

THE AUSTRALIAN DYING YEAR.

Not in the winter of life he dies,
Chilled, and snowy, and old,
In the glory of summer the Old Year dies,
When the midnight chime is tolled.

Not in the sky is a hint of death—
A sky of infinite blue—
Nor is there a sigh in the breezy breath
That is playing the leaflets through.

The cattle and birds to the shade retreat,
In drowsy, still delight;
And flowers have scented the noonday heat;
Yet the Old Year dies to-night.

And the air is filled with the sound of bees,
The humming of summer flies,
And there's joy in the sound of the rustling trees;
Yet to-night the Old Year dies.

Not in the winter of life he dies,
But in his summer's prime;
His labors end, he stricken dies,
And swells the ranks of Time.

Ethel Pedley in Woman's World.

WARNED IN A DREAM.

Several years ago I resided in a wild, mountainous and rather lonely region of Virginia. There was a railroad but a few rods in front of my door, and a station and considerable village about a mile to the west. The nearest station to the east was about ten miles distant. I moved to the place with my young wife late in the autumn, and about the first of the following March I was attacked with typhoid fever and was ill for about a month. But, thanks to a naturally strong constitution and the careful nursing of a loving and intelligent wife, I slowly recovered.

As soon as I was strong enough to sit up and walk a little I told my wife she had better take the cars and go and visit her brother, who lived about fifty miles east of us. She had been taking care of me so faithfully through my illness, both by day and night, that I feared her health and strength would fail her if she did not rest a while. I knew she had been very anxious to go, and I felt sure that her brother and his family would be very glad to see her and would try to make her visit a pleasant one. She hesitated about leaving me, fearing I might need her care; but after waiting a few days and seeing that I continued to regain my health and strength she decided to follow my advice. Accordingly one pleasant morning about the middle of April, after doing everything she could for my comfort and bidding me to be careful about taking cold or walking too far, she started, intending to be gone a fortnight.

One day I exercised a little beyond my strength, and felt quite tired at night and lay awake for a long time. At last I fell into an uneasy slumber and dreamed a very curious and startling dream. I seemed to have gone forward into the future a couple of days, and instead of Wednesday, the 24th, it seemed in my dream to be Friday, the 26th. It appeared in my sleep that a heavy rain had been falling most of the day and all of the day before, but the evening was clear and pleasant and not very dark, though the moon was not shining. I seemed to be walking along the railroad line toward the east. I first passed through a wood about half a mile wide; then for about a mile through fields containing a couple of farm houses, one inhabited and the other deserted.

I then entered another wood, and after walking about a mile and a half I came to a stream gently swollen by the rain, which had weakened the railroad bridge so much that the passenger train, in attempting to cross, had broken it down, and the bridge and carriages, completely wrecked, were lying on both sides of the stream, except portions that were floating down. Some of the passengers lay dead or dying among the ruins; some were floating in the water, and a few were clinging to trees and bushes on the bank. It was a fearful and heartrending sight, too fearful for description, and such as I trust I may never see in reality.

The next day early in the morning it commenced raining, and continued to rain through the day and the following night. I felt very lonely and uneasy all day, which feeling was increased by receiving a letter from my wife, saying that she intended to come home on Friday night by the express train. I retired late, feeling much worried on account of my fearful dream. And to add to this fear, presentiment, or whatever you may call it, the dream was repeated, and even more distinct and vivid than the first time.

When I arose in the morning the rain was still falling. This was Friday, and therefore was the day on which my wife was to start for home. There were two passenger trains from the east each day, one at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and the other at 9 in the evening. This last was the express, and the one on which my wife was coming.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the rain ceased falling, and the clouds slowly cleared away. The dream had made such an impression on my mind that I resolved to attempt to find the stream I had seen so plainly in my dreams, and if it appeared at all dangerous to attempt to stop the train before reaching it. Accordingly soon after the rain was over I got ready and started. I had never before had occasion to visit the station in this direction, and therefore was entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it appeared in my dream.

Immediately after starting I passed through the wood I had seen in my dream and then entered the open field and found the two farm houses, one inhabited and the other deserted. In fact, everything seemed as natural as if I had really been this way before. I walked slowly, and late in the afternoon I came to the stream, which flowed rapidly and seemed much swollen. But the bridge, instead of being broken down and mingled with the broken carriages and mangled passengers, was still standing; and though its timber looked quite old and weather beaten there seemed to be little danger of its breaking down beneath the weight of a passing train. There was a heavy goods train due from the west about 6 o'clock, and I resolved to wait at least until it came, and if it passed

over in safety there could be, I thought, but little danger of accident to the lighter passenger train.

In due time it came thundering along, and passed safely over the bridge. But though it might have been owing to my excited imagination, it seemed to me that bridge bent and shook beneath the weight of the train in a manner highly suggestive of danger. At all events I resolved to wait a while longer and see if the stream, which was still rising, would have any apparent effect upon the bridge. I took with me a lantern, and also a thick blanket to protect me from the damp night air.

Shortly after sunset, as I was sitting a few rods from the stream, I heard a loud splash, and hurrying to the bridge I saw that a portion of the bank on the opposite side had broken away, and also that the action of the water, or some other cause, had weakened the foundation of the bridge in such a manner that a portion of the line was bent and lowered enough to make it impossible for a train to cross. I immediately crossed the bridge, resolved to stop the train if possible before it reached the bridge and certain destruction.

Well, to make a long story short, I went on in the direction from which the train was to come, and soon found a place which commanded a good view of the line for a considerable distance. I lit my lantern, wrapped my blanket closely around me and sat down to my wearisome vigil of two hours. The night was clear, and not very dark, though no moon was shining. I suffered nothing from cold, as it was remarkably warm, even for the climate of Virginia, and I succeeded in keeping awake, though the task was a difficult one.

Slowly the moments passed by, but at last I saw by my watch that the time had nearly expired, and a few minutes would decide the fate of the train and its human freight. Soon I saw a light, far away and very small at first, but rapidly growing larger and brighter. I arose, trembling with excitement, and commenced swinging the lantern above my head, and, as the train drew near, I redoubled my exertions and shouted as loud as I could.

Onward came the train at a rapid speed. It was a time of terrible suspense to me. Should the engineer fail to see my signal, or not see it in time to stop the train before going a few rods past me, I knew that no human power could save it. On it came, and, oh, joy unspeakable! just as I gave up my exertions and stepped from the line my frantic signals were observed. The engineer whistled for brakes, arousing the sleepy brakemen like an electric shock, who flew quickly to their stations.

The train was quickly stopped, and I then informed the engineer and conductor of the danger ahead, while the frightened passengers left the carriages and gathered around me. Many a brave man grew pale when he learned what a fearful death he had so narrowly escaped.

Among the passengers I found my wife, not mangled and lifeless, but alive and well, though somewhat frightened, and a good deal surprised at seeing me. The conductor gave me a seat next to my wife, and then had the train backed to the station it had just left, from which telegrams were sent to warn all other trains of the danger.

In the morning my wife and I took the train for home. I have but little more to add, except that the company insisted upon making me a handsome present, and also gave me a free pass over the road. I do not pretend to be able to explain the dream, which was certainly a remarkable one, though doubtless no more so than others could relate; but I am satisfied that this dream was the means of saving many human lives from a sudden and most terrible death.—Baltimore World.

Bright Prospects.
Every other day ushers in a new paper in Georgia. An editor, who is a recent acquisition to the fraternity, was asked about the prospects of his paper.

"First class," he said.
"Ever had any experience in the business?"
"None at all."
"Many subscribers?"
"None at all."
"Why—how can you say your prospects are first class?"
"Well," said the editor in a confidential whisper, "I've just started, you see, and haven't had time to canvass the county. But I know my prospects are good. I had not been in the town twenty-four hours when the mayor called and appointed me superintendent of streets; the minister prayed for me and elected me a member of the church charity board; the schoolmaster invited me to deliver a commencement address; the proprietor of the hotel invited me to dinner, and the whole town voted me a free lot in the cemetery. Ain't this doing first class? 'We are here and here to stay!'"

And he seemed to mean every word of it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Disregard for the Dress Suit.
Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, was "resting" some few years ago at a hydrophobic establishment not far from London. To the surprise of all and the annoyance of some, he was the only gentleman who, against the custom of the house, appeared at the dinner table without evening dress. Complaints were made to the management, who asked Mr. Sullivan the reason for it.

"Sir," he said, "I have spent nearly the whole of my life taking off and putting on clothes. I am here for rest, and will not change my dress for any one."
—London Tit-Bits.

A Terror Sometimes.
A Miss Clarkson, of Brooklyn, went over to Newark, staid two days, and when she returned she wanted an item put into a society paper. She gave it to a fellow boarder to take down, but he forgot it, and she pulled his hair, skinned his nose, blacked his eye, and had to pay \$50 damages. Society is a terror when it gets mad.—Detroit Free Press.

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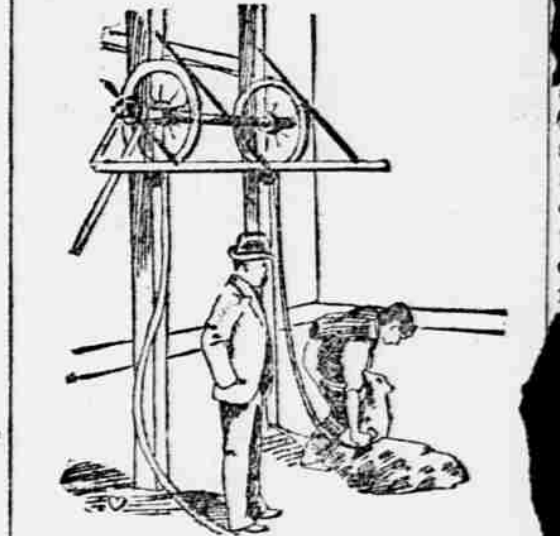
A LABOR SAVER.
WOOD ASHES.



A New Sheep-Shearing Machine—It Does Its Work Well and Quickly.
The machine depicted in the accompanying cuts has been used with more or less success by the sheep-growers of Australia and is now being introduced among the British Farmers, where it is known as the "Wolsley Sheep-Shearer." It is claimed by foreign exchanges that in Australia this machine has rendered it practicable to shear from 100 to 200 sheep per day. In a shearing trial reported in a sheep was sheared by the Wolsley machine in two and one-half minutes.

The principal mechanism of the machine, however, as details, is a very clever way in which of the main spindle of the reciprocating cutter, and the necessary pressure.

First we have a about two inches the teeth, which underneath. This being fixed to the in one hand by the work, while with down the sheep, the comb is the cutter shaped and about one and a-half inch wide. When in operation this cuts moves to and fro at the rate of about two thousand vibrations a minute, motion being imparted to it through a flexible shaft. The novelty comes in between the shaft and the cutter, which



has an oscillating arm pivoted near the back of the casing which incloses the mechanism. This arm has motion imparted to it about midway between the pivot and the cutter by means of a crank carrying a steel roller. The necessary pressure is brought upon the cutter through the fork by means of a spherical-ended stud, or "mushroom piece," as it is called. This stud is surmounted by an external cap, which can be screwed down so as to adjust the pressure on the cutter. The whole of this apparatus is about twelve inches long, and for shearing it is connected with a flexible shaft, which can be driven by any convenient power. The rotation of the shaft causes the cutter to move rapidly to and fro across the face of the comb, so that when applied to a sheep the wool is clipped off as fast as it is brought between the teeth of the comb and those of the cutter. — N. Y. World.

Money in Mutton.
The raising of early lambs for the city markets offers rare encouragement to sheep husbandry. Mr. Bowditch sold lambs last season 40 days of age which dressed over 30 pounds each. Such a lamb would bring \$10, perhaps more. His plan is to produce a very fat lamb at the youngest age possible. A neighbor, near my own home in Connecticut, kept 40 ewes during the winter of 1887 and 1888. The sales of lambs and wool netted \$325, or an average of \$8.12 per head for the entire flock. The lambs were sold on commission in Hartford, which, by the way, is the best method for selling such stock. The reputable dealer can easily secure a better price than the producer. With good stock, good care and liberal feeding far better results can be obtained with sheep than with almost any other farm animal. But "a good breeder must be a good feeder." We must not expect something to come of nothing. We must not give the sheep old, worn-out pastures where scarcely any other stock would live. Before we get a dividend we must deposit cash in the bank. Let us deposit in the bank which our funds represent capital which will return us good dividend. While it is impossible to keep sheep on every farm, it can be done with profit on a larger number of farms than are keeping them to-day. I would not advise a radical change by selling all the cattle at once, but by beginning the purchase of a few good sheep and increasing the number as circumstances permit. Don't be afraid of over-stocking the market. The first-class lamb or mutton carcass will always find a buyer at full market value.—Farm and Home.

THE presence of two or three inferior cows in a herd affects the average profit of the whole. If dairying is to be conducted as a paying business, the most important requisite is a good place of an inferior one.

Their Value When Applied to Different Kinds of Soil.
Leached wood ashes contain about 6 percent of phosphoric acid and 2 1/2 percent of potash—two valuable fertilizers for a number of crops—and about 24 percent of lime, which, when applied to the soil, has the effect of rendering available plant food that is already in the soil. On land that has been cropped until at least some of the elements of plant food have decreased so that full average crops can not be made, wood ashes are worth, says the St. Louis Republic, all the way from 15 to 25 cents per bushel.

They can be applied to nearly all kinds of fruits with profit. With potatoes they are especially valuable, either applied in the hill or scattered broadcast and worked well into the soil. Onions are another crop that can in many cases be largely benefited by an application of wood ashes.

If applied in the orchard, it is to stir the soil and apply broadcast and soil can be branched.

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