

LITTLE CLASSICS.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose—easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught, only to be cherished in silmy waters.—Donald G. Mitchell in "Reveries of a Bachelor."

What is love, mused I, at the first, but a mere fancy? There is a prettiness that your soul cleaves to, as your eye to a pleasant flower, or your ear to a soft melody. Presently, admiration comes in, as a sort of balance wheel for the eccentric revolutions of your fancy; and your admiration is touched off with such neat quality as respect. Too much of this, indeed, they say, deadens the fancy; and so retards the action of the heart machinery. But with a proper modicum to serve as a stock, devotion is grafted in; and then, by an agreeable and confused mingling, all these qualities and affections of the soul become transferred into that vital feeling called love.—Donald G. Mitchell in "Reveries of a Bachelor."

A stockbroker or a farmer has no leisure for imaginary wretchedness; their minds are usually hurried away by the necessity of noticing external objects, and they are guaranteed from that curse of idleness, the eternal disposition to think of themselves.

It is asked if the object can be of such great importance. Perhaps not; but the pursuit is. The fox, when caught, is worth nothing; he is followed for the pleasure of the following.

To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence. Women have always manual employment enough, and it is a great source of cheerfulness. Fresh air, exercise, occupation, society and traveling are powerful remedies.

What misery humans inflict on each other under the name of pleasure! My father used to say of a friend that he had the Ten Commandments written on his face; in fact, that he looked so virtuous that he might commit any crime and no one would believe in the possibility of his guilt.

Once dissuaded a youth from entering the army, on which he was bent, at the risk of breaking his mother's heart, by asking him how he would prevent his sword from getting between his legs. It quite staggered him; he never solved the difficulty, and took to peace instead of war.—Memoirs of Sydney Smith.

There are certain half-dreaming moods of mind, in which we naturally steal away from noise and glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may indulge our reveries and build our air castles undisturbed.—Washington Irving, in "The Mutability of Literature."

"A lover's plaid and a bed of health," says the right poetical Allan Cunningham, "are favorite topics with the northern muse. When the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. A sea of brown blossoms, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight." Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

The globe we inhabit is divisible into two worlds, one hardly less tangible, and far more known, than the other—the common geographical world and the world of books; and the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and romance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of books should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinkerton.—Leigh Hunt in "The World of Books."

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenious in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight.

I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight or quiet voice of a Quaker acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them."—Chas. Lamb in "Imperfect Sympathies."

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper, in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses toward action, help and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it—motives eminently such as we called social—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described, not as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a study of perfection.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than our freedom, our population and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection and with greater masses of men. But the idea

of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on its moral side—which is the dominant idea of religion—has been enabled to have, and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.—Matthew Arnold in "Sweetness and Light."

INDIAN FAKIRS WALK ON COALS

The day of miracles is not ended—in India. A marvel, strictly contradictory to the laws of nature as we know them, is reported from Benares. The whole performance was viewed at close range by a large party of English folk. They were presumably quite sane, for a physician, a lawyer and a scientist were included, and a detailed description which has been extensively copied appeared in that eminently respectable periodical, the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette.

The occasion, from the native viewpoint, was religious, but the preparations were like those for a barbecue. A trench fifteen feet long by four wide was prepared near Tagore village. This was filled with logs and fagots, which were fired and allowed to burn all day. By evening the mass had become a deep bed of glowing coals which kept the spectators at a distance and seemed hot enough to roast any sort of meat in short order. And meat was to be given it—live human flesh.

The visitors were provided with chairs and stationed on a mound of earth about eight feet from this blooming bed of "the red flower," as Kipling calls it. The searing heat would permit them to approach no nearer.

Then came a procession, with all the hubbub and tom-tomery of Hindoo worship. Certain mysterious rites were performed and a number of cocoanuts thrown on the coals, where they lay unscathed.

Then came a procession, with all the hubbub and tom-tomery of Hindoo worship. Certain mysterious rites were performed and a number of cocoanuts thrown on the coals, where they lay unscathed. The two priests who were to be the leading performers, become, to all appearance, possessed of the devil. They yelled like madmen and ran twice around the fiery pit. Then, barefooted and seemingly quite unprotected, they plunged into the incandescent mass and waded back and forth as children plough through the dry dust of a country road, kicking up red-hot coals and sparkling embers.

Their frenzy infected the crowd. At first two or three leaped down upon the scorching trail and followed in the wake of the priests. They rushed through by hundreds, splashing the coals right and left, like cattle dashing through a ford. Among them were little boys scarcely 5 years old.

Even one of the Europeans present, so we are told, marched through after the mob, crossing several times. He described the sensation as "like walking over hot sand." Nobody was burned, and it was noticed that a turban which had fallen from the head of some devotee lay on the hot brands unharmed.

After the priests had withdrawn all were warned to desist. The inquisitive visitors now attempted to approach the trench, but the heat was still so fierce that it drove them back.

Such is the testimony of an eye-witness. Where to it all tended is not made plain. The performance is left as purposeless as the gyrations of a whirling dervish.

That seems to be a characteristic of all these alleged Oriental miracles. They are mere puzzles. They astonish the beholder, but they lead to nothing.

ELECTRIC BARBER SHOP.

A very animated description of a barber shop in which most of the familiar operations are conducted by electricity, is given by L'Electricien. For example, hot water is obtained by passing a stream of hydrant through a German silver tube in a soapstone case, the tube being electrically heated, so that the water is nearly boiling when it passes out of the spout. "For the crimping of the frizzes of our young women there is no longer necessity for recourse to the hot iron. For a long time the defects of this method of heating have been noticed, for the capillary artist sometimes forgets and leaves the iron in the heating apparatus too long, so that when it is used with blonde or brown hair, it does not make a burn, it makes the hair red, which is even more disastrous."

The new curling irons heat themselves. In the interior of the rods is a ferro-nickel wire, which can be brought up to the proper temperature, and will then remain at this same temperature indefinitely. But it is in cutting the hair that electricity has produced the most complete revolution. The scissors have slowly given way to clipping machines, and these, in their turn, must disappear before an electrically heated platinum wire, with which the hair is burned off. The apparatus, as described, consists of a metallic comb, along one side of which is stretched the hot wire, and as this is passed through the hair the red-hot wire burns it off neatly and smoothly, and at the same time seals the end of the hair, it being supposed in this way to produce a very desirable effect.

The method is, of course, entirely antiseptic, but it hardly seems likely that the air of a barber's shop will be very pleasant when these new methods obtain a wide popularity.

"I'll be glad when I get big enough to wash my own face," said little Willie, as his mother finished the operation. "Why so, dear?" said she. "Because then I won't wash it," replied the precocious youth.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARM HINTS.

Plant some more sugar corn tomorrow.

Milking up to within four or even six weeks is a great mistake.

Weeds are no worse in a cornfield than too many stalks.

"Come, bossy" will fill the milk pail faster than "Git there, you old brute."

We plow down our old strawberry bed the last week of June and plant sugar corn for market.

Don't lose a minute in getting the mows ready for hay. Are the pulleys in the right place.

The law prohibiting plowing up the roadsides does not prohibit mowing the said roadsides.

To plow wet ground is a hole in the pocket. It may not appear this year, but it is sure to appear. Watch for it.

Did you notice the dog chasing the cows down the hill pasture last night? It meant less milk and that of a poorer quality.

Cut the rye for hay as soon as heads begin to form. The change to woody fibre is very rapid after blossoms appear.

This time of the year is as good as any to burn the meadows over. That is my way of saying that they should never be burned.

We do not advise heating water (by the sun) for fowls in summer. It will be warm enough if pumped from the well every day and the water vessel set in the shade.

Breed & Feed is the name of the firm that manufactures all improved live stock. Breed is the senior member of the firm, but Feed is the active working member.

The fellow who thinks the hard shell potato bugs do no damage is not the man who gluts the market with "spuds."

A trotting horse and a double barreled gun never made a farmer's fortune.

More horses are run down by overfeeding than by over work in summer.

If the boy on the farm were consulted often by the head of the family, he would be the more rapidly developed into usefulness, as he will figure out reasons and results and husbandry will have new attractions for him.

A painted barn, oiled harness, and a clean shirt are an ideal quite contemptible in itself, but admirable as evidence that a man respects both his business and himself.

Do not think because your garden is now yielding early vegetables in profusion that your work is done; it has only just commenced. Good, tender vegetables are desirable the entire season, and they can only be obtained by successive planting.

A barrel of dishwater is not worth a pound of corn for a pig, and especially if the dishwater is placed in an old barrel in which is thrown all kinds of vegetable parings and scraps which are allowed to breed bacteria until the whole is a putrid mass. The swill barrel stage has passed. Skim milk is a nutritious drink for hogs, but it should be given them before it enters into the state of decay.

There should be no smoking of pipe or cigar about the barn. A man of level-headed sense never does such a thing, and nobody should feel any scruples in telling a thick-headed, unthinking fellow to put up his pipe or cigar. I have seen and heard of horses burned to death in barns which caught fire from such criminal carelessness, and it is fearful to think of. No galoot shall smoke about my barns.

What do you do with your wagon box when not in use? Nine out of ten boxes we see are either turned up against the side of the barn or flat on the ground. A few cents would equip you with short pieces of chain and rings, so that you can raise the box up in the barn, out of the way and in a dry place.

I used to enjoy hearing a certain man speak at farmer's institutes. I got a good many helpful points from him. But when I came to see his farm, with barns half buried in manure, and saw him doing his haying with a rubber coat coat on, I somewhat lost faith in him. It is a good thing to know how to do a thing, but better to do it.

Boys leaving the farm is the bane of some writers. Boys coming on the farm are never treated by their pens. I know of a man who is now just past the middle life. I have known him for more than a quarter of a century. He was born in a small town and spent the first years of his life working in a factory. There he contracted habits not calculated to help him any in manhood. He moved on a farm and steady habits formed there, the loss of his former evil associates and the removal of the tendencies of idleness and leisure made a man of him. For twenty years he has farmed and has made a success of it. Now he concludes to enter the ministry, for which he is peculiarly fitted. If some boys had never left the farm and taken up some other vocation the world would now be in a pretty plight. The place for the boy is on the farm if he likes it and has ambition and skill in that direction, but all the combined powers in the world will not make a farmer out of a dolt. He may live on a farm and make a first-class soil robber, but he will never make a good farmer. The professions are made up of some of the farmer boys who have left the farm. I have now in mind another man, brought up on the farm under an exacting and tyrannical father, who is now one of the leading lawyers of the state. He worked sixteen to

eighteen hours a day when a boy and frequently told me that when he became a man he would bend his energies in another direction. He did it and is making it, while his brother has made a failure of his work so far.

HINTS ON POTATO CULTURE.

(From the Iowa Homestead.)
L. H. SUTER, NELIGH, NEB.

My mode of raising potatoes is perhaps a little different from the average, but I have never failed in harvesting a good crop and I had as many as sixty varieties at one time and always took first premium at our state fair. Pure seed is the first essential point, then select large sized tubers, for I find in the vegetables as well as in the animal kingdom that the largest and healthiest bring the best results, while to use poor stock and seed for propagation the progeny will soon degenerate and become worthless. Next I cut one eye in each piece and drop one piece in each hill, thus we get one stem with healthy, strong roots, capable of producing large potatoes. I select rich soil of a sandy nature if possible and this I plow at a depth of about four inches. In every fourth furrow I drop my potatoes one eye in a place a foot apart in the row. I follow by harrowing, and just before the sprouts get to the surface I harrow again, as this kills all young weeds and gives the potatoes a start. I cultivate three times, but they should not be disturbed after coming in bloom. Before the last cultivation I follow the rows with a hoe to see that no weeds are left therein, as no crop of potatoes can be raised among weeds.

A. C. CLOBES, MALMO, NEB.

The first thing to do is to get good seed potatoes. Take good, smooth, potatoes, free from scab, of good size, not smaller than a hen's egg, for best results. Cut the medium sized potatoes to two eyes each and the large ones to one eye each. Plow the land in either the fall or spring, but plow it deep. Harrow enough to smooth the land and mark out the furrows or rows with the two outside shovels of a four-shovel cultivator. Then drop the potatoes fifteen inches apart in the furrows and step on the potatoes as you drop them to press them well into the ground. Put on your other two shovels and cultivate them shut. Harrow in about ten days or two weeks and as soon as the potatoes are up enough to see the row cultivate again, if weedy, as close as possible. It will not hurt to cover them up. Then smooth harrow again and your potatoes will be ahead of the weeds. Cultivate about every ten days and pull the weeds, if necessary, when they begin to blossom, and lay by, hilling up medium well. In the fall we use a lister to dig them with, listing every other row. First pick up the potatoes and then take the rows skipped. By using the lister the potatoes will nearly all be on top of the ground and easy to see to pick up. Then harrow a few times, picking up the potatoes each time and plow the land. Use the richest land you have, but change to a different place each year, as the potato bug will not bother so much. If bugs are bad, use one spoonful of Paris green to eight of flour. Mix well and dust lightly on the plants when they are wet.

J. R. HUFFMAN, BROCK, NEB.

Potato culture is not engaged in very extensively in Nebraska. It is claimed by many that we cannot successfully grow them here. I have raised them for sale every year since I have been farming. I have sold them for \$15 per acre and one year ago I received \$90 per acre. I average \$40 per acre. My mistakes were experimenting with new varieties and late ripening kinds. My Early Ohio have always paid best, consequently I have only the one kind now. A new supply of seed every two years from the North and I will continue to sell "Murphree." I fall plow the ground, plow it again in the spring or late it, cut the potatoes about half as large as hen's eggs, plant in rows three feet and four inches apart, plant the pieces from fourteen to sixteen inches apart in the row and harrow them every few days until they are beginning to bloom. One or two shallow cultivations with an eight shovel spring tooth cultivator, throwing all the dirt slightly to the potatoes, and the work is done. If I did not own a harrow and could not borrow one, I should buy my potatoes. I will say to those who are afraid of the harrow, try it. If you tear up every third potato you cannot afford to neglect the harrow. The harrow must be slanting tooth. I borrow a potato planter from one of my big-hearted neighbors. He had an old corn planter and had the runners spread where the corn passed through. He had two tin spouts made about thirty inches long, ten inches in diameter at the top and two inches at the bottom. These are fastened so the small end fits in the bottom of the runners. There are two seats for the droppers to sit on, two old dish pans, a good steady team and driver, a steel spring fastened to the axle of the planter touching the spokes and wheels, snaps every time the planter travels fifteen inches, click-click, "tater," "tater." See? It is more fun to plant "taters" that way than any other work we have on the farm. One acre each hour is about the time we make. We dig with a lister. We never plant small or unmerchantable potatoes. When I am ready to plant, I do not wait for the moon. I would rather plant my potatoes on the Thursday before Good Friday than to plant on Good Friday, providing the ground is clear of mud and frost. I have lost one corn crop and two wheat crops; one crop of oats went up the spout, my hogs have died with the cholera, corn stalks have killed my calves, but when all these things are pulling on our patience we know that our old speckled hens and our "tater" patch will furnish the family with all the necessities of life.

THE OMAHA WEEKLY WORLD HERALD.

One of the largest and most influential papers west of Chicago, is to be congratulated on the recovery of its editor, George W. Hervey, one of the ablest men in this country.

His friends will be shocked to read of his suffering as told by himself: "For years I was troubled with indigestion, so severe as to make it impossible to take more than two meals a day without intense suffering. I grew worse with increased pain and soreness over the pit of my stomach and sharp pains in my right side, which rapidly increased until I could scarcely get my breath. "A physician was called and hypodermic injections of morphine resorted to. I lost twenty-two pounds in nine days and was left wholly unable to take any nourishment. For one year I carried morphine pellets in my pocket ready for an emergency. All this time my stomach was very sore and sensitive. I tried three of the best physicians in the state, but they failed to give me relief.

"I finally made arrangements to go to Chicago to be treated, when I chanced to get a sample package of Dr. Kay's Renovator. The sample package relieved me and I procured a box. It is eight months since I commenced using Dr. Kay's Renovator and I now have no symptoms of my old trouble." Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold by Druggists at 25c and \$1.00, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Write our Physicians for Free Advice and Free Book on Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

"There are many men who wouldn't marry for money," growled the savage cynic, "they could get the money any other way."

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The pallbearers at the funeral of Miss Mary Bateman, who died last week at the age of 70 years, were, in compliance with her particular request, all young bachelors. Miss Bateman was a resident for a long time previous to her death of the town of Sparkill, N. Y.

EXCURSION TO DETROIT VIA THE WABASH RAILROAD.

For the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention July 5th to 10th, all lines will sell tickets on July 3rd, 4th and 5th via the Wabash. The short line from CHICAGO or ST. LOUIS to DETROIT includes trips to Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Mackinac, and many other points at a very low rate via lake or rail have been arranged. Parties contemplating a trip east should call on or write for rates and folders giving list of side trips, etc. Also a beautiful souvenir entitled "Lake and Sea."

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Paris boasts of a woman who will not part with her bat-eared bulldog for less than 10,000 francs, but most French women would not part with 10,000 francs for any number of bat-eared bulldogs.

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