planters on easy terms.

Air ships move, but they seldom reach the point where "distance lends enchantment to the view." They are short distance "birds." The emperor of Germany has been reck-

less, but he has turned around and from being a spendthrift he has become a man of rigid economy.

Five hundred applications have been made to the department of the interior of Toronto for the privilege of boring for oil

in the Kootenay country. The German cavalry will try the horse shoe made of compressed paper. It is thought they will be better than the old

iron ones so long in vogue. Time makes many queer changes. The printing press which Voltaire set up in Fernay to demolish Christianity is now

used to print Bibles in Geneva. The Chinese have no straight streets or walls. They have a theory that the devil travels in straight lines and they want to give him as little encouragement as possi-

A number of wealthy New York ladies propose to establish a sort of club house which will receive women at all hours of the night and keep them as long as they behave with propriety.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says Gen eral Lee never executed a spy. He used to say: "Poor fellows, we have got them and they can't do us any harm. What is the use of killing them!" One who has looked over the statistics of

accidents say they show that about 13 per cent of all railway accidents in the United States arising from derailments are caused by defective frogs and switches. Canister shot will not be used in the French army in future. The shells are

filled with an explosive made of chrysolite and a substance kept secret, and every battery has seventy-five rounds of these "Goss," the Chinese dog that has for

The prince has retired him. "Goss" has been a good dog. Has the prince been a good man? They tell you of geraniums in California that grow so tall that you have to go up into the window of the second story to

gather the flowers. And a woman in Michigan has a geranium four feet and five inches high. Robert Louis Stevenson announces that he will end his days in Samoa. He has closed out all his affairs in England and Scotland, and his mother will join himself

and family in the new South sea island

home very shortly. The people of Mexico have taken to drinking beer. Breweries are springing up in every city of importance. This may prevent American statesman from falling a victim to pulque when they visit the capital of the Montegumas

"Take any twenty-five tall, lean men." aid an old court officer to a reporter, "and you can secure a jury in a murder case. They have no conscientious scruples against the death penalty. As a rule, short, thick, men have doubts on this point." Colonel John C. Taylor, of Dayton, Kv.

has fallen heir to estates in Ireland that make him the earl of Tyrone, and, better still, give him property valued at \$7,000,heart to resolve, a head to contrive | 000. It is needless to say that Kentucky will soon lose one of its prominent colonels. Drs. Berlin and Picq, of the Nantes faculty, who recently injected fifteen grains of goats's blood into the muscular tissue of the thighs of two patients suffering from tuberculosis, assert that cures can be

effected by renewing such injections every ten days. At Columbus, Ohio, the other night a lady caught a rat making off with her gold watch and chain, which she had left upon a dresser on retiring. The rodent had dragged his prize nearly twenty feet, and in a minute more would have disappeared

in his hole with it. Lady Marjorie Gordon, the ten-year-old daughter of the countess of Aberdeen, edits the children's page of a paper styled Onward and Upward, published in London Little Lady Marjorie writes a lively letter to her young constituents, and tells them interesting stories about her pet animals, being probably the youngest editor in the

Formerly the great arctic or snowy owl was rarely found in central or northern New York, but during the present winter the species has been numerously represented and numbers have been killed. This is thought to be due to the fact that rabbits. Now a different feeling begins. At on which the birds feed, have been uncommonly plenty this season and have attract-

A curious phenomenon was recently observed on the sea at Folkestone, England. A ship laden with oil sunk in collision and the water was covered with oil. This produced a strange effect on the wild fowl which are plentiful there. Wild ducks, teal and other birds were easily caught, as they seemed unable to fly on account of their feathers being saturated with oil.

Despite the constant assurance of success from the use of the lymph which are received from all quarters of Europe the leading physicians in New York hospitals where the precious fluid has been in use still continue very non-committal. None are willing to admit that a cure has been effected by inoculation, nor, on the other hand, will any one affirm that death can it comes to them they add something be traced to the lymph's use. But they to it and pass it along to the next .- are evidently determined to damn, with faint praise, for same time to come.

NEWS ITEMS.

Blaine has bought a \$65,000 house in Washington.

Telephones are now being introduced on board men-of-war. The Michigan university has twentyfive Japanese students this year.

The directors of the world's fair have put aside \$200,000 for the purpose of erecting a womans building. Pennsylvania mine horrors continue

to sicken the country. One of recent date left 40 widows and some 100 orphans.

An exchange says Chicago is filled with idle men, brought there by the hope of employment on the world's fair buildings. Nine thousand tons of silver stored in

the U. S. treasury—45 car loads. Dug out of a hole and dumped into a hole. What for? The scenery for the new opera house

at Kearney has arrived, together with an elegant drop curtain which will be hung last. The goods sent to Hay Springs, Neb., for the benefit of drought and Indian raid sufferers were duly received and distributed .- Ex.

Encouraging reports are received from Kansas in regard to winter wheat. From present indications the crop for 1891 will be an unusually large one. A man must be pretty far along when he is unable to tell within \$10,000,000 or

\$12,000,000 of what he is worth. John D. Rockefeller so testified in court the other day. There is a bill before the North Caro-

lina general assembly, providing that intoxicants shall not be sold within two miles of any church or school house in that state. It seems that Dr. Koch's lymph does

not work in this country, as every patient has died. Isn't it about time to quit fooling with this until it's nature is understood.

Business failures are reported as beng plentiful both east and west. The large houses and big banks have to take it now, for the little folks have all been squeezed dry.

Kearney county kicks against receiving state aid for its destitute people. Claiming that no more destitution prevails than usually comes to the surface during the winter season.

Within the last few months unprecedented interest in the question of irrigation has been manifested all over the western part of the state. A half dozen large irrigation conventions have been held and a state convention to cosider the same subject will be held in Lincoln in February. Experience seems to teach that the

best way to avoid hard times is to plant a diversity of crops. Profiting by this farmers of York county have sown quite an amount of fall wheat this year, and in case of a failure of the corn crop will still not be left without some income to fall back on-York Times.

It is estimated that the mortgages on per cent amounts to over \$200,000,000. The whole production of gold and silver in the United States for one year is not half enough to pay the interest on

A recent canvass of twenty cities yields some interesting data respecting female labor. According to the report made, the average age at which a girl begins work is fifteen years and four months. Charleston, S. C., gives 18 years and 7 months, the highest average, and Newark N. J., fourteen years and seven months, as the lowest. In Atlanta the wages are the lowest in the twenty cities, the average being only \$4,05 per week. In San Francisco they are the highest, reaching \$6,96 per week.

A novel double wedding occured at Silver Lake, Mo., last week. John A. Cecil was married to Miss Theresa C Whistler. The groom is past middle age, and the bride is not "sweet sixteen" y a twelvemonth. At the same time Miles S. Cecil, aged 18, a son of John A., the elderly groom, was married to Miss Alizabeth C. Whistler, also aged 18, a sister to the youthful bride already mentioned. Miles' father and Theresa's father both applied at the clerks office for the licenses and gave their consent to the marriages. By this union the son's father becomes his brother-in-law, stepson to his mother-in-law and step brother to his own wife.

John F. Hewitt, of Los Angeles, Cal., has returned his pension certificate to the government. He says that though ne was an old soldier and received inuries, those injuries have now nearly disappeared and he is able at present to take care of himself. His act will be regarded as insane by those men who are of the opinion that to take any amount of money from the government is right and desirable, no matter upon what pretext.

The two and a half year old son of Dick Moon and wife poisoned itself with strychnine on Saturday last. It seems that the mother was rearranging some bottles containing various drugs and placed them temporarily within reach of the child who partook of the poison, and before medical aid could reach them the child was dead. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Churchill in the Presbyterian church on Monday afternoon. The sad affair enlists for the stricken parents the profoundest sympathy from the entire community, and serves as a solemn warning to all who have any occasion to use, for any purpose, poisons of any kind, to be thoroughly careful in handling them .-Atkinson Enterprise.

#### Reorganizing the Earth. A certain M. Tchernoosbenko of

Kharkoy, Russia, has devised a new universal language, a universal religion, and a universal form of government. His religion consists of the simplest, natural conceptions, the emblems of which every ordinary child should be able to understand; in his government he desires to have one ezar rule all mankind, who should be elected from among all the ruling dynasties of the present. His language is to be written in a sort of hieroglyphic alphabet, each letter to be represented by an object which suggests the sound. A man, for instance, represents the sound a because every new-born child cries a-a-a; b is to be represented by the figure of a bleeting sheep; v by a bowling wolf; g by a barking dog. and so on.

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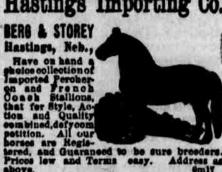
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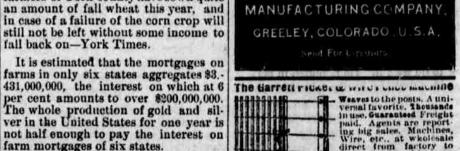
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