

When Corbett delivers his newly invented "rib-roast" Dallas will go wild.

The Chicago triplet—a bicycle built for three—is said to be the fastest machine out.

Mrs. Lee, a new woman in Utah, refuses to let her husband kiss her. Isn't that awful?

Arizona comes to the front with a petrified human heart. That's mighty hard to beat.

A Mrs. Goode Feeder has opened a boarding house at Ellinwood, Kas. She's said to be a good Feeder.

The president's new girl baby having been named, the affairs at Washington society may now proceed.

As soon as England gets her new \$100,000,000 worth of modern war cruisers equipped she will be ready for arbitration.

Michigan has decided that for judicial purposes an oath administered by telephone is binding. That decision seems to be sound.

It is refreshing to learn from Oklahoma that the Kingfisher girl who was cruelly thrown on the world got up and led her bicycle home.

A Pagosa Springs, Col., editor insulted the visiting school ma'ma by saying that their legs would not fill umbrella covers. Did they wear bloomers?

All men are right-footed. The new bells put in street cars that are rung by the foot are never sounded by the left foot, it is said. Even left-handed men find their right feet most useful.

The New York boy who tried to cure a sore foot by bathing it in the Chicago river, and had to be carried away, could get a big job on a Gotham paper now if he could only limp back home.

General Campos is regarded by the Cuban insurgents as a valuable piece of property. They offer a reward of \$5,000 for him. General Campos would do well to keep within "a hollow square."

The governors of twenty states have promised to attend the dedicatory services of the Chickamauga battle-field. Some of them were there when it was not so pleasant as it will be made in September.

Since that sea serpent turns out to be only "a dead menagerie snake," possibly New York may relent and allow red rum to be sold on Sunday again and avert the deep sorrow now overwhelming Gothamites.

Minnie Williams is an unfortunate name. Two girls bearing the name have been murdered recently, one, it is alleged, by H. H. Holmes in Chicago, the other, it is alleged, by Theodore Durrant in San Francisco.

Up-to-date fathers with charming daughters must needs learn to ride the bicycle. The young people have discovered the advantages of the wheel as an accessory to the elegant act, and the father on horseback, unless he owns a racer, is "not in it."

The bicycle stooper is no more cruel to himself than the driver who hogs his horse's head up in the air is to that animal. The stooper, in fact, may be the lineal descendant of the hog-bridle fiend, notwithstanding that his operations tend in an entirely different direction.

It has been very truly said: "When the white man wants an Indian reservation opened he begins to hint about the imminent danger of an Indian uprising, and the white man keeps it up until he gets what he wants." This, backed up by the soothing axiom that an Indian is good for nothing until he is dead, has been known to work wonders.

Some considerable surprise is indicated, by headlines in sundry exchanges, that "President Cleveland engaged a barber shop and quietly awaited his turn to have his hair cut." What would you have him do? Yank the man in the chair out, and offer to fight with the "next" for his place? Some people have apparently strange ideas of presidential etiquette.

In every community, it will be admitted, there are business men who do not advertise in any newspaper, notwithstanding the fact that they depend upon the public for support, and do advertise in some form or other outside the newspaper. They read newspapers themselves, see other men's advertisements therein in the same line of business, know that it pays them—why don't they advertise?

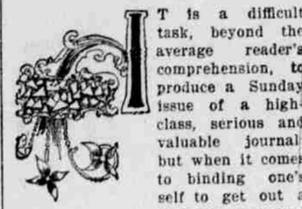
While advocates of the bloomer would have one think this costume is gaining ground, yet the question is almost one of the best as Buffalo society girls are concerned, for they absolutely refuse to wear them without skirts, and very few are even wearing skirts shorter than the street length.

The sweet girl bicyclist of Ohio who goes to church in red bloomers has somewhat discouraged the few gentlemen of the pulpit in this country who have been broad enough to advise toleration of the new costume.

TIME TO HALT NOW.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM BECOMING A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

The Dailies in the Big Cities of This Country Feeding Diseased Minds with Loathsome Rot—Julian Ralph Enters a Protest



It is a difficult task, beyond the average reader's comprehension, to produce a Sunday issue of a high-class, serious and valuable journal; but when it comes to binding one's self to get out a high-pressure, over-seasoned, morbid, crazy, ardent, triple-expansion thing like one of the seasonable dailies of this era, the feat becomes superhuman. writes Julian Ralph in Providence Journal. Even if a man were to sell his self-respect and vitiate his mind and morals and pillory himself before the public as a manager of such an unwholesome product, he would have to be a very ingenious, fertile and buoyant person to accomplish the task for any length of time. So well do the traders in this sort of goods understand the difficulties of the place that one of them will not make a contract with his men, and another does not hesitate to fling his men away like sucked oranges as soon as their freshness pales and their vigor tires. They take on new men as if they were brooms that wear smooth after a little use, and then must be thrown into the ash barrel. While the poor devils are new they must produce enormous papers, filled with novelties. They must originate such articles as "Why Do Millionaires Dream?" or "The Grandmothers of Famous Men," or "A List of the Actresses Who Have Had More Than Three Husbands." They must break down all privacy, ridicule science, scoff at religion, ventilate all the vices, aggrandize the notoriety seekers, make fun of reforms, invent bogus news, and get genuine news by the methods of eavesdroppers and burglars.

These newspaper magnates of to-day are singular beings—far more singular than their newspapers. I read of one the other day who is said to have declared that he "would have no man in his employ that he could not swear at." I do not know whether he ever said that or not, but I believe he has no man in his employ whom he does not swear at. And he is not alone in this exclusive quality, for he has a powerful rival who, if all accounts are true, descends to vile and violent abuse of those who are nearest to him whenever he is crossed or his breakfast disagrees with him.

I can tell the gentle reader this fact that he can rely upon: When the day comes that a new Frederick Hudson writes a later history of daily journalism he will pen an absorbing chapter upon the lives and characteristics and habits of the imperial speculators who invented and elaborated sensational journalism. When that day comes—and it is not far off, for the disease must soon run itself out—he will tell a tale that will make the story of Monte Cristo seem trifling and poor. He will tell of men whose palaces are scattered all over Europe and America, who have as many secretaries and valets as there are choir-boys in a cathedral, who use brains and men as if they were fagots or cheap leadpencils, who dare to threaten presidents and governors, who hold no law or custom too sacred and no privacy worthy of regard. These men are among the most notable developments of our land and age. They are not creatures of luck nor are they the beneficiaries of the able men they employ. Every now and then some man under them fancies himself the maker of their fortunes. He dreams that he can do for himself what he thinks he has done for his millionaire publisher. He tries it, and in every instance every such man has failed lamentably—and quickly.

No, this new breed of publishers who have gone into newspaper work, who print unedited, editorless papers, are no butterflies or drones or idlers. The public hears of their yacht and coaches and palaces, and thinks them pampered swells. Their own employes (those who are not close enough to know better) fancy that it is "the boys" who are doing all the money-making for "the bosses." But the new history of journalism will tell a different story. It will tell of the overthrow of the editor of old, of the casting out of the old ideas called "principle" and "policy" and "leadership" and "educational work." It will tell of the raising up in their places of the publisher-speculator who caters to the masses, to the frivolous, to the lower tastes and passions of mankind, and who runs his paper for money, just as the Big Four of California ran their great railroad.

How able these magnates must be, how fertile and ingenious and irrepressible and forceful you shall all read some day, and the whole story will be gilded with accounts of barrels of gold, rubricated with the red initials of the men who have broken down under the strain put upon them by these men, and glorified with tales of hobnobbing with princes and senators, of coaching and yachting, and of roaming about from one place to another, such as Theodore Tilton used to roam about from bed to bed all over his house when his mighty brain kept him from sleeping like an ordinary Christian.

"Yes," remarked the egg, "my theatrical venture was a success. I was cast for the villain, and made a great hit."

THE CZAR'S RAILWAY.

From America to Europe with Only Twenty-four Hours of Water.

Dr. J. M. Crawford, late United States consul-general at St. Petersburg, is enthusiastic of the subject of the Siberian railroad and regards it as one of the greatest enterprises of the age, says the Cincinnati Tribune, and he regards the position that Russia has taken on the Chinese-Japanese treaty as a very fair one, and that the Russian bear has not commenced to growl merely for the purpose of gaining territory and aggrandizing itself. The Siberian railroad has already had some \$150,000,000 invested in it by the Russian government, and to reach the eastern port of Vladivostok the railroad must do one of two things. It must keep in Russian territory or it must cut across what was a part of the Chinese empire, but is now subject to the treaty. Vladivostok is on the Sea of Japan, at the extreme southeastern end of the Russian empire. At this place the Chinese empire extends into the Russian empire, and on the map looks as though a bite had been taken out of Russia's domains. It is to cross this "bite" that the Russian government is going to try, for at the time that the war was declared between China and Japan there were negotiations pending between Russia and China, and it was given the Russians to understand that they would be permitted to do so, and Russia does not propose to balk in her plans. For the railroad to reach Vladivostok without going out of Russian territory it would have to run around the three sides of the "bite" and would go over country across which the difficulties of construction would be great, while across the "bite" they would be comparatively easy. What the result of this railroad will be the wildest flight of fancy cannot picture, for the natural resources of Siberia are so wonderful that no one can estimate the benefit of a railroad which would cross from coast to coast and develop the country. What its effect on the Pacific slopes would be no one can do more than speculate.

It would be possible to go to Europe without traveling longer than twenty-four hours by water.

COOLLY LIGHTED HIS CIGAR.

A Sea Captain's Act Which Probably Saved the Lives of His Passengers.

A good story is told of a sea captain who died not long ago and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion the ship caught fire and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the embarkment, and at last every one except himself was got safely into the boats. By the time he was ready to follow, the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lit it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off.

"How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape.

"Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic, and, overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so unconcerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking about my curious behavior, and we got off safely."

PERSONALS.

Pierre Loti is about to start on a journey through India.

Lady Lytton, widow of the late Lord Lytton, has been appointed lady in waiting to Queen Victoria.

Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, wears a monocle in her eye whenever she appears in public.

St. Patrick was an Englishman, is Nicholson of the Bodleian Library is right. He thinks he has found out from the tripartite life of the saint that he was born at Daventry, near Northampton.

Says LaBouchere: "A little Rosebery goes a long way. In assuming the premiership he went altogether too far. Of the deal, however, let there be nothing said but good. He would have made an admirable Master of the Horse."

Colonel Thomas Moonlight, United States minister to Bolivia, writes home that he would be willing to go through a cyclone to get back to his home in Kansas. But he was still there, drawing his \$7,500 salary, at last accounts.

Pope Leo has permitted the Montenegro Catholics to use the old Slavonic Liturgy. A missal in the old Slavonic tongue has been printed in Rome at the press of the Propaganda, and mass is now celebrated in that language at Antivari.

Mme. Ponisi has finally retired from the stage, and has gone to live in Washington, with her stepdaughter. She is more than 70 years of age now, but remembers vividly how she trudged twenty-five miles on foot to secure her first engagement.

Platon Paslow, the famous Russian historian and art critic, who died in St. Petersburg a few days ago, was 72 years old. Owing to his liberal views and influence over the young, he was deprived of his professorship in the sixties and banished to Wetzuka.

Prof. Huxley was buried, as probably he would have liked to be, in a bed of boulder clay, a fitting sepulchre for a paleontologist. In the earth about his coffin are relics of the prehistoric era when all Scotland and England as far as the Thames was covered with a vast sheet of ice.

CONDITIONS IN NEBRASKA.

Corn Promises a Large Yield, Except in the State's Garden Spot.

McCook, Neb., Aug. 26.—On crossing the Missouri River running to Lincoln, the Burlington land agents' party found a prospect which, from an agricultural standpoint, could not be excelled. Corn is luxuriant and sturdy and every stalk shows large-sized ears sticking out from it. It is so far advanced that the uninitiated could be made to believe very readily that it is past all harm from any source. Notwithstanding its fine appearance, however, it is not yet out of danger of frost, and will not be for at least two weeks.

A fine crop of oats has been reaped in this section. Much of it is still in the shock and a good deal of it has been stacked. It is thrashing out from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre and will average about forty. The wheat crop has all been harvested, and farmers are now busy plowing their land preparatory to putting in another crop of winter wheat.

Leaving Lincoln the outlook is much less promising. Between Waverly and Fairmont, a distance of sixty miles, is a stretch of country which has usually been described as the garden spot of Nebraska. Crops have always been abundant here, however poorly they may have been in other parts of the state. Last year and this year have been the only known exceptions to this rule. Somehow this belt has suffered severely this year. It has rained copiously on all sides of it and all around it, but the clouds refused to give it a drop of moisture until too late to save the corn crop. For a stretch of country sixty miles long and sixty miles wide the corn crop is a comparative failure. It will only run from a quarter to half a crop, averaging as a whole about one-third an ordinary crop.

Oats have not fared so badly. They are thrashing out from thirty-five to forty bushels an acre. Heavy rains fell over this section at the end of last week. They came too late, however, to save the bulk of the corn. Very much of it is wilted beyond redemption and a good deal of it has already been cut for fodder. Wheat in this section is thrashing out fifteen bushels to the acre.

West of Fairmont the scene again changes and an ocean of waving corn, strong and luxuriant, is to be seen as far as the eye can reach in every direction. The crop from Hastings to the western boundary of the state is practically made, and nothing but a killing frost can now blight it. It will average not less than sixty bushels to the acre, and very many large fields will yield fifty bushels.

Around McCook is where the disasters of last year were most severely felt. The gains of this year have more than made up for the losses then sustained. The whole section of country looks like a veritable garden, and the people feel buoyant beyond expression. Winter wheat is thrashing out about twenty bushels to the acre and the best fields are yielding thirty bushels. Spring wheat is running from twelve to eighteen bushels to the acre. Oats average from fifty to sixty bushels, the best fields thrashing out 100 bushels.

Alfalfa is a new crop here with which the people are delighted. All kinds of live stock eat it with relish, and it is proving to be fattening fodder. The first year it yields one ton to the acre, but after the third year it yields three crops a year, which foot up seven and one-half tons to the acre. It is worth in the market \$5 per ton, but to feed cattle the results have shown it to be worth \$70 per acre. It is the coming crop all along the flats of the Republican valley.

FISH IN A QUEER PLACE.

They Manage to Live Without Water in Wonderful Africa.

Travelers in Central Africa during the hot season often follow the dry beds of rivers and creeks for miles to obviate the necessity of cutting their way through the heavy jungles which everywhere abound. Africa is well known to be the native land of many extraordinary things, animate as well as inanimate. This being the case, the first explorers paid no attention to the thousands of balls of hardened mud which were strewn about in all profusion in the beds of these dried up streams. One day, however, when a detachment of the Cameron expedition were exploring what in the wet season would have been a tributary of the Nile, a woodman cracked on of the balls, and was surprised beyond measure to see a live fish tumble out of the centre of the ball and fall gasping and floundering in the sand. This curious discovery led the explorers to make an investigation, whereupon every hardened ball of earth, whether large or small, was found to contain an odd-shaped specimen of the finny tribe. These spheroidal mud "houses," which on account of their likeness to the earthen cases fabricated by many species of caterpillars and other insects and worms have been called "cocoon" are perforated by many small holes and lined with a mucous from the fish's body, the mucous keeping the dried ball damp upon the inside, the holes being used for breathing purposes.

For want of a more euphonious name this queer species of piscus has been dubbed "mudfish," which is expressive of the creature's curious habits if not a musical and high-sounding cognomen.

The remarkable instinct which causes the mudfish to roll himself in a ball of mud when the dry season approaches is a wonderful provision of nature, intended solely, it would seem, to prevent the extinction of the species. The most interesting fact about this fish is that it breathes by means of gills when in its native element and by means of lungs during its voluntary imprisonment in the mud cocoon.

An immigration boom has set in toward the counties partly depopulated by last year's dry weather.

Thayer Berry Bulletin.

For August.

A berry plant in yielding its fruit, maturing its seed and producing new growth, is much exhausted. In fact, the life of each bud, stem and cane, is given in this effort.

The maturity of fruit buds on new canes comes after this exhausting work, and unless good care is continued to develop and perfect the same, the succeeding crop is greatly impaired.

The natural moisture, too, is much less at this season, and must be retained in the soil by frequent shallow cultivation.

The strong canes must be stimulated by removal of the weak ones, and all surplus growth cut away.

Remember, the care given fruit plants this season practically determines the product next, both in quality and quantity.

Never allow your interest in the fruit garden to lessen because the fruit is gone.

Never neglect that spot from which you should receive more, for the labor performed, than any other portion of the farm.

A fruit plant is as sensitive to good care as stock on the farm or members of the household, and should be treated as well.

Strawberry beds for the family should be made as early as new plants from new beds can be obtained. Prepare for them now.

Extra care is necessary for August setting.

The good nurseryman will take extra care in digging and shipping plants, packing so they will not heat or roots become dry.

When received, dip roots in a thick compost of dirt and manure water—not too strong—and set at once.

Be particular to have moist dirt firmly pressed about the roots.

Rake or hoe around plants often.

As buds appear on new runners, cover them lightly with moist dirt—thus producing new plants.

Continue this process until row is well filled, and you may expect a nice lot of strawberries next season.

August setting is not recommended for large acreage or careless growers.

M. A. Thayer.

Sparta, Wis.

Coal Oil for Gapes.

Gapes are caused by a collection of small threadlike worms in the windpipe of the chicken. To kill these worms and not hurt the chicken is the thing to do. Coal oil of the cheaper grades, says Dr. M. G. Ellzey in the Baltimore Sun, is a more effectual insecticide than the refined. Take a small glass tube with a small rubber bulb, which apothecaries sell for a "medicine dropper," half fill it with coal oil, and inserting the tip into the windpipe discharge the oil. The gapes are cured. A small oil can used for sewing machines will do in place of the medicine dropper. Operate as follows: Place the chicken, back down, between your knees, and hold him gently; open his bill and draw the tongue out. Seize the lower mandible and tongue thus drawn out between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand. This will bring into view the opening into the windpipe at the base of the tongue, into which gently insert the tube and discharge the oil. Close the bill and hold the head still for a few seconds. Then let the chicken go, and he will cough, spattering some of the oil out, but enough remains to destroy the worms, and they will be coughed up and swallowed. The gapes continue for a short time after the treatment, but the remedy will be effectual in every case if properly applied, and it may readily be repeated if thought worth while, as often as necessary. After a little practice it is very easily applied, and always succeeds.

Budding.—We have tried both budding and collar grafting our standard northern varieties of plum on both the native plum and the sand cherry. We find budding with the most satisfactory results and think we shall prefer the sand cherry to the native plum. The bud takes readily, starts readily, makes a strong growth, and is much less likely to split from the stem than the use of the Mahana, Myrobalan or other foreign stocks for budding. Our grand varieties, for instance, will serve their customers and their reputation far better by selling in plums at all, than by sending out such a worthless and disappointing article.—Clarence Weigle.

Anthraxosis of the Bean.—Bean growers would well to keep an open eye to their crop in order to successfully combat a fungus that may become very disastrous, neglected. At first "anthraxosis" shows itself as reddish-brown spots, the centers of which soon become white, flaky turning to a light brown. The spots enlarge, and if sufficiently numerous, several of them will grow together and cover a large part of the surface of the leaf. When once it gains a foothold on the pod it soon sinks below the surface, causing the beans themselves to shrivel up and thus destroy the crop. It is most common in low, damp locations, where it sometimes shows itself in a dry season like the present. The use of copper sulphate solution and in the shape of a spray is the most effective method of staying the disease. It will be used very weak, not more than one pound to 500 gallons of water. This strength will do no harm, and with fairly favorable conditions will keep the beans practically free from disease.—Exchange.

Carrots as Food.—Carrots are highly relished by horses. A few carrots, fed raw, after being sliced, will prove a delicacy to cows, and fed once a day they will promote the appetite and keep the animals in good condition when other foods may not be acceptable. Carrots are used by some dairymen as regular food for cows, in order to give a deeper color to the butter, and are highly esteemed by them for that purpose. Cooked and thickened with bran they make an excellent mess when fed warm on a cold day.

Sheep in Illinois.—Statistical report of the Illinois board of agriculture for May 1, 1895, says: "Only 83 per cent of the number of sheep reported on May 1, 1894, are on hand at the same date this year. The largest number are in northern Illinois, 88 per cent; in the central division 81 per cent are reported, and 79 per cent in the southern division. No complaints of diseases have been made, and May 1 condition is 98 per cent of an average."

PARTICLES IN THE EYE.

Simple Methods to Relieve the Sufferer Without the Aid of a Physician.

Never needlessly expose the eyes to foreign particles, but when necessary wear plain glasses or goggles, says a writer in the Hygienic Journal. When experimenting with chemicals, always turn the mouth of the flask or bottle away from the face and eyes. Whenever an eye is injured severely place the patient immediately in a dark room and under the care of a skilled physician, whose directions must be implicitly followed. The foreign bodies may be solid, sand, cinders, hair, dirt, etc., acids or alkalis. Don't rub eyes, avoid sudden glances of a never look directly at the sun.

To remove the solid particles under the lids it is sufficient to draw the lid away from the eye and wipe the body with a piece of paper or the corner of a handkerchief if it is under the upper lid, and lid firmly between the thumb and finger, lift it from the eye, draw it down over the lower lid, then allow it to slide slowly into its natural position. The body will be scraped off on the lid. The operation may be repeated several times. Or lift the lid from the eyeball, allow the tears to accumulate beneath the lid, and carefully blow the nose. Or place in the eye a few grains of flaxseed, which, forming a mucilage, will promptly bring relief. Or place across the upper lid the point of a pencil or bodkin and turn the lid back over it; in this way the foreign particle is brought into distinct view and can be readily wiped away.

Lime and Roman cement are very destructive to the eyes if permitted to remain any considerable time. Wash the eyes immediately with water, then with water containing a little ammonia or baking soda. For alkalis wash with water containing vinegar or lemon juice.

In Revised Version.

The train had just been wrecked. Distracted wife rushes up.

"Oh, save my husband! Oh, Henry, are you still alive?"

"Yes; but I am pinned across a red-hot stove; my clothes are on fire; the roof of the car is fast settling down on me; a beam is impaling me, and in one instant I shall be dead unless rescue comes!"

"Oh, help! help! Rescue my husband! I am safe, Henry!"

"Thank heaven for that!"

"The baby is not hurt a bit."

"Thank heaven for that! Make haste, men; the car is on fire and I shall be roasted alive in one second more!"

"And Henry, dear mamma is safe, too."

"What! Boys, you can lay off and save some one else. I'd just as soon roast!"—The Wash.

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite, and tone up the system and thus give sweet and refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Hood's Pills

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CONSUMPTION

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